

meanor of the company compared favorably with that of the more select assemblages of former times.

The warm approval of the conduct of the Irish movement generally, and of the "plan of campaign" in particular, evinced by the guests of that evening, as lately by many British friends upon British platforms, is striking and encouraging: yet the masses of the thoughtful and the educated and well-to-do who tacitly approve of the same in Ireland do not practically throw themselves into the movement. It is easier to see the rights and wrongs of a contest from a distance than on the battle-field and in the confusion of the campaign. Moreover, the rights and wrongs of actual warfare are, according to present ideas, more easily defined than is a struggle such as that now waged in Ireland. Declare war, dress men in uniform, sound the bugle, give the word of command, and murder becomes right, the seizure of the enemy's property is praiseworthy, every underhand trick and lying subterfuge is accepted as necessary. The moral laws are suspended. Proclaim peace, call off the troops, everything falls into its natural place—lying becomes lying—robbery, robbery—murder, murder. But how is this Irish warfare conducted? By supporting all who declare themselves unable to meet their engagements with their landlords; by branding as selfish and as traitors those who on an estate may be better able to pay than others, and who are willing to pay; by claiming for the movement a constitutional basis, and yet supporting the people in opposition to the laws and the constituted authorities; classing the good landlord and the bad landlord together; acknowledging and supporting local associations which support their members in strikes against rents for property created by the landlord, as well as against rents for that created by the tenant. In effect, sympathy is proffered to the tenant, no matter how much he may be responsible for his own misfortunes; while open or effective sympathy is withheld from those on the other side, no matter how innocent they may be—whether a Mr. Field struck down by the assassin for his honest verdict as a juror, or the Curtin sisters still shamefully persecuted for defending their hearth and the gray hairs of their father from the midnight marauders. In the destruction of the landlord's interest in land, land as a security for debts of any kind is made valueless. In the grim holding on of tenants to their little places, cottiers and laborers see a warrant for giving as much trouble as possible to their landlords. Landlords prefer a ruined or a boarded-up piece of property to one which, in occupation, may bring them into odium, and so the ownership of land and houses tends more and more to fall into the hands of those who are callous as to the opinion of either tenant or public.

"And yet all this must be; through no other possible means is there a way out of it," was in effect, in answer to a private communication, the expression of opinion of one of the most high-minded and clear-sighted of Englishmen. That the conclusion of the contest may not be too long delayed is most earnestly to be desired, for the confusion of public and private ideas of rectitude, such as now exist here, is perhaps more demoralizing and irremediable than the disturbance of ordinary warfare would be. The agitation can reach a resting-point only in some form of home government, and in the immediate or prospective abrogation of the dual ownership of land. But it is not an agitation resting upon clearly defined moral lines like that for the abolition of slavery. It is largely necessitated by the abuse of rights upon the acknowledgment of which civilized society rests, not of arbitrary claims opposed to civilization. Every phase of both the present agitation and the coming settlement is therefore full of perplexity to persons not endowed with the

happy and sustaining faculty of seeing only one side of the question.

The scenes at the evictions now going on at Glenbeigh and elsewhere are heartrending, and are profoundly stirring public feeling in England. But if extremities are never to be resorted to in Ireland with people who appear unable to pay rent, we shall have a permanent premium on the simulacres of poverty, and an extension of the limits within which too many of our population are satisfied to increase, under circumstances which preclude any but a low degree of civilization. D. B.

CARDUCCI.

ALBERGO PELLEGRINO,
BOLOGNA, January 10, 1887.

*Qui
in agosto e settembre MDCCCXIX
albergo
e per la libertà congiurò
Giorgio Gordon lord Byron
che alla Grecia la vita
all'Italia diè il cuore e l'ingegno
del quale
niuno surge tra i moderni più potente
d'accampagnare alla poesia l'azione
niuno più inclito e pietoso
a cantare le glorie e le sventure
del nostro popolo*

*a ricordo
con gratitudine d'italiano
Francesco Ravaldoni
pose
1 gennaio MDCCCLXXXVII.**

THE *qui* means the Pellegrino Hotel in Bologna, where, if police records did not suffice to prove how Byron was dogged by the authorities, suspected of conspiring with secret societies against the Austrians and for the independence of Italy, we have Rogers's kindly memory of their meeting:

"'Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim's welcoming
All who arrive there—albeit, perhaps, save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scapulo-snell,
Those on a pilgrimage. And now approached
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes surrounding
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master—one long used
To sojourn among strangers, everywhere.
Much had passed
Since last we parted; and those five short years,
Much had they told! His clustering locks were turned
Gray; nor did aught recall the youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice
Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sat conversing—no unwelcome hour.
The hour we met; and when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine."

