

I might be inclined to speak to him. He did so and in great rage demanded what business had I to keep his boat. The following interlocution then ensued:—"Who are you, pray?" "I am Capt. Smith of the schooner *Latona*." "Well, sir, if you come in here and take a seat we shall talk over things for a little." "No, I won't go in, I want my boat, I shall make you pay for this. A man-of-war is not far off (referring, I suppose, to the *Blanche*). I shall have you punished,—there will be bloodshed and you shall be blamed for it. I want to know what authority you have for keeping my boat. I shall go on board and get more men—I want my boat and I shall have it too." "Well, my good fellow, you are really talking very fast, now, if you please, I will ask you one question, which you will have the goodness to answer directly, viz., Who has given you authority to steal men?" "What business have you to question me, are you governor of this island? You have not seen the Erromangans on board my vessel, you have only native testimony. I have a license from the Queensland Government, which I can shew you if you like to come on board." "A license to steal men?" "No, not to steal people." "And yet you have stolen nine Erromangans yesterday." "I want to know what business have you to interfere with me, I want to be off, I want my boat." "Well, I dare say, but you will have the kindness to land the Erromangans first. Supposing I saw you killing a man there, do you think I should have a right to interfere?" "Yes, certainly." "Well then, is stealing men a much less crime? You know they are both often classed together, and are both infringements of British law, and yet you have violated that law. You ask my authority for interfering with you. I have British law on my side. Yea, I have even a higher authority to bear me out,—the laws of justice and morality on which the British constitution is founded, and which you have so foully violated yesterday. You will therefore land these Erromangans at once, or sign a note to that effect—otherwise your boat will remain here." "No, no, I will sign nothing; I will not put my hand to anything of the sort; you need not try me, I will not do it." "Very well, the boat will simply remain." "I will go for more men; there will be bloodshed." "Oh! if you want fighting there are plenty here ready to fight you." Meanwhile I noticed a number of heathen men collecting fast by a back path, and it is quite possible our bullying friend noticed this movement also, for he very soon signed the note, taking care however before doing so to draw his pen through the words "Dillon's Bay, Erromanga." The note is as follows:

"DILLON'S BAY, ERROMANGA, }
October 7, 1868. }

I hereby agree to send on shore (immediately) all the Erromangans I have on board.

(Signed) G. SMITH,
Master *Schr. Latona*.

To Rev. Jas. McNair."

I enclose the original note.

I explained to the natives that the Capt. had signed this note for me, and that if he did not land their friends I would forward it to his big chief in Sydney, viz., you, and meanwhile, in order to prevent fighting, they had better allow him to take the boat. Some of them, however, were not satisfied, and argued strongly that the boat should be kept until their friends were actually landed, for they had plenty of guns, powder, and ball, and they could sink the boat, and then the white men could not get away. I said I did not doubt but that they were quite able to kill all the white men, but the white men had a number of revolvers, and they might kill a number of Erromangans. Besides, missionaries did not like to see people fight and kill one another. It would be better to leave it to the big chiefs in Sydney to punish them, and that I was sure if the man-of-war was here to-day, the bad vessel would be searched immediately and their friends landed. At last they reluctantly allowed the boat to go, and Smith proved himself ungrateful enough to me for perhaps saving his life, and faithless enough to his own promise in weighing anchor as soon as he got on board, and going off without landing a single Erromangan.

I enclose a list of the names of those kidnapped at this time, which may assist in finding them out in Queensland, and I shall look to you as the big and good chief of those lawless subjects of yours, to see that these poor ignorant natives be rescued from their iron grasp and safely returned to their native land, from which they have been so basely and falsely snatched by some of the lowest and most degraded of our countrymen. I am, Sir,

With very great respect,

Yours, very truly,

JAS. MCNAIR.

Letter from Rev. D. Morrison.

ROSLYN TERRACE, SYDNEY, N. S. WALES
February 20, 1869.

My Dear Mr. McGregor,—I delayed writing you last month, hoping I should have a better opportunity now; but in this I am disappointed. We are this afternoon to sail for New Zealand by the *Prince Alfred*, so you must not wonder if my note is short. I received yours from Tryon.—