

## DR. CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

(1816-1882).

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN COX, M. D., LL. D., was born in Baltimore, August 28, 1816. His father, Luther James Cox, had early removed from Queen Anne's County, Maryland, to Baltimore, where he became a prosperous merchant and was also a local minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His mother, Maria Catherine, daughter of Christian Keener, was a cultivated woman of fine literary taste.

Dr. Cox received the best education the schools of Baltimore afforded and excelled in the study of the classics. In 1833 he entered the Junior class at Yale College and graduated in 1835. While studying medicine he married Miss Amanda Northrop, of New Haven, Connecticut. In 1838 he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Washington Medical University at Baltimore, and began the practice of his profession in his native city. His seriously impaired health soon induced him to establish himself in Baltimore County. In the fall of 1843 he removed to Talbot County. From 1848 to 1849 he held a professorship in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, but, at the close of the academic year, he resigned and returned to his practice in Talbot County. Here he organized a local medical society, over which he presided a number of years. In 1851 he was elected president of the Medico-Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland. About this time he became interested in politics and soon acquired a reputation as a vigorous writer and speaker, ardently advocating the principles of the Whig party. In 1857 he ran for Congress, but was defeated by a small majority. During the Civil War, Dr. Cox upheld the Union, although most of his friends and relatives sympathized with the South. His bold stand greatly diminished his practice. From October, 1861, he held successively several important offices on the medical staff of the United States army, among them being

those of brigade surgeon of Lockwood's brigade, and medical purveyor of the Middle Military Department (Army of the Potomac) located in Baltimore. In 1862 he was made surgeon general of Maryland with the rank of colonel of cavalry. In 1863 the American Medical Association at its meeting in Chicago elected him its vice-president. The following year he was elected by a large majority Lieutenant-Governor of Maryland, being the first and only man who ever occupied the position of president of the Senate. In 1865 he was selected by President Lincoln as one of the board of visitors to West Point. In 1866 Dr. Cox made an extensive tour through Europe where he was (as the first representative of the American Medical Association) warmly received by the leading men of his profession, and had conferred upon him the honorary membership of the British Medical Association. He received, in 1867, the degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. In 1868 he was appointed United States Commissioner of Pensions and removed with his family to the national capital. He resigned this office the next year and accepted a chair in the Georgetown Medical College. About this time he also edited and contributed largely to the National Medical Journal. In 1871 he aided in the formation of the American Health Association, and was a member of its first executive committee. In April of the same year he was made president of the newly created Board of Health of the District of Columbia. Dr. Cox took part in the Congress of Authors which convened in Independence Hall at Philadelphia in July, 1876, and read a paper on the life of Matthew Tilghman of Maryland and his services during the Revolutionary War. He was one of the Judges at the Centennial Exposition.

Ill health prevented him from practicing during the last few years of his life. He died in Washington on the 25th of November 1882, survived by his wife and several children.

Dr. Cox ranked high as a platform speaker and lecturer, and was a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist. Being a ready writer, he constantly contributed, for many years, to medical and scientific journals, and also devoted much time to literary pursuits. Of his poems, which he hurriedly wrote in the

intervals of a busy life, many were widely circulated through the press and translated into foreign languages. Several of his articles in prose and verse, appeared in the *Baltimore Patriot*, of which journal he was for some time associate editor. Two of his longer poems were published separately: his "Female Education," delivered at Frederick, 1858, and "Liberty," delivered before the Washington Lyceum, February 22, 1859.

#### ASSOCIATIONS OF NIGHT.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow shining mountains—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and, in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learn'd the language of another world.

—*Byron's Manfred.*

I always lov'd a summer's night,  
A calm unruffled one as this—  
And often, when a little boy,  
It was my bosom's proudest bliss  
To hie me from the thoughtless gay,  
And muse of spirits far away.

At eventide, alone, I've stood  
To watch for those dear worlds I loved;  
And not a star peeped through the dark,  
But in my heart a feeling moved  
Akin to that which fills the breast,  
When those are near we love the best.

