

"Divine Idea," in the heart of the temporary and the artificial, in separating the symbol from the thought which permeates it, was not the professor of "things in general" in reality illustrating its eternal existence, beyond the limitations of this life?

He who could really comprehend this floating dream of "Heinrich" in all its fullness would grasp the "Philosophy of Clothes" a priori; as Herr Teufelsdröckh himself would have grasped it in his youth, when the "blue flower" seemed within the prescribed limits of the actual. That is to say he would reason from the idea to the symbols which strive to interpret it, instead of from the symbols to the "Divine Idea" which they endeavour to express. It would be "Sartor Resartus" inverted but it would be worthy of a genius equal to Carlyle himself.

In the pages of "Novalis," as in life, it belongs to dreams and not to philosophy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. T. D. INGRAM'S BOOK ON IRISH HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In The Week of Feb. 24, a correspondent signing himself "Fairplay Radical" suggests that when I said the Unionist Guardian and the Athenaeum refused to take Dr. T. D. Ingram seriously, I was really quoting "from some Irish Nationalist journal," and "crediting to the Unionist side."

Your correspondent asks for dates of the articles. I wrote and got them, and submit some extracts to your readers.

But I have to say I was in the wrong. The articles are written on the following book of the author, not on the Unionist Guardian (which the Unionist Guardian praises). Two Chapters of Irish History: I. The Irish Parliament of James II.; II. The Alleged Violation of the Treaty of Limerick. By T. Dunbar Ingram, I.L. D. Macmillan and Co., 1888.

I am very sorry my memory so far failed me. But it surely fittingly reminded me that your correspondent was not fair in recommending any book written by a writer in whom even his own side deplore his "culpable recklessness," his "extraordinary statements," his "exaggeration," his injury done to his reputation, to his party, and to truth.

From the Guardian, Jan. 30, 1889:—"We should be more than grateful if Dr. Ingram would condescend to specify the 'blessings' offered them by Providence" which the Irish "wantonly threw away." Is it to the Plantation of Ulster, or to the composition of Connaught, or to the endeavours of the English Government to persuade the Irish Celt of the truth of Protestant doctrine, or to the precarious toleration enjoyed by the Irish Catholic at the instance of an intriguing Queen that Dr. Ingram is alluding? But this is only the first and perhaps not the most striking of a series of extraordinary statements advanced by our author.

We regret to have to expose Dr. Ingram's pedantry and exaggeration; the more so because in his main conclusions we generally concur. Need we go further to demonstrate the culpable recklessness which characterizes Dr. Ingram's writings?

Lastly, Dr. Ingram labours to prove that the penal code was not the result of religious intolerance on the part of the Irish Parliament. For the penal code of England was more severe than that of Ireland, and with far less justification,

"In England the Roman Catholics were a small and inconsiderable minority, the Protestants being more than a hundred to one. In Ireland the Catholics formed an overwhelmingly majority, being to the Protestants at least five to one."

Again we are compelled to ask is Dr. Ingram serious? Does he seriously maintain that it is more justifiable to proscribe and to exclude from civil employment, &c., an "overwhelming majority" than an insignificant minority? Granted that there was intolerance in England, but was as undoubtedly existed in Ireland? . . . It is an insult to the intelligence of Dr. Ingram to suppose that he deliberately writes in this way without a purpose. But what can that purpose be? Whose cause does he aspire to serve? Is it the cause of historic truths or the immediate interests of the Unionist party? . . .

For the sake of his own reputation, for the sake of historic truth, for the sake of the Unionist party to which he has done yeoman service in the past, we sincerely regret that Dr. Ingram did not allow his Two Chapters to remain unwritten."

The Athenaeum—after reviewing the following book—

"Two Centuries of Irish History, 1691—1870. Edited by James Bryce. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1888.—continues "The lover of justice and truth will find much to respect not only in the statement of fact, but in the spirit which animates all the joint authors, and to which Dr. Ingram's two chapters are in such striking contrast. . . . As for the second chapter its whole argument is so capricious, fantastic, and original that it is impossible to believe that a writer of Dr. Ingram's position, learning and brilliant gifts intends to be taken seriously." FAIRPLAY.

DIFFICULTIES IN ART.

To the Editor of the Week:

Sir,—What may fairly be called the parent Art Society in Canada, for surely the Ontario Society of Artists, now busily preparing for the opening of its twenty-first annual exhibition is entitled to be so called, is this year going through some of the trials and troubles common to all combinations of workers.

