



Henry D M Henry

IN REMEMBRANCE
OF
HENRY DAVIS McHENRY.

BORN FEBRUARY 27,
1826.

DIED DECEMBER 17,
1890.

A LEARNED AND FAITHFUL LAWYER,
A peaceful and public-spirited citizen, an incorruptible
patriot, sagacious statesman, and—over all
God's noblest handiwork—

AN HONEST MAN.

He was an ornament to the Commonwealth and an
honor to his race.

*“—Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ Soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas.
Quando ullum invenient parem?”*”

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY DAVIS McHENRY,

(DELEGATE FROM OHIO COUNTY).

DELIVERED IN THE

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

OF KENTUCKY,

JANUARY 7th, 1891.

FRANKFORT, KY.:
CAPITAL OFFICE, E. POLK JOHNSON, PUBLIC PRINTER AND BINDER.
1891.

RESOLUTION TO PRINT EULOGIES UPON THE LATE HENRY D.
MCHENRY.

Resolved; That five hundred copies of the proceedings of this Convention, on the 17th of December, 1890, and of January 7th, 1891, touching the death of the late Hon. HENRY D. MCHENRY, be printed in pamphlet form, and appropriately bound in cloth, and containing a vignette, to be furnished by his family; one hundred copies for the use of his family, and four hundred for distribution by the Delegates of this Convention.

Adopted January 8, 1891.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF HENRY DAVIS MCHENRY,

DELEGATE FROM OHIO COUNTY.

IN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

December 17, 1890.

Mr. I. A. Spalding, of Union county, announced the death of Hon. H. D. MCHENRY, Delegate from Ohio county, and, on his motion, it was ordered that the President appoint a Committee of five to draft suitable resolutions on the death of Mr. MCHENRY, and a Committee of eight to attend his funeral.

The President appointed on the Committee on Resolutions, Messrs. Spalding, Knott, Buckner, Clardy and Jacobs.

On the Committee to attend the funeral, Messrs. Young, Straus Pettit, Jonson, Auxier, James, Twyman and Coke. Said Committee to be accompanied by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Convention then took a recess until 12 o'clock, m.

At 12 o'clock, m., the Convention reassembled; when Mr. Spalding, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following:

WHEREAS, This Convention has just heard, with profcundest sorrow, of the sudden and unexpected death of Hon. HENRY D. MCHENRY, late Delegate to this body from the county of Ohio, which occurred at his residence at half-past four o'clock this morning; therefore,

Resolved, That in his death his bereaved family has lost an affectionate husband, father and friend; his community, its brightest ornament; the Commonwealth, one of its most distinguished citizens, and this Convention, one of its most useful and honored members; that we tender to his sorrowing family and friends assurances of our heart-

felt sympathy in their grief, and, as a token of our respect for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and hereby set apart the seventh day of January for memorial services in his honor.

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family, and, as a further token of our respect, that this Convention do now adjourn.

I. A. SPALDING, <i>Chairman</i> ,	} <i>Committee.</i>
S. B. BUCKNER,	
J. D. CLARDY.	
R. P. JACOBS,	
J. PROCTOR KNOTT.	

Mr. MACKOY. I move that the Committee's report be adopted.

Mr. PETTIT. I cannot let the occasion pass without adding a few words to the record in memory of a man for whom I entertained so much respect and admiration as I did for the late Delegate from the county of Ohio. I knew him well, his fidelity to public duty, his unblemished personal character, and his lovely domestic relations. To say that he had no faults would be claiming for him exemption from the frailties of humanity; but his faults were not of the meaner, but of the nobler kind—

“And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

It is no part of my purpose, Mr. President, to attempt any delineation of the character of Mr. McHENRY, or to speak of the great service he has rendered this State and this nation. The Delegates on this floor have observed the marked characteristics of the man. His public career may safely be left for the pen of the historian to complete the record, and for the Delegates of this Convention to pay their tribute of respect. My purpose is a more simple and grateful one. I bring from the garden of the heart a few fresh, modest flowers, dripping with the dew of affection, to cast upon the grave of the friend I loved. Mr. President, I second the motion made by the gentleman from Covington, that this report be received and adopted.

A vote being taken, the report was adopted.

And the Convention thereupon adjourned.

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1891.

The **PRESIDENT**. This day has been set apart as a memorial day in honor of the late **HENRY D. MCHENRY**.

Address of Mr. **KNOTT**, of Marion.

MR. PRESIDENT: A few fleeting days ago there went in and out among us one whom even the passing stranger would have marked for the majesty of his manhood. His commanding presence, his grave but handsome face, and the quiet dignity of his demeanor, distinguished him among the most conspicuous figures in our midst. Although past the noontide of life, no one, at the opening of this Convention, seemed more likely to witness the conclusion of its proceedings. His finely chiseled features showed but few of the footprints of advancing years. His firmly knit frame appeared to have lost but little of its earlier vigor. His carriage was erect, his eye was clear, and his stalwart intellect seemed still in the plenitude of its power.

While in the active discharge of his duties here the hand of disease was laid upon his manly form, although as we, who loved him, thought, but gently. He left us with the cheering prospect of rapidly returning health, and the pleasing hope of soon meeting us again in the full flush of his wonted energy and strength. Day by day brought us tidings of his continued convalescence under the sweet influences clustering around his happy fireside; and then, there came, like the

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lightning's bolt from a cloudless sky, the brief, appalling message—**HENRY McHENRY** is dead.

It smote upon our hearts like ice. Our faculties were numbed by sudden grief. We stood mute, and with bowed heads in the presence of a great and unexpected sorrow. We could not wreak our feelings upon expression then; so we said we would consecrate this day to the commemoration of his virtues.

The work in which we were engaged we knew would stand for generations yet to come—a monument to our honor or our shame. That we could not hide it if we would; that it would be seen of men long after we, too, had gone to join our dead friend in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns;" and we promised that, in the fabric we were building here, we would, to-day, erect for him a cenotaph more durable than sculptured marble or memorial bronze.

Loving hands have gently laid him away in his last, long resting place; loving eyes have looked for the last time through the mist of blinding tears upon his still, cold face; the last wailing note of the funeral dirge has died away; the last stifling sob is hushed, and we are here to redeem that tender pledge of sorrowing friendship.

But to him, alas! how vain were all the beauteous chaplets with which affection's hand would deck his honored tomb! How futile and unheeded the tenderest tribute or the loftiest panegyric will fall upon his dull, cold ear! The flowers of coming spring will shed their fragrance o'er the turf that hides his pulseless form; the happy-hearted bird will trill its joyous matin from the neighboring bough; the hum of busy life will fill the air that sighs above his lowly bed; year will follow year, as they sweep past his narrow house in their swift and tireless procession to eternity; generations will come and go; dynasties will rise and fall; empires will flourish and decay; the rush and roar of countless ages will break above him like the surging billows of a restless sea; but none of these will disturb the sleep that wraps his moldering dust.

Yet, it is due to him and to ourselves that we record the story of his life; that the lessons he has taught may live in our own lives and the lives of those who are to follow us. I approach the discharge of that pious duty, however, with trembling anxiety, lest my affection for my friend may tempt me beyond the simple, unaffected terms in which I know he would have me speak of him if he were here to dictate the present utterance of my tongue; for, "I did love the man and do honor his memory, this side of idolatry as much as any."

HENRY DAVIS McHENRY was born at Hartford, Ky., February 27, 1826, and, in those sterling qualities for which he was distinguished in all the relations of life may be found one of the most striking illustrations of the mysterious law of heredity.

His grandfather, Rev. Barnabas McHenry, is still remembered in Washington and its surrounding counties, by the few survivors of those who know him personally, as a man of marked ability, an accomplished scholar, a thorough gentleman, a sincere Christian, and one of the most distinguished ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Kentucky during his day.

His grandmother, Sarah Hardin McHenry, was not only a woman of extraordinary intellectual endowments, but one of the highest type of moral excellence. She was a daughter of the celebrated Col. John Hardin, a soldier under Dunmore; the comrade-in-arms of Isaac Shelby; a trusted officer and favorite friend of Gen. Morgan in the war of the Revolution; afterwards one of the most daring and distinguished pioneers of our State, and finally a martyr to the service of his country; conspicuous throughout his remarkable career for that lofty intrepidity of soul and sublime devotion to duty, so signally illustrated by his gifted but ill-fated grandson, Col. John J. Hardin, who fell at the head of his regiment on the memorable field of Buena Vista.

She was a sister of Gen. Martin D. Hardin, who was among the most intellectual men of his generation; the ablest and most eminent of all the extraordinary family which bears his name or shares his blood—lawyer, soldier, statesman—shedding the brightest luster alike upon the civil and military annals of the Commonwealth; while among her first cousins were the distinguished brothers, Robert and Charles A. Wickliffe, two of the most illustrious citizens Kentucky ever produced, and the famous lawyer and advocate, Ben Hardin, whose name for three generations has been a household word throughout the State.

His father, John Hardin McHenry, having adopted the profession adorned by so many of his kinsmen, settled, soon after his admission to the bar, at Hartford, in Ohio county, where he not only achieved a comfortable fortune by his talents and industry, but acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers in the Commonwealth; and, as an indication of the popular esteem in which he was held, it may be added that he was not only elected to represent his county in the Lower House of the State Legislature, but also to a seat in the Federal Congress, and afterwards as Delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1849; in all of which the integrity and ability with which he discharged the important duties devolved upon him, was

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an ample vindication of the confidence reposed in him by his constituents, while his private life was a constant illustration of the loftiest virtues which signalize an honorable and useful manhood.

