

Proceedings of the general meeting of the medical profession in relation to the deaths of Charles Frick, M.D. and Berwick B. Smith, M.D : held Thursday, March 29th, 1860.

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Publication/Creation

Baltimore : Printed by John Murphy, 1860.

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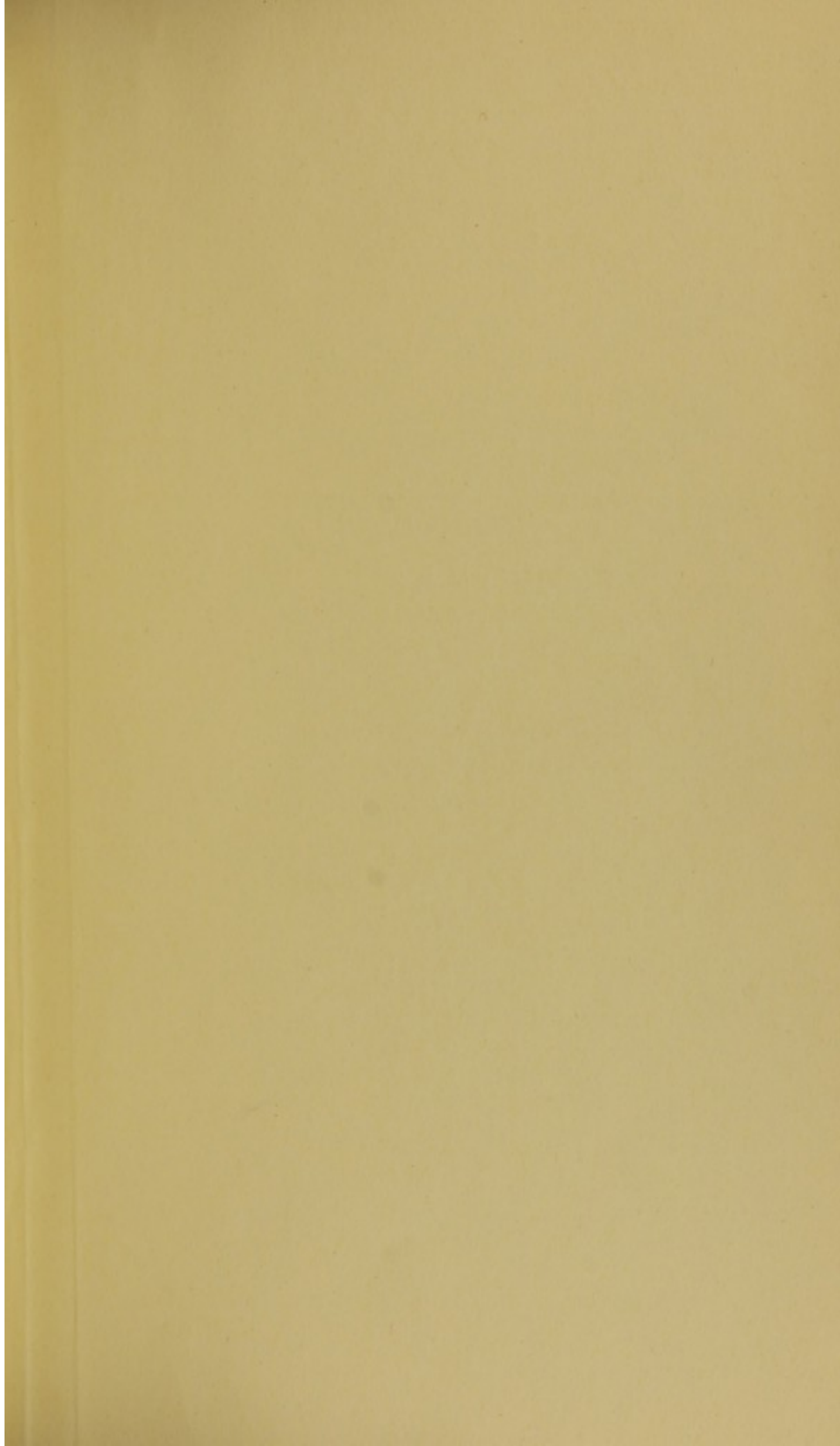
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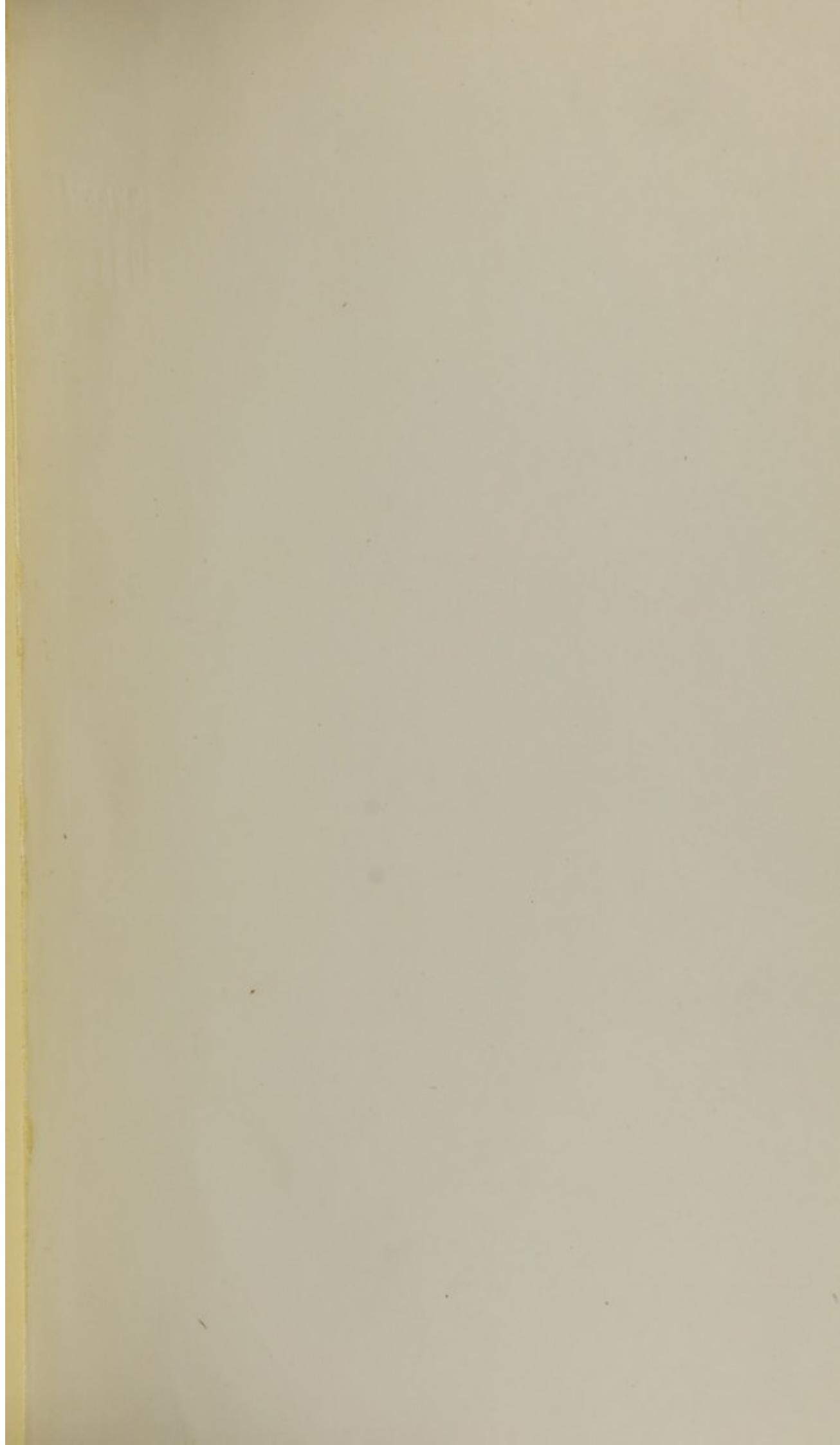
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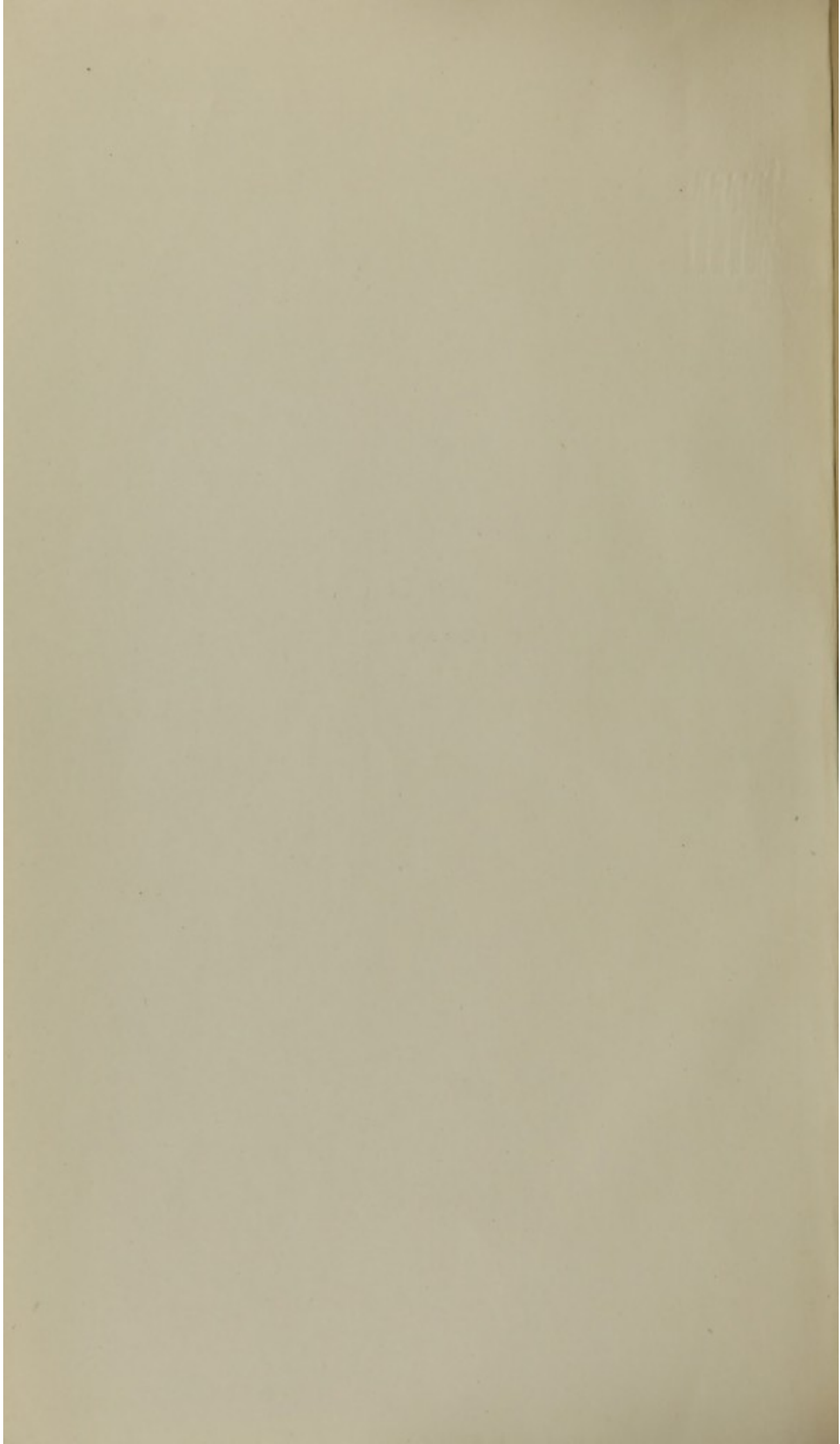
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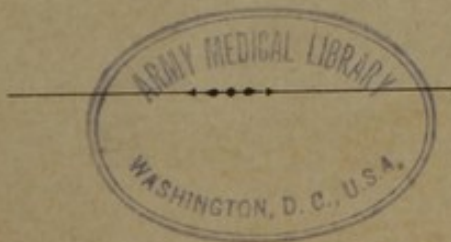
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AND