Here at Bologna as in Venice and Ravenna, Byron's heart beat in unison with the dreams of liberty, even as he had sympathized with the Americans and later with the French, till Napoleon turned tyrant. This, more than his poetry, which has never been decently translated, is the hold he has on Italians, whose poets, if you note, from Dante downwards, have always been patriots and politicians. These may seem contradictory terms, but they are not so in reality. I remember being much struck with a remark made by Prof. Nichol, author of the 'Astronomy of the Heavens,' in his beautiful observatory at Glasgow: 'Our poet Burns,' he said, 'was a patriot; his 'Scots wha ha' kept country love and liberty alive in the hearts of many generations; so we were never conquered, but of our own free will cast in our lot with England. But Ireland's poet was a love-sick rhymier, and Ireland owes to Tom Moore a heavy portion of her material and moral slavery.' Now Italy's nineteenth-century poets have no such crimes to answer for. From Foscolo, who preferred exile to Austrian rule, to Manzoni, who, if too resigned for struggle,

* "Here, in August and September, 1819, lodged and for liberty conspired George Gordon Lord Byron, who to Greece gave his life, to Italy his heart and a genius than which never arose in modern times one more potent in unifying action to poetry, more able and tender in singing the glories and the woes of our people.—Placed here in memoriam with an Italian's gratitude, by Francesco Ravaldoni, January 1, 1887."

spurred on others by his choruses in the "Adelphi," to Niccolini, who, in his "Arnaldo di Brescia," bearded the priest of Rome; to Berchet, who armed the populace of '48 with the weapons forged in 1821; to Giusti, whose satires cut sharper than bayonets and swords; to Mameli, the soldier-poet, who met his death on the Janiculum while his fellow-soldiers, boy warriors like himself, were shouting his war hymn: "Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia è desta!"—all, all have loved Italy better than fame, deeper than life. Nor is Italy's one living poet an exception. Giosuè Carducci, who just now traced in pencil the epigraph which is being engraved on marble for the vestibule of the "Pilgrim's Hotel," is first a patriot then a poet, and I learned to love his poems from the lips of Giorgio Imbriani, who fell in the first hour of the first fighting-day at Dijon, January 19, 1871, when Garibaldi, who had offered all that was left of himself to France, betrayed at Sedan and now invaded, kept the enemy at bay and took the only flag lost by Prussia to France. A patriot, we say, not a partisan; for if he has immortalized Mentana, he has celebrated the feats of the old King, Victor Emanuel, and if he has refused the medal of the Order of Savoy, "because he would have to kneel and with his hand on the Gospels swear fealty to the King and his successors," he has written an Ode to Queen Margaret which will live when the very existence of queenship shall have passed away.

What a tempest in a tea-cup there was when that Ode appeared, and how valiantly in sternest, raciest prose our poet defended himself, first for consenting to be presented to her, and then for singing of her beauty and her grace. The Liberals had been but a short time in power, and the royal couple came to Bologna just after the attempt on the King's life by the mad Passananti at Naples—came, accompanied by Benedetto Cairoli, the last of five brothers dead for Italy, and by Zanardelli, the dauntless Brescian, whom the Queen welcomed in the poet's words—

"Lieto del fato Brescia raccolse,
Brescia la forte, Brescia la ferrea,
Brescia leonessa d'Italia."

adding: "I should like to see Carducci, Italy's greatest living poet."

So up toiled Zanardelli to the fifth story, and leads him to the reception hall.

"And I," quoth Giosuè, "who had seen and sought and studied in the history of the epopée and the drama so many queens, was most curious to see a real living queen interested in poetry and the arts. And in the morning I went to pay my respects to the royal heads, and my little girl said: 'Salute the Queen for me.' Liberty is the child's name, and I thought it was a good augury. . . . I have not the antipathy for the house of Savoy which the Lombard Democrats have, with Cattaneo's pen consigned in pages of fire. The Estensi were all mediocrities, and there are no more of them, and the Medici finished as befitted a family of bankers clothed with the purple, not the cuirass; nor did the cuirass hide the original stain of the Farnesi, who were sons of priests. So, if the Italian people, persuaded that their country could not be unified save by monarchy, called on the scions of Savoy, what fault is it of theirs, O Alberto Mario?"

