(April 27th.)

First Words in Canada.

By Andrew Carnegie.

President E. R. Peacock:—This Club has had many notable gatherings, but none equal to that of to-night. We have entertained many distinguished guests, but none, surely, more distinguished than he who is our guest on this occasion. We are delighted to have with us, also, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine* and Colonel McCook, of New York. I hope that the impression which they got on their first visit will be so pleasant that we will get them back soon to speak to the Club themselves. That does not imply a promise that they will not have to speak to the Club to-night. It is with particular pride and pleasure that we welcome as the guest of this Club Mr. Andrew Carnegie. His name has been a household word in this city as in all parts of the English-speaking world. We have all been anxious to see him and meet him, and, having met him, hope he will often come to see us. He will always meet a hearty welcome. Mr. Carnegie has laid all of us under obligation to him, not alone by his gift of a library, but more still by the obligation which he always sends with the gift that we shall do something for ourselves in connection with it.

Mr. Carnegie—Hear, hear.

Mr. Peacock:—Mr. Carnegie is one of the great men of the day. His has been a great creative genius, and these are rare. He took hold of one side of the industrial life of the United States and has done, perhaps, more than any other single man to place the United States industrially in the proud position which it occupies to-day. But turning from these material views he gave us a new and inspiring ideal in regard to the duties which attaches to the possession of great wealth, a doctrine that he lived out and is living out to-day. When you have heard him to-night I think you will find his imagination is stretching out to still greater things, and that he is doing his best to bring them about. For Mr. Carnegie is an idealist of the best type of idealists, the Scotch. He keeps his eyes fixed on the higher things, but he keeps an eye on there being a ladder to reach them. I say no more, for the duty of introducing Mr. Carnegie in a formal way is laid on one we love. It is fitting that the foremost citizen of Toronto and one who is an old friend of Mr. Carnegie should introduce him. I have much pleasure in calling upon Mr. Goldwin Smith.

Dr. Goldwin Smith:—Gentlemen, if you do not take care you will drive the few thoughts I had out of my poor old head. Introduction is not needful. If there could be any doubt that Mr. Carnegie would be heartily welcome in Toronto, this meeting settles it. He does not come among us as an alien. He was a Scotch boy, brought over to the United States; there, by his high qualities, making his way to high success as many a Scotch boy had done before him, as many hundreds of Canadian boys have done.

Nor in becoming an adopted citizen of the United States did he become a member of a community in any way hostile to Canada. For 30 years and more I have been conversant with Americans of all classes and parties, even in the bitter times of the Civil war, and I declare to you here that I think I never heard an ill word spoken of Canada, much less a threat of aggression. You might, perhaps, know I should not relish it if they had. However, at all events, they had self-restraint. The real truth is there is no feeling against Canada in the United States. If we have reason to blame them for anything it is because they do not know as much of us as they ought. Well, we are divided by natural lines, but above all things is humanity; and there is no better symbol of what that is than libraries, in which you meet the lives and minds of all ages.

This is an age of immense accumulations of wealth, the natural result of vast relations of commerce, great enterprises, great risks; and remember that if some gain, others lose, if we forfeit it means we would have to pay the loss. Every gain in the economic world, though good in itself, does bring evils in its train. The advent of machinery killed the cottage loom, brought the dark side of industrial life; co-operative stores and all savings of retail trade have brought with them

some suffering to smaller retail dealers; and this age has brought with it these vast accumulations of wealth which no one denies, with combines and with competition which have been dealt with by our guest in "Triumphant Democracy."

But what protection have the people; what safeguard is there that will ensure they will not take fright? The natural safeguard is the sense of responsibility in the breasts of the rich. That is the safeguard Mr. Carnegie has done his utmost to preach and promote, and has himself given a noble instance of in his life, from whose lips came the sentiment: "It is wrong to die rich," and who has lived up to his own precept.

Now, Mr. Carnegie was born—shall I use an improper term in saying in a cottage?—at all events in a lowly house. He has advanced to great wealth, but he has always remained a man of the people, willing to improve their condition, to raise their intelligence; above all, to enable them to do better for themselves has been the aim of his life.

I have no doubt the author of "Triumphant Democracy" has by this time, if not realized all his hopes, seen that our democracy has won triumphs over our own defects, and that in time to come there will be a serious work of reorganization to do. But he has never lost hope; he has never departed from the principles which are enunciated in "Triumphant Democracy"; he has pursued them to the best of his ability in his own way, not by cultivating hatred of the classes but by preaching self-help. He is a notable offspring of a large day, a man to whom we all owe gratitude; and I am glad this great assemblage has met to pay that due.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie:—Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. President and gentlemen, I know I am not in my ain countree, to-night, but if I could not know that it would be by the unusually warm and cordial reception which you have accorded me. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and when he goes abroad he gets an additional satisfaction from the fact that if they do not speak well enough of him at home, they think far too much of him when he is away. I could not tell, looking in your faces, whether I was to-night in New York, or in Pittsburg, or Edinburgh, or London, or whether I was among the British in Singapore or Allahabad, or on the Pacific Coast; I could not tell where I am to-night looking in your faces, faces just such as I have been meeting all my life. The English-speaking race preserves its type, which is a great matter. In Australia I am afraid it is losing it, but in all places I have ever been the Briton, American, Canadian, Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, they preserve a common type.