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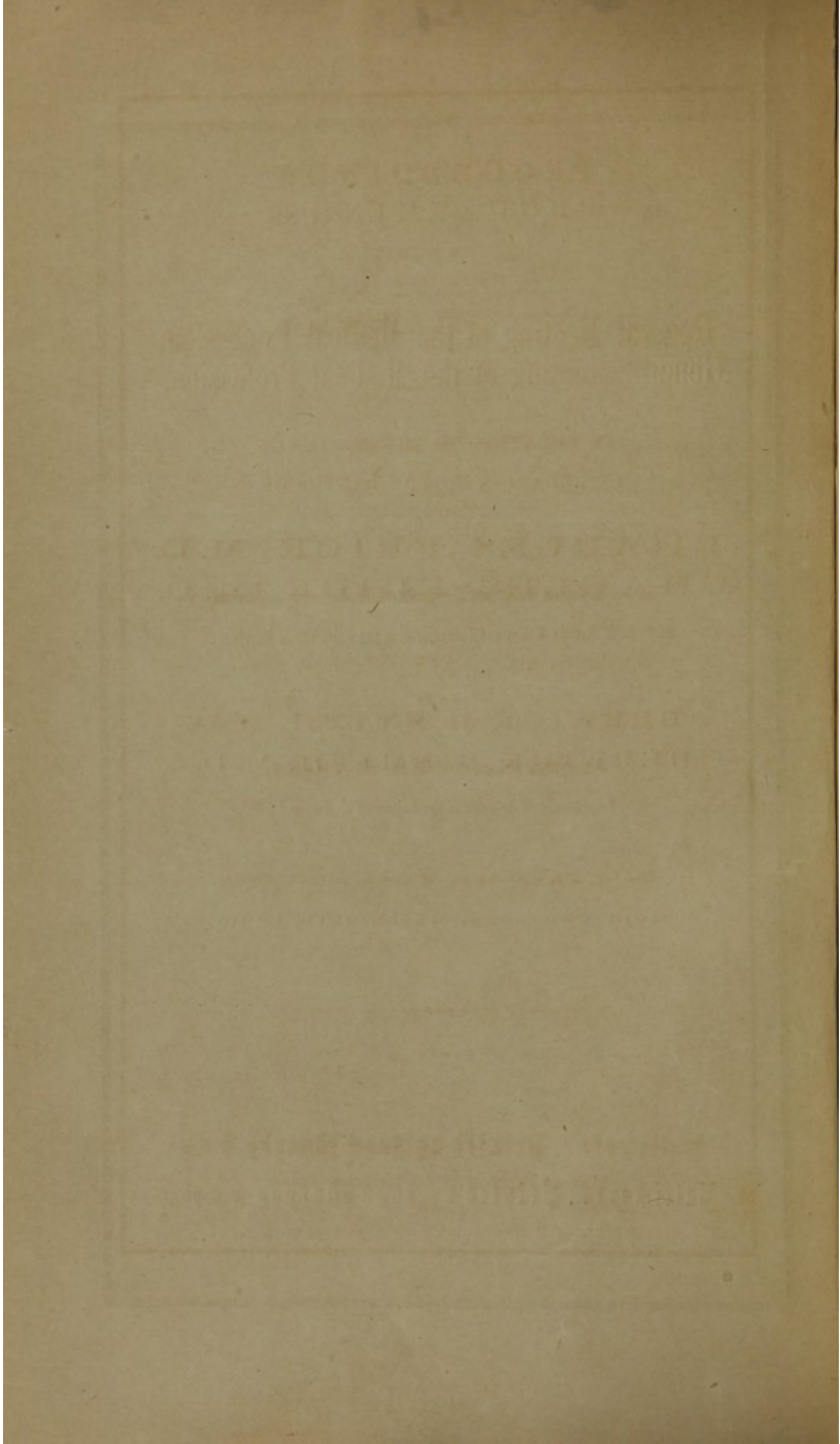
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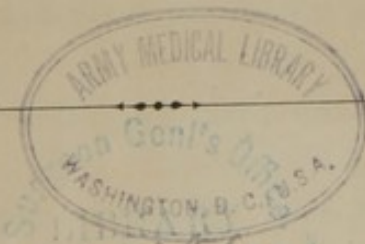
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PROCEEDINGS.

PURSUANT to a call in the public papers, a large meeting of the members of the *Medical Profession* was held on Thursday night, March 29th, 1860, at the Rooms of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, No. 47 North Calvert street.

Dr. JOHN F. MONMONIER opened the meeting by saying, that, as the Executive Committee of the Faculty had been active in calling the meeting, it would be well to state the objects for which it was convened. A portion of the Medical Profession,—members of the societies,—had already expressed their sorrow at the death of PROF. CHARLES FRICK, but this meeting was called for the purpose of giving a more general expression by the Profession. He moved that Dr. ALEX. C. ROBINSON be called to the chair. The motion was unanimously carried.

Dr. W. CHEW VAN BIBBER was chosen Secretary.

Dr. ROBINSON, on taking the chair, expressed himself as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—In complying with your request to occupy the chair this evening, I recognize those around me far better prepared by experience to discharge its duties,—but no one, more touched by the sad event, which has called us together. Need I announce the purpose of

this gathering? Need I repeat what has been echoed along the avenues, and through the homes of our city? Need I tell you whom we mourn?—That we are here to speak to each other of our sorrow at the death of Dr. CHARLES FRICK—snatched from our midst in the full vigor of manhood, activity and usefulness. “Know ye not, that there is a Prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel!” Although it is with the living, and not the dead, that we, as professional men, have to do,—yet when death comes so unexpectedly and occupies the chambers, which but yesterday breathed the breath of life,—stopping the throbbings of those avenues along which the warm blood so strongly coursed,—rendering those chords irresponsive, which never before ceased to vibrate to affection, to duty, and to intelligence,—it is fitting and natural, that we should gather together, and tell of our affection,—of our admiration,—of our disappointment, and of our sorrow, at the loss of such a professional colleague and brother.

Why, gentlemen, scarcely had CHARLES FRICK returned from the newly made grave of a valued professional associate (Dr. BERWICK B. SMITH), before he heard the summons—“Behold the feet of them which have buried thy brother are at the door, and shall carry thee out.” This solemnly sudden summons came to him in early manhood,—the morning dew still resting on the fresh chaplet, so recently placed upon his brow. Indeed to those familiar with his strength and fitness, Professor FRICK had hardly fully equipped himself for his duties, when called from life into eternity by an inscrutable but all-wise Providence. We intrude not upon the once bright, but now desolate home, and hearts that loved him most, because they knew him best,—we dwell not on the blighted prospects of distinguished usefulness for which he was so happily maturing,—

but missing the frank smile of that well known face, and the kindly pressure of that warm hand,—we irresistibly gathered around his grave, and have now gathered here to speak of the worth of the departed physician and man. We are not here to eulogise the dead,—but to speak the truth of one we knew and loved.

When the soldier dies, his burial is told by the muffled drum and minute guns, which sound his requiem. That over, the trumpet's voice is heard to break the stillness of the scene;—the quickened tread of returning columns, and the martial music, floating from rank to rank, breathe oblivion o'er the soldier's fall, and speak forgetfulness of grief; all, all is soon again life and motion, which dream not of him, who lies buried "with his martial cloak around him."