"The historical and political ambition of the dynasty would probably have been limited to Upper Italy. We, we ourselves, Giuseppe Mazzini at our head, drew them to central Italy. Garibaldi won the South for them and won them to the South. And now, thanks to the plastic tendency of the human animal to realize personally its own idealities so as to adore or vituperate them at will, the head of the family of Savoy represents Italy and the state. So, Viva l'Italia. Valets, uplift the curtain, let us pass to salute the King . . . and the Queen, also, *l'eterno femminino*."

Thus the puritans, who demurred at their poets

* This was written in 1880, when Alberto Mario, then editor of the *Lega Democratica*, preached as he had practised (by refusing rank or seat in a monarchical Government) the duties of republicans. He, however, worshipped Carducci as a poet, and on his death-bed whispered: "Do write the history of the Renaissance."

singing the *Eterno femminino regale*, were treated to some fifteen pages of historical prose to which none ever made reply.

It is difficult to say which of Carducci's poems delight you most. His early ones, brimful of light and brightness, all pagan in their love of life and Grecian in their joy of beauty, enchain and enchant: then his wine and war songs exhilarate and stir. But it is the memories of the battles fought and lost for liberty that are the sweetest and, alas, the most untranslatable. Carducci uses so few words and such little ones that it is next to impossible to put them even into the oldest Saxon English. Longfellow could have translated Carducci, and perhaps Robert Browning, and surely he might be tempted to try the twelve sonnets, "*Ca ira*"—a swifter, terser, more life-like picture of the French Revolution than even our Carlyle's. All Carducci's poems call forth fierce and fiery criticism. I think sometimes that the critics, Bonghi not excluded, exaggerate on purpose to win from him a prose defence. If so, they succeed to their heart's content, as precisely in the case of this "*Ca ira*." Sometimes his passionate sympathy for the dead heroes makes him steep his pen in aloes to embitter the unearned honors of some "knight of industry"; but this is rare, always an afterthought, which may be left unread without deducting from the completeness of the poem.

Carducci is, without exception, the hardest and the most conscientious worker ever known in Italy. He was born in the Maremma, and left by his father's death quite young, with a mother and sister entirely dependent on him. Then he took to himself a charming, dowerless wife, and kept both families by his pen, preparing editions of classic authors for the press, and next by prose writing. He is now professor of literature at Bologna, and a Wednesday lecture of his is a joy for ever. On other days he makes one of his scholars take his chair and act the professor, while he questions and criticises with the rest. He is now at work on a third edition of his selections from celebrated authors, as we should say. How carefully he selects! how he searches all that previous writers have said about his authors! A wonderful text-book indeed is his for boys in the upper schools, and finer still will be that for the students of the lyceums. I fancy his works now amount to about a dozen volumes of prose and poetry. He may be said to live by his prose and for his poetry; but, of late years, even for his poems he obtains a fair price, which no one, I suspect, has ever done in Italy since Manzoni laid down his pen.

Carducci is a writer and a poet worthy to be known in America, though he would not thank your correspondent for introducing him by an "epigraph"—a thing he disdains, but has been hitherto too good-natured to refuse, protesting, however, that this is to be the very last.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

THE SUPPLY OF TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are many phases of the problem concerning the "supply of teachers," and they cannot all be treated in a brief paragraph. The matter is complicated not only by an inordinate desire on the part of young girls (sometimes, it must be confessed, unwisely stimulated by parents and instructors) to become teachers on account of the supposed "respectability" which attaches to the calling, but also by their disinclination to accept positions in rural schools, where social opportunities are limited and re-

muneration is small, and by the additional important fact that nearly all women (and many men) only look upon the work of teaching as a temporary expedient by which they can make a livelihood while awaiting their actual settlement in life.

Perhaps there is no practicable method of dealing with all these complications, which inevitably result in an immense supply of inefficient, indifferent, well-nigh worthless teachers, and comparatively few of the first class. Your correspondent "B." seems to me correct in saying that "arbitrarily cutting down the numbers of those who are trying to prepare themselves will, under the present system, afford no proper relief." But is the case entirely without remedy? Cannot the principles of the civil-service reform be applied with some prospects of relief at least? The power of removal must be left unchecked in the interest of efficiency—because, while it may be sometimes abused, it is not here that the chief abuses exist, and without it school boards would be well-nigh powerless to enforce faithful work. But there is certainly great room for improvement in the conditions of admission to the teacher's calling, and it can best be secured by making that admission depend upon the approval of *professional teachers*. Commissions of such should be established under the authority of the State, for the examination of applicants, classes should be designated for different kinds of schools, and no person should be allowed to draw a cent of the public money who does not hold a certificate from the examiners corresponding to the work he is hired to do. The examiners should, of course, be entirely independent of local school boards. This measure would be a welcome relief to the appointing power, for at once an immense share of the elements of "pressure" and "influence" in behalf of unfit candidates would be eliminated.

Something of this, in fact, the State is already doing, through normal schools, but even in Massachusetts a large number of teachers are not graduates of and have not attended the normal schools, while all over the country so-called normal schools are often not at all what they are supposed to be, but in very many cases are simply doing the work of academies and high schools, with perhaps a small amount of incidental instruction in methods of teaching; and nowhere are they professional schools in the same sense as medical and law schools.

W. P. BECKWITH,

ADAMS, MASS., JANUARY 25, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there not some depth to this question of "Supply of Teachers," discussed in last week's *Nation*? Is teaching regarded and paid as a profession, and is not State legislation seriously defective in this regard? Are not both the public and the teacher to blame—the teacher for her low idea of her profession, and the public for its indifference to the details of school work?

It is remarkable that, after over twenty years of peace, more progress has not been made educationally, with reference to efficient teachers, permanency of office, examination of applicants, etc. Civil-service reform, now grafted into our body politic, seems to be a stranger to pedagoguedom. While there is a science of teaching, little of it gets into the schools, and Comenius, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel are, to the rank and file, merely names. It is a common joke among us that the mention of Rousseau's "Émile" or Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" to the average teacher usually calls forth a stare of inquiry. Pestalozzi and Froebel proved that there is an art of teaching. A multitude of men have proved that there is a Science of Education, and a few disciples of education have shown that there is an Art of Teaching. How noble a thing to write on

the theory and principles of education! How ignoble a thing to try to put those principles into practice!

But is there a profession of teaching? The *Chicago Tribune* says there is no profession of teaching. The number of persons engaged in teaching, according to the Census of 1880, exceeds the sum of all the lawyers, physicians, surgeons, clergymen, and journalists; the former amounting to 227,710, and the latter to 226,811. Swett of San Francisco says that, out of the 300,000 teachers in the United States, not one out of ten is a graduate of a normal school; that, of the other nine-tenths, few have become skilled teachers; that in a few cities only normal graduates are employed. The training schools connected with public schools, and which are now becoming common, deal, I believe, only with primary work. At best there is only a part or remnant of a profession of teaching in this country. The State laws sanction this view of it. Many States require an annual examination. Throughout the Union, teachers are elected for one year. Is there any State in the Union requiring training on the part of the teacher before teaching? Where is it? Still the popular idea exists (incomprehensible to a German) that any one can teach who can get a certificate. Then, a normal-school diploma and a life-diploma do not pass from State to State, although the legal diploma practically does. We are considered as unprofessional educational vagrants. We are compelled to shift, to fly for our lives, yet taxed and examined at every turn (like travellers through Italy), as if we were transporting dynamite in our pockets. This is worse than a high protective tariff! Then the short terms of school officials, low salaries, and the tendency to employ the cheapest, are another slur on the would-be profession.

Every number of the *Nation* brings us a communication on civil-service reform. The cardinal importance of fitness, retention in office, and advancement according to merit apply exactly to our present educational needs, and with crushing force. The educational church throws open her doors to all. The State establishes practically no educational limitation for applicants. Iowa has ordered her saloons closed (transferred them to the drug-stores), but lets Tom, Dick, and Harry instruct her young. We need "protection" here. CLAUDE R. BUCHANAN.

WILTON, IA., JANUARY 24, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your item in regard to the New York City Normal School graduates deserves attention, as it may add to the arguments continually used against the training of teachers. I cannot speak of the difficulties the New York graduates meet in procuring situations, but I am tolerably conversant with other normal schools. The graduates of Oswego and Bridgewater, for instance, are in great demand. The Cook County Normal School graduated seventy-eight last June; seventy of them immediately took good places in the graded schools of the county, and Mr. A. G. Lane, the County Superintendent of Schools, informs me that he could have found places for one hundred more. These places—the hundred—had to be filled by inferior teachers because skilled teachers could not be found. The remaining eight of the seventy-eight were offered places out of the county, and six of them accepted, two preferring not to teach at present.

I am quite sure that if I had four hundred graduates yearly, they could all find good places. One day last week I received four requests for teachers—salaries from \$500 to \$900. The Cooke County Normal School is no exception to the rule. There is a great demand for good teachers. There are, however, thousands of incompetent, untrained teachers waiting until political influ-