Gentlemen, there may be some hidden qualities in you, some peculiarities, perhaps, which your modesty prevents you from instantly

revealing. The Scotch element is strong and modesty is a strong point in me. But I am not indisposed to accept the doctrine that the northern part of island or continent invariably produces the superior race by a fixed law of nature. I have reasons of a strictly personal character for looking kindly upon that doctrine, though not proclaiming it from the housetops lest I might wound the feelings of near and dear neighbors.

I had two sensations this morning coming along. A reverend gentleman sent me a book, a compilation of poetry, and I glanced over it to find it was the wildest outburst in honor of war I had ever the ill-fortune to read; and it was the Boer war. Well, we had a war in America and a glorious victory we gained. Our new battleships gained a great victory by sinking the old hulks of Spain! And we lost two men! And in another case 443,000 British soldiers, a few Canadians—about one-seventh of what went south to help us forty years ago—and a few Australians did succeed, after three years, in vanquishing sixty thousand farmers. Now, gentlemen, if the rich men and statesmen responsible for these two wars had been vested with foresight as clear as their hindsight neither of these mistaken wars would ever have taken place. It is with most of our wars, as Lord Salisbury said about the Crimean war, "We backed the wrong horse." But I was lifted from the sad thoughts of how men still glorify men by killing each other in battle like wild beasts and call them heroes—and, God save the mark, a clergyman at that, a disciple of the Prince of Peace. Did that man know that the distinguishing feature between the Christian and the non-Christian in the days immediately preceding Christ was that one would kill his fellow and the other would not. Maximillian, a centurian, was tried and sentenced to death and executed—a Christian he was, too—because he said, "I am a soldier now of Christ and I cannot kill my fellow man." A Christian would not serve in the legions. And Tertillian, one hundred years after, one of the earliest fathers, declared that "The baptismal vow and the military oath are inconsistent with each other, the one being a sign of Christ, the other of the devil." I would like to offer that clergyman the suggestion that he is the last man who should have compiled that bloodthirsty volume. I know that one of the last men who would circulate it is the humble individual who addresses you. It reminded me of this. You remember the unworthy conflict between the German and the French armies, which belong to the same God, being Christians, and of this celebrated telegram:

"Ten thousand Frenchmen gone below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Gentlemen, you may smile at that, but do for Heaven's sake ponder the thought that the foulest blot upon the earth, the foulest stain upon

civilization, is this killing of man by man. Of course it is a holy duty to protect our homes, but that which makes it so also makes it a holy duty not to attack the homes of others.

Gentlemen, I was raised to the atmosphere in which I delight to dwell when I saw that blue inland sea that you are situated upon, and I said to myself, "Take courage, Andrew, war is disease." Canada and America give to the world the sublimest lesson of all the world in this fact that your inland seas are dedicated to peace. Not a vessel of destruction worthy the name is ever to desecrate them. They remain forever open, pathways of peaceful communication between the two branches of our race here on the North American continent, serving to bind them, brothers as they are, into closer and closer union. Similar agreements between the nations of Europe following our example would save the salt seas from bearing upon their bosoms engines created by men for the destruction of each other. This is to come some day and sooner than most of us expect.

His Majesty launched a battleship the other day pronounced the most powerful in the British navy, called the "Dreadnought," while Germany has just announced it is to build a bigger one, and our industrial republic, false to the teachings of its founders, is about to excel Germany. "So ill begins and worse remains behind." When will nations, emperors, kings and strenuous presidents learn that a powerful navy makes not for peace, but invariably tempts to war! "How oft the means to do ill deeds make evil deeds done."

Gentlemen, I wish the mother land would take a lesson from her children over here. I wish His Majesty would reflect. He does not know the most powerful vessel in his navy. I will tell you what it is. It is the little yacht on that lake that fires nothing but messages of good-will to another little yacht, one bearing messages of good-will and flying the Stars and Stripes. And this little craft of yours is the most powerful vessel that flies the Union Jack. It preserves peace between the two branches of our English-speaking race, which is soon, in my opinion, to dominate the world.

If your proceedings of to-night be cabled, I trust His Majesty's attention will be attracted to this fact, that his powerful influence may be exerted in behalf of his prime minister's appeal for a league of peace among the nations, which will follow our example here in Canada and America, and ensure the total exclusion of battleships from the high seas as we exclude them on our inland seas, bringing nearer the permanent peace of the world. Let not the old home scorn to take a lesson from her children when that lesson leads to the greatest possible step forward, a lesson whose triumphant success here should be heeded by all European nations now staggering in what your wise prime minister calls "a vortex of militarism."

I am sure His Excellency, the Governor-General, a pacificator wherever he goes, from all we know of his desire for peace and good-

will among men, will have been deeply impressed by the treaty which banishes destructive engines forever from our inland seas. The spectacle which Canada and America present to the world is magnificent, justifying, I should think, a joint appeal to the powers of Europe to follow their example. A commission of our chief statesmen who stand for what is best, laying that treaty before the leading powers and urging its adoption, might work wonders.

Meanwhile we have great cause for hopefulness. The forthcoming Hague conference is very likely to declare the treaty of immunity of non-combatants and private property at sea, as these are now upon land in time of war. Britain, which has been so long opposed to this, but America has long urged it, is now converted; the Lord Chancellor, as you know, has declared in favor of this step forward, and the present Government is sure to agree. This is the most important improvement that remains to be made. After this may come the Canadian-American panacea.

