

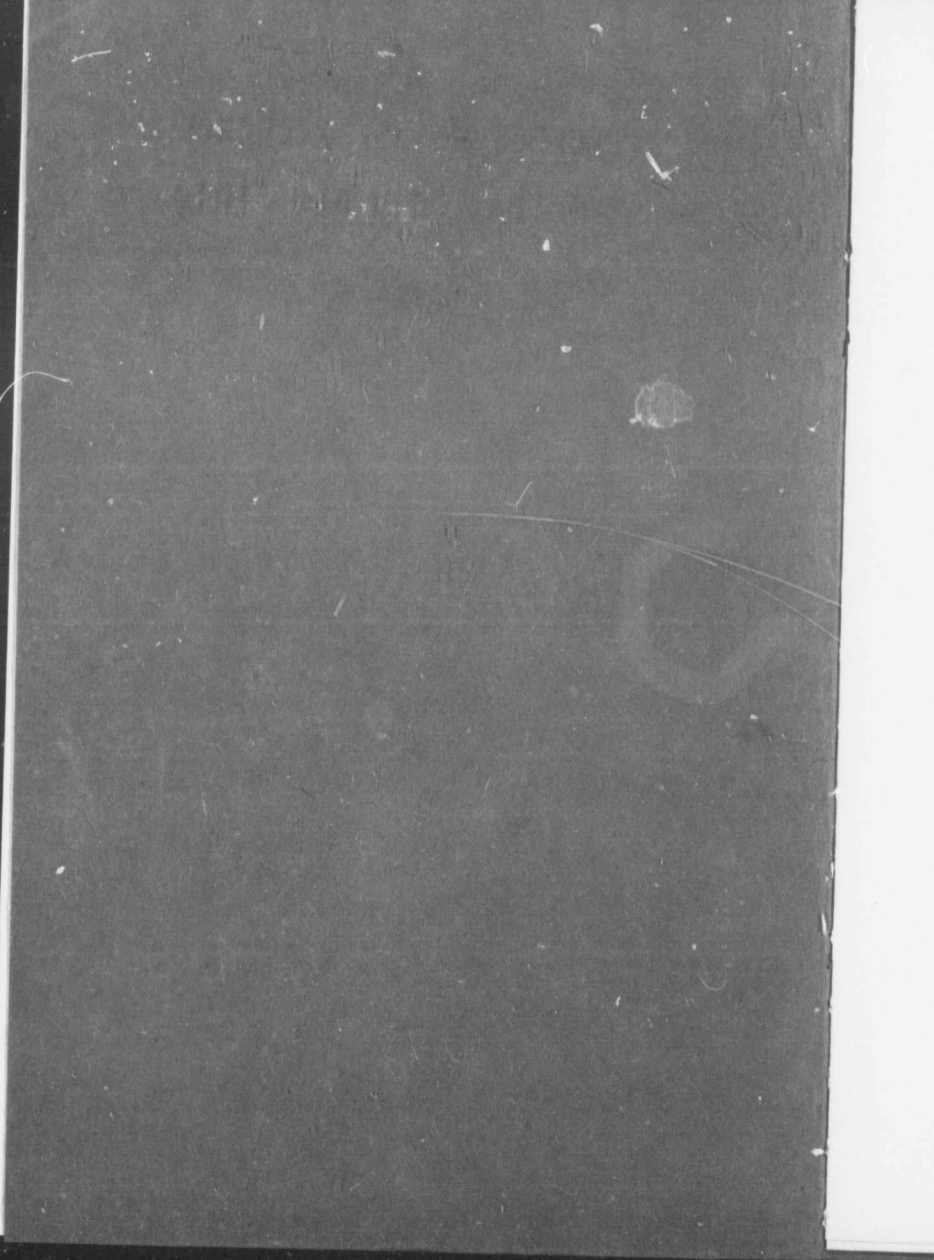
Speeches of His Excellency
the Earl of Minto



