

laudatory official report of a visit to the Beagle Bay Mission by Mr. James Isdell, Government Inspector of Aborigines (who, by the way, declares himself 'a member of the Church of England'). The Mission buildings, over twenty in number, 'have the appearance of a fair-sized village.' 'The whole of the material used in their construction, except roofing iron and nails,' were (we are told by Mr. Isdell) 'sawn and fitted on the ground.' The slaughter-yard is the best and cleanest I have seen in the State. Butcher's shop, cement floor, all tables scrupulously clean, all iron-work bright and shining, gratings for draining salted meat; and Father Bischofs assures me that they have never yet had any meat go bad, and they kill through all the hot weather an average of two beasts a week. I quite believe it.'

*

Then there are the schools: one for twenty-five boys, and the girls' school presided over by the Sisters, who instil the virtues of religion and impart the elements of secular instruction to thirty-five of those bright, quick-eyed little ebony-skinned children of the woods (including ten small boys). The colored girls are likewise taught the domestic arts under the happiest conditions in buildings fitted with every convenience. There are bathing facilities galore, and 'the boys and girls,' says the Inspector in his report, 'have every inducement to keep clean and learn cleanly habits.' In fact, the cult of local and personal cleanliness is brought to a point which almost reminds one of the Dutch, who (as, we think, Hood somewhere remarks) wash everything except the water. 'Every building has its own water supply,' and 'there is no carrying of water anywhere.' The black boys are thoroughly grounded in various useful and profitable trades. The blacksmith's shop away in that remote north-west is (we are told) 'one of the best-fitted-out shops north of Fremantle. There are labor-saving machines of all descriptions, and for executing all classes of iron and metal work. Adjoining is a circular saw-bench, over which they are erecting a roomy shed. A few yards distant is a large carpenter's shop, also well equipped with machinery, and any class of carpentry, joinery, or fine cabinet work can be executed. The motive-power for the various machines in these shops and saw is a 6 h.p. engine in one end of the blacksmith's shop. There is a large, roomy store, with goods of all descriptions, a saddle and harness room, cartsheds, and many other buildings have their special and useful purpose. There are 10 lay Brothers, each of whom is a qualified tradesman in his own special branch: Engineer, driver, and metal worker (blacksmith and half-caste boy), carpenter and joiner, tailor and sailmaker, gardener, stonemason and builder, butcher and baker, two cooks, a well-sinker in charge of boring plant. All these are voluntary workers, no wages.' Gardening, agriculture, and other occupations relieve the tedium of a well-divided day, and 'no one can say the children are either over-schooled, over-churched, or over-worked; the day is so divided that no part of it becomes tedious.'

*

The children and indigent blacks are (says the Inspector) 'well and comfortably dressed, happy, and contented. I sent to the Mission last year from out of the indigents' camp at La Grange Bay three young children. I could not recognise them on this visit; they were in poor health, miserable, starved mites, with a pinched and hopeless look in their faces. Father Bischofs called them up to me in the schoolroom, fat, laughing, merry-faced little youngsters as happy and contented as they possibly could be. One could hardly believe that they were the same half-starved youngsters, especially one little black girl, nine years old, badly deformed, with curvature of the spine. She was then just a shapeless little mass of bones and deformity; now you could not recognise her, fat, with a jolly laugh on her face and her eyes sparkling with fun, and most of the deformity has disappeared. I am perfectly satisfied that this Mission is doing a great and good work to these waifs and strays from the native camps, and that they are being well taught and equipped with serviceable and useful knowledge for their future life. I am sure that a visit to this Mission from yourself or any of the members of the Government would confirm my own impressions.' I cannot close this account of the children without referring to several of the full-bloods' and half-castes' great proficiency in the different trades they have learned at the Mission. One half-caste boy 17 years of age is a really first-class blacksmith, and has executed some very difficult metal work. He also lays all their troughing, water tanks, sets all the big boilers, and erects windmills with assistance. He has three full-blooded boys under 14 in the shop with him, and it is a pleasure to see the boys all striking to the half-caste's time with his forge hammer, a great sparking heated piece in the forge, the three hammers keeping perfect time and no mistake made. It takes patience and perseverance to teach aborigines to this perfection. There are

