

P457

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HUGH W. BROCK, M. D.,

DELIVERED IN THE

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY HALL,

JUNE 4, 1882.

MORGANTOWN :
"The New Dominion" Printing Office.
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1882

ADDRESSES
ON THE
OCCASION OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICES
OF
DR. HUGH W. BROCK.

ADDRESS BY REV. J. R. THOMPSON.

When on Tuesday morning, April 25th my eyes suddenly and unexpectedly fell on the death-notice of DR. H. W. BROCK in the *N. Y. Tribune*, my heart was sore smitten with grief. The sense of loss was intense and personal. It shadowed our household for many days, as though one had left us who had become a part of our very life. Our steps were not so light and free, we spoke in lower tones, the name was uttered with reverence, it seemed as though we were in the valley of the shadow of death. On the day you buried his body in peace, we joined our tears with yours, and felt that one was gone whose life to us had been an inspiration and a benediction. Life goes on in its appointed ways; the sights and sounds of Nature still appeal to me;

"Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, wher'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

My service here shall not be official and perfunctory, but I shall obey the promptings of my heart, and speak the language of sincere and undisguised affection. "He was my FRIEND, faithful and just to me." I knew him in almost all the relations of life. He was my family physician for five years. I was his pastor when he was dangerously ill, we sustained intimate personal and official relations to each other under difficult and delicate circumstances, we were greatly unlike in temperament and habit of mind, a score of years separated us in experience of life, our differences of opinion were frequent and decided, I have seen him under pressure of the strongest kind, and it is with unfeigned joy that I bear him this testimony to-day ;

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *this was a man.*"

DR. BROCK first suggested to me the propriety of my sustaining an official relation to the West Virginia University. It was in the Centennial year, on a bright May afternoon, when through the open window came the grateful air rich with the delicious fragrance of the early apple-blossoms. The spirit of his conversation that afternoon concerning the University was that it was the property of all the people of the State, that if they were properly instructed on the subject they would quickly avail themselves of its privileges and make it their pride and boast, that the school should not be subject to the control of virulent partisans and bigoted ecclesiastics, that its courses of study should be made ample and progressive, and that it was the duty of all good citizens, laying aside prejudice, passion, and self-interest, heartily and cordially to co-operate to secure these eminently desirable results. His convictions on this subject never underwent any change. He was the sincere, unselfish, devoted friend of the University to the day of his death. In June, 1877, Gov. Mathews appointed him one of the Regents of the University, and one year thereafter he was elected by his associates on the Board of Regents to the

Chair of Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, with the ultimate purpose of making him the head of a contemplated Medical Department. Time amply justified the wisdom of these choices. Necessarily during these years, I was brought into close and confidential official relations with him. He was constantly my adviser, and I was not a stranger to his desires and methods and plans, so far as the University was concerned. He planned for it in no narrow, ignorant, illiberal spirit. It was his ambition to see it become a great and famous seat of learning, its halls crowded with eager and ingenuous youths, who securing here a broad and thorough training, should go hence to labor wisely and unselfishly for the highest good of the race. He was not content that it should occupy an insignificant place among American schools, that it should be trammelled and dwarfed by the musty traditions of the past, that its life should be stifled by official etiquette, ceremony, and equipage, or that it should meet the fate of so many State Universities in this country, and become the prey of that new species of cormorant known as the American politician. His attitude toward the University was not governed by the attitude of its ruling powers toward him. He was its devoted friend before, as after, his official connection with it. He loved it for its own sake, because it was the chief school of his State, because it was the ornament and glory of his town, because it afforded precious opportunities to capable and deserving young men to come to a knowledge of themselves and their age, because he knew it might be made an efficient factor in the great work of regenerating and elevating human society. In the consideration of questions affecting the University, he was swayed or influenced by no personal, local, partisan, or sectarian considerations, but by his honest convictions of what was right, and of what was best for the school. The questions he asked were: Is the proposed course of action right? Will it inure to the benefit of the University? If the school had been his private property, he could not have been more solicitous for its growth and prosperity. It was his

strong desire that its instructors should be men of purity and loftiness of character as well as of marked intellectual power and acquirements, that its students should be noble in conduct as well as diligent in study, and that the whole spirit of the school should be thoroughly Christian and righteous. All who were associated with him in the conduct of the University, will cordially subscribe to the statement, that he never, under any circumstances, by act, word, or look, would have consented to weaken the University in order to promote his personal fortunes. His associates in the Faculty highly esteemed him, both as an officer and as a man. He possessed, as he deserved, their entire confidence. He was cordial, kind and considerate in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Faculty, while as a preceptor, he was able, thorough, exact, conscientious. He treated the students with instinctive politeness, and sincere respect, and he never forgot that boys are the stuff you make men out of. No deserving student ever came to him for advice, counsel, encouragement, or substantial, practical aid, and was repulsed. No spectacle was so encouraging to him, none so quickly enlisted his sympathies, as the honest, resolute effort of a poor obscure boy to secure a sound education, to develop a manly character, and to get on in the world.