It is not *thus* when one is struck down on the *field of science*. The ranks are not so full of leaders. No advancing column comes ready to fill the gap. Candidates slowly present themselves, to supply the vacant place. It must be long before that place can be filled in our hearts, or in our professional ranks, left vacant by the death of Prof. CHARLES FRICK. But I leave to others to depict, appropriately, the worth and virtues of our departed friend, and embody your grief in fitting words. Merely intending thus to announce the purpose of this meeting, I could not say less of one, whose devotion to his duties as a pupil of the Baltimore Alms House, I well remember while physician of that institution in 1845-46,—where I found young FRICK a student,—commanding the affection of his fellow-students and all associated with him, as well as the gratitude of the poor inmates of the wards, to whom he was ever faithful and ever kind. He there gained my affection; and I observed his subsequent professional distinction

with gratified feelings, knowing that he truly merited all he so fairly won, and modestly wore.

Dr. CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions to express the sense of the meeting. Adopted.

The Chair appointed Drs. CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON, JAS. BORDLEY, and LOUIS H. STEINER.

Dr. WM. M. KEMP moved that the same committee be requested to express the sentiments of the meeting in regard to the death of Dr. BERWICK B. SMITH. Adopted.

The committee retired, and returned in a few minutes with their resolutions.

Dr. JOHNSTON, the Chairman, in presenting them, said:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:—In presenting the resolutions prepared at your request for action this evening, your committee beg leave to make a few remarks upon the saddest occasion which has ever brought us together. And this we do with the more earnestness since most of us enjoyed the privilege of close personal relations with them for whom we mourn; and were the constant witnesses of the exercise of the noble qualities which evidenced the exalted character of the one, and of the rising eminence of the other.

It is hardly more than a week since Dr. CHARLES FRICK stood among us in a robust health that promised long continuance; and a week ago yesterday he joined the throng of mourners who followed to their last resting place the remains of our young and esteemed professional brother, Dr. BERWICK B. SMITH. Who, then, that looked upon his manly form or watched his vigorous step, could have entertained the fatal suspicion that Death had already sped his

poisoned arrow and marked him as a new victim? Yet even at that time the barb had reached its quarry, and lay rankling in his bosom.

Upon completing the usual course of college instruction, CHARLES FRICK, at the age of sixteen, determined upon embarking at once in an active career; and accordingly he sought and obtained the position of assistant civil engineer in the service of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company. For years he labored in the field of his duties with an assiduity which met with the fullest approbation: but unable to restrain the impulse which burned within him, he abandoned an avocation which promised him abundant success, entered the office of Dr. JOHN BUCKLER, as a student of medicine, and matriculated in the University of Maryland in 1843.

It soon became manifest that he had not mistaken the suggestive promptings of his genius, for, after pursuing his studies with a zeal, to which those who were his fellow students can testify, he graduated with distinction in the Medical Department of the University, in the spring of 1845.

But although Dr. FRICK now stood before the world in the enviable attitude of one who had merited and received unusual honor in his class, he felt the need of a closer approach to disease than was possible even at the Baltimore Infirmary, and longed for the privileged opportunity of applying at the bedside the high principles of Medicine; of putting to a practical test the accredited doctrines of disease; of witnessing the varied phenomena exhibited in all the phases of morbid affections; of rendering diagnosis certain and treatment effectual; and of cultivating a more familiar acquaintance with the normal and pathological anatomy of the human frame. Being sensible that the

wards of the Baltimore City and County Alms House afforded the desired advantages, he procured his nomination and election as one of the resident students in that Institution, and entered upon his duties soon after the attainment of his degree. Under the guidance of most excellent attending physicians he made solid and rapid progress in the task he had assigned himself, enjoyed much reputation for faithful and accurate observation and for comprehensive analysis, gained all hearts by his sterling integrity and gentle demeanor; and left the Alms House in 1846, after a little more than a year's residence, followed by the regrets and best wishes of all its inmates.

Being resolved to devote himself entirely to the profession of his choice, Dr. FRICK soon associated himself with three of his cotemporaries for the purpose of affording united professional assistance to the poorer classes; and after a brief interval he became one of the four instructors who inaugurated an establishment for private medical teaching, under the title of Maryland Medical Institute. It was in this little institution that his aptitude for imparting information forced itself on the attention of his colleagues and pupils; and at the same time his genial manner so won upon those by whom he was surrounded, that he attached them to him by ties of respectful and most affectionate regard. Upon the closure of the doors of this preparatory school, Dr. FRICK applied himself with renewed energy to the practice of his profession; and receiving soon afterwards, in 1849, the appointment of Physician to the Maryland Penitentiary, he found ample occasion for the exercise of his skill and for the application of his extensive knowledge. During the long term of his service as medical officer of this penal establishment, he gave constant proof of his rare ability, contributed largely towards rendering

the hospital system more humane, reduced the mortality of the incarcerated, and shortened their average number of hospital days. Nor was his active and well-stored mind at rest upon the past: he gathered a harvest where none had cared to apply the sickle; and besides other valuable contributions, he gave to the world most acceptable and original views upon Diuretics and Renal Pathology, as well as extended and laborious analyses of the Blood and Urine. In fact, he so enlarged the scope of his official duties, as notably to increase the difficulty of their performance by any successor.

Dr. FRICK established himself definitely in Baltimore, by contracting a matrimonial alliance in 1854. In the next year, he became one of the Physicians of the Union Protestant Infirmary; and, upon the creation of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, the acquirements and practical talents of Dr. FRICK had become so generally recognized, that he was immediately chosen to fill the Professorship of Materia Medica in that Institution; and in his new position, he not only affirmed the assurances he had given, but he laid the foundation, by his mastery of the art of lecturing, of his future remarkable success in another and more extensive field of labor.

In the spring of 1857, Dr. FRICK made a short trip to Europe, and visited the Hospitals of the English and French Capitals, with serious intention and profitable results; and upon his return, he relaxed none of his energy in the acquisition of knowledge, nor of his devotion to the poor, the sick, or the afflicted, who sought his aid or professional assistance.

In 1858 a vacancy occurred in the Faculty of the University of Maryland, whereupon, as the recollection of every one here present will bear us out, all eyes were turned towards

Dr. FRICK as the man above all others in the medical profession in our city, whose entire fitness for the chair was pre-eminent and undeniable; and when the Faculty, in verification of the universally expressed opinion, elevated him to the Professorship of *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics, most hearty congratulations were offered as well to the new Professor as to his colleagues; and the most confident predictions were uttered as to his success as a Teacher, and the considerable part he was likely to take in extending the usefulness and reputation of the Institution.

Upon accepting the newly conferred honor, Dr. FRICK retired from his position in the Penitentiary, entered upon the discharge of the clinical duties incident upon his recent appointment, and formulized material for the approaching session of the University. Professor FRICK opened the session of 1858-59 in a discourse of great elegance; stamped a powerful and individual impress upon the course of Lectures he delivered; and conducted his clinical teaching in so strikingly original, truthful and instructive a manner, as to fill his friends with pride and admiration.

Again he had finished his course, and renewed his attendance in the wards of the Baltimore Infirmary, when a case of pestiferous Diphtheria fell under his care. In vain he exhausted the resources of medicine, which few could so well command—in vain he afforded the last hope, that surgical interference could promise—the patient succumbed to the malignity of the disease. Happy had it been for us, if the destroyer had paused here, and arrested his fatal step! but alas! the poisonous exhalation only quitted the quivering and dying frame, to fasten with unyielding grasp upon him who had extended his arm to save. From Tuesday to Sunday is a brief period, but in that short time, the fearful work was accomplished; and the hour of

noon had hardly sounded on the 25th of March, when our friend and brother had laid down his life. He died, as he had lived, all patience, all courage, all endurance.

If we sadly contemplate the life of Dr. CHARLES FRICK, we find it even, consistent, and noble. As boy, youth, and man, he was true to himself, was brave, generous, compassionate, toilsome, and mindful of others: as a friend he was considerate, faithful and full of the warmest affection: as a Physician he was wise, gentle, discreet, and replete with the kindest sympathy: as a Teacher, he was full of knowledge, ability, and the most earnest resolve to render a good account of his trust. In short, in every relation of his brief existence the exalted character of Dr. CHARLES FRICK shone with untarnished and steady lustre; and he has left behind him a remembrance which we love and honor, and an example that is worthy of all imitation.

Such was the man to whose memory we offer this heartfelt and melancholy tribute.

The following resolutions were then read:

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence has visited the Profession of Medicine and this community with sad bereavement in the death of Professor CHARLES FRICK, we, the assembled Practitioners of Medicine of Baltimore, seek this occasion to give expression to the heartfelt grief which animates us, his professional brothers, and to our appreciative sense of the loss we have sustained; therefore

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the decease of Professor CHARLES FRICK, a man young in years but old in the practice of all those virtues which ennoble mortality; a friend honest and sympathizing and steadfast; a physician hardly in his prime, but already eminent for his cultivated mind, his accurate and confident judgment, and above all for his ready and unselfish devotion to the cause of suffering humanity.

Resolved, That we warmly cherish his memory as man, friend and brother.

Resolved, That we offer to the family of Dr. FRICK our heartfelt sympathy under this affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of this meeting, be sent to the family of the deceased; and that the resolutions be published in the newspapers of the city.

Prof. LOUIS H. STEINER said that, as one of the committee, he had been delegated to present the following resolutions, expressive of the sentiment of the profession, in regard to the death of DR. BERWICK B. SMITH. He had not the pleasure of a long acquaintance with Dr. SMITH, but knew that he possessed in no small degree the skill which had distinguished his father and grandfather. Dr. SMITH'S labors in the Infirmary during the past year, gave promise of much usefulness, and evidence that he would be a credit to the profession. Those who knew him best personally could speak more intimately of him. It devolved on him as a member of the committee, to present the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God, in the mysterious dispensation of His providence, to remove the soul of our professional associate, Dr. BERWICK B. SMITH; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the untimely death of Dr. SMITH, the community has lost one, whose surgical skill, and knowledge of anatomy and practical medicine, had given promise of future eminent distinction in the profession which he already honored.

Resolved, That we sympathize most sincerely with the family of the deceased, in this their great bereavement, praying that He, who hath sent the stroke, may also bring consolation to the wounded heart.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of this meeting, be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the papers of our city.

