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haps over-elated with his many victories, he would sometimes venture on untenable ground, and expose himself to the inroads of an able enemy; but these indiscretions were of rare occurrence, and the memory of his temporary checks was generally cancelled by the skillfulness of his retreats.

If Mr. Brock was thus distinguished for his mental powers, he was no less so by the strength and felicity of his style of writing. He had the rare talent of putting proper words in their proper places. He wrote English with English plainness and English force. There was nothing affected or *modish* in his manner. He gave his readers an impression that he was clear in the conception of his own meaning, and he made it equally so to them. He aimed at no ornament: the beauty of his writings consisted in their perspicuity and strength. A verbal critic might discover inaccuracies in his compositions, but the man of sense would find in them nothing unmeaning—nothing useless—nothing vapid. He was not a turner of fine periods—he was not a *fine writer*—but he wrote with strength, precision, and lucidity; and his compositions, even where they failed to produce conviction, could never be read without creating respect for the masculine talents of their author

“But the main ground on which the memory of Daniel De Lisle Brock must rest its claims on the affection, the respect, and the gratitude of his fellow countrymen, is the devoted—the engrossing love which, during his whole life, he bore to his native land. Every thought, every wish, every feeling of pride or ambition, centered in his beloved Guernsey. She was the idol of his affections—the object of all his solicitude—the glory of his inmost heart. His endeavours for her welfare may occasionally have been misdirected—his objections to change in her institutions may have been ill-founded—but his motives have ever been beyond the reach of suspicion or reproach. They were concentrated in the desire for her good. Her people, her soil, her laws, her customs, nay, even her prejudices, were dear to him—they were his household gods. He worshipped them, he lived for them, and he would have died for them

“The private character of Mr. Brock presents an embellishing and graceful adjunct to his public qualities. Bold even to temerity in his acts; firm even to obstinacy in his opinions; entertaining an exalted estimate of the office that he filled, and of the interests that he embodied or represented in his person, he was, at the same time, simple, courteous, and benevolent in his private manner, to a degree that was as honorable to himself, as it was gratifying to those who came in contact with him. Mr. Brock on the bench, and Mr. Brock in private, were distinct characters. In the former position, conscious, probably, of his talents and his authority, he was firm, and sometimes, though rarely, in appearance even imperious; in the latter,