DR. BROCK had not accepted the modern notion that students are wiser than their parents and preceptors, neither did he believe that questions of college government and discipline should be submitted to the students to be decided by a show of hands. To him a weak, irresolute, vacillating government was no government at all. He was too experienced and skillful a surgeon not to know that sometimes the knife is necessary in order that the healing process may begin. Take him all in all, giving due regard to the elements of his personal character, considering the various relations he has sustained to the school, remembering the capacity, the industry and the conscientiousness he brought to the performance of all his

duties here, the University may well be congratulated if ever it looks upon his like again.

DR. BROCK was a thoroughly good man, and was possessed of admirable poise of character. The essential integrity of the man was open and conspicuous. The breath of suspicion never touched his manly honor. He was sound at the core. He was not possessed of one virtue in excess, or rather, he was not so impoverished in moral virtues as to cause one noble trait of character to stand out so prominently as to absorb the attention of the beholder. He was quick to perceive, slow to speak—a rare and happy combination. He was exact and thorough in his knowledge—especially that which touched the sphere of his profession. He was a man who had the courage of his convictions, although he was not given to their ostentatious proclamation. He was cautious in assuming a position, firm and inflexible in maintaining it. When his heart was touched, he was as tender and as gentle as a woman. Not a single vice stained his life. He was enslaved by no bestial appetites. He was clean of speech, pure in affection, spiritual in imagination, accepting righteousness as the supreme end of human life. His friendships were few, but they were true. He betrayed no man. Every good cause had his sympathy and support. He had a certain noble reticence of character that constantly suggested how greatly he might endure, and the world hear no sound. He was religious in every fibre of his nature, living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, ever looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. The testimony of his goodness may be found in the language of his friends, and quite as convincingly in the character of his enemies, for DR. BROCK, like all men, who combine strength with goodness, had his enemies, and I will not insult his memory by seeking to create the impression that his goodness was of a negative character. Who were they? Every man who sought to perpetrate iniquity in this community, every man who was engaged in a nefarious business, knew that he might count on

DR. BROCK'S hostility. False, mean, tricky men, men who were given to chicane and intrigue, men who preferred success to right—all such men were to be found in the ranks of his enemies. Medical quacks especially hated him. He was thoroughly disliked by every shallow pretender to medical skill. You might find arrayed against him every medical imposter and charlatan within fifty miles of Morgantown. There is no higher tribute to the genuineness of human goodness than that which is paid by the envy and the hostility of the base, the venal, the vile, and the corrupt, and this tribute DR. BROCK earned and secured.

We cannot ascertain the quantity or the quality of a human life by statistics. We have not measured or expressed a life when we can glibly repeat the dates of birth and marriage and death. If we have truly lived, the invisible spiritual element has been abiding and potent. There is more of life than the cradle, the marriage altar and the grave. The life our friend lived ere while it pleased God to take him was a life that could not be expressed or measured by a few figures and other external data. The finest and divinest part of life is unseen, unheard, unknown of the world. It is lived in silence. Who shall fitly speak of our departed friend's invisible spiritual life? It is easy to tell when and where he was born, who his parents were, whose school he attended, where he received his medical education, when he established himself in Morgantown, how many years he practiced medicine here, when he married, and where he died. But of the dreams and hopes and plans of his early youth, of his internal wrestlings with doubt and fear, of the lonely sorrows the years brought to him, of the temptations he met, and faced and conquered, of the entire sweep and complexion of his inner life, of the ministry of light and shadow in the subtle growth of his character, of his mysterious and solemn questionings in life's trial hours, of the silent battles he bravely fought as in the very presence of God, of these things it is not given us to speak. This we know, that they made up his real life, and if we may judge of the

nature of the conflict by the results distinctly traceable in his character, he lived in all good conscience before God, steadily refusing to serve the false and base, humbly and reverently drinking the cup his Father handed him, accepting with unfaltering loyalty of spirit the work God appointed him to do. If we were masters of the art of spiritual photography, we would see how, by God's grace, he kept his soul clean and white during all the years of his life struggle.

