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A college fetich. An address delivered before the Harvard chapter of the fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, June 28, 1883 by Charles Francis Adams

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

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By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

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ADDRESS.

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 such I may venture to call it, is in nowise 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 vic-

tory 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 for us 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. 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 peo-