On motion of Dr. WHITE, the two series of resolutions were considered separately.

Dr. F. DONALDSON, in moving the adoption of those relative to Dr. FRICK, spoke as follows:

Mr. CHAIRMAN:—In rising with a view of moving the adoption of the resolutions reported by the Committee, I cannot refrain from venturing to give expression to some of the feelings which this sad event has called forth. Indeed, sir, although I have been all day suffering on my bed with sickness, yet I could not consent to stay away from this meeting, and lose the last opportunity of paying my willing tribute of respect to the worth and memory of one whom I revered as a man of science, whom I valued as an instructor, and whom I have long loved as a friend.

In other professional bodies, resolutions of this kind are passed so habitually as to have become common-place and meaningless; but with us such never has, and, I trust, never will be the case. It is appropriate that the rare exception should be made at the death of Dr. CHARLES FRICK, for he was no ordinary man,—he was no ordinary physician. Our resolutions, as laudatory as they are of his virtues, and as expressive as they are of the sense of the profession of the loss they have sustained, but tell the simple truth. Gifted as he was by nature with a high order of talent, he had combined with it a cultivation and industry, which had enabled him to attain a prominence in medicine but rarely reached by one of his age.

For many years he had been a diligent student of nature, and a close and careful observer of disease. He early in his professional studies recognized the fact, that medicine was not, when properly viewed, a science, but rather an aggregate of sciences, each of which, when occupying its appropriate position, and firmly cemented to the others, gave strength to the arch which had for centuries deserved and received the name of the Science of Medicine. He

therefore mastered it, by becoming in succession familiar with its several parts from anatomy to chemistry; and for four years previous to his death he had been teaching Therapeutics—the end and aim of the cultivation of all the others. His motto ever was—what was worth doing, was worth doing well, and promptly. He therefore was careful and thorough in all his observations; no matter what he attempted to investigate, whether it was an ordinary case of disease, or a minute, delicate point of physiology or pathology. It was this fact which gave such weight in the medical profession to his published results—all knew that he was never hasty in his conclusions. He possessed indefatigable industry, for he never tired in his search for truth. When he became interested in a point, he pursued his inquiries as far as he possibly could, spending any amount of time and thought upon them.

Dr. FRICK was an accomplished scholar in Medicine. He eagerly read the publications of others, and after sifting well the contents of the journals and new publications as they came from the press, he stored them away in a memory remarkable naturally for its retentive powers, but, like all his other mental faculties, rendered more accurate by cultivation.

No one familiar with Dr. FRICK's published productions, and no student of medicine who has been privileged to listen to his lectures, could fail to see that he was an original thinker. When he began to teach, he found so much that had been handed down from one author to another, that he determined not to be blindly led by them, but to discriminate, in his own teaching, facts from traditional assertions. His writings all bear the impress of much thought and study, and have the always attractive features of clearness and simplicity in style. His views he

announced with a modest boldness characteristic of the man; modest, because he had ever a diffident shrinking from publicity,—but it acquired boldness from his love of truth, and from his desire for its promulgation, no matter how it infringed upon the prejudices existing previously. Young as he was in years, these contributions to science had given him an enviable reputation at home and abroad, and with us the best test of a man's real worth is his standing in the profession,—his popularity out of it may be attributable to other causes. Even as far back as ten years ago, I remember well the thrill of pleasure I experienced at hearing his views on dumb-bell crystals quoted, in a lecture in Paris, as authority. This is not the time or place for an analysis of his publications, but we need no better evidence of their appreciation in this country, than the avidity with which the medical periodicals have sought after them. Recently the proprietors of a Journal applied for a series of articles from his pen, it being stated that they were willing to pay any price for them. His reply was characteristic, namely—that he could not consent to write by contract for money. With him every thing connected with medicine was a labor of love warmed into enthusiasm. The scientific side, as it were, of medicine was attractive to him, not only from its intrinsic interest, but more especially because he loved Medicine as an Art, for it gave full scope to his philanthropic disposition. A bright example for us, gentlemen, of one converting his high scientific attainments to useful, every-day practical purposes, constituting him an admirable practitioner of Medicine.

But there was in this man, Mr. Chairman, as no one had a better opportunity of judging than yourself, more than intellect, cultivation, industry, and love for science. These are qualities which we cannot but admire, but of themselves

we gaze at them in wonder; as has been said with truth, "they attract attention as remarkable, but they do not inspire love for the individual so gifted." Had these been all, we should not have had the large response to the usual invitation in the public prints for the friends to attend at the funeral. These intellectual features could not have drawn out the whole medical profession of the city, every medical student, and so large a number of his patients, to join in that mournful train to the grave. Nor would these qualities of themselves have brought so many of his professional brothers here this evening, to express their grief at his untimely death. No, sir, he had something far higher than these, Nature's endowments well cultivated, he possessed traits of the heart that endeared him to all. He had the faculty of making all he was thrown with, in and out of the profession, his friends. It was kindness and affection on his part towards others, which inspired the same feelings from others towards him. These qualities of his better man had been kept alive by the fuel of unceasing acts of kindness to all about and around him. He had that rare combination of strong masculine points of character, such as courage, self-possession, firmness and decision, with those gentler ones which we look for in the other sex, but which, when found in the manly character, give it softness and attractiveness. These "womanly virtues," as they have been termed, of gentleness, forbearance towards others, and modesty, he had happily blended with the "sterner virtues." It was this that made him so generally acceptable as a practitioner. Those of us who, in his occasional absence from town, have attended to his practice, can testify to the devotion of his patients to him. Not only had they the most unbounded confidence in his medical acumen, but they loved him as their friend. His many acts of disinterested kindness to the poor, and his unremitting

attention to them in sickness, won for him a place in their affections never to be effaced. It could not have been otherwise with one of his sympathizing disposition. Even the hardened convicts of the Penitentiary were softened by his uniform kindness and consideration, and his influence for good was manifest while they remained in prison, and, in many cases, even after they had served out their term. I have known him, when a student at the Alms-house, to weep at the death of a pauper, so interested had he become in her while attending her.—He never looked upon cases of disease in a cold, professional way, for his warm heart forbade such heartlessness. He could not lose sight of the fact that it was suffering humanity.

As a teacher of medicine, Prof. FRICK has had but few equals. His peculiarly happy facility of imparting his richly stored fund of knowledge to his class, had already gained for him a reputation as a lecturer.

Among the members of the profession, he was everywhere recognized as the high-toned gentleman, whose nice and delicate sense of honor never permitted him to suspect others; his own dictates rendered unnecessary any codes of ethics.

I have no disposition, Mr. Chairman, to tread within the sacred precincts of his domestic life; but such a man could not have been otherwise than an affectionate son and brother, a devoted husband, and a fond father.

I had known Dr. FRICK intimately from boyhood, and had watched his consistent progress and development. As a boy, his warm heart and cordial manners made him many friends; although at the head of his classes, yet he never excited jealousy. His assiduity urged on his fellows, and his fondness for study gave them a taste for it. Our now venerable and beloved teacher told me, a few years since,

that, in an experience of thirty years, *Charles Frick* was the smartest boy he had ever had charge of,—in one word, the “child was father to the man.” When we were at the Alms-house as students, his enthusiasm was infectious in its character, and his promise there for eminence was unmistakable.

I saw and admired Dr. FRICK at that most trying period of every professional man’s career, for I witnessed his patient waiting for practice. No temporary want of success could divert him from his determination to follow the profession of his choice. And now, when he appeared about to reap the fruits of all his study and unremitting labor, he has been cut down in the prime of his manhood. To us he seemed at the commencement of a long life of great prosperity and usefulness, in which he was to benefit the science he had loved with so ardent an affection. I had figured him as the future *Todd* of America, not inferior to the Englishman either in reputation or in brilliancy. His was a kindred spirit, and in his fine analytical mind and originality he unquestionably resembled him. We, in our poor human blindness, thought he had but begun his noble work,—to the eye of Infinite Wisdom it had been completed:—a warning, gentlemen, to teach us to be less confident in our contracted, mortal judgments, and to be more patient of results we cannot control. Ought we to let pass unimproved the example his active and useful life has set us of devotion in furthering, in every way in our power, the best interests of the noblest of avocations?

Shall I speak of the still higher lesson the circumstances of his death have taught us? On Wednesday morning he was attending to the active discharge of his duties in the full vigor of his matured mind, and healthy, handsome frame, buoyant with bright hopes of the future,—the pride of his friends, and the ornament of his profession. On Sunday, at half-past twelve, he was numbered with the dead.—

I have given the simple text—let each one of us write the sermon in his heart.

As I stood by his dying bed, it was sad to think and hard to realize that we were never again to feel the warm, affectionate grasp of his hand,—never again to be cheered by that pleasant smile,—that we were to hear no more the soft, mellow tones of that voice, and that those lips were closed forever to words of earthly wisdom.

As I saw him close for the last time those eyes I had so long known as beaming with intelligence and expressive of kindness, I felt that a great light had gone out in the medical world,—a light of such unmistakable clearness and distinctness, as to guide into the right path those who were commencing their medical journey,—a light cheering and aiding his contemporaries, and one of such brilliancy as already to have attracted the attention of his elders in medicine, who were beginning to appreciate its value, and to avail themselves of its power of clearing up the obscurities of diagnosis, so as to enable them to ferret out the intricacies of disease. Although this shining light has been extinguished by that unsparing destroyer—Death, yet we must continue for a long time to feel its vivifying influence.

Now that he has gone forever, I am sure every heart here will throb to the wish—that he may rest in peace, and rise in glory.

Professor STEINER supported the adoption of the resolutions, and said :

This is one of the saddest moments of my life. Two days since, while gazing on the corpse of our departed friend, it was difficult to recognize its identity with the bright, sparkling eyes, the genial hearty smile and friendly expression that were so peculiarly prominent in the features of Dr.

