

the Duke of Wellington would have found General Grant's memoirs very pleasant reading," a remark reminding us very much of the manner in which one would recommend a student's production to his professor, as something quite creditable,—for him. In conclusion we would like to say that Mr. Arnold's flippant manner of speaking of one of the most trying periods of Grant's life is about as remarkable for its lack of good taste as for its heartlessness, and we are of the opinion that this "criticism" of Mr. Arnold's will certainly gain him little praise and still fewer friends, not only in the United States, but even in his own country.

Education is a grand thing. It is pleasant to be able to look back into the misty past and see great landmarks standing out, around which we may center a vast number of facts, thus making a complete chapter in the history of natural development. It is pleasant too, to be conversant with old Latin and Greek roots. Yes, and to come out of an examination with a big 98, conscious that we have led the class. A desire to accomplish all this is indeed laudable. But this should not be the whole aim of a college life. The great cry of the age is for something practicable, something that we may carry around in our vest pocket for every day use. Collegiate education is condemned because it does not furnish this sort of equipment. We partly believe in the truth of the statement but insist on sticking to college. We think that they are prepared to furnish just this kind of training. It is, however, not to be found wholly in the class room, but in the society halls. It is there that the student prepares to meet the men of the world in the struggle that comes after the college days are over. What a vast amount of training there is in the routine of society duties to the student who takes upon himself the responsibility of doing them! It is in doing this work that the easily embarrassed student learns to face an audience and express his opinion without trembling. Here also, the forward, *suart* student is taught to check his impetuosity. It is in the literary societies that the wire edges are taken off and deficiencies made up, until the student steps forth a new man. These benefits come only to those who enter into the work with a will. To this class the benefit thus gained overbalances that of any one study pursued during a college course. Those students who attend our institution without attaching themselves to a society, or those who do enroll themselves and then avoid a member's duty, will take with them but a small share of the real benefits of a college course. The age when dudishness would advance a man is past. Ten percent of our term standing forfeited in order to do society work—which does not mean simply literary work—will redound to the benefit of any student. But is it necessary to lower our class standing to do this work? Experience answers no.

At the recent city election the activity of our students called out much condemnation on the part of the local politicians who happened to be on the other side of the fence. The vile epithets applied to many of the students at the polls only served to rouse their mettle, and they turned out in full force. It is just and proper that they should feel an interest in political affairs. It is a pertinent fact that it will fall to the lot of many students to take the responsibility of some of the official positions in the future. To be wide awake to local interests will furnish them with a fund of experience which will be of great benefit when that time comes. A little politics mixed with school work is a good thing. College students are, as a rule, an orderly set of fellows. They have the mor-

al responsibilities of governmental positions clearly brought out in their studies, and in many cases can determine between right and wrong more sharply than the local politicians. And, as is usually the case, the lack of any direct political interest makes their ballots less biased than they might otherwise be.

In the election just referred to, the students certainly were on the right side, and the good city administration that is to follow can be looked upon by the students as partly of their handiwork. We hope to see this spirit continue; not, however, grow till it shall absorb the attention of the student to the detriment of his studies, but just enough to make things lively; to give indications that we are American citizens.

ENGLAND'S IRISH POLICIES.

The Scotch covenanters had succeeded! The British parliament was at a death-lock with its King. The English people were occupied with the varying fortunes of the contending factions. Now was the time to strike for Ireland and for liberty. The Irish had not forgotten the duplicity of Charles, or the mercenary policy of Strafford, and, maddened by long centuries of oppression, they arose to seize the opportunity of purging their soil forever of the despised conquerors. The English people, occupied with internal dissensions, could only look on with horror at the excesses of the downtrodden Irish.

A Stuart's blood atoned for a Stuart's shame. Catholicism in England had become a thing of the past. A Puritan parliament reigned supreme, and to the natural hatred of the English and Irish was added the deadly enmity of the Protestants and Catholics. The Irish had arisen and committed excesses which cannot be palliated by the name of rebellion; but the hour of retribution was at hand. By this massacre Ireland had forged her own chains and drawn on herself the weight of a just vengeance. Cromwell the avenger landed at Dublin on the 15th of August. "We are come," said he, "to ask an account of the innocent blood that has been shed." But his policy carried the work beyond the limits of retribution, bringing Ireland to misery and despairing submission. The blood covered ruins of Drogheda and Wexford bore witness to the avenging power of Puritan England.

Thus Cromwell fulfilled his mission: to restore tranquillity and peace to the Irish nation. But *what* a tranquillity and *what* a peace was that! The tranquillity—of a graveyard; the peace—of despair. "He made a desolation and called it peace." Ruined, devastated, desolate, despairing, Ireland "bowed her subject knee" to the despised protector. As was his conquest, so was his rule. He transported a large number of Irish, and poured into the void thus made, a copious stream of English Puritans. The Canaan of the Irish fugitives beyond the Shannon, but devoid of "milk and honey."

"Protestantism or Connaught" was the soothing cordial for Irish misery. Under the stern rule of Cromwell, Ireland soon assumed the appearance of prosperity but, as is Vesuvius, so was Ireland, the rebellious spirit ready at any time to burst forth in all its fury, kept dormant only by the iron arm of the protector; nourished by the arrogance of the predominant English settlers.

Such was the policy of Cromwell,—cold, cruel, unrelenting—destined to die with its originator. The seeds, thus sown by Cromwell were to mature and the harvest to be reaped by his successors; a policy originated, maintained and terminated by the sword.

Two centuries roll by. The nineteenth century dawned upon the Emerald Isle. The Irish were still laboring under the yoke of oppression. But at last, O'Connell, with resistless