His only paternal uncle, Hon. Martin D. McHenry, having attained an enviable distinction as a lawyer, legislator and jurist in his native State, removed to Des Moines, Ia., where he still lives in the enjoyment of a serene old age, full of honors as of years; a credit to his kindred, and a credit to Kentucky.

Sprung from such a race, it is not strange that, as he grew towards man's estate, young McHENRY seemed to incline instinctively to the favorite profession of his family.

Having gone through a preparatory course of legal reading in the office of his honored father, he was graduated from the Law Department of Transylvania University in 1845, and was immediately admitted to the bar of his native county, although not yet twenty years of age. On his return from the University, where he had just taken his degree, he stopped at Shelbyville to visit his elder brother, Martin D. H. McHenry, a brilliant and accomplished young lawyer, who had just entered upon a promising professional career at that place, which was, unfortunately, cut short by his untimely death. There, in the office of his brother, I met HENRY D. McHENRY for the first time. I was then in my fifteenth year, but to this hour I can recall as vividly as if it had been but yesterday, the impression made upon my boyish admiration by his splendidly proportioned figure, his singularly handsome features, the manly dignity of his bearing, and the easy urbanity of his manners. I then thought, and I still think, that he was, at that time, the most magnificent specimen of young manhood I had ever seen.

His professional career was precisely such as may always be expected of one possessing his rare combination of mental and moral endowments. He had not only inherited that singular aptitude for the science of jurisprudence which had enabled such an unusual number of his kindred to achieve the highest distinction at the bar, and on the bench, but he entered the forensic arena full panoplied, without a break in his harness. To an understanding of uncommon acuteness and vigor he added a thorough and conscientious preparatory training, while he exemplified in his practice all the higher elements of the truly great lawyer. He was constantly inspired by an innate, inflexible love of justice and a delicate sense of personal honor, which controlled him in all his professional relations.

His fidelity to the interests of his clients was proverbial; yet he never forgot that he owed a higher allegiance to the majesty of the

law. His diligence and energy in the preparation of his cases, as well as the earnestness, tenacity and courage with which he defended the right, as he understood it, challenged the highest admiration of his associates. Yet he scorned the glittering chaplet of forensic triumph, where it had to be won by debasing himself, debauching public morality or degrading the dignity of his profession.

While he was scrupulously careful to master every principle of law, and to familiarize himself with every question of fact involved in a case committed to his care, he indulged in no vain display of irrelevant learning in his legal discussions, either for the purpose of magnifying himself, or to mislead the Court; but invariably sought to present his argument in the strong, clear light of common reason and sound legal principle.

His advocacy frequently towered to the loftiest domain of eloquence; but it was always the simple eloquence of truth—"the still, small voice of justice," pleading, through him, for the recognition and protection of the right. He disdained every thing like mere factitious ornament in his speech, and seldom resorted to the subtler processes of analytical reasoning; but his honest, vigorous intellect seized instinctively upon the strong points in his case, and pressed them with a rugged logic, and an earnest simplicity that rarely failed to enforce conviction, while belaboring the sophistry of his adversary with the club of Hercules or trampling it scornfully in the dust.

Honest himself, his natural impulse was to regard all men as such. He, therefore, sought no advantage in the organization of his juries, and resorted to no artifice to cloud their reason or mislead their judgment. Faithful to his cause, just to the Court, sincere with the jury, true to himself, and loyal to his profession, his intercourse with his associates at the bar was courteous, candid, considerate and kind. He was ever ready to extend them a favor, and never sought to overreach them or their clients. How nobly he sustained, throughout a long career, the purity of his own reputation and the brilliant prestige of his illustrious family!

But the figure of our dead friend was no less conspicuous and honorable in his political than in his professional life. In 1851, when barely eligible to a seat in that body, he was chosen to represent his native county in the lower branch of the State Legislature. Ten years later, he was elected to the State Senate, and, in 1865, was returned a second time to the House of Representatives. In 1870 he was chosen to represent his district in the Forty-second Congress, and, in 1872, represented his party as a delegate from the State at large in the Baltimore Convention, by which he was selected a member of the

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Democratic National Committee—a position of rare distinction, as well as grave responsibility, demanding the highest order of executive ability, which, in virtue of five consecutive elections, he continued to fill to the day of his death.

To enumerate here his valuable and distinguished services in these various capacities, would be as tedious as superfluous. His public record is a part of the legislative and political history of his country, and will be seen and discussed with grateful approbation perhaps long after I am dead and gone. It is enough to say that in each of them he towered among his associates like a son of Anak. In each of them, his own native ability forced him immediately to the front. In each the influence of his clear, strong intellect, and incorruptible integrity, was at once distinctly felt and promptly recognized.

But it was not of the lawyer, the legislator, the politician, or the statesman that I wished to speak; but of the man, whom I have known and loved as a brother for more than a quarter of a century. During that long and eventful period, my intercourse with him was of the most intimate and affectionate character, and, I think, I had the amplest opportunity to become familiar with every phase of his noble, manly nature. I would not speak of him, however, in terms of fulsome eulogy, which he would despise if he could hear them, but in the simple, unstudied language of sincerity and candor.

That he had his faults, as all men have, it would be worse than idle to deny; yet, they often seemed to me but unintentional foils, heightening the charm of those excellent qualities of head and heart which made him one of the most admirable men I ever met. His intellect was massive, capacious, clear, vigorous and self-poised; never displayed in any of those brilliant, but erratic, coruscations of genius, which sometimes excite the admiration of mankind by their momentary splendor, but always operating as a constant and potent force in the practical concerns of life, whether public or private.

Only those who knew him intimately can have any conception of the wonderful extent and accuracy of his information in almost every department of useful knowledge, or of the power with which he could apply the vast variety of facts at his command whenever occasion might require; for he was never disposed to make an idle exhibition of his acquirements, either to excite the envy, or to court the applause of his fellow-men.

In the ordinary affairs of life, at the bar, in the legislative chamber or at the council board of the committee, the secret of his power lay in his strong, common sense. His judgment was calm, deliberate and clear, seldom at fault, though sometimes apparently intuitive. His

convictions were generally the result of mature and intelligent consideration, and, when reached, he did not hesitate to express them with an earnest boldness, which, by those who did not know him, was frequently mistaken for an aggressive and obstinate dogmatism. Yet, no man's opinions were more amenable to correct reason, and when convinced that he was mistaken, no man ever acknowledged his error with a more manly courage or more unaffected candor.

His most striking trait, the one which gave a distinct tone and coloring to all the transactions of his life, was his extraordinary pride of personal character. The slightest stain upon his escutcheon would have tortured him like the shirt of Nessus; not because it might injure him in the estimation of others, but degrade him in his own. He was, in fact, the very incarnation of sensitive honor. Despising every thing like insincerity, deceit, falsehood, treachery or ingratitude to others, he would have loathed himself had he thought himself capable of any such detestable vice. He therefore shunned every thing that could give rise to a just suspicion of his integrity or fidelity, as he would the contagion of the leper. He was careful that in the minds of his friends no shade of any such suspicion should ever exist, and, to avoid the least semblance of it, he often did himself injustice. I remember well an instance, in which he turned away from an honorable and lucrative position of public trust, to which he was fairly entitled by long and valuable service to his party, and which he might have had for the asking, lest his acceptance of it might be construed by some of his friends as a selfish interference with their own political schemes.

The very soul of truth and personal integrity himself, falsehood, dishonesty and injustice in others could not fail to excite his unspeakable detestation and scorn. Yet in all my intercourse with him, I do not remember that I ever heard him use a vindictive expression towards any one who had done him a personal wrong. That he possessed strong feelings I know, and that he should despise the meanness of those who may have injured him without cause, would have been but natural; but the ignoble sentiment of impotent malice, the insatiate longing for personal revenge, was something that could find no lodgment in his lofty soul.

His attachment for those whom he loved was almost phenomenally strong and unselfish. When he was a friend, he was the best friend a man ever had; where he reposed his confidence, there was no reserve; it was absolute and unquestioning. Incapable of dissimulation himself, he suspected no guile in those whom he admitted to the inner-chamber of his affection. His generosity to them knew no

limit but their own demands, and any estrangement between those he loved caused him the keenest regret. He would hear nothing from either to the disparagement of the other, and spared no pains to effect a reconciliation, as long as reconciliation was possible.

With his closest friends, however, as with the mere acquaintance, for whom he had no special regard, he expressed himself with a plain, blunt candor, reprehending or approving, as his sense of truth and justice might suggest, and frequently lapsed into a silent abstraction, which a stranger might have mistaken for a cold hauteur—of all things the most foreign to his genial, kindly, generous disposition. Habitually grave in his demeanor, and often apparently distant and indifferent in his bearing; his neighbors, rich and poor, who knew him in life, and gathered weeping around his open grave, would tell you, nevertheless, that he was the kindest and gentlest and most generous of men—that he possessed the keenest relish for harmless humor, and no one ever abandoned himself more heartily to its enjoyment, especially when he was himself the subject of some good-natured pleasantry.

It is impossible, however, that any one should know HENRY McHENRY as he really was who never met him under his own hospitable roof-tree, in the bosom of his own delightful family. There all the splendid traits of his noble character shone out in their full effulgence, amid the gentle amenities of husband, father, friend, in the joyous companionship of his devoted wife, and their intelligent and affectionate children. A lovelier scene of domestic happiness was never witnessed since the banishment of the primeval pair from the blissful bowers of Paradise.