Gentlemen, I read some years ago, it may not be very many, that one of your officers had proposed building a row of forts along your borders. I understand that officer is not now in command. Can you imagine anything so wildly, diabolically damnable as that, as far removed from the policy you have adopted on the lakes as right from wrong. What would you build them against? Your brothers of the English-speaking race down there? What you want is to have a treaty by which no military fortification shall exist on land as no warship on sea, and that officers wearing their uniform as a distinguishing badge of their trade shall not be allowed to wear them within ten miles of the frontier line. Why, gentlemen, war has not yet ceased in the world we will grant, but one thing I do claim, it has ceased forever between English-speaking men. Remember, for one hundred years now, lacking two or three, not one question has arisen between the two branches of the race that has not been settled by peaceful arbitration.

Now, there was one, a few years ago, so serious that I telegraphed the *London Times* one Sunday morning, and I telegraphed the Duke of Devonshire, "You are playing with fire." I was one of the representatives of the American Republic in the convention of pan-American republics, and I sat with these seventeen for four months and know all about this question of Venezuela. I want to give you the facts, because you will reach the conclusion that I reached, that if they could settle that question no question can arise between English-speaking men that will ever lead to war. Mr. Gladstone made a treaty with Venezuela to arbitrate. Lord Salisbury succeeded him and three weeks repudiated that treaty. Lord Rosebery came in; both parties were equally to blame; and Lord Rosebery said, "No, continue our foreign policy, I cannot reverse Salisbury." The correspondence would surprise

you; I had to read it all and I was up on that question. Finally Cleveland said: "So sacred is the doctrine of arbitration that I will request Britain to arbitrate this again." He did. It was declined. Friends in New York wished to call the chambers of commerce together, to have a meeting to denounce Cleveland. They did not know the question. I was present at the meeting. I sat there among those discussing that question. New Yorkers know everything but their own country. That is what we say in the West. They called a meeting and 534 sustained the demand for arbitration, willing to fight for it, and 3 voted against Cleveland. Now here is the beautiful thing; I wish to impress it on your minds. The British people began to understand it was a violation of treaty, a refusal to arbitrate. His present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, and his son and heir cabled a message to the American people: "We hope and we believe this question will be peaceably settled." Prime Minister Rosebery and a great number of the foremost and most influential Liberal statesmen telegraphed similar messages. Venezuela's President agreed to arbitrate and the result was peace.

I say this, gentlemen, after such an experience. The man who believes Briton and American or any member of the English-speaking race will go to war ought not to walk abroad without one of Franklin's lightning rods down his back. Now, gentlemen, another point; never in my lifetime has the race feeling been so strong, both in Britain and America, as it is this night on which I speak. You cannot mention Britain in any public audience in America that you do not evoke a cheer. And I speak often in Britain; they desire me to take many freedoms of cities, thus making many speeches; and I never touch the cord of the children across the Atlantic but I know I have as sure a cause for applause as a preacher when he preaches about a death-bed knows that he will have attention. But that is a bad illustration. As I would say in a body of Scotchmen, that there was no place in the world worthy to be mentioned as second to bonny Scotland.

Now, gentlemen, I am in a strange positon. I was born, like many of yourselves—Mark Twain told us the other night it is being naked—born like yourselves a subject of the late lamented Queen Victoria; became, through the action of my father, an American citizen—I was a minor when my father became one—and I do not know in what position I can talk to you as fellow countrymen, but to-night I appear as an American. And I will tell you how I feel towards the two lands. You all know, espacially you Scotchmen, how I feel about Scotland. You know how it is yourselves. Scotland is my mother land. The Republic is my wifeland, and I see nothing inconsistent with utmost devotion to the mother and the strongest love for the wife. I would give my life for either of them if I thought it could save them from grave disaster.

Now, I only have one test about English-speaking men. They are all one. It makes little difference whether a man is under the British or American flag; and if, though even of the English race, he has no other flag, he is under one or other. I have only one test, does he speak the common tongue?

"If Shakespeare's tongue be spoken there
And songs of Burns be in the air."

That is all I want to know. And, gentlemen, these countries were one and united, and I have again, as in that "Triumphant Democracy" my friend Dr. Smith was good enough to mention, to cast a look ahead; remember it is a look ahead; I think it is a very safe thing to prophesy if you do not fix the date; still, as sure as you sit there, because I feel all the faith of a prophet, as sure as you are living the sun that once shone upon a united English-speaking race, upon a united America and Canada and England, will rise again some morning and greet their re-union.

I could tell you why but I won't take up your time. Not that Britain will deteriorate so much as that she cannot expand.

Gentlemen, 5,000,000 more people in that little island would cause deterioration in the race. Some say deterioration exists now at 40,000,000. Why, gentlemen, in Canada and America, in the lifetime of people now born you will have a population equal to that of Europe. I have made a calculation and I find that there will be 300,000,000 people here if a man is born to-day and lives to see ninety. Now, gentlemen, I say there are great consolidations coming in Europe. Some of them have come in your time. We have Italy, a great nation created out of many small powers; Germany, a wonderful empire, consolidated out of 17 or 18 kingdoms, 13 duchies, and 213 little powers, principalities. You have seen it rise to a great empire. This is an age of the consolidation of Europe; the continent of Europe is on the verge, I believe, of tremendous consolidations. In that event our dear English land, that island land, will be dwarfed and become as a Holland or a Belgium relatively to other powers. Britain will be alien in Europe; she has no sympathy with the continental nations; she will cast her glance across the Atlantic to her giant children here, and when she stretches out her arms her two boys will take care of the dear old mother. Lord Rosebery has said in his Glasgow University rectorial address that such a union of the English-speaking race would have taken place if Pitt had not gone to the House of Lords, and Lord Rosebery was willing, if that should take place, its capital should be in the centre of population, and that is on this side. Well, gentlemen, it is a fact that Toronto is very near the centre of population. Gentlemen, that is, as we say, a detail, but it is true.

