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The Register

January

12th 1916

opinions of his fellow-citizens. The record service given by him to the State will ever live in the annals of this institution as unique—for his fearless administration of the law, his earnest and sincere sympathy with the sick and suffering, and his ability as a legal luminary of the very highest order; in fact, to have gained the title of being one of the most learned men in the law in Australasia is a title of which those connected with him, as well as the State, may justly be proud. Being a Protestant organisation, we also deplore his loss as a fearless Protestant and a devout Bible student who at all times exhibited that wonderful fortitude which has characterised his life by doing unto others as he would they should do unto him. As an institution we recognise in his death this State, as well as the Commonwealth, has suffered an irreparable loss, and our deepest sympathy goes out to his relatives and the various bodies with which he was connected."

A Remarkable Personality. 111

The Rev. Dr. Burgess, in referring to his friendship with the late Chief Justice, writes:—"Our acquaintance began about 1861, when we were both young men. It subsequently ripened into friendship, and for 40 years our relations, official and unofficial, were peculiarly close and intimate. He often did me the honor of consulting me. We travelled together and wrought together in subjects of mutual interest, especially while the union of Methodism was in debate. I count this free and familiar intercourse among the great privileges of my life. Among other things it gave me exceptional opportunities for noting the relations of character, conduct, and career. The basis of his honor's character was laid in his early life by the simple, sincere Godliness of his childhood's home. He never forgot his mother's prayers or his father's preaching. Hence his appraisal of people had a moral standard. Rank, wealth, and position were subordinate in his mind to goodness of heart and fidelity in service. His respect went out as freely to a veteran local preacher as to an ecclesiastical dignitary. He had the rare and precious faculty of seeing what was best in anyone, which accounts for his eulogies of public characters, sometimes appearing to be overdone, though he did not intend to flatter. Breadth of vision was as distinguishing a characteristic as its earnestness, and was shown in his catholicity of spirit, large-hearted charity, and passion for religious union. To the same root may be traced his loyalty to duty, sensitiveness to all claims whether great or small, indomitable energy, apparently exhaustless capacity for work; and, as the result, public services too vast and varied for immediate computation, and personal kindnesses that are literally innumerable. We shall not soon be able to measure the personal and national void his absence will create."

The following telegrams have been received by Mr. Justice Gordon:—From the Mayor of Gladstone (Mr. Langdon Parsons):—"Please accept for colleagues and yourself and convey to relatives sincere sympathy from Gladstone on death of our dear Chief Justice." From Mr. Justice Bevan, Northern Territory:—"Please accept and convey to brother judges deepest sympathy, regret at the great loss sustained by Australia by the death of the late Chief Justice."

The Mayor of Mount Gambier (Mr. G. B. Kenney) has sent the following telegram to the Premier (Hon. C. Vaughan):—"For and on behalf of the people of Mount Gambier and district, permit me to express to the State of South Australia our deepest regret on the demise of our esteemed and illustrious Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice (Sir Samuel Wey."

AN IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

Burial of the Chief Justice.

A Sorrowing Community.

They buried him on a day whose moods seemed to typify the character and work of the man who was going to his rest. The splendour of the sunshine was just the fitting record of the late Chief Justice's accomplishments, and the energetic breeze was reminiscent of his determined and tireless activity. The day wrote the epitaph for Sir Samuel Way! There was the mellow and tender note of a radiant afternoon and a stir in the atmosphere which somehow expressed the indomitable and challengeable personality of the distinguished little figure. Everything was consistent with the passing of a notable citizen. It was right that the State should do honour to one who had done honour to the State, and that the last homage should have a lustre fitted for a career so brilliant in its prestige. It was one of the most deeply affecting funerals the people of the metropolis had witnessed for many a year. And it could hardly have been otherwise when this was a pageant of gratitude to a man who had lived so intimately in the interests of a young and vigorous nation. There surely could have been no finer or more convincing tribute to the place Sir Samuel Way occupied in the esteem of the community, to the wonderful versatility and force of his gifts, to the astonishing ambit of his sympathies, and to the undimmed lights of his influence, than the great company who composed that long and picturesque cortege and the hushed crowds which lined the streets.

—Full of Honours.—

The testimony was written there in living phrases for all to read. There was no mistaking that. This was a common sorrow, and the people were out to demonstrate what was in their hearts. They were conscious of a sense of personal and national loss, and wanted to show that the Chief Justice, who had died so full of years, had also died full of honours. There was the testimony—in that large and representative gathering of mourners, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor, and the resplendently robed University professors, in Sir Samuel's learned colleagues of the Supreme Court Bench, in the notable assembly of Freemasons, in the host of lawyers, in the clergymen, the philanthropists, and in the big democracy of the streets. It was the universality of this tribute that was impressive, for more than mere curiosity in sombre spectacle had attracted those crowds to the city, crowds which made an unbroken avenue from the pretty summit of Montefiore to the graveside at West terrace. Business was almost at a standstill while the body of the Chief Justice, tired by its 80 years of energy and wandering, was being conveyed to the dust amid the afternoon's sunshine and breeze. There was hardly a pole whose flag was not unfurled in tribute to the illustrious dead, and no doors were open along that extensive route as they bore Sir Samuel to the land of life's sunset. It was finely conceived, was that route for the last sad journey. It was his grand departure from the scenes of many triumphs, and, as each one passed, a link in a golden chain of resplendent memories snapped for ever. Yes, it was a fine thing to have taken Sir Samuel back over that road where he has left monuments to the energy and variety of his gifts. They have laid him in the grave now, but the work he did will not crumble in the dust.