On the 26th of January, 1856, he led to the marriage altar Miss Jennie Taylor daughter of Rev. James Taylor, of Hardinsburg, Ky., where they mutually plighted to each other the sweetest, holiest vow known to our religion. Lovely beyond her sex, gifted with the rarest charms of intellect, the bright embodiment of all the matchless graces of gentle womanhood, she became to him, from that blest hour, a crown of glory and a perennial joy, until her loving hand tenderly closed his weary eyes in death.

His helpmeet in health, his solace in sickness, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, her pure affection sweetly stole through all the recesses of his soul "like a summer zephyr sighing softly over sleeping valleys." Day by day she sent him forth to the manifold duties of life with a loving God-speed that nerved his energies for all honorable endeavor, and at eventide she greeted his home-coming with the sweet smile of welcome irradiating her lovely

face like the celestial nimbus of some beatific vision. I have been with him for weeks amid the busy hum of crowded cities. I have been his sole companion in the silent shades of the lonely forest; and always, everywhere, in the broad light of the noontide sun, and in the deep stillness of the night, her image seemed ever present in his memory; and it was under the benign influence of her presence, by the hallowed hearthstone where she was the ministering divinity, dispensing a hospitality as refined as it was generous, and there alone, that you might have seen her noble-hearted husband in the true grandeur of his soul. I can say no more. I move that a page of the Record shall be dedicated to his memory, with the following inscription:

In remembrance of HENRY DAVIS McHENRY. Born February 27, 1826; died December 17, 1890. A learned and faithful lawyer, a peaceful and public-spirited citizen, an incorruptible patriot, a sagacious statesman, and—over all, God's noblest handiwork—an honest man, he was an ornament to the Commonwealth and an honor to his race.

‘—*Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ Soror*
Incorrupta Fides, madaque Veritas.
Quando ullum invenient parem?”

Address of Mr. RODES, of Warren.

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to second the motion made by the Delegate from Marion county. As there was a certain attachment existing between HENRY D. McHENRY and myself, I deem it not out of place to pay the tribute of my regard to him at this time, and before this body. We were nearly of the same age. He commenced the practice of law a short time before I did, perhaps. I have known him between thirty-five and forty years. I met him frequently at the Butler Circuit Court, where I established some kind of intimacy with him, which has grown, ripened and matured until the present time. I do not propose at this time to deal in the language of panegyric or of eulogy. We are attempting now to make this a memorial service in his honor. It is difficult to say how men grow. It seems almost impossible to mark that line which divides youth from mature age, or mature age from declining age. There is no bisecting line which will indicate the different stages of progress usually made by a human being. And there is no equator running across that career to

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enable us to tell exactly where they begin or end. There are tropical lines of latitude that lie in the course of every man's career, in which you can clearly indicate that he has shown forth with more strength, beauty and light, perhaps, than you can at other periods of his career.

HENRY D. McHENRY was not what we would call a man of genius. He was a man of talent. There is a distinction between talent and genius. Talent is a necessary means for the accomplishment of ends. It has reference more particularly to the exercise of one's powers, and it manifests itself more in acts than it does in any thing else. Genius is more conversant with the ends. Genius is intuitive. Talent generally looks more to the object that a man has to accomplish. Genius looks more like a meteor flashing across the sky.

HENRY D. McHENRY was one of those men who brought to bear in his career the exercise of what I call talent. He lived in this world in a very remarkable time. That particular portion of man's history that marks his career, I think, I or some other one of the Delegates here has referred to as the best portion of the life of mankind. Mr. Gladstone, I think, made the remark that the fifty or sixty years of his life he would prefer to live in over any other portion of the world's history. Beginning with the year 1825, and ending with the year 1890, there have been seen exhibitions of human forces, will-power and strength upon this earth that never have been witnessed before. You must recollect that he took a part, and a very considerable part, too, in the history of our race on this continent. He was not an obscure man. He was in the councils of great men, and took part in the councils of the Nation. From 1825 to 1890, after he had attained maturity, he was frequently consulted by the most learned and the strongest men of our land. I have reason to know that in 1860, during the late troubles, he was brought into consultation, and gave his advice respecting matters that pertained to the well-being of the country. Since that time he has been connected with the welfare and direction of affairs pertaining to one of the great political parties of this land. He was by no means indifferent to these things, but in all of them he bore his part manfully, generously, bravely, well. In 1825, when his career in this life began, or shortly thereafter, observe for a moment, if you please, what the condition of the world then was. Those who are conversant with history know that the old line of stage coaches, which were first known in England about 1660, was still the great means of transportation of passengers over this country. Macadam had only begun his system of roads in 1815 in England, and there were then very few of them in this country. There was not a railroad in America in 1825, I believe, and

but twenty-three miles of railroad in 1830. About that time commenced those great reforms that have characterized this age. In 1832 the great reform bill of England—in 1845 and '46 the acquisition of that immense domain of territory known as Texas, ending with the Mexican war, which added to this country that immense tract of land sweeping to the Pacific. All that was added to us about the time he attained manhood; and then, since that time, great discoveries have gone on. Since that time, too, the march of progress has steadily gone forward, railroads cross the country, telephones, telegraphs, the electric light have been discovered. We have found out dynamite, one of the most powerful agencies known now to mankind. All these things, and many more I might enumerate, to show that he lived in an age full of discovery, manifesting the possibilities that are still in the human race.

HENRY D. MCHENRY took a part, more or less, in directing some of these agencies. He was a man qualified to enter upon the public career before him. I cannot attempt to emulate the beautiful and glowing language of the gentleman who has just taken his seat, in regard to the many estimable qualities he exhibited while on earth. I can only speak of him as a man personally attached to him myself, and believing I was held in some esteem by him; I cannot but hope that the few words I shall speak on this occasion will be taken as but a feeble token of the esteem and regard I entertained for him as a man. I do not know that I can say more than I have done on this occasion.

I only desired to make these few remarks expressive of the high esteem I entertain for our friend who is now dead.

Address of Mr. YOUNG, of Louisville.

MR. PRESIDENT: On the 17th of December last, the wire bore to this Convention the sad news that the summons of death had been served upon one of our members; that before our work had been completed our circle had been broken, and that there now remained with us on earth only that which was mortal of our friend and associate, the Delegate from Ohio, and that his brave, gentle, kindly, manly spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

When this sad intelligence came to us so unexpectedly and so sud

denly, there was not a heart in this assemblage that was not touched with a sense of personal sorrow and bereavement, and that did not feel that something of life's brightness and pleasure was forever gone.

You appointed a Committee, of which (by reason of my close personal relations to the distinguished dead) I was made Chairman, and bade its members, in your name and on behalf of the State we represent, proceed to his late home, there to mingle our tears with his sorrowing ones, and, for you and the Commonwealth, to testify the high regard in which this son of Ohio county was held, not only by this body, but by the people of Kentucky, and to pay the last tribute of respect, love and honor to HENRY D. McHENRY.

Deprived of the privilege (by reason of enforced absence) of utterance to the promptings of my heart on the day that the news of his death came—in making this report of the Committee, I trust I shall not be intruding too much upon the time and thought of the Convention, at this late hour, if I give some expression of the impression that Mr. McHENRY had made upon my mind, by his discharge of the duties that had devolved upon him, both as a private citizen and a public man.

I never met a public man who had a higher sense of honor and integrity. To him a little thought or a dishonorable act were entire strangers. He was blessed with quick perceptions of right and wrong, and in bold, straightforward manner, he never hesitated to act on his principles and to declare his convictions. He was no policy man. With him, right was right, and there was no shading, or effort to shade, the just and fair line of conduct. He never halted between two opinions on matters of principle. His mind, upon all the questions which entered into his personal and official relations, was quick to perceive the true, and when once revealed to him, he never bartered away his convictions, or trimmed his actions to suit emergencies. The straight, honest, just path was the one he trod, and nature had endowed him with a manliness and courage that always gave him the strength to walk in these paths.

Many times in my dealings with him I have been struck with his absolute candor and perfect straightforwardness. Some thought, at times, that his inflexible conduct in such matters trenched upon the blunt, but behind all this directness of honest thought and action he had a heart as kind and tender as a woman's, and if he appeared frequently abrupt, it was not by reason of any harshness of disposition, but only because he could not tolerate the least injustice or deception in thought, word or act.

Again, Mr. McHENRY was an intensely patriotic man. He loved

his State and country and Republican institutions with a passionate tenderness. From his heart often went forth—

“Great God, we thank Thee for this home,
This country, birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise”

This love of native land inspired his political duties and action, and to it he ever consecrated his best thoughts and his most faithful services. Blest will all people be, when every citizen, of every land, shall subserve personal interests and personal ambitions to public good; and when no man can be found who will not at any call sacrifice whatever of self may be necessary to exalt and maintain public virtue, peace, blessing and purity of government.

We found the people of Ohio county all saddened and depressed by the great bereavement which had fallen upon them. He was their most distinguished living citizen, and his name and his wisdom and his honorable life had done much to commend that county and its people, not only to the knowledge, but to the affection of the State at large. It was not difficult to realize that a great and common sorrow pervaded the entire county, and the cessation of all business, and the prevalence of universal grief, betokened the high esteem in which our associate was held by those among whom he had been born, and with whom he had always made his home, and for whom he had always endeavored to do the part of a neighbor and friend.