FRICK. The occasion was intensely sad and solemn, because we were paying the last tribute of respect to a fellow being, and we were surrounded by the external signs of grief and the habiliments of woe. Still the fact that *he* was dead, whom we had all learned to love, could not *then* be realized. Now, assembled, as we are, to consider the nature of our loss,—in this hall where objects that he used to illustrate his first course of lectures in a chartered College, surround us on all sides,—where the very desk from which those lectures were read is before us, and sorrowing hearts are all around, the reality of the bereavement becomes most painfully evident. I say this is a sad moment, for *now* I feel that we have lost a friend and a brother, whose hands were ever ready for any work that his professional position demanded, and whose kindly aid was ever freely given to the deserving and the needy. I trust you will pardon me for saying a few words of him as a man, and a physician. Others may have known him longer,—none could have loved him more, and I feel impelled to bring a slight tribute of respect along with those which the friends of his youth and manhood are now paying to his memory.

As a man, he was remarkable for his freedom from the insincerity and hollow-heartedness which so frequently finds a place in the character of our rising men. There was no concealment of opinion on any subject submitted for his consideration, but freely, frankly and unreservedly his conclusions were stated, with a careful avoidance of expressions that might bring pain to those differing with him. The very kindness of manner would remove the unpleasantness of the decision, and would force respect. There was a contempt for every thing, smacking of mere policy, prominent in all his acts. Whatever of position, honor and fame he had gained, was the result of true merit,—the just reward

of honest labor,—and not the result of any deeply-laid or carefully-digested plans. The record of no man's life in this community is brighter than that of our friend's in this respect; no man's honors are more free from taint or spot.

Associated with this, and growing, as it were, from the same root—a perfectly honest heart, was an almost feminine modesty, and diffidence as to his own knowledge and acquirements. There was none of that assumption of authority which extensive reading and much experience too often give a professional man. His opinions were to be obtained by request; they were never thrust forward before the notice of his companions and friends. Indeed there was a reluctance to put himself in the position of disputant, even when misrepresented. As an illustration of this, an incident may be mentioned, which occurred last year. It is known to most of my hearers, that some of his views, published years since, were singularly misrepresented by the late Dr. GOLDING BIRD. Having had the last edition of Bird's book referred to me for reviewal, thinking it would afford him an opportunity of setting himself right on this subject, I asked him to undertake the preparation of the review. His reference to the misrepresentation consisted simply in a statement of *what he had said*, without the slightest complaint or reflection on the English author. And thus was it ever.—To *no* one can we more honestly apply the words of the Latin poet, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. For here was a man of whom only good could be said.

The life of a large circle of friends, his cheerful spirit ever made him a welcome visitor. It brought smiles to the weary and heart-sick, comfort and relief to those who sighed over false friends and heartless companions, and spread the contagion of its influence far and wide. His very salutation made you feel that here was a man, not the creature of

habits—the slave of conventional rules, but one of nature's noblemen,—nobler far than wealth, or rank, or honors could make any man. There was no wonder why men loved him. It would have been a cause for enquiry if he had not been loved. As the diamond will always attract attention and command admiration, though surrounded by countless imitations, however perfect, so the good and honest soul ever must shine forth brightly amid the imitations of goodness and honesty by which it is surrounded. To whom indeed could we apply with more truth those rapturous encomiums, which Tennyson uses in his poetic memorial to his friend, than to our departed friend :

“ He

To whom a thousand memories call,
 Not being less but more than all
 The gentleness he seemed to be,
 So wore his outward best, and joined
 Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners as the flower
 And native growth of noble mind;
 Nor ever narrowness or spite,
 Or villain fancy floating by,
 Drew in the expression of an eye,
 Where God and Nature met in light.
 And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman
 Defamed by every charlatan
 And soiled with all ignoble use.”

As a physician, Dr. FRICK's career is one well worthy of imitation by the younger members of his profession. Possessed of natural abilities, he did not disdain the aids which study, investigation and experiment bring to the professional man. Others' views were always examined with a freedom from prejudice and a carefulness of judgment that enabled him to select that which was reliable and trust-

worthy, rejecting the chaff and worthless matter with which it was surrounded. Thus his knowledge of a growing science was ever growing with it, and his advance was along side of that of his *confreres*. He was not a mere novelty seeker, but held, with a firm grasp, to all that the experience of ages had stamped with the mark of its approval. With a clearness of intellect granted to few men, and a wonderful command of plain Saxon, he was able, from time to time, to furnish the columns of our journals with contributions that attracted the attention of all by their ability and merit, and won favor even from those who differed with him in theoretical knowledge. These have gained him a reputation by no means local in its character, nor indeed confined to our country, but co-extensive with the spread of medical literature itself. The sorrow which his death has produced is not confined to our city, but will strike sympathetic chords in the hearts of the profession throughout our country.

His relations to his patients were such that the most implicit confidence was reposed in his decisions; his words brought comfort to the friends of the sick, while comfort seemed reflected from his very countenance on the sufferer. Few men have had such agreeable professional relations. He was the friend of his patients, and the very confidence his presence brought, aided his remedies in their combats with the disease. He was "the good physician," and the kind friend, at one and the same time, and while his judgment contended with the mysteries of disease, his great loving soul poured forth its truest sympathies to the sufferer.

Four years since, at the formation of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, its Trustees wisely placed Dr. FRICK in the chair of *Materia Medica*. His success as a Lecturer, from the very first, was marked. Having speedily mastered

his subject, it was a source of great delight for him to exhibit its mysteries in the most attractive form to the students forming the classes in that young College. Clearing away all intricacies and obscurities, he presented in a manner at once a model of clearness and accuracy, such facts as were essential to the student. His reward was speedily secured in the earnest and diligent habits of study which marked all his students. They loved to study, because he led them so gently and pleasantly along paths that were attractive, from the very charms his own manner reflected over them.

In the Spring of 1858, he was called to the chair of Therapeutics in the University of Maryland. The two courses of lecture delivered in that venerable school, during the sessions which have intervened since his appointment, have placed him in the first rank of Lecturers. The fund of knowledge gained from books, and the experience which years of practice by the bedside had given him,—these were so blended that each aided the other in enabling him to deliver lectures *unsurpassed* for practical utility by those from any other teacher of this branch, in the country. Not only students attended these lectures, but those who had spent years in the practical details of the profession, found them attractive, and of advantage. I am bold to say that no young lecturer, in so short a time, satisfied every one, as to his consummate fitness for his duties, and obtained so general a reputation as a teacher. There was but one opinion with all who heard him,—and that was of perfect and absolute satisfaction.

Surely, life never looked brighter to any man. His lovable manners, frankness and sincerity, cultivated intellect, thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of his profession, perfect success as a teacher, had gained him

friends beyond number; and all seemed bright and fair and attractive.

One week since he attended the funeral of a colleague, and then spoke of the untimely end of one whose talents had gained him an enviable professional reputation—of how sad it seemed that death should thus pluck one from his career of opening prosperity. But that death which had aroused all the sad feelings of our nature, was speedily to be followed by another.

“Disasters come not singly;
 But as if they watched and waited,
 Scanning one another's motions,
 When the first descends, the others
 Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise;
 * * * * *
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,
 'Till the air is dark with anguish.”

The seeds of a singularly fatal and insidious disease, were then undergoing that process of incubation, which developed into its most complete virulence on the morrow. A few days of suffering, born with heroic courage, and death had seized our friend and brother, before the fact of his sickness had been made known to the community in which he lived. He died as he lived, devoted to his profession, and, taking the circumstances of the attack into consideration, we may say, with *truth*, a martyr to that profession. He fell in the performance of his duty,—adding another name to the list of earth's heroes. It needed not the long train of mourning friends, that followed his remains to the tomb, to satisfy us that the community appreciated the loss it had experienced, for sad faces met one everywhere. All knew that a place had been made vacant, which could not be filled.

The truth that he is gone, is painfully manifest, I have said, now that we are collected together. Let not the example of such a life be lost on those who are left behind. Be it our privilege to treasure up the recollections of our beloved friend, as precious jewels in the storehouse of memory,—and so to live and to act, that if death should find us in the heyday of life and prosperity, we may be able to go to our homes in peace, having placed our trust on a reliance stronger than that of earth. Be it our privilege to pray that the Almighty Father, who never sends burdens beyond the power of his children to bear, if they but claim His assistance, will grant that sustaining strength and comfort to the afflicted and sorrowing family, which may enable them to see that even

“Behind a frowning providence,
God hides a smiling face.”

Dr. EDWARD H. WHITE then addressed the meeting :

MR. PRESIDENT:—I can but repeat the sentiments that have been already reiterated.

Dr. CHARLES FRICK was endowed with a happy union of moral and social attributes, that ennobled his character, and endeared him to his acquaintance.

A few days since, he was an active participant in those interests and sympathies, that constituted him one of ourselves. But in the fulness of bodily and mental health, to the hour of his fatal seizure—not yet in the maturity of manhood—young in years—he has been stricken down by the hand of a dire disease! He has fallen, however, in the faithful discharge of duty to his suffering fellow creatures. A befitting and acceptable end—if it were to be! Not more from the inherent beneficence of worthy and generous

conduct, than as a testimonial to himself, in the implied possession of qualities, that commended him to the future wants and interests of society.

In this relation, then, not less than in the social and moral aspect referred to, the community has sustained a loss, not easily repaired: for among its rising members it would be difficult to point to one who had devoted his energies with more untiring constancy, or with brighter promise of success, in the noble endeavor to render to society whatever of advantage the measure of his faculties might enable him to practice.

He had steadily devoted his life to the scientific and practical pursuit of medicine, that he might offer the best professional attainments to the amelioration and relief of suffering humanity. So that, viewed in reference to the future wants of our community, whether they pertain to the direct necessities of those who may be sick, or to the no less importunate solicitude which their sufferings exact from near relatives and friends, we are prepared to appreciate the loss of his character, and of his proficiency.

But our affliction does not end here! Seen in the light of his sincere devotion to science, for the sake of the most appropriate ends to which knowledge can be directed, the medical profession cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of its special bereavement.