Now we talk of two things. I read a great deal about British imperialism. The Duchess of Sutherland said to me the other day—she is not a worthless duke; she is a very delightful woman—"I want you to write in a book, but I won't give it to you, I will give it to Mrs. Carnegie, and I want you to write where I check," and the place was marked opposite where Joseph Chamberlain had written, and I wrote this: "British Imperialist predicts too mean a destiny for my revered mother land. She should sit enthroned among her children at the head of the whole race and not be shunted off into a corner; and I am a race imperialist." Gentlemen, I wish to say that America rejoices in your prosperity. You cannot be prosperous without your prosperity reacting upon us. We have stood by you in a sense in the past. Who made you free from their fiscal needs? When your English Prime Minister said he would rather do anything than resign one jot of his fiscal proposal, America fought them on that because we considered and said that the doctrine of taxation without representation was unBritish and unconstitutional, and America stood out till Pitt and Fox and Burke had to surrender. Gentlemen, you do not have to face that. Gentlemen, you owe us about $350,000,000 for securing to you that all you had to say was, "My dear Prime Minister, look at what the United States did; and we stand by every British principle; no power on earth will we ever permit to interfere with our home affairs in Canada."

How did you repay us? You sent 7,000 men to join the King's army in South Africa to serve a year, and they came back when Kitchener wanted them to and were paid 5 shillings a day. What did you do when our republic, your sister nation, was in trouble? You sent 42,000 men to fight for us in the Civil War. Now who is going to talk about Canada or the United tSates going to quarrel or anything of the sort!

I am going to finish with one prediction; I want to be a prophet for something. I was asked to go to Winnipeg some years ago to address its historical society. Being up-to-date she is going to record her history when she makes it. What do you think of that? She elected me an honorary member of that historical society. I wrote them a somewhat gushing letter in 1903—it was not so long ago after all—in which I said: "Dear Sir, Yours of the 14th received this morning. In reference to the action of the historical society, the honor conferred in electing me an honorary member of your society gives me notable pleasure, for two reasons; first, it is from a branch of my own race—that always counts with me—; second, it is from Canada, from the friendly neighbor of the Great Republic."

You know that I am a race imperialist. I know—all the prophets do—that the day is coming when Canada, as the well-beloved younger daughter, will take the motherland by one hand and the rebellious elder brother by the other and reconcile them both. I also say that

she will some day annex the republic. That is all right. Lord Grey said in New York the other day: "You must never think you can annex Canada." No, quite right. Now the statement is wrong there. Earl Grey did say that you need never think to annex Canada; I agree with that; but his Lordship never in a word reverts to the other contingency, never said Canada would not annex the United States, just as the northern part, Scotland, annexed the southern part called England, and has bossed her ever since.

That letter of mine to the Winnipeg society was telegraphed, or extracts from it, to the *London Times*—I never thought it would be—and Andrew D. White, our ambassador over there, wrote to me: "Dear Mr. Carnegie: I never saw anything so well put as your letter to the Winnipeg society. I saw it in *The Times* this morning. Now I say may this be the destiny of Canada." The society received the communication with unstinted applause and delight and it no doubt received an honored place in the archives of the society. Gentlemen, you have a good laugh. So many people in this world laugh at things which turn out to be the truth, and this is a truth that I am telling you in regard to the destiny of the race.

This is a far look ahead you will say. Be it so, but it may be nearer than expected. Sooner or later it must come to pass and all our efforts should be directed to this end. Meanwhile let us never forget that we are of the one race and that British Imperialism prefigures a poor destiny for it, even if accomplished, compared with the true ideal we should all labor to realize—race Imperialism.

I bespeak this destiny as the only one worthy of my native land; the old mother surrounded by her devoted children—the giant child, her firstborn and Canada, the younger but still more devoted daughter, vying in their efforts to lessen in some part the unpayable debt which all English-speaking men must ever owe to the sceptred isle, the old home of our race, our Mother Land, God bless her.

Gentlemen, we are brothers on this continent; let us act as brothers. And recalling our common mother let Canadian and American utter the dying words of Mailie, as written by Burns in his ode addressed to Mailie:

"When you think upon your mither
Try to be kind to ane anither."

The president:—I have great pleasure now in calling upon Professor Clark, an old friend, President of the Empire Club, our sister club.

Rev. Prof. Clark:—Mr. President, Mr. Carnegie and gentlemen, I cannot say with our illustrious guest that I am not in my ain countree, for we Scotchmen have a way of making every country to which we go our own country. Mr. Carnegie has made the United States his

country; he has made a home here among Scotchmen here; though one is glad he has such a warm place in his heart for the land from which we come. We have a warm place now for him; it is always well to be a Scotchman, for every Scotchman thinks the better of him and no one will think any the worse of him. I am very glad also you reminded us of the true relations between the northern and southern parts of the kingdom at the time of the Union. I remember a Scotchman who was much surprised when he heard an Englishman say that the Scotchmen had been conquered by England. Nothing of the kind. What happened was that a Scotch king became king of England and then removed the capital from Edinburgh to London.

