and desolation by thousands of forsaken mountain homes where once clustered the tenderest affections of earth.

And tears will sometimes come in the eyes of the Granite State as she looks forth from her sterility and desolation upon the vast plains and valleys of fertility and of boundless resources which lie stretched from ocean to ocean, and from the snows of Canada almost to the tropic regions of the globe, and reflects upon the blood she has shed and the treasure she has poured out and the pledge of her industry for a century, that she has signed, sealed, and delivered, and will pay to the last dollar, and yet beholds the blindness that would render the last state of the Union worse than the first.

It will never be. The country will not lose the fruits of the war. This election, which involves them all, can never be the means of restoring obsolete ideas and the enslaving policies of the past.

But I feel no hope until the South learns that she must ally herself with the strength and not with the weakness of the North.

Some time we shall understand each other, but not yet. The Republican party must again rescue the country by main strength against the combined South, yoked with the corrupt and subservient Democracy of the North. If we fail, God help America!

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., American politician, lawyer, and man of letters, was born at Boston, Mass., May 27, 1835. He is the son of Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to England under President Lincoln, grandson of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and great-grandson of John Adams, the second Chief Executive. He graduated from Harvard in 1856, and on leaving college studied law and was admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts in 1857. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, and at its close had attained the rank of brevet brigadier-general of volunteers. Mr. Adams afterwards resumed the practice of his profession at Boston, making a specialty of railroad law and winning therein high distinction. In 1868, he was a railroad commissioner of Massachusetts, and in 1884 was elected president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a position he resigned in 1890. In 1883, Mr. Adams delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, his subject (which is here appended) being, "The Study of Greek as a College Fetich." The address attracted attention, the speaker contending that the knowledge of Greek should not be a requirement for admission to Harvard. As a result of the agitation Greek was made optional at Harvard two years later. In 1883, Mr. Adams would probably have been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but he refused to be a candidate. He was at one time urged by a portion of the press for the office of United States Senator in opposition to Senator Hoar. In 1895, Mr. Adams was president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has been identified with a number of other organizations, educational, social, and historical. He has published, besides some general and professional works on railways, "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," a "Life of Charles Francis Adams," and "Richard Henry Dana, a Biography."

A COLLEGE FETICH[1]

PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN SANDERS' THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 28, 1883

I AM here to-day for a purpose. After no little hesitation I accepted the invitation to address your Society, simply because I had something which I much wanted to say; and this seemed to me the best possible place, and this the most appropriate occasion, for saying it. My message, if

[1] Used by permission of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

such I may venture to call it, is in no wise sensational. On the contrary, it partakes, I fear, rather of the commonplace. Such being the case, I shall give it the most direct utterance of which I am capable.

It is twenty-seven years since the class of which I was a member was graduated from this college. To-day I have come back here to take, for the first time, an active part of any prominence in the exercises of its Commencement week. I have come back, as what we are pleased to term an educated man, to speak to educated men; a literary man, as literary men go, I have undertaken to address a literary society; a man who has, in any event, led an active, changeable, bustling life, I am to say what I have to say to men not all of whom have led similar lives.

It is easy to imagine one who had contended in the classic games returning, after they were over, to the gymnasium in which he had been trained. It would not greatly matter whether he had acquitted himself well or ill in the arena,—whether he had come back crowned with victory or broken by defeat: in the full light of his experience of the struggle he would be disposed to look over the old paraphernalia and recall the familiar exercises, passing judgment upon them. Tested by hard, actual results, was the theory of his training correct; were the appliances of the gymnasium good; did what he got there contribute to his victory, or had it led to his defeat? Taken altogether, was he strengthened or had he been emasculated by his gymnasium course? The college was our gymnasium. It is now the gymnasium of our children. Thirty years after graduation a man has either won or lost the game. Winner or loser, looking back through the medium of that thirty years of hard experience, how do we see the college now?

It would be strange, indeed, if from this point of view we regarded it, its theories and its methods, with either unmixed approval or unmixed condemnation. I cannot deny that the Cambridge of the sixth decennium of the century, as Thackeray would have phrased it, was in many respects a pleasant place. There were good things about it. By the student who understood himself and knew what he wanted much might here be learned; while for most of us the requirements were not excessive. We of the average majority did not understand ourselves or know what we wanted: the average man of the majority rarely does. And so far as the college course, instead of being a time of preparation for the hard work of life, was a pleasant sort of vacation rather, before that work began. We so regarded it. I should be very sorry not to have enjoyed that vacation.