Dr. FRICK possessed, in an eminent degree, a discriminating capacity for the appreciation of the facts of science; as well as the yet more valuable faculty of so comparing, and of so combining these, in their true relations, as to deduce therefrom the best practical results. All who had the privilege of observing the usual accuracy of his conclusions will certainly bear testimony to this fact.

And, if it be the true teaching of history, in every branch

of knowledge, that these qualities of mind, more than any others, ultimately distinguish their possessor, and render him useful to the cause of learning and humanity--by enabling him to make truer interpretations, better rules for future ascertainment of truth, and improved principles for guidance and action--then Dr. FRICK united in his character much that identified him with those whose lives have been recognized as valuable to their fellow-men.

Nor did the endowments of mind, that enabled him to observe accurately, and to appreciate justly, the phenomena of nature, stand as isolated and unsupported possessions: but they were happily conjoined with a union of heart, a steadiness of industry, and desire for advancement in useful knowledge, that must unquestionably have secured for him a distinguished degree of efficiency.

As a writer, his contributions had been frequent, and it may be said, that his success in medical literature was already established.

As a Professor in the University of Maryland, in which he filled the chair of *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics, the popularity and entire acceptability of his lectures to the class of students affords the truest criterion of his proficiency.

As a teacher at the bed-side of his patients, the students who enjoyed the opportunity of his clinical delineations, have proclaimed him most successful in this important department of instruction. Indeed, he so far excelled in this particular branch of his duties, that, it may be justly said of him, he was endowed with a peculiar talent for the task; and that he has left behind him, anywhere, in this relation, but few, who were his superiors.

And shall we not, then, conclude, from these outward lineaments of mind and character, that his moral and intellectual nature was so fortunately constituted as to have

afforded ample security of rare usefulness in the career of his choice? that the memory of his excellence, and the elevated purity of his purposes in life, should not be allowed to pass away as the night of an arctic summer, displaced almost as soon as we are conscious of it, but should offer his character as an example, worthy of all imitation, to cheer and encourage the younger members of our profession to a similar path of duty? And, that, in expressing our sense of bereavement in his death—and in tendering our sympathies to those still more nearly, and more deeply afflicted—we are but obeying the promptings which his assemblage of virtues spontaneously demands?

Dr. C. C. COX, of Easton, Talbot Co., spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—Although here this evening by the merest accident, and with no claim to residence, I feel that in a meeting of professional *confrères* I am no stranger, and, therefore, that the brief and simple utterances of my sympathy upon this melancholy occasion, will not be regarded as obtrusive or altogether unacceptable. I am thankful that in the great brotherhood of physic there is no such thing as sectionalism, and was I here from either extreme of the Union, having been benefitted by the labors, and a sharer in the good name and growing reputation of the departed, I should feel privileged to express my sorrow at a loss which is not yours only, but the common misfortune of the profession, wherever science is regarded or true worth acknowledged.

My personal knowledge of Dr. BERWICK SMITH was limited to a few brief interviews, the recollection of which steals pleasantly over me, now that he is no more. There was a retiring gentleness in his disposition which won regard, and a modesty in his general demeanor rare as it is

commendable. It has been well said, that his unquestioned skill as a surgeon was, to a certain extent, an inheritance. He belonged, indeed, to a noble line of professional ancestry. His grandfather was the Sir John Hunter of the North, in his day. Equally skillful as a physician and surgeon, his practice embraced the entire circle of the New England States, while he found leisure for valuable contributions to medical literature, and, by his enterprise, founded some of the most respectable scientific institutions of the East. Among these was the Medical Department of Dartmouth College, in which he lectured alone for a great number of sessions, upon all the different branches of medicine. Of the father it is needless to speak in the presence of a Baltimore audience. We all remember his first entrance into this city, and the early discouragements which attended him for a series of years. But success, which comes sooner or later to solid worth and unyielding perseverance, rolled in upon him at last like a flood. His progress, at first slow and fitful, has become rapid and certain, until it will not be considered invidious to assert, he stands now, among the profession of the City and State of his adoption, PRIMUS INTER PARES.

Although it was never my happiness to enjoy much intimacy with the late Professor FRICK, I could not fail to observe and appreciate in some degree, at least, the various excellencies of character by which he was distinguished, and which have been so amply and eloquently alluded to this evening. There was about him a transparency which revealed the purity of his heart, and the depth and richness of his intellect, almost at a glance. No one who came in contact with him, however casually, failed to admire the genial qualities of his nature, the extensive and varied attainments of his vigorous mind, the fertility of his medi-

cal resources, and the rare accomplishments which contributed to constitute him—what he really was—the polished professional gentleman.

The character of the sad event is pregnant with interest to us as medical men. He died at the post of duty, grappling with disease in its most appalling shape. A monument rises above the dust of the soldier who falls battling for his country's honor,—but the physician who sinks on his fearless errand of mercy, before the breath of the contagious pestilence, not unfrequently misses a rude stake to mark his resting-place. It is, perhaps, better so. There is often a remembrance of good deeds in the hearts of survivors, more durably inscribed than upon marble or granite. Years after he is gone will the memory of the good physician be cherished by those who were the recipients of his benevolence and skill,—wreaths of flowers moistened by tears of gratitude be deposited on his honored turf, and his name crowned with the blessings and remembered in the prayers of many a noble spirit.

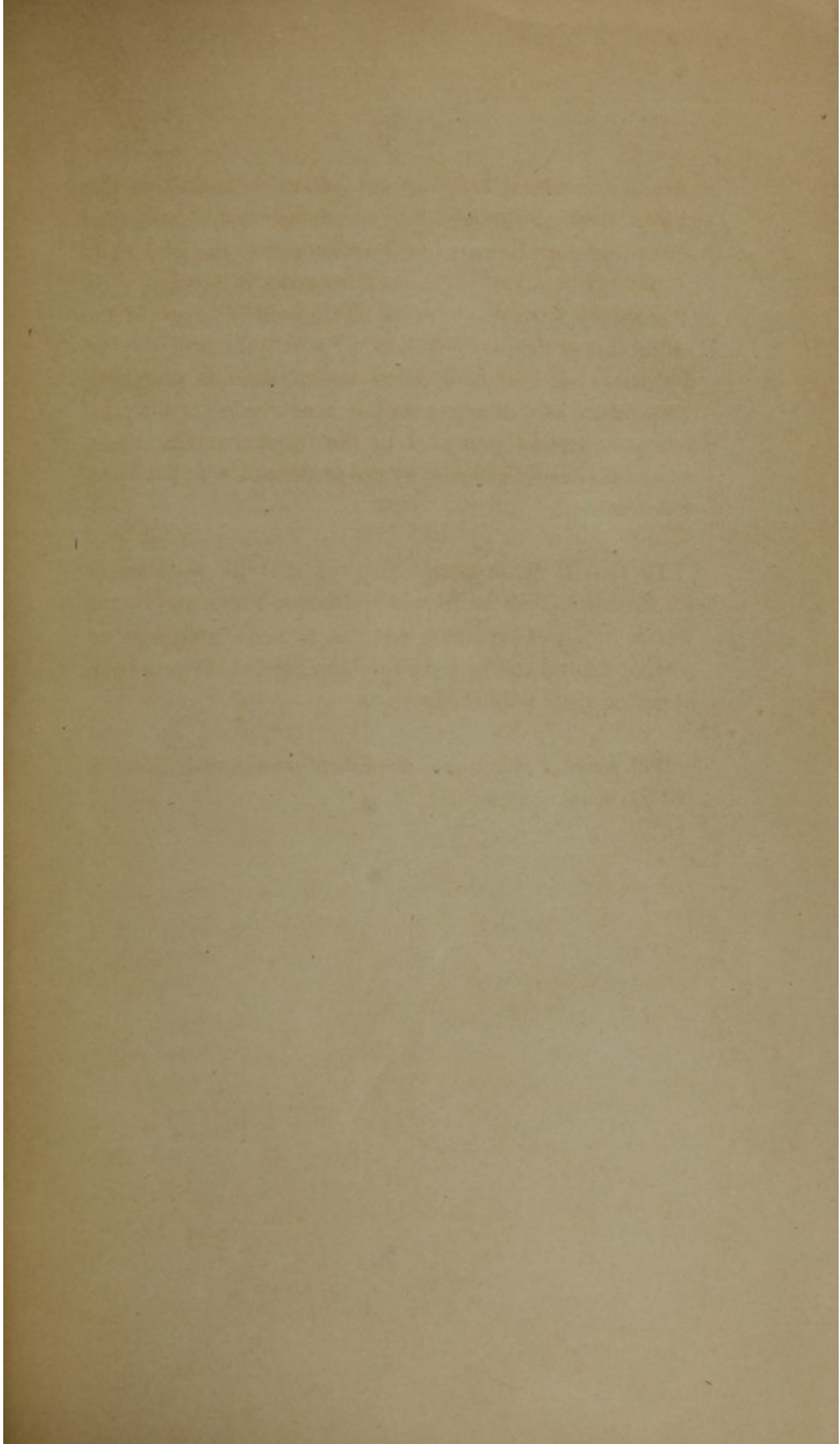
The sudden dispensation by which we have been deprived of our Brother, should not be without its influence upon us—and while the sound of the falling clod still echoes in our heart-chambers, let us appropriate the great truth his untimely demise so strikingly illustrates: "*In the midst of life we are in death.*" Looking around, two weeks ago, upon the ranks of the young and robust of the Profession, who would have selected CHARLES FRICK as the first victim? But he has gone—gone so suddenly that we are yet scarcely aroused to a full realization of the event. He fell, while the tides of health and enterprise were flowing strongly around him—fell with all the progressive interests of life full in his path—fell with the hopes of the future clustering about his opening way—

fell by the side of his prostrate patient, to remind us that while resisting the advances of disease and death upon others, we ourselves are not invulnerable to the fatal shaft.