Long years have passed me by since then,  
And yet those stars are shining still—  
And gently mild and sweetly fair  
The moonlight slumbers on the hill;  
The same bland winds are breathing now  
Their freshness o'er my burning brow.

Yet I have changed! this bosom knows  
Its early pleasures now no more;  
The eye once lit with pure delight  
Has lost the beam of joy it wore,  
And other thoughts and feelings dart,  
In fev'rish strife through brain and heart.

And often now I sit me down  
To muse o'er all my youthful days—  
And when they rush my spirit o'er  
I dream no more of honor's bays,  
But willingly would let them go,  
Those happy hours again to know.

Aye, I and all alas have changed!  
I turn me to that sacred spot,  
Which long as memory endures,  
Will never, never be forgot—  
But that which held me when a child,  
Is lorn and desolate and wild!

I've stayed it by in moonlight hour,  
And gazed upon its porch and door  
With many a prop of beauty gone,  
And night shade clustering darkly o'er!  
A picture for the painter's art  
But none to soothe an aching heart.

I've stood beside the mouldering well,  
And shivered at the breathless hush  
Of all things there, and felt within  
The tide of desolation rush,  
And strove to check it, but in vain;  
The very effort was a pain.

Amid the solitude I called,  
But nothing answered to the sound,  
Save the faint echoes of the wood  
Which spread in dark relief around;  
Where once I slept in quiet, there  
The wild beast spread his lonely lair!

I stood alone! Oh where were they  
Who mingled in my childhood glee?  
Among the hills and valleys green,  
Oh where were they—the pure, the free?  
How scattered! While I stand and sigh,  
To learn 'mid wrecks my destiny!

And where was she so dearly loved,  
She who was with me in my play  
About the spring—and at my side  
By gentle woodland streams away—  
Whose every wish was mine—Oh where?  
Alas, my sister's grave lay there!

My sister, little did'st thou dream  
 Of joys o'erclouded—pleasures fled;  
 Amid the rainbow hues of hope,  
 Thy form they laid among the dead—  
 No shade was o'er thy spirit cast,  
 From life's first pulse until its last!

Nor could'st thou see, my sister dear,  
 That time would change thy early friend,  
 That 'mid the shock and storm of life  
 His steps in silent gloom would tend—  
 How strange that he must live for years  
 To struggle on through sighs and tears!

It seems to me she now looks down,  
 From out some distant beaming star,  
 And smiling beckons me to go  
 And view her lovely home afar—  
 Where neither age nor ruin come  
 To scatter frost o'er life and bloom.

And I would die on such an eve,  
 When all is hush'd in silence deep—  
 When long-loved stars are shining still,  
 And earthly things are locked in sleep,  
 Then would I spread my spirit's wing  
 And with my sister soar and sing!



“DREAD BANNER OF INTEMPERANCE.”

Dread banner of intemperance,  
 Still shall we see thee wave  
 In triumph o'er the wrecks of life,  
 And o'er the victim's grave?  
 Still shall thy folds of fire  
 Rise from the earth and main,  
 Nor shall one hand be upward rais'd,  
 To stop thy bloody reign?  
 Still shall the aged mother  
 Weep o'er her dying son,  
 And feel within a widowed heart  
 That every hope is gone?  
 Still shall the father's pride and boast  
 Meet an inglorious doom,  
 And bring the thin gray locks of age  
 In sorrow to the tomb?

O can we love the monster  
By whom our fathers fell,  
And under whose relentless sway  
Their spirits sank to hell?  
Still shall its march be onward,  
To poison and to slay—  
To blight the dearest joys of man,  
And sweep his hopes away?

No! we will raise the banner  
Of temperance and love,  
And under its broad spotless folds,  
Onward our steps will move—  
"Til we shall be victorious  
On every land and sea,  
And earth shall tell, in thunder-tones,  
Its glorious liberty!

The  
*Poets and Verse-Writers*  
OF *Maryland.*

With Selections From Their Works.

BY  
GEORGE C. PERINE.



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