—Among the Shadows.—

Montefiore looked sweetly sad on Tuesday afternoon. The sunshine bathed it in a rich glow, but within the gardens of the late Chief Justice's residence the palms made a fitting gloom with their shadows. The flowers were just as Sir Samuel and Lady Way had loved them, and bloomed in innocent gaiety around the empty home. Right over by the eastern sky there was a background of grey hills draped in the shimmer of the afternoon mist, and the foreground was lined by the massed trees and colour of the municipal parks. It was hardly the setting for such a pageantry of sunshine—but there were the shadows of the big palms in the home where the Chief Justice lay waiting to be carried to his

rest. Half an hour before the cortege was appointed to leave the bustle of vehicles began, and soon they were coming along every road that lead to Montefiore. Although 2 o'clock was the starting time people assembled long before that in the shade of the trees that make Palmer place so refreshing and picturesque. The police showed both tact and expedition in the management of the traffic. Its disposition was under the direction of the Commissioner (Mr. W. H. Raymond) and Sub-Inspector Edwards, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the marshalling. There were more than 90 vehicles, and when they strung out covered quite three-quarters of a mile. If there was a little incongruity in the arrangement of the personnel of the following mourners, that was not the fault of the police. The spectators were restricted to the opposite side of the street, but it was a cool wait under the sunshades of the big trees. With a comparatively short frontage to Palmer place it was necessary to form up the traps and coaches elsewhere. Jeffcott street was made the rendezvous so that when the hearse and carriages of the chief mourners moved away from Montefiore the vehicles simply came down and linked up.

—The Last Journey.—

There was no delay at Montefiore. Punctually at 2 o'clock the pallbearers brought the massive silver-mounted oak coffin down the steps of the old home after the Rev. Henry Howard had held a private service for the members of the family. Prior to that a floral procession had occupied nearly a quarter of an hour, for the tributes to the Chief Justice expressed in the blooms of the garden were numerous and magnificent. Three carriages were necessary to carry the wreaths, and they were almost blotted out by the mass of colour. The first to leave Montefiore was Dr. A. A. Lendon, who was Sir Samuel's medical adviser, and he stood beside the hearse while the coffin was placed in position. When this moved away the relatives of the deceased baronet entered their coaches, and the carriages drew out into the street. Immediately the Police Band, under Bandmaster Davoy, formed up, their instruments glistening in the strong sunshine. People stood with bowed heads and, with slow rhythm, the cortege began its journey along Palmer place, past the flower-tinted lawns and the waving foliage of the trees. A soft rattle of the kettledrum, the musicians got ready, and presently the notes of the "Dead March" sounded along the quiet thoroughfare—first tenderly, and then in crashing crescendo to stirring melody. The route led down to the first of the three great institutions singled out as landmarks on this final journey, just as they were the landmarks in Sir Samuel's own journey through a busy public life. These were the Children's Hospital, with which the Chief Justice was so actively and sympathetically associated throughout many loving years—the most touching of many temples of suffering—the University, where he was a dignified and commanding Chancellor for 32 years, and the Supreme Court, where he was a distinguished judicial figure right away from 1875 to within a few weeks of his death. It was fitting that they should take farewell of their honoured chief!

—Flowers All the Way.—

There was no opportunity to judge the extent of the cortege until it spread out along the imposing length and breadth of King William street. Even then its full proportions were not disclosed because the quartet of white troopers whose horses walked with a wonderful sense of reverent rhythm, at the head, had nearly touched the roadway opposite to the University before the last carriage had wound past the Cathedral. There were touching incidents all along the route. On the wide steps outside the Children's Hospital were grouped the nurses, a striking picture of blue and white, and on the balcony above there was another coterie of the noble sisterhood. Then, as the procession swung to the right and turned citywards there was the khaki from the two lines of wounded soldiers recuperating in the splendid improvised hospital of the Royal Institution for the Blind. It was a thrilling little touch, this homage of the young campaigners to the veteran who had answered the "Last Post" of the Great General. Crowds of spectators stood under the shade of the trees that flank the King William road. The cortege was going now over a track that Sir Samuel had often traversed in his younger and more vigorous days, when he loved to "tramp it" from Montefiore to the Supreme Court and home again after the duties of the Bench were done—across the once-wiltinged Terraces and up the shaded asphalt by the lawns of Elder Park to the busy summit of North terrace. There was a different music today to the bustle and roar of traffic that the Chief Justice used to hear—the music of muffled drums and the sweet, tender melody of Chopin's funeral march, punctuated by the dull booming of the Albert bells. The concourse of people was perhaps the greatest at the point where the cortege turned around to North terrace to link up the University in the route of remembrance. There had been a ribbon of colour all the way—first with the flower

... of a summer piece, then the rain-
Bath of Brougham gardens, after had
tipped lawns fronting the Adelaide Oval,
the intersecting base of the Torrens banks,
and now the banked beauties of Nor-
terrace! The sad blossoms of the summer
were to be the final colouring!