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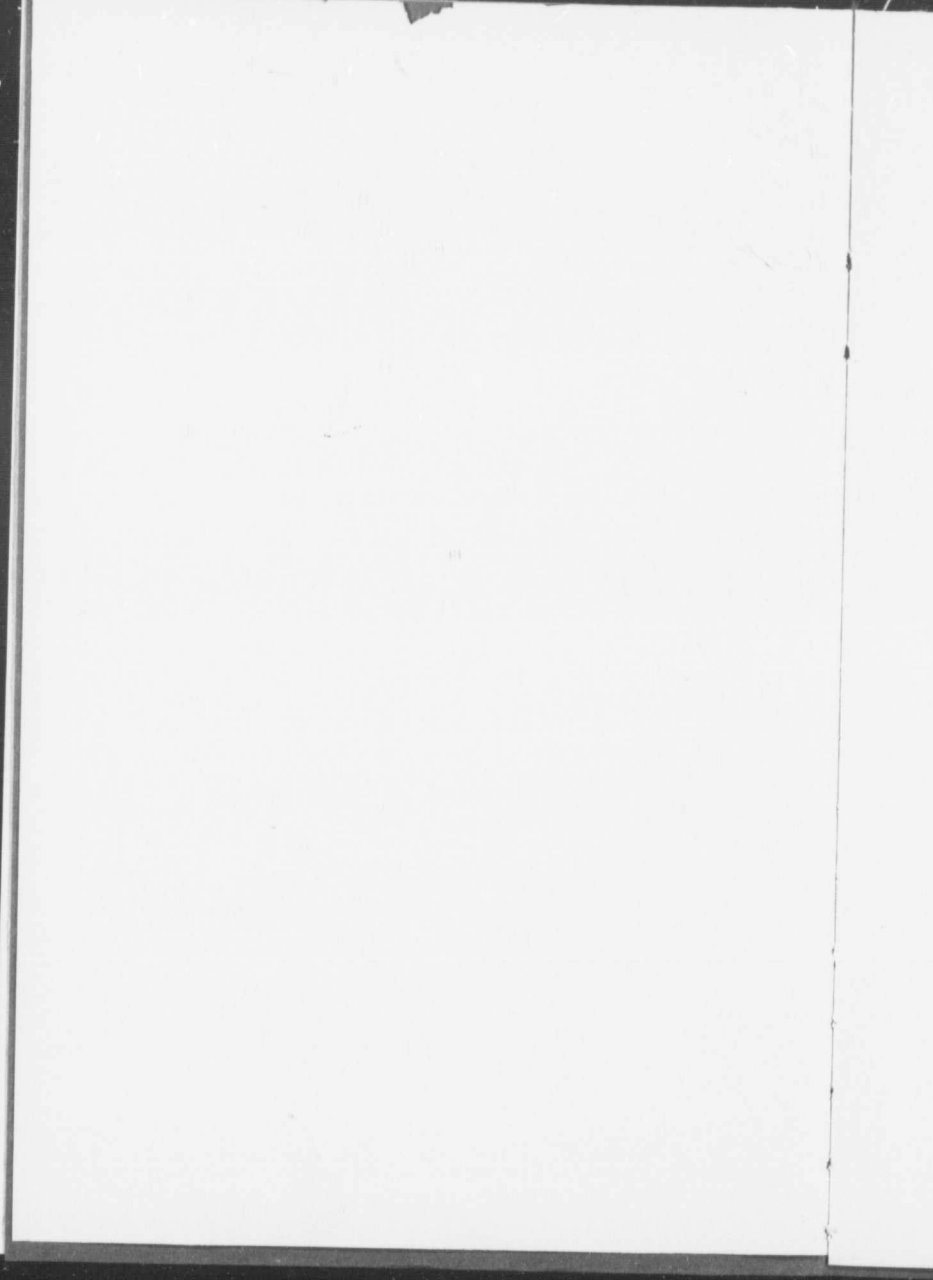




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SPEECH OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE EARL OF MINTO,
*Delivered at Toronto, on
the occasion of St. Andrew's
DINNER, November 30th. 1903.*



R. Chairman and Gentlemen, I am very glad to be present this evening at this great gathering of Scotsmen. It is pleasant to feel oneself surrounded by one's fellow-countrymen from North of the Tweed, and perhaps, Mr. Chairman, my appreciation of the present occasion may excusably be somewhat enhanced by the sumptuous repast we have found spread before us, not at all unwelcome, I assure you, to one who only emerged from the bush last night and was beginning to realize the necessity of nourishment after recent privations.