DR. BROCK accepted the law of Christ as the law of his life, and hence in the school of self-denial and suffering he was refined and spiritualized. Our Master enunciated the law of his life in the memorable and precious words, "For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." It was a cardinal doctrine in the creed of DR. BROCK, that no man should hold or use his life selfishly, but that we truly and worthily live by serving others. Other men might be jealous of their rights, he was always regardful of his duties. His eyes glistened when those portions of Christ's life and work were dwelt upon by the preacher, which illustrate the vicariousness of the Redeemer's sufferings, and he was quickly and deeply touched by any tale of noble and heroic self-sacrifice.

The nobility and beauty of self-sacrifice were not merely fine phrases with him; he strove to exemplify these qualities, through the whole of his life, and there are those who, with ever-increasing veneration and gratitude, will keep warm in their heart the memory of his generous devotion.

Observing men have noted that constant contact with human suffering is never an indifferent experience. It either degrades or elevates, it either carnalizes or spiritualizes, it either hardens or refines. Hence as a class physicians are either among the best or the worst men in a community. Either they are hardened, calloused, rendered coarse and gross by their contact with suffering or by the delicacy of their sympathies and the tenderness and purity of their hearts, they are spiritualized, refined and elevated in their whole being. To

this latter class, DR. BROCK indisputably belonged. Few men have had greater delicacy of feeling, or been more quickly and keenly responsive to the sharp appeal of pain. More than once when my head throbbed with pain, the touch of his gentle hand, the glance of his kindly eye, brought instant patience and relief. His fine face glowed with unusual animation when Christ was presented as the physician of souls, and he more than once observed in my presence that no man could be a true physician who was not, in some measure, possessed of the spirit of Christ.

The natural arguments for the soul's immortality are neither few in number nor insignificant in cumulative force. Prominent among them may be mentioned the incompleteness and the inadequacy of human life in the presence of the choice and rich powers with which God has endowed our spirits. What would be thought of a ship-owner who would launch a stately vessel, heavily laden with an inestimably precious cargo, who knew beforehand with infallible certainty that it would go down in mid-ocean, and everything be lost! And shall we charge God with the infinite folly of richly endowing human spirits, and launching them on the dangerous sea of existence, knowing all the time that they will go down in darkness and blackness forever! Surely not. They reach a safe harbor. Their feet touch a golden shore. They are not lost, but gone before.

A choice spirit has left us. It has gone from us at a time when to our seeming life was sweetest and richest. His faculties were ripe for fruitful work, his character was formed after a lofty type, many of life's hardest lessons had been learned, his home was presided over by a spirit dear and congenial to his own, his capacity and his opportunities for growth and service were never so inviting and promising, and then he was smitten with death. And now whither has he gone? Is it all emptiness and vacuity? The shell of his splendid manhood is in yonder grave! Where is his knowledge, his faith, his purity, his moral sentiments, his wealth of capacity! Has

nature stamped it out forever? What kind of a theory of life is that which condemns the most precious things to remediless destruction, and gives a wide sweep of being to gross, inanimate objects! Are choice, valorous, virtuous spirits appointed to swift and complete ruin, while to rocks and hills and mountains belong millenniums of life?

“There is no death! The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven’s jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.”

Again are we reminded of the essential greatness and inherent dignity of the spirit of man. We extol the institutions founded by the wisdom of man. We admire his prowess, his daring, his sagacity, his mighty triumphs over Nature on land and sea. We stand in wonder before the immortal productions of his genius. His cities, his industries, his commerce, his schools, his philosophies, his literature, his art, his music, his governments, his wonderful inventions amaze and charm us. But there is something greater than all these things, viz: man himself. Greater than beauty of art is the spirit for whom and by whom all beauty of art is devised; the men who write constitutions are greater than the constitutions; greater than the work, is the worker; greater than the deed, is the doer; greater than the sacrifice, is the offerer; the spirit of man is the holiest temple of God. We know not all the agencies which wrought out the glorious character of our departed friend and fellow-worker. We cannot number the tools and instruments of his culture. We may not calculate precisely how he was effected and moulded by this or that institution of human devising. We saw not the scaffolding that was employed in the erection of this temple of God. This we see distinctly and clearly, now that he is gone from us, that no agencies, no tools, no instruments, no scaffolding, nothing is as great as the immortal spirit. These perish and are forgotten, that is forever lustrous with the beauty of God.