We all remember how the stone of fate emigrated. You remember the stone on which Jacob slept—there is no doubt about it, because it is a tradition in Scotland, and which then went over to Ireland, from which the Scotchmen came, you know—and then came back to Scotland and there was written on it an inscription to the effect that where that stone lay they would the kingdom be. Well then, Edward the First, the "Hammer of Scotland," removed it to England to break the charm. On the contrary the prophecy was entirely fulfilled. You see, sir, there were prophets in the past as well as in the present. It was fulfilled by James VI of Scotland becoming the 1st of England, and sitting on the Stone of Destiny in Westminster Abbey. That is the fact.

I could not help making these few remarks. I have nothing left to say. You, Mr. President, have said all, and the illustrious gentleman, whom you have designated as the first citizen of Toronto, has said it so well I would be only mangling it to say more. But I will say one or two words. Simply to refer to it in ordinary, plain, historical manner would seem the grossest flattery. It would seem almost impossible; that a man who would have it said of him would think it flattery, it is not flattery but the simple truth. It shows the difficulty of reverting to great works done by a great man when you have that man in this audience. What can you do but refer to it simply and make a failure of a speech as I feel I shall do. We wish to do honor to him, and the speakers are not mere individuals. Some of us are of great importance, like my revered friend, and some of small, but we represent the men of Canada in speaking to him this evening—and there is no one who will dare to contradict it.

I have some doubt some will say we are here to worship wealth. We are not. I am not one of those extreme socialists who consider every rich man a bad man; he often is as benevolent and has as many other good qualities as the rest of us. And when we find wealth is not only gathered but administered in a benevolent manner, then, whatever we say about the wealth, we owe our gratitude to the wealthy man. A man can make a bad use of his money, and there is no worse

use than spending it all upon himself. We are all stewards; what we have is given by God, and in giving it he has laid upon us the solemn obligation to spend it according to his law. That has been done by the man we honor to-night, and we can say this of him, that his wealth represents earnestness and industrious effort, that it has no relation to greed or extortion, and that in saying this we speak the plain truth which all men recognize.

I feel satisfied that I can tell Mr. Carnegie on your behalf that we believe he has done an immense service to the English-speaking community by his encouragement of reading and his gifts of libraries. And here I would like to say one word. He does not speak here to Anglo-Saxons. I would not be ashamed to be an Anglo-Saxon, but we are not Anglo-Saxons, we are Anglo-Celts. I admire the German very much. He is a little heavy, perhaps, but we have that little spice of Celt which redeems the heaviness, and I for one will never give up the spice. But I will not have your Anglo-Saxon.

I believe there are some people afraid of reading doing harm. Now I believe on the whole I enter into better society in my books than the average society I meet elsewhere. It is said that in reading the best books we become familiar not only with the best men who have lived, but with the best thought of the best men who have lived. And when you, Mr. Carnegie, were speaking, it all at once came to my mind that Sir George Trevelyan, in the life of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, says: "When I asked him to what he owed his success, he said to me, 'When I served as a young man in India, when it was a turning point in my life, when it was a mere chance whether I should become a mere card-playing lounger, I was fortunate to be quartered for two months in the neighborhood of an excellent library which was recommended to me.' "

Now, sir, you put it in the power of young men to follow in the footsteps of Lord Macaulay, and if they do not comprehend him they will, at all events, comprehend the size of the cheque he got from Longman for the first two volumes of his work. I do trust you will be spared many years to carry on the good work you have been doing in behalf of human nature and other blessings. The testimony against war and the blessings on peace you have uttered will not be forgotten by this large and representative assembly.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, being called upon, spoke as follows:—

It is an inspiration, Mr. Chairman, to stand face to face with this company of representative men of Toronto and of the Dominion, and to be a witness of your hearty and affectionate greeting of Mr. Carnegie, and to realize how completely you appreciate the character of the high ideals to which he has devoted his life. Especially is it an

inspiration to one who, like myself, appreciates so keenly the significance of every gathering of men of this English-speaking race of ours, who, owing political allegiance to different systems and to sister flags, owe one undivided human allegiance to the grand ideals that have moved and made our civilization.

If we were not so much concerned and so deeply immersed in the details of it all you and I would appreciate that one of the most stupendous facts of history is the discovery, settlement, subjugation of this North American continent, and the building upon it of nations, the evolving of constitutions and the building up here of civil and industrial order and liberty. There had been great migrations before this of our ancestors, but never before have the seeds of a great civilization been planted abroad upon so stupendous a scale, and never before has the responsibility for the character of the growth that came from that seed been so great.

There has something been going on for well-night seven hundred years, of which we are a part, that is not finished yet, and it is the business of every serious-minded, English-speaking man to realize that fact and his relation to it. Nearly seven hundred years ago Magna Charta outlined the basis of the civil and political order under which we live. Little by little, one achievement after another was added to the list until there came out of it all a great, orderly, peace-loving civilization, built upon three fundamental principles, and these principles have gone into the common law of our race and upon them we have all built. These principles are: first, civil and industrial liberty; second, the right of private property, and, third, the inviolability of contract. Everything that has been accomplished, economically and politically, by our race has been built upon these three great principles. To-day every one of the principles is challenged, every one of these principles is subject to attack. Why? Because man's greed, man's selfishness and human cunning have not been driven out of man, and, therefore, these principles have not yet been made to work in all respects with equity.