three full-blooded boys the same age in the carpentry shop, all proficient in various branches of carpentry. A Brother is in charge of each of these shops, and has taught these boys all they have learnt. A full-blooded boy, 16 years old, is a first-class tailor, and could turn you out as well-made a suit as can be bought in most shops; he also has his young black apprentices. There are boys also learning to be butchers, bakers, cooks, masons, bullock-drivers, etc. The saddle-room is in charge of a half-caste lad reared in the Mission; he does all the repairs, makes their hide ropes and whips. He is married to a half-caste girl, has his own cottage, and is allowed 30s per month to purchase his clothing, the Mission finding them in food. All the boys are learning something useful, taking it in turns to attend to the various trades. The same with the girls; they take their turn in the sewing-room, the kitchen, and the laundry. One half-caste girl is a first-class machine hand. 'All the station-owners in this district,' adds he, 'also speak highly of the Mission. Personally I did not expect to see things so far advanced in connection with the aborigines. The training of the children is of a most useful character, and certainly will equip them for bettering themselves in the future. The rescuing of waifs and strays from the bad, contaminating influence of natives' camps and training them at this Mission is well worthy of deep consideration by the Government and the support of the general public.' The Government (as we learn from the *IV.A. Record*) shows its 'deep consideration' for the uplifting of the blacks by voting for them an annual sum of £17,949—of which no less a sum than £16,070 is spent on salaries to white officials! The paltry balance goes to feed and clothe and 'elevate' the aboriginal. 'By a little calculation,' adds the *Record*, 'we find that the Government spends the gigantic sum of about 1s 4d—one shilling and fourpence per annum per black.'

Notes

A Mixed-up Song

A Wellington correspondent sends us the words of a still popular song, 'Queen of the Earth,' and asks us to expound its meaning. We 'give it up.' There is no meaning in it that we can discover—just a tangled snarl of mixed metaphors about some unstated 'she' that simultaneously 'weaves' ladders and does other even more remarkable things, without any apparent end or aim. Beaumarchais says, in the work of his which is best known by its sub-title, *Mariage de Figaro*: 'Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante'—people sing what it isn't worth their while saying in ordinary speech. The song submitted to us seems to be a case in point.

Matrimonial Agencies

The Victorian Government is 'out against' those 'challenges to crime' (as Sir John Madden designates them)—namely, the matrimonial agencies. For a generation successive administrations have winked at the grave abuses arising out of the secret, hasty, and irregular unions perpetrated by those marriage-shops—many of them 'Lucifer matches' which were not 'made in heaven,' but in 'the house t'other side of the way.' A measure is now before the State Parliament, and its passing into law would mend, by ending, one of the grave scandals of life in the Victorian metropolis.

Anglican 'High Mass'

The flattery of imitation is at times carried very far indeed by the High Church party among our Anglican friends. Thus, the 'Ecclesiastical Intelligence' in the *London Times* of July 16 contains the following: 'The Bishop of Chichester dedicated the Chapel of the Convent of the Holy Cross, Hayward's Heath, yesterday in the presence of a large gathering. At the dedication festival in the morning there was "Solemn High Mass," at which the Rev. A. H. C. Cocks, vicar of St. Bartholomew, Brighton, preached.' Curious that such things should take place in the bosom of an Establishment which officially pronounces 'Sacrifices of Masses' 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits'!

Father Tyrrell

A lengthy and detailed statement made by the Very Rev. Father F. Xavier, Prior of Storrington, and pastor of the place where Father Tyrrell, ex-Jesuit, passed away, appears on pages 130-131 of the *London Tablet* of July 24. The Prior's statement (which is much too long to reproduce in our columns) throws doubt upon the cabled statement to the effect that, on his deathbed, the late ex-Father expressed a wish to receive the last Sacraments, but on