

THE WRITER OF "JUNIUS."



MR. GRIP:—

SIR: You have no doubt seen the announcement that the writer of the celebrated "Junius" letters has, after a century of searching, conjecturing, arguing and guessing, been identified beyond any reasonable question. A book is to be shortly issued in London in which the proofs will be submitted, vindicating the judgment of Macaulay, who, you will remember, insisted that Sir Philip Francis was the man. This long delayed discovery I personally greet with feelings of satisfaction, as it will save me the trouble of making

further denials of the authorship myself. I don't know why I should ever have been suspected of being "Junius," unless because of two accidental circumstances—first, that I happen to have been about for the last century or so; and second, that during all this time I have been somewhat given to writing letters to the newspapers. On the other hand, there are at least three points which would quite outweigh these in support of the opposite conclusion in the opinion of any sagacious critic, viz.: 1. My well known—I may even say proverbial—loyalty would make me incapable of using my pen against the powers that be, however much they might deserve to be attacked; 2. My literary style differs from that of "Junius" in several important particulars, as any competent person who will take the trouble to compare us may discover, and 3. I always write over my own name, a practice which I may take this opportunity of recommending to "Fair Play Radical," "Constant Reader," "Subscriber," "Pro Bono Publico," and all the rest of them. I regard anonymous letters as cowardly, and although "Junius" was a very talented writer, I for one would have had a higher opinion of him if he had signed his real name, which let me say once more, was not

CH-RL-S U-R-ND.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY PROF. HAPPYTHOT.

ONE of our poets has said "Men are but children of a larger growth."

The truth of this statement is attested by the fact that man never outgrows the faculty of romance or wonderment, which, in childhood, gives a story such power to charm. Everyone of you can recall the thrill of delight with which you nestled, amid other eager listeners, at the feet of some Gamaliel whose budget of stories was reputed to be inexhaustible.

A story! At the very sound the imps and elves and brownies of your imagination sent tingling messages of happy anticipation along every nerve of your little body. Some painter, like the masterly Millais, would find a subject worthy of his brush in catching childhood upon his canvas just at this climax moment. He would have his favorite model at its best, if he succeeded in catching the expression just before the inevitable "Once upon a time."

In my own less dainty way let me attempt the task of depicting the juvenile listener ready to absorb a story. Granny Goodsoul is about to bring forth from her treasures of fiction, things new and old, but new preferred. And the more fiction to the square inch the better. Mark the expression of intense interest on the face of the listener, an expression which mirrors the varying sensations of the lively imagination within. The story is perhaps a tale of wonderland—the eyes denote it.

Or it has a touch of humor, and the mouth responds.

Or it may be full of palpitating pathos, and the ready tears acknowledge it.



Or it may deal with hair-breadth 'scapes and desperate ventures, and the eyebrows mark the sympathy felt for the hero.

Or it may deal with grisly ghosts and goblins, and the hair rises up in recognition thereof.

Yes; there is a marvellous charm for youth in a story— if it be only a big enough whopper. Let the imagination run riot. Fling probability and possibility to the winds; banish the humdrum creatures of Reality, and call up giants and dwarfs, goblins, ghouls and fairies from the realms of the Romantic, if you would delight the expanding brain, and slake the thirst for knowledge in the

nursery. And if you have the making of their pictures, let the same rule guide you. Lay your colors on thick. Remember that the Town of Wonderland is painted red. Dip a fantastical brush in preternatural colors, and cover your canvas with the impossible, the grotesque, the wonder inspiring, that's how to meet the normal juvenile taste.

I am aware, of course, that childhood is going out of fashion, and the space between the rattle and the cigarette in the case of little boys, or the interval between long dresses in the case of little girls is becoming shorter and shorter. Nowadays the juvenile publications feed their readers on pictures and print that would have been quite too strong for our grandfathers in their prime. The world is moving rapidly. What with kindergartens, graded schools and science annexes, the beautiful era of childhood is growing "small by degrees and unbecomingly less."

But, after all, Harper's Young People and St. Nicholas, notwithstanding their advanced æstheticism, know more about catering for the young than did those well meaning authors of the old fashioned Sunday School books. Do you suppose any boy or girl was ever fascinated with the dry, literal commonplace stories told in venerable type on dingy paper in those old marbled backed books that you recall now with a cold shiver? It was fiction, of course—especially the true tales of the series—but destitute of the element of fancy. And the pictures? You remember them.

There was little Johnny Trulygood, who used to go forth in a wood engraving of the old style, in a suit of clothes something after this fashion.

And the heroine, a child of even more prim and prudish appearance, who used to look like what the little girls nowadays would call a "perfect fright."

These denizens of the old Sunday School libraries failed to capture the attention of the living boys and girls, because they were set forth as realities. They might have been a success had the authors represented them as specimens of the juvenile population of the moon, for that would have excited curiosity at least.

How much more interest old Giant Bugaboo has for the youthful fancy! Let me picture him here by way of contrast. And I may suggest that the figures may be connected so as to illustrate the fact that the new literature of childhood has superseded the old; or if we may use the expressive slang of the day:—ROMANCE thus gets away with REALISM.

