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Bretwalda, Canon, London

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Cutting from

The Daily Telegraph

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LORD LEVERHULME.

PORT SUNLIGHT MOURNERS.

A PERSONAL LOSS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PORT SUNLIGHT, Sunday.—The spirit of mourning brooded over this little community to-day. Late last night the remains of Viscount Leverhulme reached here by motor-hearse from London, and in the presence of his heir and his family they were laid in state in the Lady Lever Art Gallery, a very beautiful building of classical design, the foundation-stone of which was laid just before the war by the King. In a sense it was the last sad homecoming of the squire of the village. Forty years ago the land on which stands Port Sunlight, with its broad avenues, its attractive homesteads, and picturesque buildings, was a barren waste within a mile or two of the Mersey. Viscount Leverhulme not only founded his works here, but he gave his workpeople this delightful garden suburb, so that it might with truth be said of him, as it is said of Wren in St. Paul's, "If you would seek his monument, look around." So close, indeed, was the association between him and his workers that theirs has been an intimately personal loss, and this they showed to-day when they passed in one long unbroken procession before the catafalque for seven hours. This simple act of affection and homage, went on without interruption, and it is roughly estimated that it was shared in by over 25,000 people drawn from the inhabitants themselves and those who had crossed the river from Liverpool, or paused awhile during a motor journey into the country, to pay with them the "passing tribute of a sigh."

The ceremony was deeply touching in its simplicity. Neither rank nor station gave any precedence in the order of this mournful procession. Entering the art gallery which Lord Leverhulme had erected as his memorial to his devoted wife, and which he had stored lavishly with some of the most wonderful treasures of art, directors and humble factory hands, old folks and children mingled together in the same sorrowful fraternity. By two slow moving lines, which may have shortened at times, but which were never once actually broken, they passed through rooms, hung with the canvases of the world's greatest painters; and reached at last the Central Hall with its lofty roofs and stately proportions. The catafalque was at the end of it, banked by endless beautiful wreaths, several feet high, and guarded by four stalwart firemen, with bowed heads and hands reverently clasped. The oak coffin bore the simplest inscription. It gave just the late peer's name and title, and the words "at rest, May 7th, 1925." Filling the background was one of Leighton's majestic paintings, and higher still was a full-size portrait, draped and illuminated, of the departed captain of industry—a speaking likeness of him in Court dress, recently completed by Mr. Philip de Lazlo. Standing to the front of this rich and striking scene, and symbolical of the reunion of death, were two busts of Mr. and Mrs. Lever, as they then were, executed by Onslow Ford in the early days of Port Sunlight.

VETERANS' TRIBUTES.

Exceedingly touching was the sight in the never-ending queues of veterans in their plain and homely garb—men who have over thirty years' service with Lord Leverhulme's firm, and a few of them able to record that they were with him when he was a small tradesman at Wigan. Some of them hobbled in with modest bunches of flowers "just for old remembrance's sake," and these they dropped as they passed amongst the piles of floral offerings. The number and richness of the wreaths cast a perfume over the building. Up to midday alone about 300 of them had been received at the gallery, and those which could not possibly be added to the overlaid catafalque were laid along the floor of the hall, and more still in the rooms adjoining. The chief, of course, was that from the family, a lovely cross placed at the foot of the coffin, and amongst the other personal tributes of the kind, very affecting in its own way, was a tiny sheaf of lilies from a great noble who has himself just been bereaved. Conspicuous among the others were those from the directors and various works departments, both at home and abroad, from the companies and societies with which the late peer was identified, and from the members of the social clubs belonging to the village. The messages attached to all of them spoke of something deeper and more affectionate than any merely formal regard.

Early this evening, in the presence of the large waiting crowds, the body was removed to Thornton Manor, the Viscount's beautiful Cheshire home, a few miles away, where it will remain until the morning. It will then be brought back to Port Sunlight for burial side by side with his wife, who died in 1913. For the service in Christ Church accommodation can be found for only 1,000 people, but the route of the funeral cortege passes through several wide avenues, and as the works are to be closed for the day, it is expected that the occasion will be marked by a moving demonstration of popular sympathy in a great leader's passing.