I am glad that I came here, and glad that I took my degree. But as a training-place for youth to enable them to engage to advantage in the struggle of life, to fit them to hold their own in it and to carry off the prizes, I must in all honesty say that, looking back through the years and recalling the requirements and methods of the ancient institution, I am unable to speak of it with all the respect I could wish. Such training as I got, useful for the struggle, I got after instead of before graduation, and it came hard; while I never have been able—and now, no matter how long I may live, I never shall be able—to overcome some great disadvantages which the superstitions and wrong theories and worse practices of my Alma Mater inflicted upon me.

And not on me alone. The same may be said of my contemporaries, as I have observed them in success and failure. What was true in this respect of the college of thirty years

ago is, I apprehend, at least partially true of the college of to-day; and it is true not only of Cambridge, but of other colleges, and of them quite as much as of Cambridge. They fail properly to fit their graduates for the work they have to do in the life that awaits them.

This is harsh language to apply to one's nursing mother, and it calls for an explanation. That explanation I shall now try to give. I have said that the college of thirty years ago did not fit its graduates for the work they had to do in the actual life which awaited them.

Let us consider for a moment what that life has been, and then we will pass to the preparation we received for it. When the men of my time graduated, Franklin Pierce was President, the war in the Crimea was just over, and three years were yet to pass before Solferino would be fought. No united Germany and no united Italy existed. The railroad and the telegraph were in their infancy; neither nitro-glycerine nor the telephone had been discovered.

The years since then have been fairly crammed with events. A new world has come into existence, and a world wholly unlike that of our fathers,—unlike it in peace and unlike it in war. It is a world of great intellectual quickening, which has extended until it now touches a vastly larger number of men, in many more countries, than it ever touched before. Not only have the nations been rudely shaken up, but they have been drawn together. Interdependent thought has been carried on, interacting agencies have been at work in widely separated countries and different tongues. The solidarity of the peoples has been developed. Old professions have lost their prominence; new professions have arisen. Science has extended its domains and superseded authority with bewildering rapidity. The artificial barriers—national,

political, social, economical, religious, intellectual—have given way in every direction, and the civilized races of the world are becoming one people, even if a discordant and quarrelsome people. We all of us live more in the present and less in the past than we did thirty years ago,—much less in the past and much more in the present than those who preceded us did fifty years ago.

The world as it is may be a very bad and a very vulgar world,—insincere, democratic, disrespectful, dangerous, and altogether hopeless. I do not think it is; but with that thesis I have, here and now, nothing to do. However bad and hopeless, it is nevertheless the world in which our lot was cast and in which we have had to live,—a bustling, active, nervous world, and one very hard to keep up with. This much all will admit; while I think I may further add that its most marked characteristic has been an intense mental and physical activity, which, working simultaneously in many tongues, has attempted much and questioned all things.

Now as respects the college preparation we received to fit us to take part in this world's debate. As one goes on in life, especially in modern life, a few conclusions are hammered into us by the hard logic of facts. Among those conclusions I think I may, without much fear of contradiction, enumerate such practical, common-sense, and commonplace precepts as that superficiality is dangerous, as well as contemptible, in that it is apt to invite defeat; or, again, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; or, third, that when one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent or elegant, or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work; or, finally,—and this I regard as the greatest of all practical

precepts,—that every man should in life master some one thing, be it great or be it small, so that thereon he may be the highest living authority: that one thing he should know thoroughly.

How did Harvard College prepare me, and my ninety-two classmates of the year 1856, for our work in a life in which we have had these homely precepts brought close to us? In answering the question it is not altogether easy to preserve one's gravity. The college fitted us for this active, bustling, hard-hitting, many-tongued world, caring nothing for authority and little for the past, but full of its living thought and living issues, in dealing with which there was no man who did not stand in pressing and constant need of every possible preparation as respects knowledge and exactitude and thoroughness,—the poor old college prepared us to play our parts in this world by compelling us, directly and indirectly, to devote the best part of our school lives to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages.