SERVICE AT PIRIE STREET.

A large assembly of people awaited the arrival of the funeral at Pirie Street Methodist Church, and as a double line of cabs drew up the coffin was borne into that place of worship. The Rev. Henry Howard preceded it, reciting with impressive emphasis the words of the burial service:—"I am the Resurrection, the Life, saith the Lord." He was followed by the Revs. G. H. Jose, M.A., and Dr. H. T. Burgess. The coffin was placed on a trolley immediately in front of the pulpit. The seats had been reserved for the family and the most prominent mourners. The church was crowded with representatives of all sections of the community—Judges and knights, ministers of various religious denominations, commercial men, and servants of the Crown. The service was sweetly solemn, extending over half an hour. The hymn, "O God, our help in ages past" was sung. Then Mr. Howard read the lesson from the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians I. It was fittingly appropriate when he had read the final verse of the lesson:—"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." The choir thereupon chanted the 90th Psalm, after which Dr. Burgess offered up a beautiful prayer, which was descriptive in eloquent and impressive phrases of the career of the late Chief Justice. The Lord's Prayer was also chanted. With stirring solemnity rang out the chords of that simple hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er." The President of the Methodist Conference (the Rev. O. Lake) pronounced the benediction, and the coffin was taken from the church amid the stately strains of Chopin's Funeral March, played by Mr. T. H. Jones, Mus. Bac. After the cortege reformed the funeral wended its way through dense and reverent crowds along King William street, and passed the Supreme Court, which was the final link in the chain of official accomplishments, where the deceased baronet was for 41 years a distinct and upright Judge.

AT WEST TERRACE CEMETERY.

Long before the cortege had arrived at the West Terrace Cemetery a huge concourse had assembled in proximity of the vault. Having entered the cemetery, the cortege proceeded some distance down the main entrance, where on the right, in the shade of three fir trees, is situated the family vault in which the late Sir Samuel's father and mother, and his late wife lie surrounded by a little bunch of tombstones representative of Bible Christian pioneers—Revs. James Roberts, Samuel Keen, Thomas Allen, Joseph Hancock, and Mrs. Trewin, wife of the late Rev. J. Trewin. The vault was lined with foliage, and as the coffin was placed at the entrance, Mr. Howard again repeated the burial service, assisted by Mr. Jose. The chief mourners were:—

First carriage—Mrs. Allan Campbell (sister), Mrs. Tratman (niece), Mr. Colin Campbell (nephew).

Second carriage—Col. Beach (nephew), Mr. H. Beach (nephew), Mrs. Yenn (niece), Mrs. Leschen (niece).

Third carriage (Chief Justices, Victoria)—Lieut. Neil Campbell (nephew), Mrs. Sidney Weston (niece).

Fourth carriage—Mrs. Skipper (grand-niece), Mr. Skipper, Mr. Yenn, Mr. Herbert Leschen (grand-nephew).

Fifth carriage—Mrs. Herbert Rymill (step-daughter), Mr. A. G. Blue (step-son), Mr. Herbert Rymill, Hon. John Lewis (representing Mr. F. H. Weston, manager of Kadlunga station), Mr. Donald Gordon.

It was a majestic and solemn closing to a brilliant life. Five o'clock struck as the coffin was lowered to its resting place. The sun was on the dip, and on the arm of her soldier son, Sir Samuel's surviving sister approached the open vault, and with other mourners paid her last respects to the son of the manse, who became one of the foremost men in Australia.

—The Attendance.—

Those who attended the funeral in representative capacities were His Excellency the Governor (Sir Henry G. way), accompanied by Mr. Legh W. Brown (Private Secretary), and Capt. H. W. Brown (A.D.C.), Dr. Lendon, the Premier (Hon. C. Vaughan), the Chief Secretary (Hon. A. W. Styles), the Attorney-General (Hon. J. H. Vaughan), the Commissioner of Crown Lands (Hon. C. Goode), the President of the Legislative Council (Sir Lancelot Stirling), the Hon. E. Lucas (Leader of the Opposition), and members of that Legislative Chamber, the Speaker of the House of Assembly (Hon. F. W. Conybear), Hon. A. H. Peake (Leader of the Opposition), and members of the Lower House. Mr. Justice Gordon, Mr. Justice Murray, Mr. Justice Buchanan, Sir E. T. Smith, Sir Charles Gairdner, Sir