

"VANDYKE- BROWN" POEMS

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"Vandyke-Brown" poems by Marc Cook

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MARC COOK

**"VANDYKE-
BROWN" POEMS**



Marc Cook.

"VANDYKE-BROWN" POEMS

By MARC COOK

WITH

PREFATORY WORDS BY HAROLD FREDERIC

AND

A TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR

BY

PROF. EDWARD NORTH

Edited by his Wife

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

BOSTON

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1883

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TO VIVID
AMBONLAD

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THE LOST STAR.

IN MEMORY OF MARC COOK.

*THE world seems sad and lone and gone,
As if some life-lie was withdrawn —
Some star that filled the shining space
Grew dim and faded from its place.*

*We look above in mute despair —
We find each star still shining there —
Each one has its appointed goal,
They circle still around the pole.*

*There is no orb, no star, withdrawn —
'T is only our star that is gone ;
The rest still blaze and light the dome —
The wanting star is in our home !*

*Lost star, within what brighter sky,
Where suns and planets never die —
In what new realms of boundless space
Can we thy distant orbit trace ?*

*We see it only in our dreams —
How bright and beautiful it seems ! —
As all life's hopes are lost and gone ;
With all these stars — yet wanting one !*

JOHN R. PEASE.

PREFATORY WORDS.

WORSE than the terrors of dissolution itself is the fear that death may bring forgetfulness. The oldest graven records of the race are barriers raised to stop this dread oblivion, — at once a protest against the effacing march of generations and a plea for posterity's attention, pitiful in its very helplessness. "Let his name be forgotten," was the sternest and most merciless form of ancient condemnation.

A tender and reverent wish to hold Death back from this, his final triumph, inspires the publication of this volume. The author of the poems, which are now first given to the public in a permanent habit, had in his nature that excessive modesty which prompts the habitual masking of work beneath a *nom de plume*. To his timid temperament even the warm words and appreciation of a circle of close friends seemed too great a fame, which he shrank from

appearing to court. These friends have looked their last upon him on earth. They have followed him to the grave, dismayed to dumbness by the seeming cruelty which robbed them of his life before yet it had reached the fruiting period of manhood. It is left them only to gather these blossoms of his promise, and seek for their fragrance and loveliness that recognition at the hands of his fellow-men which he could not bring himself to ask.

The early life of Marc Cook was filled with prophecies of its ultimate achievements. His power of memorizing, his felicity of expression, and his graceful declamation were all prominent in childhood. The fire of genius, which maturing displays itself in these poems, proclaimed itself in his first attempts at verse. At twelve he wrote his poem which was afterwards christened and published as "Prince Tare." Prepared for a class exhibition, it was voted "the best of the evening" by the audience present. A little later he commenced journalism on his own account, established and published a semi-monthly paper, entitled "The Boy's Companion." This was followed by "The Enterprise," — a monthly of more pretentious character, — the joint product of himself and his life-long and cherished