Now, there are two great alternative opportunities opening before ourselves and our children, and I myself feel that the time in which we live and the time in which our children will live is likely to be a time of the greatest moment in the history of these fundamental institutions of ours. We may do one of two things. We may either accept the false leadership of the man who knows neither history nor economics, and who permits himself to dwell merely on external and superficial defects, and try to uproot these great fundamental principles. We may, if we will, join the philosophical anarchist and the socialism of the chair, and try to undermine the foundations on which have been built the history of the last seven hundred years. Or we may set ourselves to the wiser and more enduring and more sane task of

warring, not against these fundamental principles, but against mistakes and deficiencies in their application.

Have you ever thought what would happen if the sum total of the property of the world were divided into equal parts and an equal part given at day-break on the first of some fine January morning to every human being? Where would it be when the sun set? How many would have their aliquot part and how many would have the aliquot part of a million people? You can have equality economically if you will, but only at the price of the destruction of civil and industrial liberty.

Think of the picture of the Europe of to-day. Where are there more beautiful lands—mountains capped with snow, valleys fertile with vines and crops and trees, great ports and cities, rivers, creeks and hills, all the diversity which has made nations, which has made changes in climates, which has built up great cities, which has developed commerce and industry, which has made history and civilization.

Supposing you were to take Europe from its easterly line to its westerly, and level it off, what would you have? One single barren plain, averaging 900 feet above the sea, without a hill, without a mountain or a river or a tree; that would not sustain human life. For the sake of an artificial equality you would have destroyed the principle on which life rests.

That, gentlemen, is the programme that is offered to you and to me to-day, and do not mistake, I know not how it is in Canada, but in the United States the propaganda for that polity is persistent, able and insistent. I cannot but believe that it is carried on partly through thoughtlessness, partly out of general sympathy for those who fall behind in the face, but without consideration of what victory for that policy would mean. So I say to you all gathered here to greet your distinguished guest and to manifest your approval of what he has said about peace, that one cannot face a company such as this, one cannot face it, I say, without pointing to the menace to peace in this policy which is being pushed before you in editorials, on the hustings and in legislative assemblies to try to have these questions settled by the reverse of these fundamental principles.

Do you want an artificial solution of a great human problem, or will we all unite by lifting up everybody to a higher and higher plane, not by pulling down but by lifting up the race, its brain, its inventiveness, its genius, to work through it and for the society of which we are all a part? That seems to me a serious matter that the English-speaking people of to-day must ponder.

Mr. Geo. Tate Blackstock, K.C., was next called upon, and said:—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am sure that I need not say that I feel it a very great pleasure and honor indeed to have been present this evening and to have joined you in the welcome we have had the

pleasure of extending to the distinguished citizen of the evening, that great citizen of the world whom we have had the pleasure of honoring; and also to have heard the gentleman we have just heard and others who are to follow. And I think I cannot finish these few introductory remarks without expressing the very great pleasure I feel in being permitted to sit at the board once more with the gentleman whose presence among us during these years has reflected honor upon us; whose name is indeed *nomen declarabit et venerabit.*

There is a story told—perhaps apocryphal, but it will serve my turn this evening—of one of the presidents of the republic who, on the evening of the inaugural day, after the fatigue was over, found himself the solitary occupant of his noble but lonely rooms. And after the last guest had gone he said, looking around upon the vast emptiness: "How in hades did I ever get into this trouble?" That is the question that presses sore upon me to-night. I am indebted to the wiles and artifices of your president for it. I am often interested in those picturesque utterances we owe to our friends across the border and one of these is that word "bunco." I believe, Mr. President, it is a verb—I do not know whether active or passive—but I know it is an active little verb in the hands of the President of the Canadian Club, and I am a victim of it to-night. A gentleman who can put up anything in opposition to the Horse Show is a distinguished gentleman.

I will let you into a little secret. I was distinctly warned I was not to make a speech, so I shall probably make one. I was to fill the position of chink-filler-in-ordinary to the other gentlemen. I am simply to blow the soap bubbles; not soft soap, however. I am the man who makes a few faces through the horse collar for your delectation. We are recurring to the practice of former times, when the great man travelled with his jester. The cap and bells are supposed to have been put upon me and it is now my duty to perform. A nickel has been dropped in my slot. Well, Mr. Chairman, I think I have been treated rather shabbily by my superiors to-night. I have read these jokes by former jesters and I have a suspicion they were furnished by the gentleman whose retainers they were. Gentlemen, I have been furnished with none, and therefore am driven to declare bankruptcy among you. It is impossible—for all things lead to Rome on those occasions when we have these friends from across the border—not to say something to you. I had prepared something but I have been sitting near a gentleman and, in the picturesque language of Sir Richard Cartwright, "he has been illustrating the predatory instincts of his Hieland forefathers upon me." There are other things they steal besides crowns and sceptres and empires. So you can expect to have a very excellent speech from my friend, Col. McCook.