“For though the giant ages heave the hill,
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will;
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust!”

Life increases in loneliness and mystery as we journey on. We set out with a great and joyous company, but the ranks are thinned as the years hurry by, and those who remain to walk at our side are not so light-hearted as of yore. We wait for footfalls we shall never hear again. We strain our aching eyes, but the dear faces will here shine upon us no more. We walk amid graves. The graves may be green, the flowers may be fragrant above them, but still they are graves, silent, lonely, mysterious. The shadows lengthen and the sun hastens to the West. With unresting feet, we march to join the countless armies of the dead. The chill damp breath of night will soon be upon our brows, and we shall go to solve the great enigma. Let us believe that to our friend has been given,

“A life that bears immortal fruit
 In such great offices as suit
 The full-grown energies of heaven.”

Let us believe

“That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.”

Let us believe that we shall greet, and be greeted by him in the eternal reunions of the skies, when, like him, we rest in the peace of God.

O: my brother, hail and farewell!

ADDRESS BY HON. W. T. WILLEY.

In the earlier periods of human history, primary importance was attached to physical strength and skill; and heroes and kings, frequently obtained their chief celebrity, by their personal prowess, and feats of muscular power. Extraordinary excellence, in this respect, according to ancient mythology, was sometimes, rewarded with divine honors, and exalted its subjects to a seat among the gods. But the progress of the arts and sciences, and of Christian civilization, has superseded these ruder criteria of distinction; and now, men must take their places in the ranks of eminence, according to their intellectual and moral qualities and achievements. It is questionable, however, whether public opinion has yet assigned to these latter elements of character, their proper degree on the scale of merit. For, while no enlightened friend of mankind, would impose any restraints or limitations on the advancement of the sciences, or place any impediment in the way of mental culture and attainment, or depreciate, in anywise, the value of either, yet it is to be feared that there is a growing, and, as I believe, a dangerous tendency toward scientific exclusiveness, and a disposition to exalt the mental and material, above the moral and spiritual. But it ought never to be forgotten, that in all true greatness, moral excellence must predominate. Mr. Webster, who, in my opinion, was, intellectually, the greatest personage ever produced in this country, did not fail to recognize this cardinal truth. "A conscience," said he, "void of offense toward God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary element in any great human character." I desire now to give particular emphasis to this important factor of character; because, unless we do so, we shall fail of a just appreciation of DR. BROCK'S claims upon our admiration and respect. For, it was the moral and religious element in him, which gave color, tone and distinctiveness to his life. Besides, in our estimate of men's claims to distinction, too little consideration is given, ordinarily, to this kind of

merit. We too often suffer it to be obscured by mere official position, or superseded by sheer intellectual brilliancy, or lost sight of under a variety of other inferior circumstances. It is time that this false sentiment should be corrected; and that honor should be awarded, chiefly to virtue, where it rightfully belongs, and where time and truth will ultimately, assuredly place it. For, I fully concur in the sentiment so finely expressed by Mr. Channing: "We do not speak lightly," said he, "when we say that all the works of the intellect which have not, in some measure, been quickened by the spirit of religion, are doomed to perish, or lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre, when it disjoins itself from the Universal Mind."

The public and professional career of DR. BROCK, will be delineated by the distinguished gentlemen who will follow. The more delicate, if not more difficult, task has, been assigned to me, to speak of his personal character, and of those moral and religious traits, which gave such beauty, grace and consistency to his whole life. And herein, he was, indeed, pre-eminent. Born, January 5th, 1830, of pious and intelligent parentage, he was "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and all of his subsequent history, was a signal exemplification of the maxim, that the "child trained in the way he should go, when he is old, will not depart from it." Such early and faithful tuition and example soon culminated in his personal consecration to Christ, and very early in life he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose pale and faith, he thenceforward lived, adorning his profession, until he died on the 24th of April last, in the fifty-third year of his age.

The time allotted to the present occasion forbids a thorough analysis of the character of DR. BROCK. A brief outline, is all that may be attempted.

The surest test of human merit is the actual life of the man. This was the criterion prescribed by "The Great Teacher" himself—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Moral phil-

osophers, have arranged those duties which give complexion to human character in a threefold classification :

1. The duties we owe to ourselves, or personal duties.
2. The duties we owe to society, or relative duties.
3. The service and homage due to the Supreme Being, or religious duties.

