

APPENDIX.

A.

In the matter of the Commission appointed to inquire into the management of St. Mary's Industrial School, Stoke. To R. S. Bush, Esq., S.M., and H. S. Wardell, Esq., J.P., Commissioners.

THE Nelson Charitable Aid Board complains of the management of St. Mary's Industrial School, Stoke, in reference to the following matters:—

1. That, although many of the boys at the school are very young, the school is entirely under the management of unmarried men, no Matron having been employed there for many years.

2. That the punishment of the boys at the school has been and is more severe than is allowed at Government industrial schools, and more severe than should be allowed in such a school as St. Mary's.

3. That the boys' food has been and is insufficient in quantity, poor in quality, and not sufficiently varied.

4. That the boys have been and are poorly and insufficiently clothed.

5. That certain of the work required to be performed by the inmates has been and is too hard especially for lads of tender years.

6. That boys who have died at the school have been buried in the grounds connected with the school.

7. That St. Mary's Industrial School, being a private school under "The Industrial Schools Act, 1882," stands on a different footing to Government industrial schools, and is not subject to the same supervision and inspection as Government schools, although the majority of the boys at the school are committed there by Magistrates, and supported by Government or Charitable Aid Boards.

C. J. HARLEY,

For the Nelson Charitable Aid Board.

B.

Letter from JAMES MAHER.

DEAR FRANK,—

Lower Moutere, May 14th, 1900.

I now take the pleasure of writing you these few lines to tell you how I am getting along. Well, I reached Hope that night we started, and we had some jolly fun. We went into a woman's house and old Second found out peas, onions, potatoes, and milk. We had a bit of candle, which we lit, and, my word, the old woman came rushing and screaming "I'll screw your neck; I'll tann you well." Second and myself threw down a billey of milk and a soap-box full of peas and rushed off as hard as we could, laughing and fooling, till we came to a cart-shed, where we slept for the night. We got up at 4 o'clock and started off as hard as we could till we got to a girl's house, where we called and got some food. When we had a good tuck-in we started off to Wakefield, and on the way we were almost caught by old Joe Bush. We were sneaking through the goss, and pricking our legs. My word, we were glad when we came across an old broken fowl-house; there we had some fun. We chased the old hen off her nest and grabbed—we got fifteen eggs and started off towards the hills. We were thinking how we would cook them; however, on our way we came across a nice new billy, which we filled up with water and boiled the eggs. We went travelling on the steep hills, when we heard some one fire a gun, and it wasn't very far off either. By gollies, we rushed up the hill as hard as we could until we came in sight of some more houses. Some old man was yelling out, but we didn't care for that. We travelled on until we came to a big hill; there we had a nice little fire all the evening warming our toes. About 5 o'clock we started for the Moutere. We crossed that big bridge and walked right along the main road (now mind this was on Friday night) until we got to the Brightwater Hotel; there we turned and went straight down a road and came to a house, where we got something to eat. We knocked at the door. Second was a bit scared, but I opened the door and walked in. By hang, we saw the ugliest man in the world looking at us. We said to him, as if we were starved beggars, "Please give us something to eat." He said to his wife, "Get some food for these boys." She got some tinned meat and bread-and-butter. They were going to give us a bed only it wasn't their house. The old man was asking us a devil of a lot of questions, when the wife told him to shut up his mouth and not have so much to say. The man said, "You are getting mad." He was going like waw-waw-waw-waw, &c. We cleared out with our bellies nice and full, and slept there for the night in a loft, where we had plenty of oats. We got up at 5 o'clock and got on the Moutere Road, which we were going to give up because we thought there was no end to it (this was on Sunday morning). However, we travelled on, and at last came to the Moutere. My word, we were so tired. Well, this is not important, so I will tell you that I have got a place. I get treated so kindly that I would like to stay here all my life. Second is working at another place about 200 yards off me, so you may be pretty sure that we have plenty of fun. Don't show this letter to any one, or say anything about it; only show it to Harold, my best friend.

Address—

JAS. MAHER,

C/o. (mind now) Mr. G. Stade, Lower Moutere.