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## WOMAN IN FICTION.

*By Mary L. Campbell.*

CYR.—O, most delicate fiend! Who is it can  
Read a woman? Shak. (Cymbeline.)

ANGELO.—Be that you are. That is a woman.  
If you be more, you're none. Shak.  
(Measure for measure.)

THOUGH every writer has his own individuality and ideals, nevertheless his work is more or less affected by the environment and experience of the author, in that inner life which he lives in the companionship of men and women with whom his reading makes him familiar. Even when an author appears to have drawn wholly upon his imagination for the character he portrays, his idea has probably had its origin in some personality within his own experience, perhaps in his own individuality, or developed through that individuality.

The impressions, then, that we receive from fiction of men and things, manners and customs, times and places are quite as realistic and often more vivid and lasting than those we get from history.

Therefore, are history and fiction so closely allied that it is difficult to say which is the more important as a study.

While to history we look for the portrayal of individual characters, fiction gives us both individuals and types; bearing something more than

an allegorical relation to the former without being too photographic in its realism.

The history of the development of our prose literature has been intimately associated with that of the literature of France,



Rowena.