

ing of oppression hangs heavy over me, and my nerveless hand almost refuses to perform its office. It is always so when the heart lies prostrate under the burden of some great affliction. All words are then too tame, and all languages too feeble to give fitting expression to thought and feeling. At such times we feel as if our ordinary vernacular tongue was altogether too unexpressive, and the soul longs for a language every word of which is pregnant with grief, instinct with the eloquence of sorrow. But alas! I must be content with the means at my command, and with the limited gifts that I possess. In speaking of the lamented dead, it is my purpose to tell only the exact truth, but, I could not, I repeat, if I would, say anything unkind, or let fall a word of censure. Indeed, it is pleasant to feel that I can give free scope to the sentiments of friendship, without running into an excess of praise or exaggerated encomium.

I think I knew George B. Smith well. Wide as was his fame, and high as he stood in public estimation, in my judgment, those who saw him at a distance failed to comprehend the full stature of his grand manhood. I stood close to him and had the honor to be numbered among his most intimate friends, and I could see the inner and nobler nature of the real man. In the society of his friends, he abandoned himself to the searching eye of the most critical observation. In that confidential circle, he put on no disguise, sought no concealment, but was as transparent as glass. On such occasions it seemed to be his delight to expose himself in the broad sunlight of open day. He put up no screen between himself and his friends, wore no mask, but with a charming abandon, born of conscious integrity, he discarded all reserve, and with frank unconcern submitted himself to the closest scrutiny of his confidential companions.

I have had the best of opportunities to judge of his character both intellectually and morally. I have seen him often upon the rostrum, at the bar and on the stump. I have met him again and again, in the social circle, in his office, and in the privacy of his own hospitable home, and at my own fireside. In every spot and every place, he never failed to meet all the requirements of my admiration and respect. I propose first to speak of his moral