

which bears and defies as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. They very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call truth, or opinions which they have derived from others; they are little capable of impartiality or doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief as a source of consolation rather than as a faithful expression of the reality of things.

The meritorious qualities wherein the female mind stands pre-eminent are affection, sympathy, devotion, self-denial, modesty; longsuffering, or patience under pain, disappointment, and adversity; reverence, veneration, religious feeling, and general morality. It is also observable that when heroism of any kind is displayed by a woman, the prompting emotions are almost certain to be of an unselfish nature. All the æsthetic qualities are, as a rule, more generally present in women than in men. This applies especially to those which depend upon refinement or perception. In the arrangement of flowers, the furnishing of rooms, the choice of combinations in apparel, and so forth, we find that we may be most safely guided by the taste of women; while in matters of artistic or literary criticism we turn instinctively to the judgment of men. Coming lastly to the will, it exercises less control in the emotions of women than men. We rarely find in women that tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of the manly mind; they are less able to concentrate their attention in close reading or studious thought; more prone to wandering; we seldom find they have the specialised pursuits of men, but are chiefly remarkable for what is popularly termed indecision of character.

If, now, we take a general survey of all these mental differences, it becomes apparent that in the feminine type the characteristic virtues, like the characteristic failings, are those which are born of weakness; while in the masculine type the characteristic failings, like the characteristic virtues, are those which are born of strength. Of course the greatest type of manhood, or the type wherein our ideal of manliness reaches its highest expression, is where the virtues of strength are purged from its vices. It is a practical recognition of this fact that leads to chivalry; and even those artificial courtesies which wear the mask of chivalry are of value, as showing what may be termed a conventional acquiescence in the truth that underlies them. This truth is, that the highest type of manhood can only be reached when heart and mind have been so far purified as genuinely to appreciate, to admire, and to reverence the greatness, the beauty, and the strength which have been made perfect in the weakness of womanhood.

The one chief cause which can be assigned to the mental differences between men and women, apart from the physical causes created by the laws of natural and sexual selection, is education. The state of abject slavery to which woman is consigned in the lower levels of the human race clearly tends to dwarf her mind, as do all polygamous institutions; and even in monogamous or quasi-monogamous communities so highly civilised as ancient Greece and pagan Rome, woman was still an intellectual cipher, and this at a time when the intellect of man had attained an eminence which has never been equalled. For a period of 2,000 years after that time civilised woman was the victim of what I may term the ideal of domestic utility. When she escaped from that narrowing sphere it was only to fall a prey to the scarcely less injurious ideal of ornamentalism. The object a century ago in female education was to develop housewifery; in 1810 it was to develop personal accomplishments, to make women artists, to give them excellence in drawing, music, and dancing. It was not until the middle of the present century that the first attempt was made to provide for the higher education of women by the establishment of Queen's College and Belford College, in London; twenty years later there followed Girton and Newnham, at Cambridge; later still, Lady Margaret and Somerville at Oxford, the foundation of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company; the opening of degrees to women at the University of London, and of the honour examinations at Cambridge and Oxford. We see then that with advancing civilisation the theoretical equality of the sexes becomes more and more a matter of general recognition; at the same time it is evident that the strong passion of genius is not to be restrained by any such minor accidents as environment. Women by tens of thousands have enjoyed better educational as well as better social advantages than a Burns, a Keats, or a Faraday; and yet we have neither heard their voices nor seen their work. In conclusion a few words may be added on the question of female education as this actually stands at the present time. Among all the features of progress which will cause the present century to be regarded by posterity as beyond comparison the most remarkable epoch in the history of our race, I believe the inauguration of the so-called Woman's Movement in our own generation, will be considered one of the most important. For I am persuaded that this movement is destined to grow; that with its growth the highest attributes of one half the human race are destined to be widely influenced; that this influence will profoundly re-act upon the other half, not alone in the nursery and the drawing-room, but also in the study, the academy, the forum, and the senate; that this latest yet inevitable wave of mental evolution cannot be stayed until it has changed the whole aspect of civilisation.

Therefore in my opinion the days are past when any enlightened man ought seriously to oppose the mental advancement of the female sex. In the person of her admirable representative Mrs. Fawcett, she thus pleads: "No one of those who care most for the Woman's Movement cares a jot to prove or to maintain that men's brains and women's brains are exactly alike, or exactly equal. All we ask is that the social and legal status of women should be such as to foster, not to suppress, any gift for art, literature, learning, or goodness with which she may be endowed."