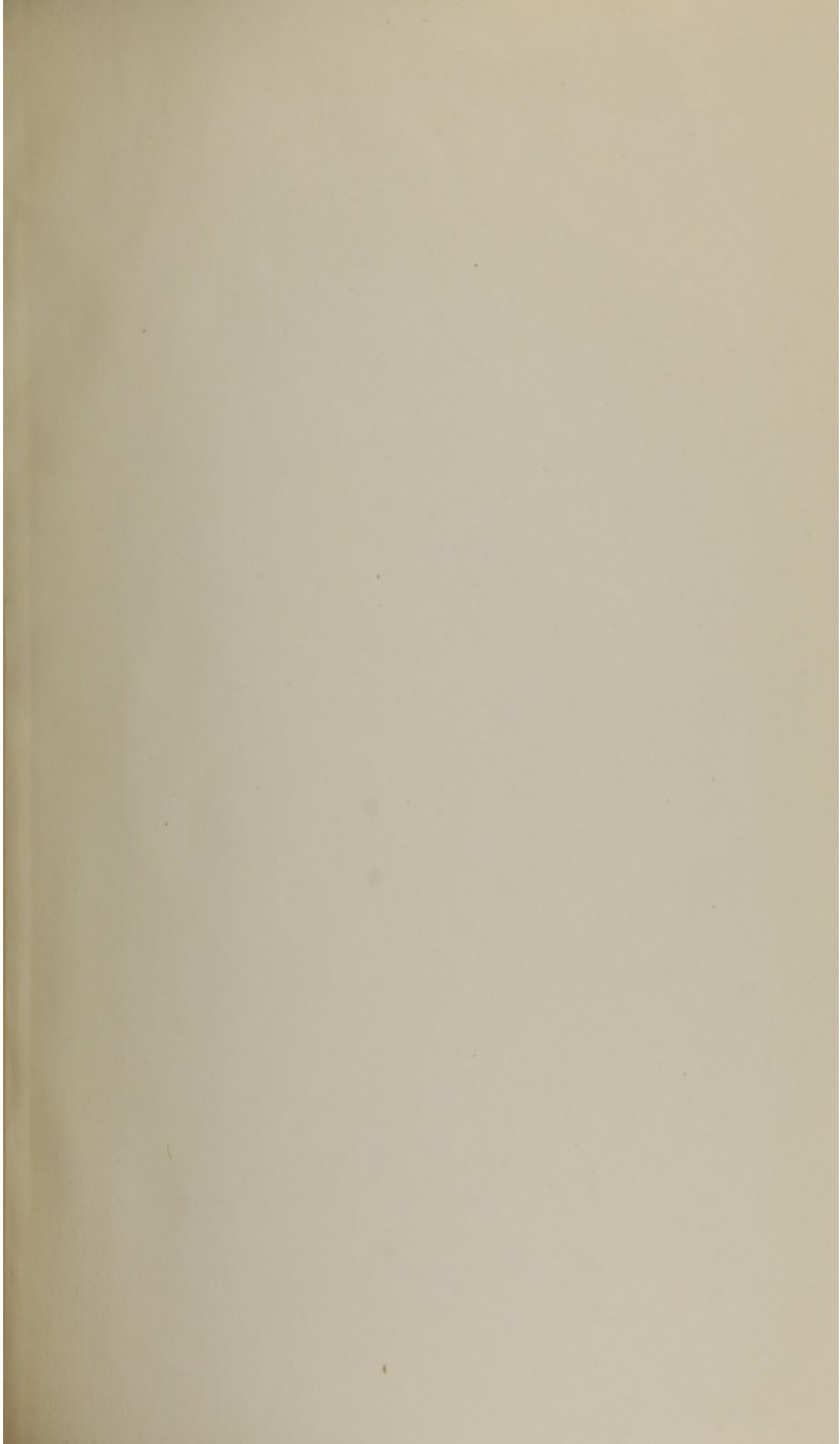
But the object of these crude remarks is accomplished. I arose, sir, simply to express my individual sense of the sad events of the past fortnight, by which the profession of Baltimore has been deprived of two of its most promising young men, as well as my cordial concurrence in the resolutions of respect presented by the respective committees, and so eloquently enforced by the gentlemen who have preceded me.

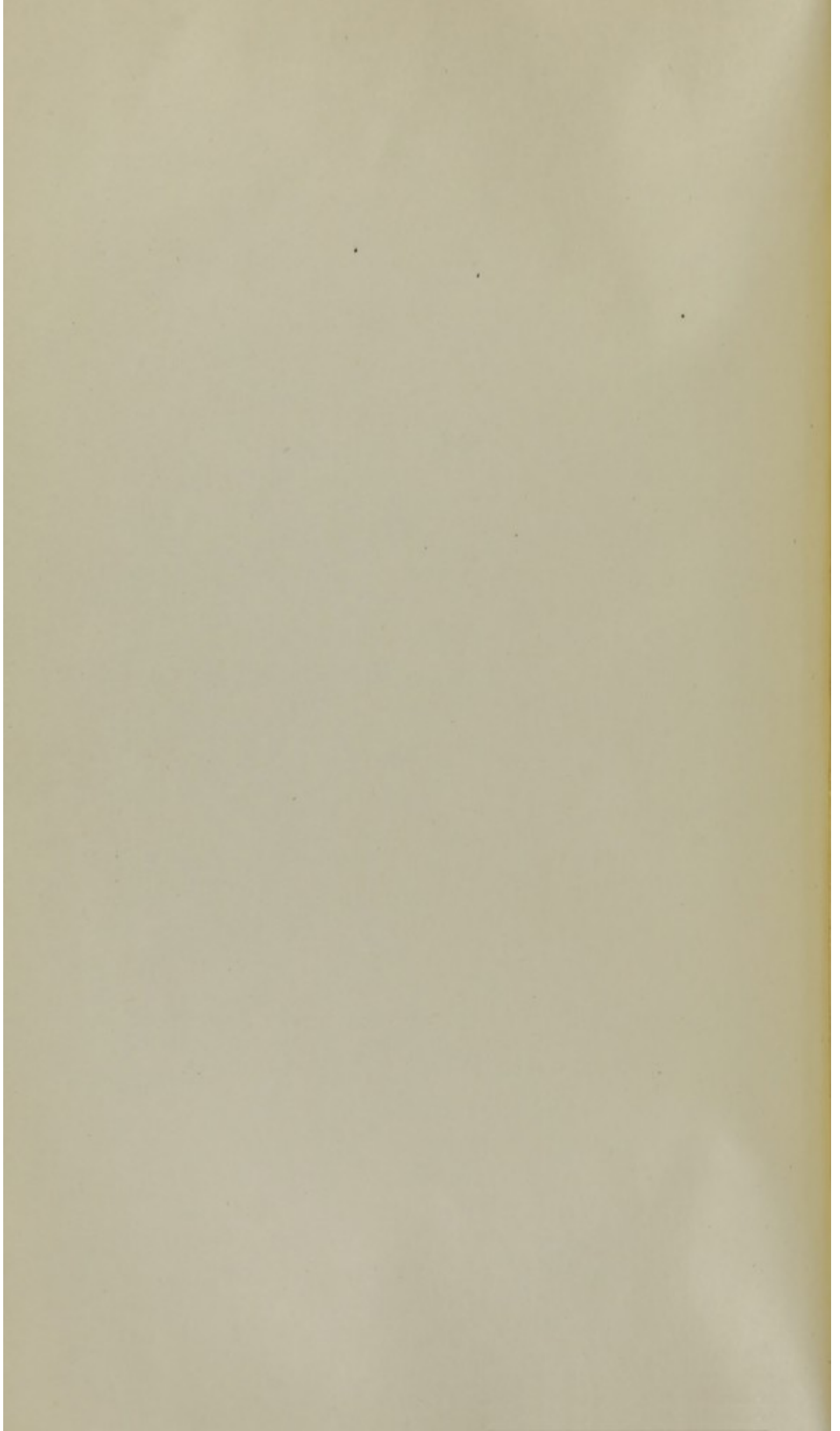
Dr. GEO. C. M. ROBERTS remarked that the members of the Profession and the friends of Doctors FRICK and SMITH would like to have these tributes to their memories in pamphlet form, and he accordingly suggested the propriety of having them published.

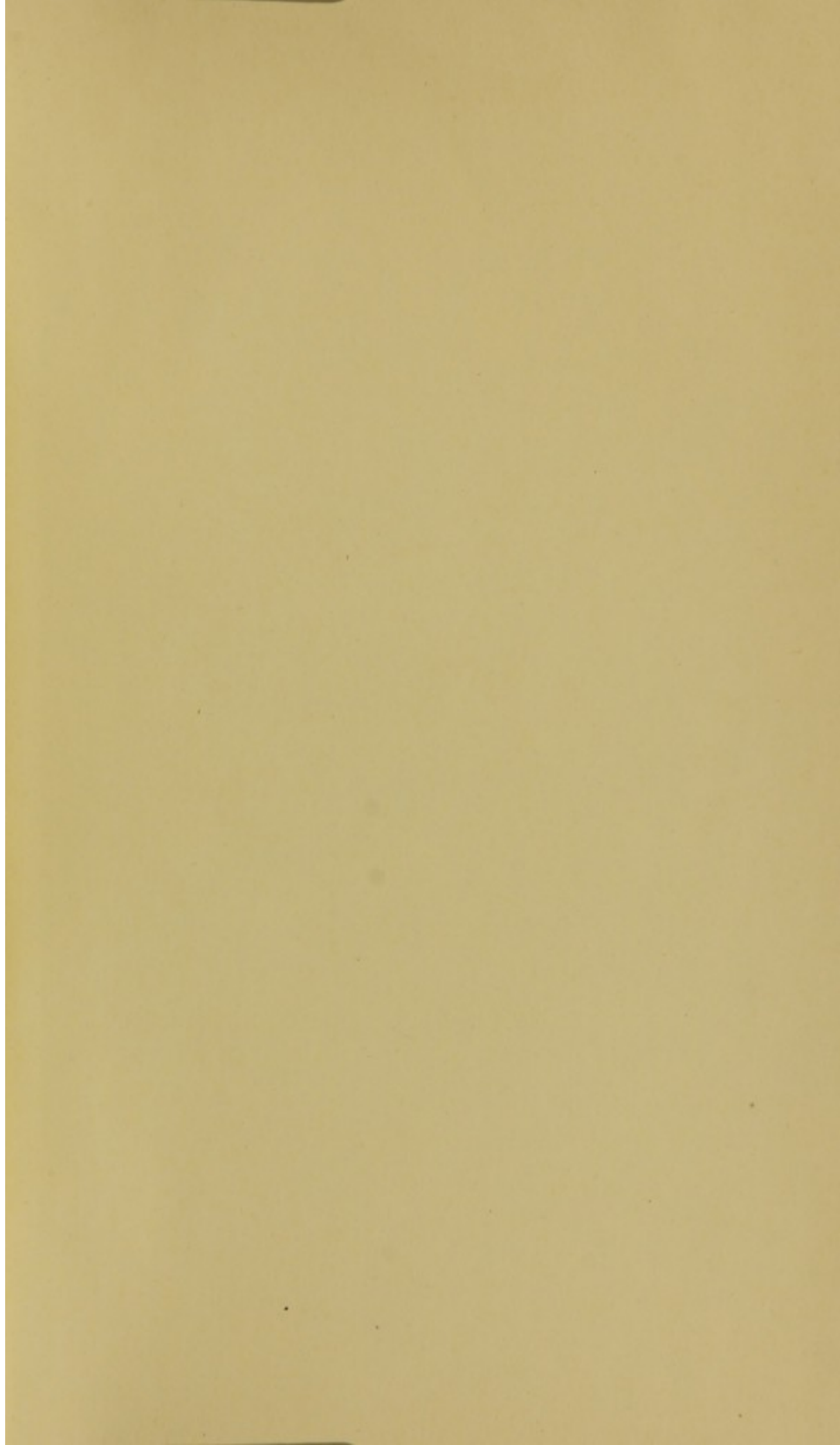
Both series of resolutions were then unanimously adopted and the meeting adjourned.

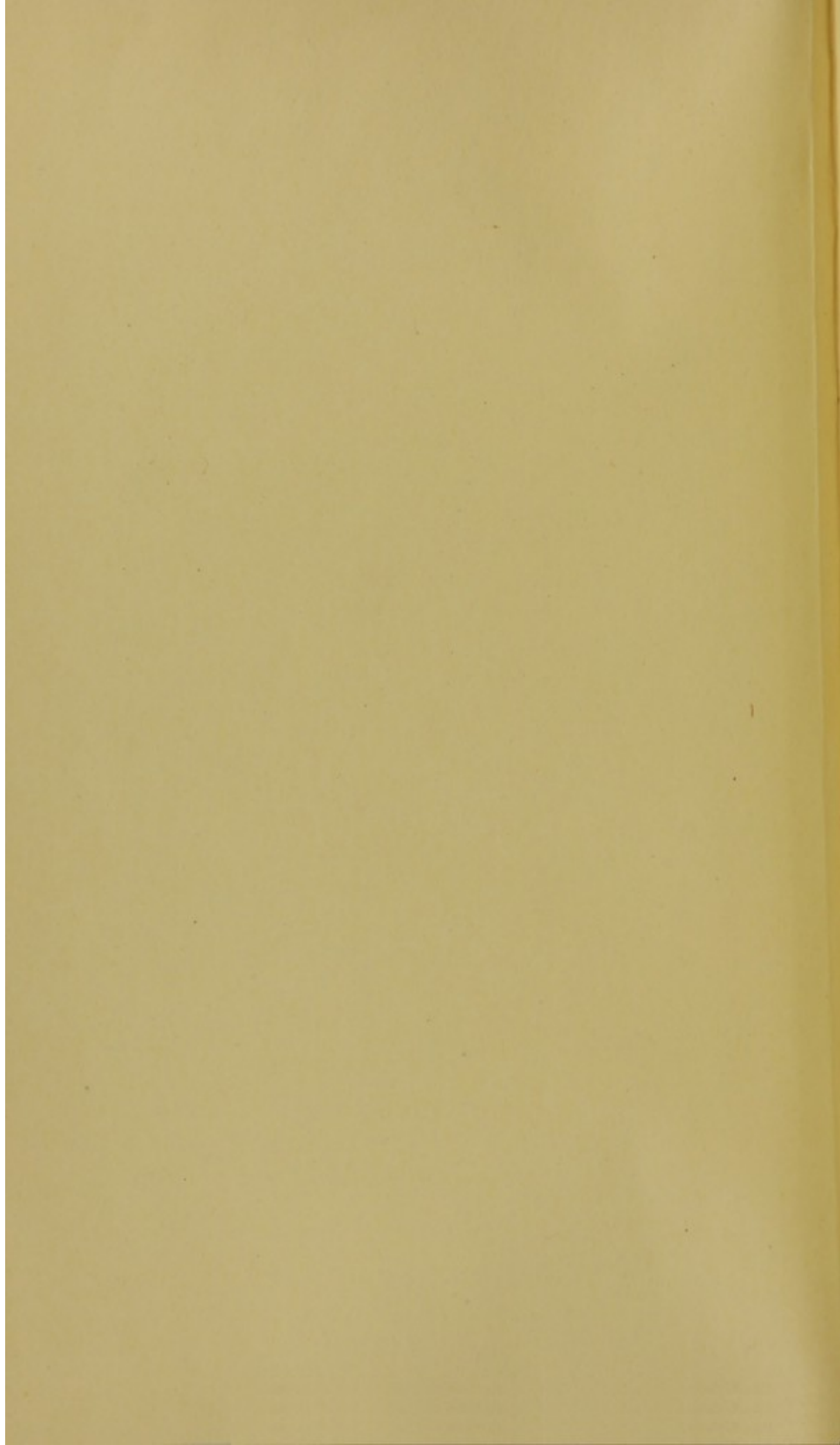


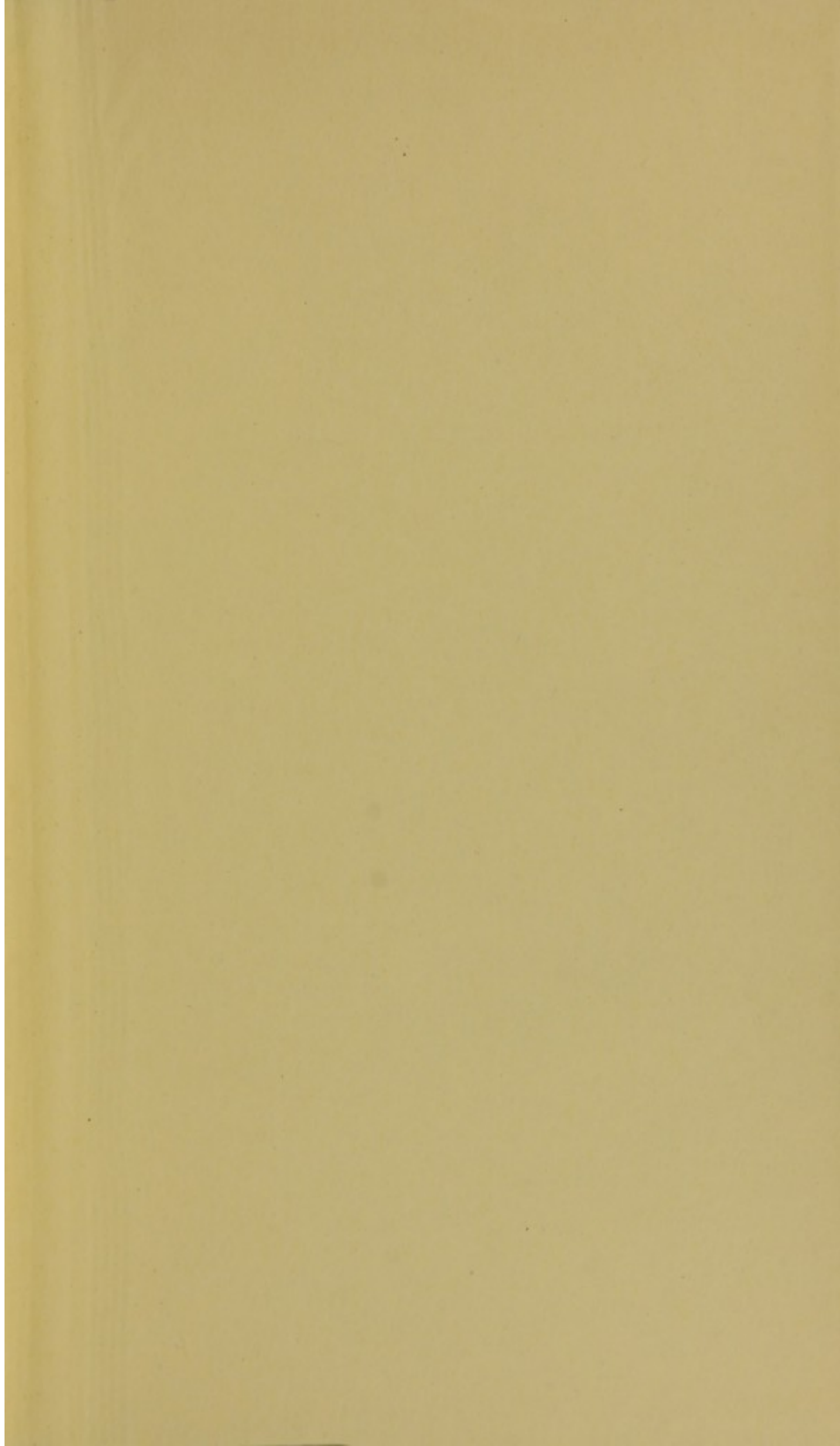
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