Of course it will be generally admitted that in order to maintain and preserve a position of strength and development at all equal to accomplishing the difficult task which its founders put before them, much self-sacrifice, energy, skill and tenacious organization was necessary. And in order to preserve the usefulness and improve the prestige of such an institution, public support and co-operation were both necessary. But above all, loyalty and unity among its members was absolutely essential. On the whole, these virtues have characterized the conduct and actions of the members of this body to which Ontario, and especially Toronto has owed so much during the past twenty years. Indeed, it has rarely happened that any society of the kind could look back on its past with such just complacency, either when considering difficulties surmounted, tasks accomplished, and progress made.

Few indeed are the instances in which pecuniary reward has been reaped. Many those in which patience and forbearance have been liberally exercised between these craftsmen in an art generally admitted to tend towards special sensitiveness and in many cases to a superdevelopment of egotism. As before observed, this conduct, so difficult, was highly necessary even to preserve the existence of the organization in the community in which we have been living for the two last decades; and it would be nothing short of a calamity to numbers of people to whom the culture and refining influences of art are important, if, after the hitherto nobly sustained effort, a mean and petty desire for undue advantage over their confreres should tempt any of its, thus far, warm and loyal workers to yield to the flattering voice of jealous or disappointed foes of the institution, and by diverting their strength and skill into hostile channels help to fire the train which may, and in such case must, wreck the institution to which they and we are all so much indebted.

In view of the above facts, does it not seem questionable whether the holding of so many minor attempts at exhibitions in

so restricted an art-world as we have in Toronto, is wise, or likely to forward the common object, namely a general and genuine progress in the quality of our annual display and by "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether" bringing the ship into port if possible with colours flying and all sails set?

In this connection it seems a pity to see several former props and stays of this, our old and recognized institution expending a portion of their strength in a small preliminary exhibition in the rear of a Yonge street store, which can hardly help but result in the loss of so much strength from what should be the united effort of their own society. Indeed, read by precedent, such a course can but result in injury to all and most of all to those who do the mischief.

ART.

THE TRUANT.

If spring had come we knew it not,  
Our four brick walls were stout and true,  
If spring had kissed the whispering wind,  
Small fear they'd let the secret through.  
The school-rooms busy monotone  
Held little place for April's lore,  
Though swallows twittered in the eaves,  
And sunshine mocked us from the door.

The patient clock ticked on its shelf,  
Unvexed by all our mirthless din,  
Nor paused in wonder when we paused  
To see our truant lad come in.  
The sun had stained his dusky cheek,  
His ruffled locks the winds had kissed,  
But flushed and proud he held to view  
A prize our graver part had missed.

How could I chide? The trusting hands  
Were filled with April's sweetest flowers  
And April's self had taught these eyes  
The secrets she denied to ours.  
I took his gifts the while I thought,  
If truants at the Great White Throne  
We stood, what gifts had we to bring  
Nor blush to call our own?

EMILY McMANUS.

ART NOTES.

Mr. A. H. Heming has been elected a member of the Ontario Society of Artists.

Augustus St. Gandens is to design and execute the bronze statue of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks.

The decision of the Montreal committee has been reversed about Mr. E. Thompson's "Awaited in Vain," and the picture is to go to Chicago.

At the Bernheim Gallery, London, was opened in March a small, but very interesting, exhibition of pictures by Carot with a few by Francois Millet (fils) and Rousseau.

Public Opinion tells us that Munkacsy is at work in his Neuilly studio on a picture of such dimensions (thirteen ft. high by forty-five ft. wide) that the picture has to be raised and lowered by a machine for the purpose.

The Danes of New York and Brooklyn have been raising money by giving a ball, to erect a statue of Thorwaldsen in Central Park. It is a duplicate of one by himself which is in the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen, and has been sent to America for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Canada is to lose, for a time at least, one of her first artists, Mr. J. C. Forbes, and Canada can ill afford to do this. Mr. Forbes intends leaving for Ithaca in a few weeks and is to paint a number of portraits in connection with the quarter-century celebration of the Cornell University. The most important of these is to be that of the founder of the institution, for which an appropriation of \$3,000 has been made.

"The Flagellants," an immense picture by Carl Marr of Munich, formerly of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has just arrived in this country, and is to be sent immediately to