

BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

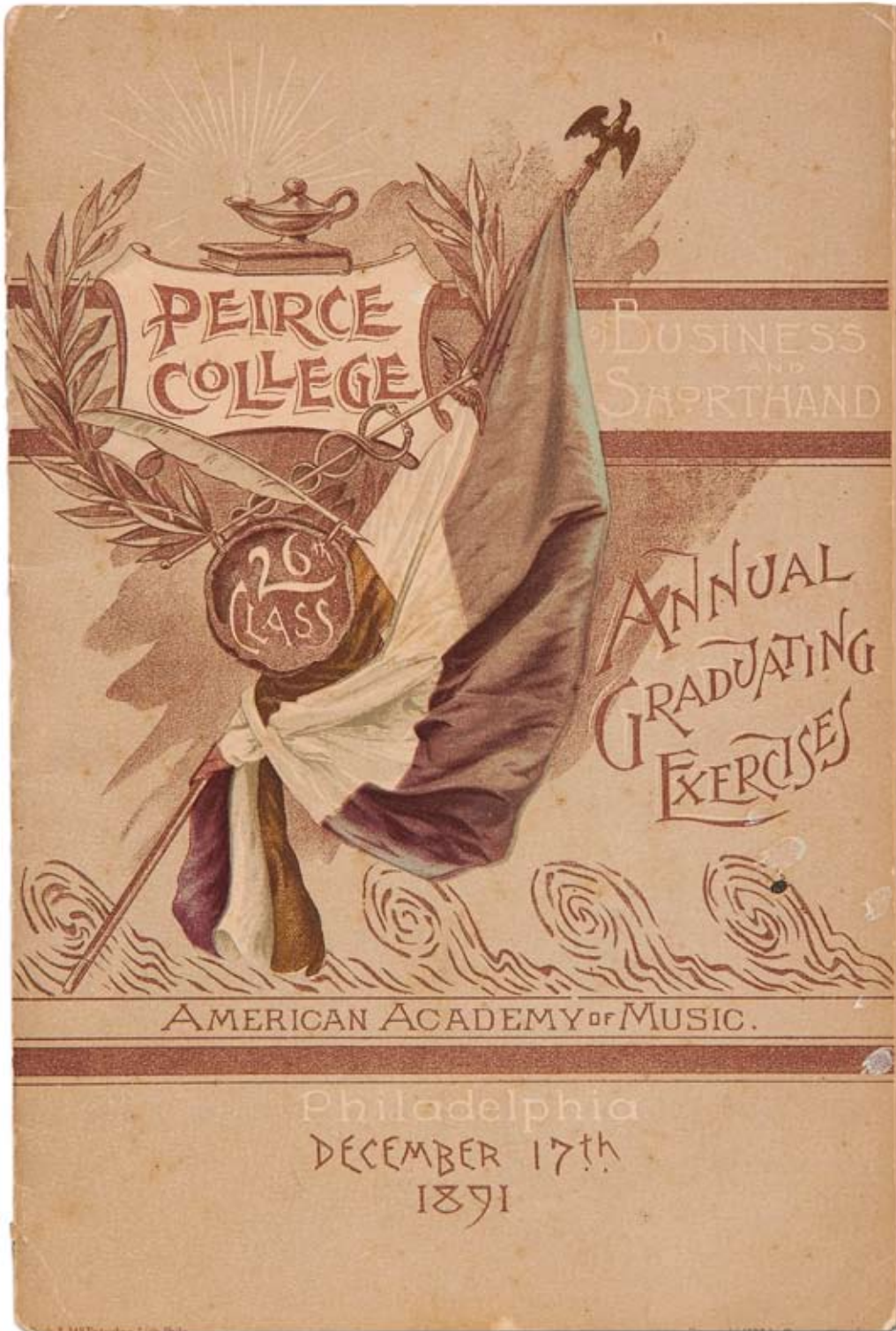
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(Andrew Carnegie)

[Program]: Annual Graduating Exercises of Pierce College. Business and Shorthand 26th Class

Philadelphia: Burk & McFetridge 1891

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Small octavo. 40pp. Stitched decorated wrappers. Some splitting along the spine an attractive, very good or better copy. Includes the text of several addresses, including the long (15 page) address of Andrew Carnegie. OCLC locates a single copy, in the National Library of Scotland. [BTC#402868]

Annual Address

BY

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND GRADUATES:—
My last visit to your city was to witness a noble vessel launched amidst the plaudits of thousands, a magnificent spectacle, marred, however, by the one sad thought that our age was still so barbarous that men were compelled to create engines of destruction. Would that this day should cease, and that brighter day come when the bosom of the sea shall be ploughed only by the messengers of commerce and of peace, and a ship of war be a monster unknown. I am called again to the metropolis of our State, a State which is steadily gaining her original and rightful supremacy as the Metropolitan State of the Union. I come to-day to witness much more gratifying spectacles.

It was my privilege this afternoon to attend the launch of the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry, upon which I congratulate Philadelphia, the State, the United States and the world. Art! Science! Industry! The great and good man who founded the Drexel Institute has a wise head, filled with the ripest experiences of life. He sees the importance of teaching the young what is useful and of to-day and for to-day. There is no trace of the mouldy past, nothing dead or decaying in all the course of instruction provided by this wise and good benefactor. Permit me to pay a passing tribute to the man who does not wait to bequeath wealth which he can no longer hold, and only leaves that which he cannot keep. There is no grace in the legacy which the hand of death grasps from the man who has hoarded his