In regard to the theory of what we call a liberal education, there is, as I understand it, not much room for difference of opinion. There are certain fundamental requirements without a thorough mastery of which no one can pursue a specialty to advantage. Upon these common fundamentals are grafted the specialties,—the students' electives, as we call them. The man is simply mad who in these days takes all knowledge for his province. He who professes to do so can only mean that he proposes, in so far as in him lies, to reduce superficiality to a science.

Such is the theory. Now, what is the practice? Thirty years ago, as for three centuries before, Greek and Latin were the fundamentals. The grammatical study of two dead languages was the basis of all liberal education. It is still its basis. But, following the theory out, I think all will admit that, as respects the fundamentals, the college training should be compulsory and severe. It should extend through the whole course. No one ought to become a Bachelor of Arts until, upon these fundamentals, he had passed an examination the scope and thoroughness of which should set at defiance what is perfectly well defined as the science of cramming.

Could the graduates of my time have passed such an examination in Latin and Greek? If they could have done that, I should now see a reason in the course pursued with us. When we were graduated we should have acquired a training, such as it was; it would have amounted to something; and, having a bearing on the future it would have been of use in it. But it never was for a moment assumed that we could have passed any such examination. In justice to all I must admit that no self-deception was indulged in on this point. Not only was the knowledge of our theoretical fundamentals to the last degree superficial, but nothing better was expected. The requirements spoke for themselves; and the subsequent examinations never could have deceived any one who had a proper conception of what real knowledge was.

But in pursuing Greek and Latin we had ignored our mother tongue. We were no more competent to pass a really searching examination in English literature and English composition than in the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. We were college graduates; and yet how many of us could follow out a line of sustained, close thought, expressing ourselves in clear, concise terms? The faculty of doing this should result from a mastery of well-selected fundamentals. The difficulty was that the funda-

mentals were not well selected, and they had never been mastered. They had become a tradition. They were studied no longer as a means, but as an end,—the end being to get into college. Accordingly, thirty years ago there was no real living basis of a Harvard education. Honest, solid foundations were not laid. The superstructure, such as it was, rested upon an empty formula.

The reason of all this I could not understand then, though it is clear enough to me now. I take it to be simply this: The classic tongues were far more remote from our world than they had been from the world our fathers lived in. They are much more remote from the world of to-day than they were from the world of thirty years ago. The human mind, outside of the cloisters, is occupied with other and more pressing things. Especially is it occupied with a class of thoughts—scientific thoughts—which do not find their nutriment in the remote past. They are not in sympathy with it.

Accordingly, the world turns more and more from the classics to those other and living sources in which alone it finds what it seeks. Students come to college from the hearthstones of the modern world They have been brought up in the new atmosphere. They are consequently more and more disposed to regard the dead languages as a mere requirement to college admission. This reacts upon the institution. The college does not change,—there is no conservatism I have ever met, so hard, so unreasoning, so impenetrable, as the conservatism of professional educators about their methods,—the college does not change; it only accepts the situation. The routine goes on, but superficiality is accepted as of course; and so thirty years ago, as now, a surface acquaintance with two dead languages was the chief requirement for admission to Harvard; and to acquiring it years of school life were devoted.

Nor in my time did the mischief end here. On the contrary, it began here. As a slipshod method of training was accepted in those studies to which the greatest prominence was given, the same method was accepted in other studies. The whole standard was lowered. Thirty years ago—I say it after a careful search through my memory—thoroughness of training in any real-life sense of the term was unknown in those branches of college education with which I came in contact. Everything was taught as Latin and Greek were taught. Even now I do not see how I could have got solid, exhaustive teaching in the class-room even if I had known enough to want it. A limp superficiality was all pervasive. To the best of my recollection the idea of hard thoroughness was not there. It may be there now. I hope it is.

And here let me define my position on several points, so that I shall be misunderstood only by such as wilfully misunderstand in order to misrepresent. With such I hold no argument.

In the first place I desire to say that I am no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true end and aim of the university. On this point I cannot be too explicit; for I should be sorry indeed if anything I might utter were construed into an argument against the most liberal education.

There is a considerable period in every man's life when the