

seminaries labouring amongst her people. Schools and churches have been built under her approbation, and her people made happy in the possession of religious privileges.

All went on well till lately, and the Society at home often looked upon Tahiti as one of their best and most encouraging stations. About two years ago, however, their hopes began to be blighted, and later news has made their hearts to sink, as all their fair prospects are for the present at an end.

You know that for some years the Roman Catholics have been making great efforts to get hold of places abroad where our Missionaries labour; and as Tahiti seemed so fair a field, they appear to have resolved to lay hold of it. In 1842 a French ship came to the islands with Roman Catholic Missionaries on board, the commander of which ordered the Queen to allow them to land and promised, if she did, to take her and her people under the protection of France. The Queen replied that she was on friendly terms with the English,—that they were her best friends,—and that she had no wish either to have the Roman Catholic Missionaries, or the protection of the French. The French were much enraged, and a large French "man-of-war" was sent to the island, and Pomare forced to submit. She was much distressed in consequence, and wrote a letter to our Queen, begging her to help her, and calling her her sister. It takes so long for letters to come to this country from hence, that it was six months before the letter reached our Queen, and another six months must have passed away before her answer could return, so that the French had plenty of time all this while to oppress Pomare, and injure her inoffensive subjects. And this they did. They first ordered her to fly her flag, to shew that she was no longer Queen of the island, by taking the figure of a crown out of it, which she had had embroidered there as a mark of her sovereignty. This she refused to do, and so they proclaimed to her people that she was Queen no longer; but that they were masters of the island. Poor Pomare was greatly perplexed as to what to do, and in her sorrow she fled to the house of one of the Missionaries, Mr. Pritchard, who was also an officer of our government, called consul, in the island, and there waited for the answer from this country. Her people would have gladly risen and taken up arms in her favour; but she kept them quiet, telling them she was sure the English would send her help. At last the letter came; but what do you think? why, instead of its telling her that we would do all we could to protect her, it told her that the English government consented to the protectorate of France. The poor Queen was almost broken-hearted at the news, but did not even then give up her hopes. She thought the English would think again upon the subject, and after all would send her help. Her chiefs had no such hopes, and wanted to take up arms at once, and drive the Frenchmen out. But she refused war, and wrote them the following letter, in the hope of help soon reaching her from England.