

[Cook, Marc E.]

Marc E. Cook

Marc E. Cook died suddenly at his residence No. 287 Genesee street, a little after 11 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Altho' he had been in poor health for years, his death was unexpected. He had been on the street and down town only the day before. Yesterday he arose at 10:30, breakfasted (?), then went to the sitting room, where he rested a short time. Then he was seized with severe pain. He was assisted to his bed, where he died in a few minutes.

Mr. Cook was the son of Rev. T. D. [Theodore Dwight] Cook, and brother of Colonel Theodore P. Cook, of this city. Altho' he died at the early age of 28, he had made for himself an extended and most excellent reputation as a writer. He was educated in the public schools of Utica, and while attending the advanced school was a pupil of great promise. Afterward he attended the academy, where his literary genius was first shown. Still later he took a collegiate course at Hamilton college.

Early in life Mr. Cook began writing for the press, and gave evidence that he possessed literary talents of a high order. For a time he was employed in editorial work on the *Utica Observer*, and did his work faithfully and well. It was as a writer of verse however that he excelled. For many years preceding his death he was a regular contributor in the *New York Clipper*, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Vandyke Brown." He pictured with marked ability the various phases of human nature as he saw them depicted in the many characters [unreadable lines]. His (?) was dry and quaint and his style scholarly. In (portraying?) the pathetic he was equally successful. His poem on the theater was one of [unreadable lines] forth by that [several unreadable lines] the writings of "Vandyke Brown" [unreadable].

Mr. Cook had but just [?] when he was (?) with consumption. He fought against it with a [unreadable] by sheer strength of will. Tho' disease wasted his body, his disposition was cheerful and hopeful as ever, and his mind was clear and bright. Tho' his own lot was hard, still he brightened the (?) of thousands by the (?) and cheerfulness which (pervaded?) his writings. Three years ago he went to the Adirondacks, where he remained for eighteen months hoping to recover his health. He returned greatly benefited, and gave his experience in the woods in an article published in *Harper's Monthly* which attracted wide attention. Since that time he has struggled against the disease, but the fight was an unequal one. He was prepared for death and did not shrink from it. The final summons came quickly.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Rounds of the [C]hurch of [the] Reconciliation [Universalist], assisted by Rev. Mr. [Daniel] Ballou. Rev. C. F. Gross, of the Bethany church, a classmate of the deceased, paid

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an eloquent tribute to the earnest activity of his life, and his brave, hopeful struggle against the inevitable.

Those who bore their loved friend to his much needed rest were: E. Prentiss Bailey, W. H. DeShon, John F. Brandegeee, Thomas E. Kinney, Frank M. Kendrick, Edward L. Wells and John G. Gibson.

In Sunday's Syracuse *Herald*, DeWitt C. Ray, long a friend and co-worker of Marc Cook, pays a deserved tribute to his genius by reproducing some, and extracts from others of his poems. One of these is peculiarly sad in view of the early demise of the writer.

I thought me in the winter drear,
When death's grim form above me bent,
Ah, let me live till spring is here,
And I will die content.

But when the flowers bloomed, and when
A balmy fragrance filled the air,
I prayed that I might once again
Behold the summer fair.

The summer waned. Then best of all
The autumn seemed, with hazy sky
Oh, let me live till red leaves fall—
'Twere fittest then to die.

About me now the withered leaves
Are blown by chill November's breath,
Yet still the soul within me cleaves
To earth, and shrinks from death.

So, whether in the winter drear,
Or under summer's softer sky,
The world still seems too dear, too dear,
To make it good to die!

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[poor quality copy]

Transcribed on 19 Dec 2014 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY