

## The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "HERALD"

What is our literature coming to? Are we losing altogether the power of expressing ourselves in a clear, understandable style? Or is it that the constant high pressure under which the writers in the reviews and other so-called high class magazines are constantly working that causes them to lose themselves and their meaning in a maze of intelligible words and high sounding phrases?

Certain it is that the average reader of such magazines as *The North American Review*, *The American Catholic Quarterly*, *The Nineteenth Century*, etc., has to wade through a mass of redundant jargon and irrelevant imagery before he or she can grasp at the author's meaning. Very often when we have got it, it proves an exceedingly small kernel for such a large shell. It is here that the student who is learning to write must be careful to keep clear away what may be called the obnoxious of literature and present a clear and understandable idea in beautiful and truly graphic language, who will not only be understood, but will also be read.

Every sentence counts in an idea that is grasped at once, there is no wading about in the stream of words, scorching under every stone for the jewel, it is there in sight sparkling and independent. Think it a truism: there is the answer; where logic is paramount will be found clear and intense reasoning.

It is a peculiar principle of logic that whereas few people possess to the full the power of logical reasoning and expression, yet every mind can immediately grasp the ideas presented in a logical manner.

It may be safely said that where one finds a redundancy of words, a constant repetition of the same thought or expression, the task of finding through the mass of words and symbols will scarcely meet with a reward commensurate with the labor. Deceptive as such writing is, nothing, no style, is easier to acquire. The art of concealing barrenness of thought and absence of ideas under a quantity of high sounding words is the most easily attained and the most pernicious to the student who wishes to secure both clearness of thought and facility of expression.

Mrs. J. R. Green's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "Woman's place in the world of letters" is an example in the multiplicity of words and pomposity of style that is imperative upon all writers who wish to gain a hearing through the medium of the high class magazines.

After remarking that we have but a century in which to judge woman's work in literature, Mrs. Green continues: "A century is a short span in the history of woman, and the most acute observers will be the least bold to forecast the second century of woman's literature, and what they have in store for this new enterprise of hers. Nor is the shortness of the experiment the only difficulty we feel. For even in her literary venture woman remains essentially mysterious."

Certainly a century is but a short span compared with the two thousand centuries during which man has monopolized the field of literature.

Woman may be considered as a mere tyro in the literary world, a kind of intruder just entering from swaddling clothes and taking the first steps in a new world. Possibly that may explain Mrs. Green's next sentence:

"It is as though some inherent diffidence, some overmastering self-distrust, had made her loath to venture out into the open unprotected and bare to attack. She covers her advance with a whole complicated machinery of arrow proof hides and wooden shelters."

About a hundred years ago it was considered the height of indelicacy for a woman to venture into the field of literature, with the exception of the writing of natty-pammy stories intended for the instruction of youth. When the more daring spirits among the women began to resent this unjust restriction of literary activity, they were perforce obliged to publish their works under the shelter of masculine nom de plume, or forever forfeit the right to be considered gentlemen.

We know Charlotte Brontë and her sisters; but few nowadays would recognize them under the names of "Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell." "George Eliot," though a master mind among women, fought against the same prejudice; and even in our own day many women have been unable to get rid of the hereditary idea that their work would receive more attention if published under a male name. That is the only mystery about the matter. For the woman is intensely emotional and sensitive. With her, love and the tender and softer emotions are paramount.

To an extent, therefore, she justifies Mrs. Green's remark that she is, "a strayed wanderer from some different sphere, a witness, a herald, it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate verge and confines of space and time."

The latter part of the sentence is more jargon, and conveys but little sense to the ordinary mind. The mind of man is decidedly logical, he reasons from premises, with him reason takes the place of emotion. Not so with woman, she is not, was never intended by nature to be a logical being, she is swayed by emotions and impulses to which she is only just beginning to give expression. She is learning gradually to control the impulses which betrayed themselves in hysteria in those days wherein she was not allowed to give expression to her feelings through the medium of writing. She is feeling her way; the sanctity of her mind being laid bare, often to hard unsympathetic eyes, from which the woman in her shrinks.

She is in a few rare instances becoming logical; let us hope woman as a sex will never be imbued with cold, reasoning logic, for in proportion as the intellect is cultivated in this direction, the softer emotions disappear, and woman approaches more nearly to the male standard.

"What?" continues Mrs. Green, "if these things should be but signs that

Woman is herself no better than a stranger in the visible established order of this world, a strayed wanderer from some different sphere, a witness, a herald, it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate verge and confines of space and time."

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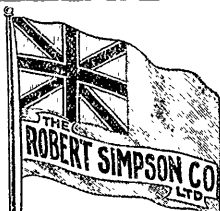
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## To Complete His Studies.

Canadian talent in music has again come to the front in the person of Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Battle, of 19 Avenue Road, this city, a pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, who sailed with that gentleman from New York by the steamer *Westernland*, on Wednesday, for Antwerp, Belgium, on his way to Leipzig, Germany, to finish his musical studies under the eminent Herr Krause. Mr. Battle, who has been occasionally heard as a pianist at the recitals of the Toronto College of Music during the past year, is one of Mr. Field's most promising pupils, and it is expected that after his three years' study abroad he will return to Toronto a finished musician.—*Toronto Globe*, July 9.

## I. C. B. U. Convention.

The annual convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union was held at St. Lawrence Hall on Monday and Tuesday. Sixty-eight delegates were present. Mr. C. J. McElroy, ex-President, presided. The officers elected were: Grand President, Angus Macdonald; Vice-President, O. Cummings; Treasurer, W. Lavoie; Secretary, I. Flanagan. A committee was appointed to confer with the Emeriti Association with a view to amalgamation.



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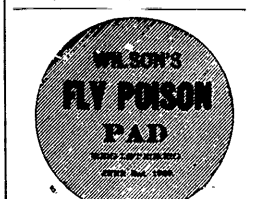
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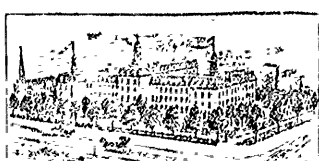
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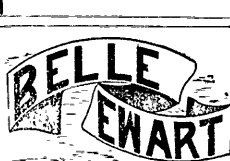
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