I am sure I express the common sentiment of everyone here to-night when I say we have all been wonderfully pleased and charmed by the truly great speech made by Mr. Carnegie, a speech which was in reality a great statesmanlike deliverance, and which shows that in other departments he is as full of vigorous ideas as in the industrial development with which he has been so long associated. There was no part I was so much interested in as the share which our own country had in drawing the great republic and the mother country together. The truth is, if you examine the history of the rapprochment between the two peoples, you will find that everyone of these famous disputes which have arisen between the United States and Great Britain in respect of this Dominion, and which yielded to peaceful methods of solution, has in the end brought the parties into closer and more harmonious and more friendly relations than they were in before the quarrel started. And, in point of fact, there is one circumstance to which we may lay claim in this Dominion that has resulted from the fact that we have been a small and insignificant portion of the Anglo-Saxon family—I had almost been guilty of forgetting myself, Professor Clark—has been this, that we have studied the American and the Englishman with more success then they have ever been able to study one another, and we can comprehend each of them better than either comprehends the other, and interpret them one to the other better than they can interpret themselves. If you examine the history of the English-speaking people you will find it is in this Dominion of Canada that has been the common meeting place of both, both the United States new-world development and the old country. We are powerfully played upon by the influences of both. On the one hand our juxtaposition to the United States means that our conditions of life are more closely analagous than in England. This, joined with close social relations and colse contact throughout our connection with the United States—all these things have combined to fuse themselves in the Canadian character and we are the expression of ideals at once English and American in a pre-eminent degree.

Well, sir. I am a subscriber to the doctrine that Mr. Carnegie has given expression to to-night, the hope that the time will come when indeed there will be a great and comprehensive union of the English-speaking people, and I have no doubt that is rapidly going forward now. And if he will permit me I must say I think that movement of Mr. Chamberlain's which he disparages is a movement which is the first and earliest step towards the accomplishment of that end which Mr. Carnegie has in mind.

Mr. President, I shall not detain you at greater length for I know you want to hear Mr. Watson Gilder and Col. McCook. I cannot forbear to say, however, that we in Canada have a very weighty responsibility which devolves upon us. The lines have been cast to us in

pleasant places. I was saying to Col. McCook that as pauperism is known in Europe, in the Ghettos, we have not four hundred such in Canada. Pauperism may be said not to exist. Not only that, but our population is largely homogeneous. We are not faced with such problems as that which faces our neighbors in the negro problem. Everything conspires to make our lot a fortunate and happy one. But I often fear we are altering in our moral character. It takes broad shoulders to carry prosperity, and I sometimes fear that while our prosperity is going on the character of our civilization is being threatened at some points. I sometimes fear we shall not maintain in the years to come, if we are not careful, that character for the sterling virtues, for truth and honesty, which enables a million Canadians to live in the United States and seize upon positions of trust and honor and emolument.

Sir, it is to the preservation of the ideals of that manhood—I sometimes feel a sense of deep regret when I see a farmer who toiled for the education of his son succeeded by a son who, while conforming in manners and education and self-support, in all the real qualities of a sterling and virile manhood is beneath the father who made these sacrifices for him—it is to the ideals on which Canada is founded, self-restraint and self-development, without which no nation can be successful, it is to the maintenance of these in pristine strength and glory I would ask that—not conceived in a spirit of aggrandizement, to soar above others, but as a contribution to this great Anglo-Saxon race of which so much has been said—we may qualify ourselves in this great partnership of the future, we may fit ourselves to occupy the great place which our advantages should fit us to occupy.

I cannot do better than say that in the advance of these ideals, peace, harmony, and moral as against material prosperity, I cannot do better than quote in support of that ideal that magnificent language of your own immortal Webster at the dedication of the Temple of Fame in memory of Mr. Justice Story, when he said:

"Whoever labors upon this edifice, whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, on contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, unites himself in name and fame and character with all these and must be as durable as the frame of human society itself."

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*, being called upon, said:—

Mr. President, Mr. Carnegie, and gentlemen:—I have always understood that the impressions of a traveller were most valuable when he was most ignorant, and I cannot be more ignorant of this part of Canada, certainly, than I am to-night. I think that in saying a few words to you to-night I had better give a few words to the impressions

which I have gathered; young impressions they are, not yet twenty-four hours old.

The first impression was one of extreme uncertainty, which I shared with your distinguished guest. We sat at the observation end of our car and argued as to that invisible line which separates so little after all. It is situated merely in that unstable element, water, and we could not see it. My first impression on landing was to see a flag, not the Stars and Stripes, flying over a modern city. I said: "Why, our English friends must be having a celebration!"

Mr. Carnegie speaks of the type. I see it everywhere. Did you notice, when you were singing "For He's a jolly, good fellow," Mr. Carnegie was too.

"So I was," chimed in Mr. Carnegie with boyish exuberance.

Mr. Gilder:—He is a modest, simple-hearted soul, as we know who live his neighbors in New York, a kindly being who was not thinking of himself but of you. Here, as I look around, I catch sight of an old friend and then I say, "No, it is a new friend." The noblest human being I ever met was an American, whose memory is as influential to you as to us, Ralph Waldo Emerson. To-night I was reminded of that face by the face of your chief citizen of Toronto. There is a type, the type of the higher intellect and the noblest mankind can do. It is interchangeable; one of us is one of you.