It was painful, in all this, to realize the power of the great and last enemy, and to have burned into our minds the truth that, “Death, thou art infinite! 'Tis life is little.” Courage, manhood, love of country, philanthropy and public spirit could not avail to drive away the conqueror of all that is human. And, as we stood around the bier of our associate and bore his mortal remains away from the beauty, affection and happiness of his home to place them in their last resting place, and had impressed upon us the truth that all that live, however virtuous, good or useful, must die, we exclaimed, in our full perception of these things—as did the greatest of French theologians, as he stood over the grave of the bravest and wisest of the kings of his country—“There is nothing great but God.”

On a hill overlooking Hartford, and facing his home where had lived his father before him, as the rays of an unclouded winter's sun were casting their last shadows of brightness and splendor over earth

before shutting out from this world the grandeur and beauty of the orb of light, we laid away forever the earthly form of the husband, father, citizen, patriot and official. Nature made the scene beautiful as we surrendered to earth his mortal body, and we trusted that, in that day when the dead shall arise, when the night of death shall pass away in that grand morning of the resurrection, when all who have died shall live again, that the dust of the departed friend made so sacred to us by his honorable, useful and kindly life, shall arise in a more beauteous form, and mingle in sweet and tender association with the good and pure.

Amid his kindred and friends he sleeps his last sleep, revered, lamented and mourned.

“ There loveliest mother earth,
Enshrines our fallen friend;
In her sweet lap who gave him birth,
He’s found his tranquil end.”

“ Thus star by star declines
’Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They lose themselves in changeless light.”

Address of Mr. AUXIER, of Pike.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I would not attempt on this occasion to add any thing to what has been said by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me, had I not been requested to do so. Therefore, I ask that the Convention be patient for a few moments while I add my poor tribute to what has been already said in commemoration of so distinguished a man as has passed from us.

I did not have the honor to be acquainted with him personally until we met on the assembling of this Convention in September. He was Chairman of the Committee on Rules, of which I was a member, and I was thrown in his society night after night and day after day. It was there I came to know and to love the man. I know no man, with the short acquaintance that I had with him, for whom I had more attachment or more respect. I do not expect to go back to his past life, the history of which has been so well given by the distinguished Delegate from Marion. I simply speak of him

as a Delegate in this Convention and a friend. It was there any man could form a complete idea and conception of the goodness and the greatness of the man; a man of vigorous intellect, yet with no personal pride of opinion; a man of thought; a man who had a conception of the greatness of the times in which he lived, and a man who kept pace with the progress of the age. I have seen him rise in his seat and offer an amendment to something offered as part of the Constitution which we are making, and he would discuss it and throw light upon it, and some other Delegate would probably gather some idea from him and offer an amendment to his resolution. The generous man would rise in his seat in a moment and say: "That resolution is better than mine; I withdraw mine and accept that." That showed the greatness of the man. All he desired was to have the best Constitution this body could produce, and now, although I, as one of the Committee, attended at Hartford the funeral services, and was one of the pall-bearers that helped to carry his remains to their last resting place, though he still lies in that little forest cemetery near Hartford, and his dust mingles with his mother earth, I say the spirit, the example of MCHENRY still lives, and is in this body to-day. His words, his admonitions, his unselfishness, his purity of heart, his magnanimity, lives among the Delegates yet, and his spirit will control in the deliberations of this body to some extent, and the State will be benefited by his life and by his course in this Convention. I am proud that the Commonwealth of Kentucky has had so distinguished an individual to live in the age in which he did.

As was well said by the Delegate from Marion, he was surrounded by influences that were calculated to make him a great and good man. His wife was just such a woman as would exert that influence over him, and break off and smooth the roughnesses of his life, and make him nobler in himself and before his fellow-men. As Parthenia wooed and won Ingomar, and tamed him to gentleness, so did her tenderness exert a softening influence over him, and thus, like the lion, which, in its eager search for food, perceived Una lying asleep in the wilderness, whose softness and beauty touched and subdued him, he led and guarded her safely to her home. And after this occurrence, the strong, lion-like intellect of MCHENRY was a shield to her, and a protection in the household to his wife and his family. Such was his nature and disposition, and we may all be proud that such a man lived. We all regret that such a man died. The family to which he belonged has been honored in this State more than any other family. His father was a member of the Convention of 1849, and the distinguished man, the son whom we now honor, was elected to this Con-

vention, and served until he died; and to-day his place is filled by his son—father, son, and grand-son of the McHenrys taking part in the deliberations of State Constitutional Conventions—an honor conferred on no other family in this State.

Address of Mr. DEHAVEN, of Oldham.

MR. PRESIDENT: I know full well that I am unequal to the demands of this occasion. I feel, however, sir, that I would be recreant to the claims of early friendship if I were to sit silently by and let it pass without paying my humble tribute of respect to the memory of our departed comrade.

Thirty years ago, sir, he and I occupied seats together in the other end of this Capitol. We were both then young men, flushed with youthful ambition to serve our country as best we could, and led on by all the illusions of that deceptive period.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, and had assumed the grave responsibilities of legislation, the dark and murky clouds of civil war began to hover portentously over our Southern horizon. That terrific strife was soon begun by the firing on Fort Sumpter. The constitutional ties that had long bound these States together, and which the great men who formed this Government had fondly hoped would be eternal, at once became as ropes of sand. State after State attempted to withdraw her allegiance from the General Government, and cast her destiny with a separate and distinct political organization.

It looked, sir, as if this, the last hope of Republican Government on earth, was about to go down in fraternal blood. There was scarcely a family in the State that was not divided against itself: father against son, and brother against brother. The voice of the wisest statesman was heeded less than the yell of fanaticism on both sides. The great questions involved seemed to grow out of the compromises of the Constitution itself, and now that discussion and compromises had been exhausted, there was no tribunal to which the parties would submit but the arbitrament of arms.

Amid these fearful scenes, the Legislature was convened in extra session. Appalled by these surrounding circumstances, and rent in twain by dissensions among her own people, this grand old Commonwealth, for a moment, hesitated, reeled and staggered in her course; but soon she righted, and determined to remain fixed in that position where our fathers had placed her.

In these trying and fearful times, in the decision of these great questions, Col. MCHENRY took an active and leading part. Strong in his convictions of right; courageous enough to stand by and act up to the dictates of his judgment; open, manly and candid in all his acts, he soon won the admiration and affection of his friends and the respect of his enemies.

Sir, when the passions engendered by this struggle shall have subsided; when the history of these troublous times shall come to be written by an impartial pen, and justice done the men who then controlled the destiny of this State, the name of MCHENRY will appear conspicuously among those whom posterity will delight to honor.

That great struggle, Mr. President, was, perhaps, in the nature of things, bound to come. These great questions had, perhaps, to be settled. It may be that the decree of Omnipotence had gone forth that one of our domestic institutions was to cease forever—that it was to be wiped out in blood. If so, it was a fiery path that our people were called on to tread.

For nearly five years the ground trembled beneath the tread of contending armies. The air reverberated with the clash of arms and the roar of artillery. The smoke of burning habitations obscured the light of day, and their fires illumined the darkness of the night. Prodiges of valor were performed on both sides. The military character of our citizen soldiery shone forth with a brilliancy before which the proudest achievements of antiquity pale into comparative insignificance. But, thanks be to that God "who doeth his will among the armies of Heaven and the inhabitants of earth," the end came. The Southern soldier, stripped of all but honor and manhood, laid down his arms and returned to his wasted and desolate home to begin the struggle of life anew. To this the history of the world presents no parallel. Other civil wars have been followed by a long train of confiscations and death. After the close of ours, not a single life was forfeited, nor a single estate, except that in slaves, was permanently confiscated. The hands of industry have repaired the ravages of war, and that portion of our common country rendered most desolate, has outstripped all others in material wealth and general prosperity. The blue and the grey now meet together in fraternal reunions and fight their battles o'er again, each vieing with the other in his devotion to the General Government.

At the close of the war Col. MCHENRY was among the first to come forward and welcome the returning Confederate soldier. He spent his time and money in having their political disabilities re-

moved, and generously contributed his assistance to enable them to gather around them the comforts of life, so that he soon numbered among the Confederate soldiers his warmest, most devoted and loyal friends.

Soon after his term of service expired in the Senate he was elected to Congress, and there served with distinction to himself and with satisfaction to his constituents.

He stood in the front ranks of his profession. He was an affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a true and loyal friend, a successful business man; his ear was always open to the cry of distress, and his hand ready to minister to the wants of the needy. His big heart swelled with sympathy for the laboring poor, and none were ever sent away empty from his hospitable home. But, sir, we are all weak, erring creatures. Like the balance of us, he had his imperfections. Let us, sir, revere and imitate his virtues, and forget and shun such imperfections as he may have exhibited.

But a few months since, we met in this Hall. He was then the picture of perfect health, and bid as fair to live as any of us. To-day he sleeps beneath the sod of his native county. Truly may it be said, "In the midst of life we are in death."

We will miss his warm, social greeting. We will miss from our midst his manly form. We will miss his wise suggestions and able assistance in the great work for which we are here assembled.

But, great as is our loss; great as is his loss to the State, it is not to be compared to the loss of his bereaved family. Had we the power, gladly would we pour into their bleeding hearts the balm of consolation. But, how cold and dull the warmest words of sympathy must fall upon the ears of that desolate and bereaved household.

