

was too high-minded—had too much respect for himself, to pander to vulgar prejudices. While he had no taste for the boisterous huzzas of the multitude, he distrusted the smiles that sometimes beamed upon him from official ‘high places.’ To say that he was stoically indifferent to popularity, would be saying what is not true; but he did not desire it with any unbecoming anxiety or feverish solicitude, or seek it by any sacrifice of principle, or by any departure from the ‘strait and narrow way’ of stern, unwavering honesty. The problem of his popularity, however, is easily solved. With him it was a *consequence*, not an *object*. It was the necessary and unsought result of public services ably and faithfully performed though it was *not the impelling motive* which prompted or induced the performance of those services. Personal ambition led him not into public life; nor had it, in his after career, sufficient attractive power to influence the course he pursued. When in the legislature he engaged in debate, he rose not for a gladiatorial exhibition of his intellectual prowess, or to make an ostentatious display of his mental resources. He aimed not to show off himself; but to investigate with clearness the subject in discussion. All who listened, whether opposed to him or not, gave him credit for uttering the conscientious convictions of his own mind. They never suspected him of using deceptive means to attain a desired object, or to carry a favorite measure. Even those who had least sympathy with his opinions or political predilections, regarded him as incapable of dissimulation. In this estimate of Huntington’s sincerity, all parties were agreed. These considerations, as well as the fact that he possessed a great capacity for public business, coupled with the spirit and habit of an industry that knew no relaxation, sufficiently account for his popularity—his success.

His death made a mournful impression upon the collective provincial mind. Politicians, of hostile views, felt and admitted the loss which the country had sustained; and, forgetting by-gone party differences, all, ‘as with the heart of one man,’ were eager to exhibit their appreciation of his merits. The cenotaph to his memory, at the public expense, was an act of entire legislative unanimity. There was no dissension, no reluctance in the matter. It was not a fiery outburst of temporary enthusiasm manifesting itself in the florid language of ill-timed eulogy; but it was a sober, solemn, deliberate expression of deep, overpowering respect for a man of extraordinary mental and moral worth.

We extract from a tribute by a versifier in one of the newspapers soon after Mr. Huntington’s death :

“Leaves when falling scarce awaken  
In the mind regret at all;  
But when mighty oaks are shaken  
From their roots we mourn their fall.  
Men weep if a desolator,  
In his march, sweep hamlets down;  
But the world feels sorrow greater  
When a pyramid’s o’erthrown.

Thus when friends this life are leaving,  
We with varied feelings sigh;