I believe this is the first occasion on which I have been fortunate enough to be able to accept your hospitable invitation to St. Andrew's Banquet ; the fact is that there are so many Scotsmen in the Dominion, and they are all so hospitable, that it is very difficult to decide which haggis I am most called upon to enjoy on each recurring annual festival, but

I rejoice to be here to-night, in the midst of Scottish surroundings, reviving the many memories of the land from which we spring and of which we are all so proud.

Mr. Chairman, sometimes I believe, the jealous Southern has hinted that we have a good opinion of ourselves ; well, perhaps we are not all humility personified, but we have something to be proud of. I have wandered in my time over many parts of the globe, I have found Scotsmen everywhere, in every business and every trade, and I have generally found them pretty near the top of the tree. Somehow it would seem that in climes far distant from their early homes, the dash of the Highlander, the dour common sense of the Lowlander, and the reviving propensities of the Borderer, blend into a common and irresistible whole. To me as a Borderer it is very pleasant to feel that a descendant of Johnny Armstrong (1) is not far from me ; there is an old saying in the Borders : " Elliots and Armstrong ride thieves ", — a cruel calumny I need not tell you, which Dr. Armstrong Black and I could at once disprove. . . those Border times are comparatively not so very long ago.

Gentlemen, the whole history of Scotland is a very stirring one — a small country, poor and weak in comparison to that of its great neighbour, but

(1) Dr. Armstrong Black who was sitting near me, claims to be a descendant of Johnny Armstrong.

never conquered, for notwithstanding the wars of the Edwards, they never held it — a country which throughout its history has produced great soldiers, statesmen, poets and historians — a country that through all its troublous times maintained the independence and individuality of its people, not only against the arms of the common foe, but against the overshadowing influence and temptations of the wealth and prosperity of the rich nation across the Border. Perhaps we may draw a moral from it all. And finally the little country gave a King to rule over a United Kingdom, and a Royal line to rule over a mighty empire. It always seems to me, Gentlemen, that lands of hills and forests, of rivers and lakes, inspire a greater love of country than is known to dwellers on the plains or in great cities ; a romantic affection which permeates generation after generation, which those not bred to it can hardly understand. The wild beauty of our country has welded itself into the affections of its people, whilst its stirring history has gone far to form Scottish character. We have a land to be proud of. Do you remember, gentlemen, Walter Scott's description of Marmion's first glimpse of Edinburgh ? How the great English Baron on his mission to King James, at Holyrood, halted on the ridge above the town, with Arthur's Seat upon his right and before him, to my mind, the most beautiful view in the world — in the foreground the old city, "Auld Reekie", with its castle towering above it, beyond it the Firth

of Forth and the " Kingdom of Fife ", and in the far distance the Lomonds and Ochills and Highland mountains ; whilst below, at Marmion's feet, in what is now the Queen's Park, the ground was white with the tents of that Royal Army so soon to be " A wede away " (1) on Flodden Field, and do you remember how the young English squire in Marmion's retinue, reined in his spirited charger,

*And making demivolt in air
Cried " Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land. " (2)*

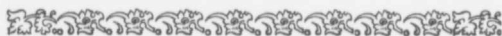
They fought for it then, gentlemen, and their descendants have for generations gone forth to wage greater wars, for a greater inheritance than they fought for—the wars of a mighty Empire,—and to build up for themselves new homes amongst the magnificent scenery of distant lands, which they are prepared to defend as stoutly as their forefathers defended the banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland.

I thank you, gentlemen, etc.

(1) " A wede away " .. Quotation from the *Flowers of the Forest*, written by my ancestress Jean Elliot.

(2) Marmion Canto, iv, xxx.

SPEECH OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE EARL OF MINTO,
*Delivered at the First Annual
Banquet of the CANADIAN CLUB,
Ottawa, 18th. January, 1904.*



R. President and gentlemen, I greatly appreciate the honour you have done me to-night in inviting me to be present at your inaugural Banquet. I thank you too, gentlemen, very heartily, for the reception you have extended to me as the King's Representative in this great Dominion.

It is peculiarly pleasant to me to be here, not only because I thoroughly sympathise with the objects of your Club, but because I recognize in your President a very old friend — one who seems to have discovered a secret we should all like to know : the elixir of perpetual youth—for assuredly, gentlemen, he is to all appearance younger than he was twenty years ago, when I first knew him. In those remote ages, there were occasions when the position of Governor General was not free from anxieties, in connection with which Colonel Sherwood and I had not a little work in common, but those troublous days told no tale on him, and now

when after the lapse of time, he occasionally does me the honour of an official visit and he is leaving my room, I surreptitiously endeavour to detect the silver streak of advancing years, I do so quite in vain, and I see before me exactly the same energetic and cheerful public officer, exactly the same lithe and active soldier, as I knew in Lord Lansdowne's time — a man, in my humble opinion, well suited to preside over and direct the manly ambitions of a Club such as yours.

Gentlemen, as you have so kindly invited me to your banquet to-night, I conclude I am expected to venture what I believe are generally called "a few remarks" in response to the toast which you have so cordially welcomed. But, gentlemen, since my sojourn in the Dominion, there is no lesson which has been more deeply impressed upon me than the danger of those "few remarks", especially after the exhilarating effects of a banquet such as this upon the dangerous ambitions of a constitutional ruler. To-night however, Mr. President, I hope I may rejoice in a sense of security, in the knowledge that we are in no political or party atmosphere, that this great gathering is animated by one wish alone, the wish, the determination, to foster the patriotism of a United Canada. Even as a Governor General who has a warm place in his heart for Canada and Canadians, I think I may publicly subscribe to that sentiment without fear of criticism.

I gather, gentlemen, from the rules of your

constitution, that you hope, by encouraging a knowledge of Canadian history and institutions, of Canadian literature and art, to foster that patriotism upon which the future progress of the Dominion must depend. Your object is in fact to establish those ennobling influences which go so far to form the character of a people, the framework, so to speak, upon which may be moulded a high spirited, refined and generous nation. No one wishes you success more than I do ; the seeds of what you aim at have long been sown, the day is quickly coming when with your help I hope they may have time to ripen. Eut, Mr. President, the study of history, of literature and of art, in a new world, must be to a great extent the recreation of leisured men, men for whom in the early days of a rising country there is little room ; it is the great soldiers, the fearless explorers, the scientific engineers, the hard-headed men of business, who in the first place acquire a continent and commence the creation of a nation ; history, literature and art follow in their wake to leaven the hardy elements which have won the battle of a rough life. Gentlemen, those who have gone before you have bequeathed to you a splendid inheritance. I always remember the apt saying, I forget just now to what distinguished statesman it is due—he said there are three classes of men in the world ; “ Those who write history, those who read it, and those who make it.” Canadian men and women have made history and are making it still every day ; but the

present generation have more time than of old to write and to read it. I hope they will do so over and over again, they will find it something to be proud of ; and now the time is come when they can afford to embellish their inheritance, to beautify their cities, to help much that is struggling to the surface in art and literature, cherishing, I hope, all that is characteristically Canadian and preserving it from the levelling influences of a cosmopolitan world.

I have always been a firm believer in " esprit de corps ", the spirit which to a soldier places above all things in the world the honour of his regiment. I believe in the man who says his home is the best of all homes, who swears by his own township, his own Province and his own country. I was myself brought up in intensely Scotch surroundings, on the Borders of Scotland, in the midst of all the romantic traditions of Border raids and forays, believing that a Borderer was better than any other Scotsman, and that a Scotsman was better than any other man in the world. With such a training, perhaps you will believe me when I say, that if I were a Canadian, I would shout " Canada for the Canadians " with the best of you.

But, gentlemen, I hope that in all the exuberance of youth and prosperity, you will never forget the old folks at home—the parents of us all—possibly a little old-fashioned, possibly not catching on to new ideas as quickly as you do, but full of res-

possibilities, full of the hard earned experience of many generations, and, thank God, as strong as ever still.

Clubs such as yours, gentlemen, growing as they are, I believe, throughout Canada, directed as they will be on broad and manly lines, cannot but ensure that Canadian patriotism you so justly value. You have all my good wishes for the future which is before you. Go on making your history ;— let your wise men write it and your rising generation read it,—but be we Canadians or Scotsmen, or from whatever nationality we spring, let us never forget that we are members of a clan—England, Scotland and Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Indian Empire and dependencies without end—a clan owing fealty to one chief, our King, working out together the greatest history the world has ever known : the history of the British Empire.

