

But there's cause for special grieving  
 When the great and worthy die,  
 Huntington, there's many a weeper,  
 Who around the grave-sol tread,  
 And who feel a sorrow deeper  
 Than is felt for common dead."

Huntington's popularity was not a transient meteoric blaze—it was not an ebullition of one-sided party attachment—it was not elicited by a single startling act of heroic daring or splendid benevolence—nor was it the result of self-trumpeted pretensions to superlative virtues and patriotism; but it originated in an honest straight-forward, useful career, during a period of twenty years. It was—it is—a popularity too deeply imbedded in public gratitude, to pass suddenly away. It did not, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in a night, nor will it wither in a day.

No public man in Nova Scotia, in the constitution and tendencies of his mind, has exhibited more innate sagacity, vigour, and clearness of perception than did Huntington. If he did not dazzle with the brilliancy of his imagination, he enlightened with the lucidity of his understanding. Common sense, without cloud or mist upon it, was a prominent attribute of his intellectual organization. While his views were broad and comprehensive, he had the power of analyzing with great minuteness and accuracy, as well as with facility. While there was such a telescopic range in his mental vision as enabled him to take a wide and extensive survey of what was vast and remote, he had the capacity of receiving the smallest object with microscopic clearness. Perhaps there has been a somewhat general impression that Huntington's mind, though acute and strong, was, to a great extent, undisciplined; and that its acquisitions from 'book-reading,' were lamentably scanty. Such an impression, however, is exceedingly erroneous. He was more than ordinarily familiar with the 'British classics,' and had studied the metaphysics of Locke and Dugald Stuart with laborious assiduity, and corresponding success. Although the natural drift of his mind was in the direction of what was matter-of-fact, practical and utilitarian; yet he was not insensible to 'the sublime and beautiful' in nature, and if he had not a passionate relish for poetry, he read Shakespeare, Milton and Bunyan, (bright and ever-burning stars in the literary firmament,) with a susceptibility of deep interest and full-hearted delight. But he had less taste for works of imagination than for those which appealed exclusively to the understanding. Such a book as Adam-Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' had more charms for him than all the poetry that was ever written. He was thoroughly versed in all questions relating to political economy, to commerce, to currency, and to statistical, fiscal and financial concerns.

Huntington was less indebted, however, to books, than to the industrious exercise of his own understanding, for those rare and valuable qualifications which prepared him, in an eminent degree, for usefulness in public life. He received as oracular no new principle because he saw it in a book, accompanied with the dazzling sanction of a great name; but he regarded it with caution if