The fealty of DR. BROCK to all of these obligations, was such as to challenge unqualified confidence and respect.

In regard to personal duties, I may remark in general terms (for I have time for nothing more) that there are few men who more sedulously cultivated and cherished all of the amiable affections of our nature, or who maintained a more zealous and complete control over the passions and appetites, than he did.

To say that he was a peaceable, law-abiding citizen, would be poor praise, as applied to him. For human laws relate only to the external conduct. They do not assume to regulate what jurists and moralists designate as imperfect obligations—those dispositions of the heart, from which true philanthropy, active benevolence, good citizenship, and genuine patriotism, derive not only their existence, but their chief vigor and value. Of all these dispositions, DR. BROCK was liberally endowed. Every useful public enterprise had his hearty sympathy; and especially, in the accomplishment of the recent legislation of West Virginia, establishing her present system of sanitary regulations, he gave his active and influential aid. In all measures designed to exalt the character, and increase the efficiency and usefulness of his chosen profession, he manifested the most lively interest.

To those who knew him well, it would be altogether unnecessary for me to speak of how habitually, and reverently he served his Maker—"giving all diligence to add to his faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

But there were some prominent features in his character,

Another distinguishing trait, resulting as a kind of corollary from those just mentioned, was his ingenuousness, and utter detestation of all cant and hypocrisy. He abhorred the factitious to such a degree as to beget what was almost a defect, if not in his character, yet in the conduct of his life. He was so apprehensive of seeming to be more than he was, that he usually appeared to be less. This was hardly justifiable. For while the divine disapproval of all pharisaism, is very explicit and unreserved, yet it was the motives which were denounced, for, it was said of the characters condemned: They did it "to be seen of men." Their object was to deceive others, and to glorify themselves. On the other hand, the injunction is equally emphatic, and unqualified, that the wise and the good should let their "light shine." No man, it was said, "lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." A virtuous example should never be obscured or shorn of its just and legitimate moral force, by a too fastidious reserve. Society needs the benefit of all such example. DR. BROCK'S moral worth was never fully appreciated by the public; because the knowledge of his virtues was withheld from the public, to some extent, by his sensitive repugnance to all pretentiousness; and to that extent, his rightful influence and usefulness, were impaired. Yet it may be said of such a defect, if defect it was, it "leaned to virtue's side." It was the excess of a noble virtue.

For more than eighteen hundred years the maxim has prevailed, that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." And so, as I have understood, DR. BROCK did not wholly escape the captious criticisms which professional distinction, and success are apt to provoke. But although he was born in this county, and spent his whole life among its people, I know not, that even the malignant tongue of envy itself, ever became audacious enough to impugn his moral and religious integrity.

Thus, I have imperfectly sketched the character of no ordinary man. Not many survive him, who will better fill the sphere in which Providence has placed them; or, who will win

a clearer title to the respect of their fellow citizens. His demise, just when his faculties were fully matured and developed, and when his culture and professional attainments had prepared him for more extended usefulness, is among those inscrutable dispensations of Divine Providence, which often perplex us, but to which it is our duty to submit.

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.”

I conclude these remarks as I commenced them, by challenging paramount consideration for the moral elements of human character, in adjusting the homage to which it may be entitled. Only their virtues will secure to men, immortal honor. It is purity of heart, which allies us to the Deity, and qualifies us to stand in the Divine presence. “Blessed is the memory of the just; but the name of the wicked shall rot.”

ADDRESS BY DR. JAMES E. REEVES.

“Death loves a shining mark.” The full force of this sentiment was felt by the Medical Profession in West Virginia when the news of the death of DR. H. W. BROCK tolled upon our ears!

To review the character of those individuals whose moral excellence and intellectual endowments have been conspicuous in every situation in which they were placed, tends to elevate our views of the human character; and the task, though melancholy, cannot be devoid of interest and improvement.

If one of those Imaginary Conversations in which Walter Savage Landor has enshrined many of the noblest thoughts ever uttered, he compares the falling of friends and loved ones, under the pressure of disease, to the gentle pressure of the frosts of Autumn in stripping the forests of their foliage.

When the young die, we grieve for the hopes that have

faded like the flowers that wither on their bier; when the places of the old know them no more forever, we mourn that the tree which had so long sheltered us, and been perchance a landmark to the wandering, has fallen from its station; but when death smites the vine that was still giving us nourishment with its fruit and refreshment with its shade, how sadly tender is the memory of its fragrant blossoms, how mournful and desolate seems the future of whose riches it had offered so liberal a pledge! Such was DR. H. W. BROCK, on whom "God's signet for a man was set."

His nature, his culture, his earlier and his maturer fruits, combined to make his life, a blessing to those who partook of his gifts or dwelt within his shadow; but even while supplying others most largely, a worm was at his core; so one by one his branches withered and he fell away from among the living.

Rising rapidly in professional reputation, he had the satisfaction of finding not only that his practice and its emoluments were increasing, but that his skill, assiduity, and kind attention were highly valued by those who received his aid. In the midst, however, of these gratifying prospects—secure of the ultimate rewards of his talents and acquirements, assured of the permanent confidence and attachment of his fellow-citizens, he found his activity and his enjoyments gradually threatened by the symptoms of a slow disease.

By the death of Dr. Brock, the profession was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and most zealous and able cultivators in West Virginia; the sick of a humane and discerning physician; and the world of an estimable and upright man. By his exterior deportment in public, indeed, he was far from rendering justice to his own character. His early education, his studious mode of life, and his retiring disposition, prevented that display of his various and extensive knowledge, in mixed society, which delighted the privacy of a small circle of friends, and which was dispensed with much playfulness and simplicity of manner.

In all the relations of life, he was an object of general esteem and attachment. The gentleness and humanity of his disposition were equally conspicuous in the exercise of his professional duties. In his intercourse with his professional brethren, he was liberal and independent, and extremely tender of giving offence. As a practitioner, he was a close and faithful observer of diseases, and by the peculiar quickness with which he detected their characteristic appearances—in a word: by his skill in Diagnosis—he had obtained a copious store of sound experience. Hence, it is that when a good physician dies, much that was valuable in his experience dies with him, and the world is the great loser; for the reason there is no language by which he can impart the knowledge which is a part of his cultivated senses.

DR. BROCK'S name has been closely identified with every step of Medical progress in West Virginia. He was one of the founders of the State Medical Society, and honored with its Presidency the second year of its history. He took a deep interest in its work, was a regular attendant at its meetings, always taking part in the discussions. He will long be remembered for the clear and intelligent manner in which he presented his cases, and for the valuable lessons he deduced from them. He was also greatly interested in the establishment of our State Board of Health, as a means of elevating the medical profession in the eyes of the public, and giving to the people duly qualified physicians and surgeons. But, perhaps, his heart was more closely knit with the prosperity of the University, and particularly with the success of its Medical Department, in which he filled the only chair.

As a lecturer, he was singularly successful; and his influence over the students who followed his daily instructions was unbounded.

He was an occasional contributor to Medical Journals, the *New York Medical Journal* being his usual medium for the publication of his medical and surgical papers; but the larger part of his writings may be found in the Transactions of the

State Medical Society. Among these, his Presidential Address is without an equal in the literature of the Society, and it has always been regarded with great pride by the members.

His *Alma Mater*—the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, was proud of him, and many have been the marks of esteem and distinction shown him by its Faculty, particularly Professors Gross and Pancoast. Last year, he was appointed a delegate from the American Medical Association to the International Medical Congress, which assembled in the city of London; and he took with him many letters of introduction to the great men of the Congress from Professor Gross and other distinguished members of the profession in this country.

DR. BROCK'S life was a life of earnest study, and of noble ambition. He came into the world of professional action thoroughly furnished with all that could make him a wise and accomplished physician. In his character, religion and knowledge were combined in a degree seldom equalled. Science and humanity were adorned by every accomplishment which can add grace to dignity. He was great in every capacity—but his highest style was CHRISTIAN!

“No star goes down, but climbs in other skies.
The rose of sunset folds its glory up,
To burst again from out the heart of dawn;
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste,
And sorrow makes the chasten'd heart a seer;
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,
And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.”

“Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so sadly; let us go.”

ADDRESS BY REV. J. B. DICKEY AT THE FUNERAL OF
DR. H. W. BROCK.