Nothing, sir, but the consolations of religion, resignation to the Divine will, patience and the mellowing influence of time, can assuage anguish like theirs. The poet has beautifully said:

"To hearts bereaved, and troubled homes,
God's meekest angel, Patience, comes.
He cannot take away our pain
Or bring our loved ones back again!
But walks with us—that angel kind,
And whispers to us, be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end will tell;
The good Lord doeth all things well."

The sudden and unexpected death of our departed comrade speaks in trumpet tones of warning to us, his survivors. How inscrutable are the ways of God to man. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Mere human reason can never solve this mighty problem. As was well

and forcibly said by the great English historian and philosopher: "Touching God, and His ways with man, the highest human faculties can discover little more than the meanest. In theology, the interval is small, indeed, between Aristotle and a child; between Archimedes and a naked savage." Mere human reason, as we now find it, obscured by ignorance, ruffled by passion, clouded by prejudice, and enervated by disease or intemperance, can never, without assistance, tread with confidence these lofty heights, or bring back to the inquiring soul a satisfactory answer to this momentous question.

However far we may fall short of its attainment, after all, the Christain's faith is the only safe refuge for fallen humanity. It consecrates the sorrows and lightens the burdens of life. It strengthens and qualifies us for its highest and holiest duties. It adorns and beautifies the highest type of manhood. It extracts the sting of death and illumines the dark prison-house of the dead.

May each of us be enabled to grasp and appropriate this grand principle, so that when "life's fitful fever's o'er" with us, when our last summons comes, we can—

"Draw the drapery of our couch around us,
And lie down to pleasaut dreams."

Pardon, sir, the weakness I may have betrayed. The tear that springs unbidden to the eye, welling up from an honest heart, is the richest tribute I can bring and drop upon the tomb of my departed friend. I second the adoption of the motion of the Delegate from Marion.

Address of Mr. CLARDY, of Christain.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I have but few words to say upon this subject, and what I shall say will be said quite as much to direct the thought of the living as to commemorate the life and deeds of the dead, which has already been so ably done. While I had long known the Hon. HENRY D. McHENRY by reputation, I had no personal acquaintance with him until we met at this Convention. The proximity of our seats placed us in intimate relations to each other. Soon, I began to admire not only his manly and courtly presence, but also his genial frankness and kind-hearted generosity. Noble in mein, quick of apprehension, ready and frank in utterance, he made a most valuable member of the Convention. We will miss his hearty greeting and see no more his manly form. But we can and should cherish in our hearts

kind memories of his noble deeds and eminently useful life. We should do more. Should let the suddenness of his departure admonish us of our own mortality. Job asks a most pertinent and important question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." If this life be but a state of probation—a preparation for another, and that eternal—how much greater and more thorough should be the preparation for the other, than the mere enjoyment of the present? The sudden departure of our friend, so robust and full of life, force these thoughts. If we are to live again, when, and under what environments? Will our actions here fix the measure of our happiness or misery in the great beyond? These are questions which no intelligent person can afford to ignore or neglect. It was said by "one who spoke as never man spake," "I am the way and the truth and the life;" and Job says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." We can but hope that our kind-hearted, gifted friend, though he has passed from our sight, crossed the dark river, and entered that "bourne whence no traveler returns," is there receiving the full fruition of his useful and busy life. May a kind Providence overshadow the loved ones left, and gently lead them along life's uneven journey, and at last receive each one of them into His own mansions above.

Address of Mr. BURNAM, of Madison.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am unwilling that these memorial services should end without some brief remarks from me. Mr. McHENRY had in Madison county a number of blood relatives and friends, who heard with sincere regret the tidings of his death. My political life and his began at the same period, in the Legislature of 1851. While a young man he was prominent in that body of able and distinguished men, by the calm, good sense, the industry and the faithfulness he brought to the discharge of public duties.

Later in life, during the eventful times just preceding and in the midst of the late civil war, from 1859 to 1863, we were again associated in the General Assembly of Kentucky, and there, with riper talents and more enlarged experience, he devoted all his energies to

the service of the State. He was a most unqualified supporter of the Union and the National Government. He had no sympathy whatever for secession, and, while perfectly free from personal malice and ill-will towards those who differed with him, he advocated all such measures he deemed best to restore the National authority in all the States in revolt. Concurring with him in all his views, I was not only his personal, but political friend; and I recall now the fact that on the accession of Senator James F. Robinson to the Governorship he succeeded him as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and by his talents, influence and legal learning adorned that high place.

Later in life, when Mr. McHENRY was a Representative in Congress, and the Member from Kentucky on the National Democratic Committee, his political opinions and my own had widely diverged, but our personal friendship remained unbroken.

While Mr. McHENRY had not that charm of brilliant oratory so attractive to the masses, he did possess, in large measure, qualities which always command confidence and respect from all. *He was a sincere man.* What he seemed to be, he was. What he professed as his faith, he acted out in his life; and, true to his convictions, he vigorously maintained them against all opposition. He was an honorable man. He could not have been otherwise. Sprung from ancestors who had most honorably served the country in their age and generation, he was never unmindful of the examples furnished him; and so, he was at all times true, faithful to duty, and considerate of the just rights of others. In one word, he was a Kentucky gentleman; kind to the lowly, respectful to his equals, and never cringing to power. Mr. McHENRY was not a Churchman, but he had, as I know, profound respect for the Christian religion, of its truth, and its necessity to the temporal and future exaltation and happiness of our race, his faith grounded on that of Whitfield, the Wesleys and the many illustrious divines in sympathy with them, whose labors, piety, learning and eloquence had built up that great Church of his fathers. He had the most absolute disgust for that mocking paganism of our time, which sneers at Christianity as a superstition, which treats this life as an accident, and which would rob mankind of all hope of redemption, immortality and God.

Mr. President, one of the letters I received congratulating me on my election to this body was from Mr. McHENRY, in which he most tenderly recalled our long friendship, and incidentally stated that his connection with the Constitutional Convention was the last public office he ever expected to fill. The letter was prophetic, though not in the sense intended. This was his last office. He came as Delegate

from Ohio county, and with what dignity and ability and high personal honor he discharged his duties as Chairman of most important Committees and on the floor, his surviving colleagues will all attest; but he did not live to affix his name to our completed work.

Struck down by disease, to the great grief of all, he went back to his home, never again to return here. There, surrounded by those he loved most of all on earth, and by whom he was most deeply loved, he was summoned to the infinite from the finite, to eternity from time. Let us hope that he was ready for the summons; that he leaned upon the rod and staff with an unfaltering trust, and may that trust be ours when called to follow.

"We know not where God's river flows,
Nor when its waves shall wash our feet;
And yet each foretaste of repose
He gives us is divinely sweet."

Address of Mr. SMITH, of Hardin.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I rise in my seat for the purpose of paying a tribute, as one beginning the great journey of life, to my friend and neighbor who has just ended it. "How peaceful, and yet how powerful, is the grave. The qualities here ascribed to humanity's final resting place are none the less true because poetically asserted. The grave is an abode of peace and an instrumentality of power. In both essentials it is above the vicissitudes of time. Bulwarked around and armed with rising towers earthly forces cannot break through nor raze. Whether the sun shines in brightness or the clouds droop murkily, whether gentle breezes touch lightly or the storm king rides upon the whirlwind, the condition of the grave is always that of repose. Enraged elements may beat down the monument, remorseless earthquakes swallow up the vault, but in the grave, of which the monument and vault are but unsubstantial types, peace abideth forever." And so, sir, from this narrow vale of existence HENRY DAVIS McHENRY has gone to the unknown, undiscovered country. When Burns' remains were transferred from the northerly part of St. Michael's church-yard, at Dumfries, to the mausoleum at the south side, the coffin was unavoidably laid open, and there the great poet was found lying as if he had just sunk into a dreamless sleep, the body appearing entire, the head covered with hair, the teeth white and firm in their sockets, the brow arched and unshrunken, as if he might

have been interred twenty hours only, instead of twenty years. But the vision lasted only for a few moments, for, on attempting to move the coffin, the head parted from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. So it is, metaphorically speaking, with many a proud reputation when it is laid bare to the scorching light of the true sun, and brought into the all-dissolving atmosphere of eternity. Not so with our late colleague. His was a reputation lasting and more solid than a rock, through which earthly arrows cannot penetrate. Notwithstanding the admiration and tribute which the world may have lavished on our lost member; notwithstanding he employed his rare gifts for good purposes; notwithstanding his genius was employed in profiting flashes; notwithstanding he spent his life and strength in directing noble thoughts, which kindled inferior minds around him, he lay them all gently down, and into the ruddy glow that bespeaks the coming of the eternal morn, hope died with the waning night his face was covered up with the vain glory of the mighty hereafter, while the reaper Death closed out the candle of life and he breathed not a single breath, or said not a single word. The grave has him now as it has our envy. A thousand times told, but always the same—this tale of death. Tranquil is the sleep of him upon whose honored grave the representatives of two millions of people, arrested for awhile in their ordinary labors, are now laying the merited tributes of a nation and a State's esteem; tranquil will it remain until the latter days, perhaps, when the promised summons spoke by angel tongue shall awake from the embrace of death and call forth the released captive to those awards of brightness and joy, which, on the testimonies of time, have already been entered upon the record book of eternity. It is not peace, however, but the power of the grave that the memorial services of this hour most strongly proclaim. Opportunities neglected and opportunities forgotten have caused thousands in dying to regret their having been. Not so with our late colleague.

But, Mr. President, the history of our lives, were it written in full and golden letters, would make but a history of a travel from the city of Birth to the citadel Death. Flashing across the war-convulsed earth, and then but dying. Giving over a game all lose in which we act well the role of victim.

