120 Wisconsin Historical Collections [vol. viii

topics of the day, Mr. Smith was prepared to be called upon for remarks on almost any subject at short notice. He rarely failed to meet the high expectations of his friends, in his speaking, whether he was specially prepared or not. In this respect, he was a remarkably useful man in the community. Nature had endowed our friend with a form of manly dignity and a face, presenting remarkable suavity and benevolence.

"Death found strange beauty on that polished brow and dashed it out."

George B. Smith is now at rest. In the peaceful shade of his own beautiful resting place, the winds are now chanting their requiem; the loving and loved husband, the indulgent parent, the generous and true friend, sleeps that sleep that knows no earthly waking. Time, with swift and tireless flight, speeds each one of us on towards the land of shadows. May it be our lot, when the great summons calls, to leave behind the heritage of a good name, the legacy of a well spent life, and may we meet our old friend, whose memory we are here to cherish, when we pass over the river and reach

"That Shore
Where storms are hushed, where tempests never rage;
Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
With gusty strength, their roaring warfare wage;
By them, its peaceful margents shall be trod,
Their home be Heaven, and their friend be God!"

Judge A. B. Braley spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the State Historical Society:

There are words that strike us with the force of a violent blow, and that fall upon the unprepared heart like a paralytic shock. The dazed mind laboring under the weight of a great burthen, struggles in vain to give suitable expression to lacerated feeling, and then takes refuge in speechless despair. In this mortal world of ours, so full of sorrow, of anguish and of woe, we sometimes meet with exceptional griefs, and suffer losses, the full extent of which no thought can grasp, and no imagination can comprehend. They may come upon us suddenly and we can only contemplate them in painful amazement, and time alone will enable