If I were among strangers I would delight (more than I can delight here) to tell of the worth and excellency of the character of DR. BROCK, because, here among the friends, where he has lived and practiced in his chosen profession a large part of his life, it would seem unnecessary. Most of you who are gathered to this house of mourning to-day, to perform the last act of kindness to his mortal body, knew him better than your speaker, and hence, anything that I could say would be more than familiar to your minds. But I desire to pay my grateful tribute to his memory, and make some fitting acknowledgments of the goodness of the man, who has been kind to me beyond my power of expression. His memory is embalmed, and to me ever will remain as fragrant as the odor from the alabaster box, which the weeping penitent broke over the Saviour—Jesus, her beloved Lord and Master.

As a man, DR. BROCK was a perfect gentleman; delicate in his tastes, refined in his feelings, and courteous in his manners. Because reserved in his intercourse with men, some might have regarded him as cold and phlegmatic in his temperament, but there is no one that had a kinder heart, more generous impulses, or higher appreciation of real worth, than had he. Although not blind, to the faults of others, he was charitable and considerate. Although decided in his convictions, he was free from unreasonableness and bigotry. Although strong in his prejudices, he was just and fair. I have seen the cold sneer upon the face of others; I have heard uttered, the words of cruel hate—the fruitage and miserable spawn of jealousy, but from him I cannot recall a single word of prejudice, unkindness, or depreciation uttered towards anybody, friend or foe. He was too honorable to do anything so mean; too wise to do anything so indiscreet; too just to do injury to any one, although it might be in his power to do it.

He would not entertain an evil report of any one, until reluctantly compelled by unanswerable evidence. He treated every one as innocent until proven guilty. He allowed every one to stand on his own merits; not defaming when others were praising; not condemning when others were justifying; not dropping subtly a word of poison, when opportunity offered, to injure any one in reputation, character, or profession.

As to his moral character I regarded him as one of the purest men I ever knew. Also, was scrupulously exact in truthfulness; perfectly free from even the shadow of hypocrisy; honest to the smallest jot; upright in all things without the possibility of reproach.

In his profession, he was highly skilled and profoundly learned. As a student, he was enthusiastic in his researches, and indefatigable in his labors. As a man of culture, he was polished and refined in the best and truest sense.

But his qualities and excellencies shone with greatest lustre in the home circle. Distinguished as DR. BROCK certainly was as a scholar and physician, (hence look at the honors conferred upon him in State and elsewhere,) but to me his highest charm was in the sanctity of home. Never was there a man that gave himself with greater devotion to his family than did he. He was a brother in the truest sense; more like a father in his affection, solicitude and self-sacrifice. As a husband, no wife ever trusted her destiny to a truer or more faithful man; or ever looked up to one that would more sacredly guard her life, honor and happiness.

What a blessing it would be, if all physicians were such as he that have to come into our homes and to the bedsides of our suffering households.

With regard to DR. BROCK's Christian character, I have no doubt. He was scrupulously conscientious in every thing from the greatest to the smallest matters. Although a man of most positive character, and possessed of a high temper naturally, (as all men of will and energy are,) yet he had himself under the most perfect control. He never allowed him-

self to be swept at will by gusts of temper or storms of passion. He was his own master.

As a true Christian, he hallowed the Sabbath and maintained its sanctity by the strictest observance. He honored the sanctuary, and was always there, when health and his professional duties would allow. He delighted in prayer, and hence lived in daily recognition of his duties to God, and in dependence upon His grace, wisdom and strength. He devoutly loved his Bible, often committing whole chapters thereof and many times repeating its truths and promises when engaged in his professional duties, as a means of grace. In short, he was a man of practical piety and devout godliness. When he went to the house of God it was to enter into the true spirit of worship, and to hear the gospel, pure and simple without admixture, such as would strengthen his faith, enkindle hope, and feed the soul. He wanted something that would bring him nearer to God and enlarge his soul in righteousness and godliness.

I have said this much with regard to the departed in all honesty. I have embellished nothing. I have avoided fulsome flattery. My heart would allow me to say nothing less. I could say much more if it was wise and proper on an occasion of this kind. God bless the memory of DR. BROCK. God grant to lead us all to emulate his purity of character; devotion to duty; fidelity to conscience; and allegiance to God.

The history of the United States is a story of growth and development. It begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of the Atlantic coast. These early pioneers established small communities and laid the foundations for the nation that was to come. As the years passed, the colonies grew in number and in size. They developed their own laws and customs, and they began to assert their independence from the mother country. The struggle for freedom was long and hard, but it was worth the effort. In 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the United States was born. The new nation faced many challenges, but it persevered and emerged as a powerful and free country. Today, the United States stands as a beacon of hope and freedom for people all over the world.