In fact, the bewilderment is kept up; American or Canadian, which are you. Taken out of my own country? I cannot be out of my own country. Mr. Carnegie speaks of that dispensable war, as he calls it, about your share in which you are so proud, but there is one incident which I wish was known better, that of the American who saved Kimberly; Labron was his name, an American miner who did more to save the city than anyone. He was not taking Boers; he was saving his neighbors, giving them water, saving their food until their large salvation came from their own source. That is the kind of oneness that will always go on in peace or war—sympathy and kindness and the same kind of thinking.

Another impression I had to-day. We of New York come from the most congested district in the country. We have a tenement house problem. We have districts more crowded than anything in Asia, anything in the world. I am glad to find Toronto is a city full of little homes and full of large hearts.

Col. J. J. McCook said:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I do not believe that a wandering band of minstrels, strolling about the country, has been treated with greater frankness, if not severity, than the strollers who are following after Mr. Carnegie have been treated by your chairman. As we came into the hall to-night, in a very apologetic way he said to me: "These meetings always adjourn quite early, and while, of course, we know that all Americans who go about the world

have their pockets filled with carefully prepared speeches, ready to draw them on the slightest provocation, I fear that, owing to the length of Mr. Carnegie's address, we will not have the opportunity of calling upon you to-night." You can imagine the relief to the average man, and I enjoyed the good feast and the good fellowship of the gentleman who has recently addressed you so eloquently (Mr. Blackstock), and we had a good time. But it is all right. He is a poor strolling minstrel who could not say something under circumstances like these.

First of all, when Mr. Smith— whom you claim as a resident of Toronto, but whom we claim, not as a citizen of the world alone but as a very dear friend to many of us in New York. There is not a word he writes that is not received with the greatest consideration. We share with you fully the veneration extended to him by every right-minded man here in Toronto. Under these circumstances, gentlemen, you can imagine how very badly I feel, a young man from the States, to have to set up my judgment against that of Mr. Smith, as I am compelled to do, and to combat the statement which he made and which I am compelled to resent on the part of the people of the United States. Mr. Smith says that after thirty years acquaintance in the States—but he did not say the States, he said the United States; when you quote a purist you must be very careful—he said that after this long acquaintance with the people south of the line he was able to say the people of the United States had no feeling towards the people of Canada. That I denounce as a base falsehood.

The people of the United States have the intelligence to appreciate and recognize what we have in our great neighbor to the north of us. We have a feeling towards Canada and the people of Canada; but they are feelings, first, of respect and of regard, and then of heart-throbbing affection. If you could have been in New York two or three weeks ago, when it was our privilege to invite to that city and entertain the distinguished Governor-General of Canada, no man would have any question in his mind as to the feeling of the people of the United States towards Canada and the Canadian people. It was the first time that we had ever had a Governor-General within our borders in his official capacity. We respect and admire Earl Grey as an individual. He was invited, of course, with affectionate regard as Earl Grey, but he was brought there as Governor-General of the Great Dominion to the north of us. I will not trouble you with the details of that occasion, but in my experience of public entertainments in the city of New York, as extended to any man outside our borders, never was anyone so entertained, without reserve and with greater enthusiasm, than the people of New York extended to Earl Grey as Governor-General of the Dominion.

I remember one incident of the occasion, because we are not quite so used to drink the toast of the King as you on this side, when the

chairman got the King and the President, I won't say so confused or mingled together, but they were united, in one toast, and the whole body rose and drank in the one toast to the King and President and there was no difference between them in the heart or mind of any man who responded to the toast.

We have been here less than 24 hours but we have been the subject of the most delightful and engaging hospitality. As I was thinking of it coming here to-night, it was as engaging and attractive as the beauty of that rose. But then, passing one of your windows, I saw another symbol, and that is the magnificent maple leaf that represents the glory of this country. Each act of kindly hospitality seemed more acceptable, as each color on the maple leaf seems more brilliant than all. No two leaves are alike; each is different and, like your hospitality, has endless variety.

So far as the United States are concerned we get more from Canada than we are able to give her, but there is a good deal in what we send over the border in the loss to us and gain to you. You in Toronto know, perhaps, what is going on in the Northwest, a country blest of God with every bountiful provision, capable of maintaining thousands of respectable, hard-working, Canadian citizens. In times past the attractions of the United States have drawn some splendid Canadians down to our western and southwestern country, but we are giving them back to you now. You are all familiar with the trite story of the Roman matron who, speaking of her jewels, said they were her children, her sons. To-day the western states are giving up to Canada —or, rather, you are wooing and drawing them away to yourself—the most splendid immigration that has entered any county since immigration began. They are men who have fought the battles of the plains. They have learned how to live out-of-doors, how to convert to their own use the blessings of Nature in a country like that. They know not only how to comprehend the blessings of Nature but how to live in a new country with success; but, better still, they bring a manhood trained in the best way that we in the United States know how to train men.

They will be in that country a bulwark for your country, a bulwark for everything that is good and right, as they have been with us. Gentlemen, we give to you the best we have; we give you our sons.

The President:—It would be inadequate to express in any words the pleasure we have enjoyed to-night. A great series of speechs, with a noble note running through them, which we shall not ever forget and whose influence shall be far-reaching. All I can say to our guests is that we thank them most sincerely, and hope the influence of their speeches will reward them for what they have said. We hope our friends, for they are all friends now, will come back soon.