

More Park.

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RESPONSE

*To the Toast "More Park" by Eugene V. Debs, at the
Dedication of More Park, June 23d, 1888.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

In responding to the toast "More Park," I assure you I am in perfect accord with all the surroundings of this delightful occasion. It would require a more fervid fancy than I possess, to conjure up a scene better calculated to please the eye or the senses. Here, so near the throbbing heart of a great city, we are permitted by the opulent generosity of a friend and neighbor, to witness a scene of fairy enchantment—away from the dust and heat of the city, from the rush and whirl of contending interests and passions peculiar to our much abused human nature, we find ourselves in a retreat upon which the stars above us twinkle their bright eyes approvingly, where every voice borne on the evening air is attuned to the inspiring melody of love and friendship—where the hand of nature and the hand of art working together in harmony, have produced pictures of loveliness at once challenging the genius of poet and painter—and yet I doubt if any wealth of words, or the magic of the brush, could convey an

adequate idea of the beauty of the feast which to-night we are privileged to enjoy. It is said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where previously but one had grown is a benefactor of his race. If this be true, and I do not question the wisdom of such philosophy, what should be said of our friend and neighbor, Mr. B. G. Cox, who has taken this vast area of land, which now constitutes More Park, and made it contribute so handsomely to rational enjoyment and to the pleasures and satisfactions of life? What shall I say of More Park? Had it fallen to my lot to have spoken to you of some place remote, seen by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature, I might have indulged in word painting and trespassed somewhat upon the ideal to have gained your applause, but in this case, More Park, with all its beauties is before your eyes. Its lakes and trees, its flowers and winding ways court your notice and challenge your admiration, and the best that I can do is to refer to them and enjoy my full share of the pleasures which they confer. And yet as I speak I am reminded of another More Park in the far away land of Wales, the ancestral home of our genial host whose elegant hospitalities we enjoy to-night, and whose sainted mother, Laura E. Cox *nee* Powell, left in her young womanhood for a home in "the land of the free

and home of the brave," and who lingered in our midst until recently, where her beautiful life, adorned by every womanly virtue, won for her universal esteem, and thus the More Park of Terre Haute receives its baptism and is dedicated to-night in commemoration of the More Park nestling among the mountains of Wales, a land famed for music, song and courage, and where nature with lavish hand, in mountain and cliff, verdant valleys and foaming rivers, wrought the most charming scenery to be found in all the British isles. And in that beautiful country near the ancestral More Park, still reside the great body of the relatives of the princely proprietor of More Park near the Prairie City of Terre Haute.

The pleasures of the occasion receive additional charm because of the fact that the Light Guard of Terre Haute are the special guests of our host, for where gallantry and good fellowship are found only an anchorite would be unhappy.

And now, gentlemen, what else can I say of More Park that could by any possibility embellish an occasion so fruitful of festivity and joy? In fancy we have journeyed to More Park in Wales and home again, and I surmise we are all the better for the journey, and as we are permitted to see the huntsman's horn, bearing the

inscription 1792, we can readily imagine the echoes it awakened when the huntsman, mounted, booted and spurred dashed away in the chase—and however many voices have been hushed since the first blast was blown upon the relic of a past century, it has not lost its sonorous tones and can speak to-day as when first it gave the signal to start, and when another hundred years are gone the grand old horn will be as mellow in its music as when it came from the hand of its maker.

In speaking for myself I am satisfied that I voice the sentiments of all this happy company. This occasion will long linger in my memory as one of the most pleasurable of my life, and in closing I propose the health of our generous host. May his life be spared many years to enjoy the fruits of his labor and as the days, the weeks and months go by, may More Park increase in beauty and add new pleasures to his life, the lives of wife and children, and those whose good fortune it is to have a place in his affections. All hail, More Park, at festal board we baptize thee in music, song and joy, and may thy name become a blessed benediction!