HENRY D. McHENRY was a rare man in this life drama we are pleased to nominate earthly. He wore the perfect robe of intellectual vigor, and that, with his undaunted courage and superb honesty, made him a horseman of the royal type. It was my good fortune to know him early in my life. He was not a soldier, he was but a

citizen, the peerless citizen, who, by voice and thought, led men in perilous and troublesome times, with a foresight and wisdom all too rare in this world of mercenary grasping and commercial energy.

His father was a sturdy oak garlanded with a wreath of intellectual flowers. A man of excellent attainments and robust virtue. Possessed himself of those rudiments of character always the persuasive masters of hard enduring obstacles, to the world he showed strength; to his home, beauty. Whether in the legislative hall, or as the advocate, the financier, the friend, the father, the man was but the indulgent and watchful.

Last summer I met him on the train. The hand he gave me had an honest and simple grasp; his eye spoke earnestness and kindness; his face beamed with that fellowship for which we have all learned to love him so well. He said to me: "My boy, you will find politics a hard line, but have courage, you will win." Never shall I forget his honest voice. It gave my energies a new life and courage, which I felt would spur me to victory. In the dead hour of night, when I felt that ambition was a painful virtue, tossed my feverish head on a pillow, I took counsel with "have courage, my boy," and fell asleep.

In debate he was satisfied to be competitive and peaceful. His simple earnestness and trepid language were sails to carry his ship of fate through all storms. Like an innocent child he accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient. He had no artifice in the language of his speech; his manner was the do and quit.

He anticipated his taking off, and went to his home in Hartford, Ky. Home—the retreat for all, the weak and strong. The tireless robin in eventide, her little brain rioting with cares for her young, travels homeward. The symbolic flight of the eagle, parting the clouds with tireless wing, ends in its returning to home. The plowman, as the sun, the friend of man and the friend of brute, sinks the hills in the west, turns his weary feet to the happy cottage just under the hill, and he calls it home. At the forge, the anvil—the millions who scorch and toil through summer and winter's day, turn to their humble abode in the smoky street, and they have named it home; and the thousand, of the toiling of the world in history, have called it home. Home, sir, the repository of the tears we shed, the love, the happiness, the freedom of the world.

My friend is dead. The shadow of his life has fallen; the darkness of evening gathers around, and he is no more. Dead! Yes, dead. He died where manhood's hour had nearly run its course; and now,

sir, under six feet of mouldering earth, he lies like all men. There is nothing to disturb his peace. "Perfect in manhood, it seemed that he lived only to die." By his life we have learned many virtues, and our reward shall be in the faithful remembrance of his services in this hall. Matchless in his acts of charity; in his fearless and consummate bravery, he stopped at no post until he had the confidence of a great constituency. In the flower of his great mind, he lay down his eventful life, surrounded by his people, friends and family, and embraced death with a great man's fortitude; dashed into the Memphian darkness that is not for you or me to know; and left a vacancy in this hall and in the hearts of his countrymen that cannot be filled.

But, Mr. Chairman, whether this sturdy, brave, noble, honest, good man's life-future is but a reflected synonym of his own powers he so successfully used in this, we cannot tell. Whether, sir, the home he finds there is akin to the pure one he held on earth, we cannot tell; but we know the world moves on, tearing the choicest string from the harp of genius, mangling the instrument until the prophetic splendors radiate that fearful message to all of mankind—death, the king of terrors, the terror of kings. I second the motion with pleasure.

Address of Mr. WASHINGTON, of Campbell.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Until I became a member of this body, it was not my pleasure to know the lamented Delegate from Ohio, except by repute. I might, therefore, be easily excused, were I to remain silent upon this melancholy occasion; especially, as there are those present who knew him, and who loved him, long and well, and are far better fitted for the task of commemorating his virtues than I can possibly be.

But, sir, while fully appreciating these facts, yet I fear that, in the days to come, I shall hardly be content to remember that I sat here, a silent spectator of these proceedings, and gave no token of the profound esteem in which I held him, living, or of my sense of bereavement, now that he has so unexpectedly preceded us to that mysterious bourne, whither we are all tending, and whence no traveler returns.

When I first met Col. McHENRY, he was, apparently, in all the glory of a stalwart manhood. I observed nothing in his appearance or demeanor to admonish us of his early departure. True, he stood upon what we may term the Western slope of life. The horizon of the setting sun was gradually becoming more and more distinct.

Doubtless he felt that the shadows were slowly gathering. Yet, he seemed, with these allowances, to be in the normal possession of all his faculties. From the very first, I felt drawn to him; and, as the days and weeks succeeded each other, he slowly but surely took possession of my heart. I soon found that the outward man was a singularly felicitous index to the inner. Every lineament, and tone, and expression, bespoke the bluff and rugged honesty of the man. He not merely invited, but compelled confidence. Probably, a more natural or more artless man of equal force never lived. He was as simple and unaffected as a child. Ostentation was foreign to his nature. He was simply what he was; neither more nor less. With him, speech was merely a vehicle of thought. He aspired to none of its gewgaws or tinsel, but was wholly content if he made himself understood, in the simplest of words.

But, sir, let it not be supposed that this vein of simplicity which ran through his character, detracted aught from its manly strength, or in anywise marred its noble symmetry. Far from it! On the contrary, there is a certain simplicity which seems well nigh inseparable from all truly great characters. I have never failed to observe it in those who appeared to me to be great in the best sense of that much-abused term. Not that greatness which sometimes appears to be the result of association with great events, or of high station and power, but that nobler type of greatness, which bears the impress of the ever-living God, and which he has a hand in fashioning. In this respect, the deceased was exceptionally endowed; and, as might have been expected, he was true, faithful and sincere; upright and downright; above all petty arts; possessed of that noblest of courage, the courage of his convictions; and of an enlightened mind, which moved serenely along with the majestic current of modern thought. He was one of those who seemed fully cognizant of the fact that he stood at the very threshold of the twentieth century; that the great world moves; that all life is movement. And he felt its exhilarating influence, as one who stands upon some lofty eminence, of an October morn, with his eyes upon the rising sun, as it slowly peers just above the eastern rim.

But, Mr. President, there is still another feature of Col. McHENRY'S character, upon which it is very agreeable to dwell. He was possessed of a heart filled to overflowing with the milk of human kindness. It was void of all uncharitableness. His sympathies, indeed, were as broad as humanity itself. He had

"A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

It was no satisfaction to him to have the sun go down upon his wrath. A little incident, which occurred just before his departure for his home, will serve, far better than any words of mine, to illustrate his character. An old friend called upon him at his room; one who knew him probably as well as any human being, save the loving partner of his joys and sorrows. And I take pleasure in saying, as I pass along, that he is one of Kentucky's noblest sons; a man of exalted character, who, though comparatively young, has made a lasting and honorable impress upon the jurisprudence of the State, and now occupies a seat upon this floor.

Our departed friend requested her, who was dearer to him than life itself, to step for a moment into an adjoining room. Then, extending his hand to his old and trusted friend, he said: "Tom, I didn't want my wife to see it, but I want to bid you good-bye. *It is the last good-bye I shall ever bid you.*"

Heroic man! The premonition of Death was upon him. But, true to the last, his heart prompted him to take the hand of his old friend in a long, a loving farewell. And yet the same great heart went out to the wife of his youth, and he spared her the trying spectacle.

Of such a man it may well be said that—

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

But, sir, he is gone; and the Commonwealth is loser, by one of her most valued sons. What wonder, that when the final summons came, he departed as one who—

"Wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Address of Mr. BULLITT, of McCracken.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am but little accustomed to expressions of this sort; but my long acquaintance with Mr. MCHENRY makes it proper that I should add my little mite to these proceedings. My first acquaintance with Mr. MCHENRY was in 1854. Whilst not having been with him all the while since, my acquaintance has extended during the whole of that term, having met him frequently, being from the same section of the State, and an intimacy existed between us during the whole of that time. I have known him at the bar, and known

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him in his family circle; known him in his official and political character, and I never knew a man whom I regarded as a truer man, possessing higher qualities of manhood than HENRY D. McHENRY. Whilst he was not gifted with that forensic power that usually carries juries, the manhood and frankness of the man were sufficient to make him a powerful auxiliary in the trial of causes before the juries of the country where he was known. In every walk of life he has exhibited that open, frank, manly character that challenges the respect of all people. Not only his manliness, but his social qualities have been such as to draw to him a host of friends; and not only his social qualities, but his charity to the poor, his cheerful assistance of the striving young man in his profession, has drawn to him a host of friends that, perhaps, no other man in our country has. It is true the body is gone, but these relations, these marks and pillars that he has left in his pathway of life, will live as long as those who knew him will live, and the record that he has left in the halls of Congress, in the halls of his State, and here in this Convention, will live long after those who had known him shall have perished. But we know Mr. McHENRY as he sat here in his frankness and openness and in his wisdom, and in that character he still lives. He lives by the record that he has made, and will live as long as we will live. His life, whether it has been religious or not, was characterized by the attributes of the highest degree of religion, with charity to the poor, of a forgiving disposition to all, and a cordiality and sociability that are akin to the attributes that man gives to the Deity himself. With these characteristics, let us hope that he has passed into a state of bliss, instead of a state of darkness. Whether he was religious, whether he was a church member or not, living up to the highest characteristics of religion, have we not the right to hope that the Great Master has been as merciful to him as he has always been willing to extend to his fellow-man?

