

the table in a roar. Among these, General Smith was always the merriest of the merry, but he resorted to no fictitious means, no external stimulus to enable him to keep up his part, but his humor and his sociality flowed spontaneously from the abundant resources of his genial nature. He was not unfrequently in the midst of such circles the only example of total sobriety, the only one strong enough to overcome and defy temptation.

The picture I have here drawn is but a feeble tribute to the moral worth of such a man and the value of such a reputation. It is a rich legacy, worth more than silver and gold, or houses and lands. It will endure long after the treasures of earth have passed away, and shed over and around his memory the unfading lustre of imperishable truth, when worldly riches have lost their power to comfort the soul or attract the eye. It is a holy flame, kindled by the quenchless torch of immortal virtue, and is sending its stream of pure light all along the pathway of the lamented dead, and it burns like a halo around his tomb.

It is not my purpose to enter into an elaborate analysis of the intellectual constitution of General Smith. His character as an orator, politician, statesman, and lawyer, I shall only touch upon in a general way, nor shall I in this article enter upon the historical details of his useful life. I only wish to present the inner and nobler nature of my friend. In all of his private relations, he was as nearly faultless as human nature in its best and purest conditions can well be. As a husband, he was immaculate in his fidelity to the vows he took upon himself at the altar of Hymen. His constancy, truth, and affectionate devotion to the lovely and amiable wife of his youth, through his whole life, and under all circumstances, were deep, sincere and manifest. The lapse of years and time's changes wrought no diminution in his tender love, his manly respect, for the woman of his early choice. The holy flame, which had been kindled in the first ardor of passionate youth, burned with an ever continuing lustre through his whole life, and was only extinguished by death. Chaste and pure as the fire upon the altar of Vesta it began, and unmingled with any darker flame so it shone to the end. In this relation was exemplified the beautiful description of Milton: