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## THE BURIAL OF MR. HARTLEY.

Wednesday was a memorable day in South Australia. The people—of all ages and classes and in all circumstances—paid a notable tribute to a public man, in whose character the essential, if sterner, qualities of greatness were sweetly tempered by the softer graces of goodness; and the ceremonial expression of their grief was peculiarly appropriate. Mr. Hartley disliked ostentation, and the conveyance of his mortal remains to the grave was fitly devoid of pomp and pageantry. The distinguishing features of his nature were simplicity and truthfulness, and the absence from yesterday's demonstration of imposing funeral trappings was an evidence of excellent taste. Far more impressive—far more eloquently expressive of the common sense of a national calamity—than any glittering parade could have been were the manifestations of uncontrollable emotion exhibited as the body of the late Inspector-General was reverently borne through the throng of sorrowing people to its burial-place. The semi-State significance given to the interment—the suspension of public business, and the congregation of all the specially representative men in the colony—were striking proofs of the heartfelt conviction of what the colony had lost through the removal of one strong in mental power and brilliant in administrative ability. But the demonstration which Mr. Hartley would most have valued was that which was wholly unstudied and unrehearsed—the spontaneous testimonies borne in all directions to the love-winning, love-retaining qualities of his kind and tender heart. It meant a great deal that an enormous assemblage should offer the last



token of respect due to a conspicuously able and devoted servant of the public; but more significant still was the unmistakable evidence afforded of the fact that the State's officer was the people's dear friend.

In the great crowd which lined the thoroughfares leading to the cemetery, and in that which surrounded the grave, there was only, we believe, one relative of the deceased, but there were thousands of sincere mourners. A whole volume of salutary lessons was conveyed in the mere fact that a man who scorned to pander to popularity evoked a striking display of it at the last. In elegiac references there is always a danger of exaggeration, but we shall provoke no controversy by the statement that the ideals which Mr. Hartley sought with conspicuous success to realize in life and work were exactly those enumerated by himself in the eloquent peroration of a powerful address which he recently delivered at Ballarat, and which we republish to-day.



# Continued

He strove for earnestness, sincerity, truth; and his strivings were not in vain.

The name  
Which he has worn was pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same.

Some public men are able without being amiable; others are clever without being scrupulous; others are patriotic without being pure — but in Mr. Hartley all these virtues blended and united. The flowers borne yesterday for his sake by the little children — the lilies and the daisies — best indicated the record of a man who unchallenged wore the white flower of a blameless life. And thus was given the second great lesson of the sad celebration—the lesson which it is supremely important to enforce in days when conscience seems often less esteemed than convenience—the lesson that, though admiration may be the people's guerdon for the merely clever man, the reward of the good man is the people's love. What could be more touchingly significant than the circumstance that the floral wreath sent by the Inspector-General's department to the cemetery on Wednesday was inscribed in memory of "Our beloved chief," while many little children dedicated their tiny posies to "Dear Mr. Hartley."

But now the officer and friend is laid to rest, and it is inconceivable that as the wail of the "Dead March" fades in memory it will not be succeeded by the sound of a call to duty. It is not enough to praise him, weep for him, and bury him. The recollection of his achievements and the moral of his career must be perpetuated as long as the colony shall have a history. The splendid educational system which he built up will always be his best monument, but it is only just that his name should be distinctly associated with his life-work. The Chief Justice has already suggested that the public sentiment should be directed promptly towards a means of permanent expression, and the hint is



timely. In such a matter whatever is to be done should be done quickly, for even the sincerest grief is rendered evanescent by the absorbing concerns of life, and the tribute which seems a duty now may not press later as an obligation. We question, however, if the Chief Justice's proposal that busts of the late Inspector-General should be placed in the State schools is the best which can be made. A worthy portrait of Mr. Hartley ought certainly to be treasured in the National Art Gallery, but a sculptured representation of his features could hardly be gracefully