Address of Mr. TWYMAN, of Larue.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is not my desire to enter into any labored eulogy on the life and character of the distinguished Delegate, Hon. H. D. McHENRY, who has so recently been called to surrender his seat on this floor by the grim monster, Death.

But, sir, it is my purpose to give a short, but true expression to the sentiments of my heart toward a man whom I have known for a number of years, and whose varied accomplishments and distinguished

traits of character so warmly attached every one to him who had the good fortune to be an acquaintance.

It has been said, and truly said, that death loves a shining mark, and that he knocks, with equal footsteps and relentless impartiality, at the door of the palace and the cottage.

The truth of this sentiment is forcibly impressed upon us all by the loss of our distinguished colleague.

It can be truly said of him, whether as a member of the National Committee, or as a Representative in the Halls of Congress of the United States, or as a Legislator of his own State, or as a Delegate on the floor of this Convention, that he has ever been true and faithful to a confiding constituency.

That his high standing and reputation, so justly earned, were widely known and appreciated while he lived, and the remembrances of his rare gifts and services will long be remembered by a grateful, though sorely grieved, people.

If, sir, any doubt existed as to the appreciation and esteem in which he is held and remembered by those who have known him longest and known him best, it would only be necessary to go and mingle for a short time among the people of his own county and town, when all doubt would be dispelled. Their admiration and esteem for him well nigh borders on idolatry.

Their love was true, loyal and faithful during the trials and vicissitudes of his life, and it was a love passing the love of woman, even to his death.

It stretches out yearningly now to the hereafter, and refuses to be shut out even by the grim portals of the grave.

How appropriate, yet how true, is that familiar couplet, which says:

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Address of Mr. JONSON, of McLean.

MR. PRESIDENT: I did not expect this morning, upon entering this hall, to have said any thing on this occasion. The Delegate from Oldham refers to a matter that makes it eminently proper that I should do so. In that unfortunate conflict which arrayed father against son, and brother against brother, I took part. When I came back to Kentucky, my native State, in 1868, as a matter of history, I knew the part that our departed friend had taken in the legislation of that

troublesome time. The strifes and passions engendered in that war were still unallayed. I had had personal acquaintance with Mr. McHENRY since early boyhood, having been born in an adjoining county, his father having always been the attorney of my father in his limited litigation. When I returned I found Kentucky yet disturbed by the passions which had been engendered. I found many unkind recollections, and I am sorry to say that my friend was remembered unkindly by some on the other side; but I am glad to add my testimonial that that unkindness very soon passed away. It has been my fortune to meet with a gentleman who belonged to the Confederate army, and who had been captured in war, and brought to the city of Louisville, and condemned by court-martial to be shot. He now owes his life to the intercession of HENRY D. McHENRY, a neighbor of his. He expected no intercession from him. Without solicitation, he went and interceded, and succeeded in getting the man pardoned. When I heard that, I knew that there was no meanness in the man's heart who would do it. Since 1869 I have been engaged in the practice of the law in the same courts with Mr. McHENRY. I never saw him, in any case, do any thing below the dignity of the profession. I never heard a word of detraction uttered against him by any man. As a matter of course, I have known him more intimately since our association here. When the sad intelligence of his death reached us, it was unavoidable that tears sprang to my eyes. I have never thought that they were unmanly, and I do not now. When I see his oldest associates in this body coming with tear-stained face and testifying to his virtues, it not only elevates my recollection of him to a purer plane, but elevates my conception of them, gives me a purer image of their character; and I am glad that his influence was such as to bring these recollections to us. I was an attendant upon that last melancholy scene when we laid him away to rest forever, so far as his body is concerned. I saw the stalwart men of his county, gray-bearded men, when his casket was uncovered in the little church upon the hill, as they walked up and gazed upon him for the last time, with a quiver in their frames and the tears streaming from their face, passing by. I joined mine with theirs. I am glad to say to this Convention that we do not sorrow and weep as those who have no hope. There has been some reference made to his life as a Christian. We had the testimony of the minister who officiated at his burial, saying to us that he was a man of generous impulses, a man always ready and willing with his means to assist churches of all denominations; and we had the testimony of that minister, on that day conveyed to him through that loving wife of his, that, but a few

short hours before his final taking off on that eventful morning, in a conversation with herself upon that serious subject, he said to her: "Wife, I believe in God; I believe in Christ; I am not afraid to die," and I believe now that that magnanimous, noble spirit of his is enjoying the bliss that we all aspire to. I felt that I would have been inexcusable if I had not said this much.

Address of Mr. BECKHAM, of Shelby.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am not willing, Mr. President, that these sad proceedings should come to an end without adding my humble testimony to the worth of our departed brother and friend. A short time after I was elected as a member of this body, I received a letter from Colonel MCHENRY that was couched in language and in sentiment that showed so much the generosity of the man's nature, that showed his good breeding, and showed that he was, in a word, a thorough gentleman, expressing to me a pledge of friendship, that if I had not known before something of his character, something of his great service to his State and his country in his day and generation, that would, of itself, have won my admiration. After we came here, I became attached to him; I came to love him. I do not rise now for the purpose of adding any thing to what has been so well and beautifully said this morning of his character as a lawyer, as a statesman, and as a devoted father and friend. It was said by my friend from Madison that Colonel MCHENRY was not a churchman. Charles Dickens was not a churchman, and yet Charles Dickens, when communing with his son, when his son was about to start from home to college, wrote a letter to him and said: "My son, you know in matters of religious belief that I have never been narrow with you, or sought to control your views. You are going a long way from home. I may never see you again. I want to say to you now, in this letter, to take these Christian Scriptures; take this New Testament and make it the man of your counsel; study its precepts, and you cannot in the nature of things go wrong." I believe that that was the faith and feeling of our friend. I believe that he felt that the burning question of how to live, in order that we may know how to die, if it is not answered in these Christian Scriptures, then all the centuries and the cycles that lie buried behind us, furnish no answer,

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and leave life still a mystery and a puzzle. I am sure that he felt, and that he could say with Whittier, one of the sweetest of New England singers,

“And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

“I know not where His islands lit
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

This, Mr. President, is all that I desire to say. Our friend leaves his country and his State the legacy of his labors. He leaves to his friends and his neighbors the memory of many generous deeds; he leaves to his children the blessed birthright of an unspotted name. May the grass keep green upon his grave, and the rose and the myrtle flourish there together, while we, his brethren and his friends, shall long remember him with hearts of pride and affection.

Address of Mr. HENDRICK, of Fleming.

MR. PRESIDENT; I cannot hope to add any thing to the feeling and eloquent tributes which have been paid to the memory of our deceased friend, but I feel that I would be untrue to myself and untrue to the memory of that great heart that has ceased to beat, if I should fail to add my testimony. Before coming to this hall as a member of this body, I only knew him as one who filled a large space in the councils of our State and nation. From the moment I met him here I began to love him, and when I parted from him he was my warm and loyal friend. The striking characteristic in HENRY D. McHENRY, above all others, was the generous, warm heart that made him a lover of his fellow-man. His most intimate friend upon this floor, perhaps, the distinguished Delegate from the Fourth District of the city of Louisville and myself, would playfully call him Abou Ben Adhem. And he filled, to its full measure, all the requisites of that lofty character, and, to the recording Angel, he would have said with equal truth.

“I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

And after all, Mr. President and Delegates, what higher tribute could be paid to any man than that he loved his fellow-man?

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
And the dear God that ruleth us,
He made and loveth all.”

I shall not trust myself to speak of some interviews which I had sacred as they are, but I am glad to bear testimony to the fact that he approached that solemn moment, which occurs in the life of all, with a philosophic calmness that was magnificent, and betrayed the deep faith which controlled his life. I was struck when he said to me “I know that I shall not return,” but he approached his end without a quiver and without a tremor, reminding me of that magnificent departure which was made by him who, when the Round Table was dissolved, went with those beings who took him upon the silent barge on the calm waters of the lake, and said, with unruffled calmness, to those he left behind:

* * * “I am going a long way
With these thou seest, if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilton,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

It was in such a spirit that McHENRY approached his end. With that philosophic calmness that displayed, if not a Churchman, at least a Christian, with a determination equal to every emergency that he was ever called upon to meet.

Address of Mr. STRAUS, of Bullitt.

MR. PRESIDENT: Notwithstanding the beautiful tributes we have heard to HENRY D. McHENRY's name, in my judgment, I think a more beautiful tribute to his memory than I have listened to to-day, was paid by an humble and uncultured neighbor and friend of HENRY D. McHENRY. He was the undertaker that put away his body, had been his friend from early youth, and his neighbor during his whole life. After the minister of the gospel had paid his beautiful tribute to his character, in the humble chapel of the small Methodist Church of that town, an old gray headed man stepped forward near the chancel

and said: "Men of Ohio county, come forward and take the last farewell look at our best friend, our best neighbor, our best citizen." As he said that, tears streamed down his cheeks, and hundreds of stalwart, rugged men of Ohio county passed along and viewed for the last time the remains of HENRY D. McHENRY. He closed his remarks by saying: "It is not a long farewell. We will meet him again beyond the river." And I believe, Mr. President, that that old gray-haired undertaker and those stalwart men of Ohio county will meet him again beyond the river.

Address of Mr. Cox, of Carroll.

MR. PRESIDENT: I had not expected to say any thing upon this solemn occasion, but for the recollection of the year 1851 when I first met the Hon. H. D. McHENRY. The distinguished Delegate from Madison county, Col. McHENRY and I were then members of the Legislature. We met here as Delegates to this Constitutional Convention last September, and I felt when I received the sad news of the death of Col. McHENRY, that one of the trio had passed away, had passed the dark river; and I thought how soon it would be, perhaps, before the closing scenes that will terminate the meeting of this Convention, that the other distinguished Delegate or myself, or both, might be called away; this sad thought came to me. I have loved the character of our departed friend from the time I became first acquainted with him. My admiration for him had never grown cold, and when we met here it was a warm and, so far as I was concerned, a happy and pleasant greeting. I did not think that that man would be called away; but he has left an immortality behind him. His name has been written upon the pages of history, and his character will be known and will follow us when we are gone. That reputation will be a beacon light to lead the youth of our land on to deeds of noble daring and of worth, and while that immortality will remain behind him, I fondly hope and trust that a grander and greater immortality awaits him. "This mortal must put on immortality," is the language of divine inspiration, and in that immortality, when that great day shall have come—the day for which all other days were made—he will, I fondly hope and trust, put on that immortality with which all the sainted hosts will be clothed throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

Address of Mr. Wood, of Taylor.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I cannot well afford to let this melancholy occasion pass without contributing a few words, at least, in the sad exercises of this day's proceedings—a day which has been set apart by this body for memorial services in honor of our much beloved fellow-Delegate from the county of Ohio, the Hon. H. D. McHENRY, who was an active, intelligent and useful member of, and leader in this Convention to within a few days of his sad demise. His valuable suggestions given, and services rendered while in our midst, will be fondly cherished by us and the country through years to come.

I to-day remember full well the time and the occasion when I first met Mr. McHENRY. It was at the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1872. He was an important factor and quite an attractive Delegate in that largely-attended and eventful Convention. I then learned to admire him as a man of native talent, experience, culture and gentlemanly courage. He was one of the most attractive and pleasant men I ever knew. He was one of Kentucky's great and useful men. Never betrayed a trust reposed in him, but was ever faithful and true to his confiding people, and discharged every public duty faithfully and efficiently, whether in the Legislature of State or the councils of the Nation. As Member in Congress and of the National Democratic Committee or in this Convention, he was ever a recognized leader. It seemed that Mr. McHENRY thought his coming to this Convention would be his last public service. He appreciated the privilege and honor of being a Delegate to this Convention, perhaps, mainly from the fact that his father, the Hon. John H. McHenry, was the useful and influential member from the same county in the Convention of 1849. That, in conjunction with the great interest he had ever felt in the prosperity and outgrowth of his native State, which he labored so earnestly to promote. A more useful and active member could not have been called from the ranks of this Convention than Mr. McHENRY. He was loved and honored by all. In the workings of the mysterious plans of Providence, he is the first called and taken out of the one hundred, and this is a solemn reminder that in a few brief years there will not be one of us left to tell of the occurrences of this Convention. Mr. McHENRY'S varied accomplishments and distinguishing traits of character strongly attracted every one to him, who had the good fortune to know him. His high standing, lofty aspirations and deserved reputation, so meritoriously earned, were widely known and highly appreciated by the

people throughout Kentucky. And the recollections of his rare gifts and valuable services will be long remembered by a grateful constituency. He is gone beyond the reach of human eye, yet, I can picture him vividly before me now. I can see his large, commanding figure, his serious and contemplative look, his winning, genial smile, and almost feel the grasp of his faithful, friendly hand. Kentucky can but mourn his loss, and remind her sons of his virtues.

I do trust that Kentucky will, in the future, erect an enduring monument over the grave of our departed friend, thereby reminding the generations yet to follow the estimation in which he was held by the people of this great Commonwealth. He is dead, but his good name, valuable services to the State and success in life will be remembered when the foes to his good fortune and rare genius have passed into forgetfulness.

Well may the hearts of the members of this Convention become heavy and sad with such melancholy tidings as the death of our worthy fellow-Delegate. The wintry wind has moaned through many a stately mausoleum, but it never whispered its requiem over a nobler form, brighter intellect and purer heart than lies in the tomb where HENRY D. McHENRY sleeps.

Address of Mr. ELMORE, of Graves.

MR. PRESIDENT: As a personal admirer and a political friend of HENRY D. McHENRY, I ask the indulgence of this body for a few moments to contribute my last and highest respects to the honored dead. Gifted powers of speech enable others to far excel me in portraying the pure character of our deceased brother, but none can surpass me in love for his friendship, with which I have been honored in times gone by, nor in admiration for his eminent ability and faithful devotion to duty, nor in appreciation of his wise counsel and efficient service as a Delegate of this Convention. It has been truly said that "every man was proud to call H. D. McHENRY a friend." So it was with me, and to-day my memory reverts to 1881, when I first made his acquaintance in the city of Frankfort, and it was on that occasion that he extended to me a favor, that time, in her remotest bounds, will not be sufficiently long to forget. Since that time I have learned to know him better—only to admire him the more. His brilliant intellect was capable of grasping and compre-

hending, in a most liberal manner, the great and complex questions of law and political economy in a statesmanlike way.

He was guided by a purity and integrity of purpose that inspired all men who knew him with confidence, and made him a leader and counselor of men.

Mr. President, it was the combination of such traits of mind and character that made him so distinguished at the bar, so successful in business, and so eminent in the councils of the Nation. For all these, we cannot cherish his memory too dear. But where is the Delegate of this Convention whose heart is not overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of so valued a friend? Who is he that does not this day feel deeply the loss of his wise counsel? All are ready to respond "None." He came into this Convention in that quiet and unobtrusive way that has ever characterized the man. He came to act well his part, with the same magnanimous spirit that had given color to a long and brilliant political career. And to-day, in reviewing his course among us, we readily observe a long stream of statesmanlike light going forth from his brilliant intellect that so often illuminated the pathway of this Convention. I now join the members of this body most heartily in bearing testimony to the efficiency of his services and the fidelity of his purpose; and to-day, while we all, with sad hearts, mourn his loss, I am proud to join you, in my humble way, in this last tribute to his cherished memory, believing that while on earth he put in motion the grand religious pendulum, the vibration of which so regulated his course in life as to enable us to believe that his spirit blooms with immortality beyond the grave.

Address of Mr. MAY, of Pulaski.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is with no little embarrassment that I rise to give expression to a tribute to the memory of the late distinguished Delegate from the county of Ohio. While this Convention has been fortunate, and, I think, very fortunate, in the selection of a presiding officer, I voted for the late Hon. HENRY D. MCHENRY for that position, from the fact that a distinguished Delegate on this floor requested me to do so, for I did not know personally the distinguished Delegate from the county of Ohio until several days after this Convention had assembled. But from the fact that this distinguished Delegate with whom I have marched in battle, with whom I have faced death, with whom I went in the memorable raid of John Morgan through Ken-

tucky, Indiana and Ohio; from the fact we have marched side by side on the battle-field in the face of cannon and musketry, with men falling in the front and in the rear, on my right and on my left, fighting for the "Lost Cause"—I say, from the fact that this comrade requested me to vote for this distinguished Delegate from Ohio; this noble, this great and good man, I did it; but can I, gentlemen of this Convention, regret that I did that when it has been stated on this floor here to-day that that man, that noble man, that great man, was one of the very first to extend the hand of welcome to those who fought for the "Lost Cause?" I have not had cause for one moment to regret that I did vote for him, and to show you that he had a just appreciation of what any man did for him, whether he knew him or not, he said to me several days after the assembling of this Convention: "May, I did not know you when I heard your name called and your vote recorded for me; but I do not think the less of you nor appreciate the act less from that fact than if I had known you always." That shows the just appreciation of the man for any assistance given. HENRY D. McHENRY was not a citizen of only one section of this State. His history is not a history of one section; but he was a citizen of the whole State, and it is nothing but right that any Delegate from any section of this State should offer a tribute to his memory. His history is the history of the whole country, and it gives me pleasure to say, in my humble way, what I can to do justice to his honored name and memory. I can now see him rise to a point of order; I can now see him rise to a question of privilege; I can now see him rise and offer an amendment to some section of the report of a Committee, make about a five minutes' speech on his amendment, and some twenty or thirty minutes, perhaps, after he has taken his seat, some Delegate on this floor would offer some other amendment, or an amendment to his amendment, and then, with what magnanimity he would turn around, not asking who or what the name of the member was that offered the amendment, and say: "That is better than mine; I withdraw mine and accept that." He did not want to claim the honor of doing this or that. He wanted to do right, because it was right. He did not do wrong, because it was wrong. That is the manner of man HENRY D. McHENRY was. I do not wish to detain this Convention, but I do wish to say this: he is dead, but he died leaving a name endeared to all lovers of liberty, and to all those who admire greatness of talent associated with nobleness of character. It was my mournful privilege to stand with his neighbors and friends and family beside his last resting-place, and among those present there was no

one who sorrowed more sincerely the loss of our beloved friend and colleague, HENRY DAVIS MCHENRY.

The PRESIDENT. The question is on the motion of the Delegate from Marion.

A vote being taken, the motion was carried.

Mr. BECKHAM. I move that we now adjourn.

Mr. DEHAVEN. I believe to-day was set apart for memorial services in honor of Mr. MCHENRY. I move an amendment to the motion of the Delegate from Shelby, that we adjourn to meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair would hold that that would be the effect of the motion of the Delegate from Shelby.

A vote being taken, the motion was carried, and the Convention thereupon took a recess.