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SALON.

THERE is at the Ecole des Beaux Arts at the present time a small collection of works by a dead painter (Jean François Millet), which in extent would, if all of them were put together, not cover half the space of canvas of many a single picture in the Salon; yet I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, regarded from the point of view of art, the Millet collection (chiefly of pastels, charcoal, chalk, and pencil drawings) is worth a hundred exhibitions such as the Salon. In it we find a man not only seeing beauty in ordinary things, but endowing that beauty with new meaning and new pathos, without altering the truth of its appearance. To be at the same time simply veracious in statement, and pathetic and beautiful in the works in which these statements are made, is about the highest praise which can be bestowed upon an artist, and this praise is Millet's most certain due. The Breton peasant-painter did thoroughly for the real life of the French rustic, a very similar work to that which Walker and Mason did for the imaginary life of the English countryman—touched it, that is, to the fine issues of poetry and pathos; made it at once significant, pictorial, and true. The comparison between these artists is an interesting one, but on the whole it tells immensely in favour of the French painter. He was not only a simpler, true soul, both in himself and his work, but he drew his inspiration of beauty from a purer, deeper source. Examine Fred. Walker's peasants and labourers, and one finds them beautiful indeed, in both form and gesture; but the grace which they have is not the special grace that belongs to them in life, but that which the artist attributes to them from his genius, and as it were, in their own despite. Take as an example one of the grandest compositions which this artist ever painted, "Speed the Plough," and notice the actions of the only two figures therein—the man driving the plough through the furrow, and the boy guiding the horses. The actions of both are magnificent, and might have been copied from a vase of the finest period of Grecian art; but only the slightest acquaintance with country life is needed to inform us how little like the actual operation of ploughing—how essentially (not untrue, but) uncharacteristic are these poses. The same words apply to the splendid gesture of the labourer removing the pipe from his mouth in "The Old Gate," and to that of the mower in "The Harbour of Refuge." These figures are all beautiful in action, but beautiful despite their characteristics of country labourers, rather than because of them. But if we turn to a shepherd or a shepherdess by Millet we find a very different manner of obtaining the result of loveliness. The artist clings tenaciously to every indication of the effect of labour and exposure—clings to the rough, shapeless garments, the slow paces, the exhaustion, the endurance, the isolation, and, I might almost say, the terror, of life in the fields and the woods; and it is by realising for us these facts, by bringing them into accordance with the dew of the morning and the gloom of the twilight, with the shifting seasons and the inconstant sky, that he gains the material for his poem. Occasionally, it is true, as in "The Sower," and again in a less degree in the "Two Men Digging," we have a free unconstrained action, but only where such is of the very heart of the subject. It would be correct to say of Fred. Walker that he *made* country life beautiful, and of Millet that he *found* it to be so; that Walker's was a townsman's country, and Millet's that of a son of the soil. However this may be, the collection at the Ecole des Beaux Arts of the latter artist's work emphasises the defect of such painting as that of Gervex and his imitators. If in these flat fields and toil-worn people, engaged in shearing sheep or cutting faggots, planting potatoes or breaking stones, there resides such an intimate secret of loveliness that a few scratches of charcoal on a bit of paper, representing them, gave us so much delight, must there not be something very wrong indeed with this elaborate, highly trained, elaborately wrought-out, gigantic-scaled work of the Salon, which, with all its pounds of paint and acres of canvas, awakens no emotion within us but that of wonder at the apparently causeless industry of its producers? There is something very wrong; and, at the risk of wearying my readers, I repeat that it is the substitution of technical skill for the old end of painting and sculpture, which was to express and to excite emotion: to give delight by painting matters in which the artist delighted, things which he believed, loved, felt to be true.

What was the secret of Millet's success against every opposition, against lifelong poverty and total want of education. It was that he believed and loved the things he depicted; saw their meaning and their connection with life. Here it is in his own words:

"I must confess, even if you think me a Socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most, and if I could only do what I like—or, at least, attempt it—I should do nothing that was not an impression from Nature, either in landscape or figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so sweet, either in the forest or in the cultivated land—whether the land be good for culture or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious.

"You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see come from a narrow path a poor creature loaded with faggots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you, instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity—weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's 'Woodcutter' in the fable:

"'What pleasure has he had since the day of his birth
Who so poor as he in the whole wide earth?'"

"Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing