

"I am sorry you should come with the captain ashore." I said, "Why, I am only a servant, and I have to obey orders the same as any one else." He gave no reason why he wished this. I asked for a drink of water, and he gave me a drink of gin, at the same time saying, "I am glad you put that gun down again, because I did not like to see you with it." Shortly afterwards, after the captain had brought one or two things, the captain and I went on board to dinner. In the afternoon I went ashore with the captain, the boatman (John Ashby), and Charles Evans (a seaman), and we went to the prisoner's house. Prisoner was standing outside the door. The captain went to the copra shed, about twenty-five yards from the house, and in a few minutes returned, and went inside the prisoner's house. I and the other two men stood outside near the door. The captain called Ashby inside, and they began to hand out the trade goods to Evans and myself. Prisoner was then inside the house. The door was not open the whole time. It was sometimes shut and sometimes open. I could see prisoner walking about with the gun in his hand. After some things had been passed out, Rennell asked Captain Moller if he was going to take that cask of beef (on which the prisoner had his foot)? Captain Moller said, "Yes, but you can take it if you pay for it." All I noticed was that Rennell said, "If you take that, you are a dead man;" and he took up the gun, and went round the table, and just as he spoke he fired the gun. He was standing at one end of a table about six feet long, and Captain Moller at the other. Captain Moller was shot in the left arm, just at the elbow, outside. I did not notice prisoner saying anything after, but the captain said, "I am only following my instructions." He bled a good deal. We took him on board, and laid wet cloths over the wound. He would not allow us to bind it up. I could not tell what the gun was loaded with. There was a good-sized hole, and the whole wad that was in the gun went into it. The captain put his finger into the wound, but could only feel the splintered bone. The captain up to the time the shot was fired was in good health. That evening we took the captain to a mission station in another part of the island, and during that night he was attended by the captain of a German schooner, Captain Kanootzen. On the following day we took the captain on board and sailed for the Marshall Group, to the Island of Evong, where we expected to find a doctor; but on our arrival we found he had gone. We arrived on Friday, and we put the captain ashore on the following morning, and he went to the missionary, Mr. Whitney. Captain Moller remained at Mr. Whitney's house until he died on Sunday. I was present when he died. He died in my arms. He was buried. At the time we went to the Island of Evong, prisoner was on board in custody.

By Mr. Hesketh: There was no altercation except a few words about a loaf of bread in the morning between Captain Moller and the prisoner. During the time from when we went on board to dinner until we came ashore again to prisoner's house I had no conversation with Captain Moller about the prisoner. I did not tell him about the loaded gun, but he was present when I said to the prisoner the gun was loaded, but I do not know that he heard me. I did not notice that the prisoner was lame. We had not, that I recollect, taken any other guns on board. I took none, and I do not know of any being taken. Prisoner had the barrel of the gun in his hand, and the butt on the ground, using it as a walking-stick; but I did not see him using it as a crutch, with the butt under his arm. He then leaned it against the table, and afterwards seized it, and brought it to the charge at the hip. I am quite sure the butt was not under his arm when the gun went off. Captain Moller, when he was shot, was standing erect with a book in his hand. I did not notice the captain rolling the cask of beef. The prisoner did not say to Captain Moller in my hearing, "You must not take that cask; I bought it from you, and sold it again," nor words to that effect. I do not remember that that cask had come from the ship. I do not know whether, immediately after the remark was made by prisoner, "You are a dead man," the captain stooped down defiantly to roll the cask. The whole charge must have lodged in his arm. We could see the shot under the skin on the inside of the arm, but we did not extract any of them. I did not nurse the captain during the voyage to Evong, but I went ashore with him at that island. Prisoner was on board at the time. The captain was dressed in a shirt and pants, but the arm was exposed, except that lint was over it to keep out the cold. I did not hear the prisoner say anything about the captain going ashore with his arm exposed, or remonstrate that it was improper, in that climate, to have his arm exposed. I did not observe any rapid change after he landed on the island. I returned on board, and came back again about two hours before he died. He was in great pain. I never had any conversation with prisoner on the subject of firing the gun at any time. I do not know of anything having been applied to the wound except lint saturated with water. The words about the loaf were in the morning. Prisoner asked the ship's cook to make him a loaf of bread. The cook told him to ask the captain. Rennell was telling the captain this ashore, and he added that he thought it a curious thing that he could not give him a loaf of bread. This was all that passed. Prisoner did not appear to have been drinking. Some drink came ashore, but it was brought back again. I did not hear prisoner remonstrate against selling drink to the natives.

William Grevin, chief officer of the schooner "Meg Merrilies," deposed: I was chief officer on the 7th October, when Captain Moller was brought on board wounded. He was in a fainting condition. At his own expressed wish I sent him off to a mission station at another part of the island in a boat with three men, leaving me and the cook, and another man and boy, on board. The cook and I went ashore and arrested the prisoner. Directly captain Moller was brought on board I dressed his arm with lint and cold water. That stopped the bleeding. The cook and I brought the prisoner on board. When I arrested him I asked what he shot the Captain for, and he said, "What could I do?" I said, "If you had any grievance, Captain Moller is no bigger than you; you could have punched him, or tried to do so, rather than have shot him." Prisoner said he had been sick. That was all the reason he gave for shooting. I said Captain Moller was not a healthy man—that they were just a fair match. Prisoner said he would go on board quietly, and he did so. I asked him if the house was locked up, and he said, "Yes; I have the key." I did not ask him where the gun was. On the following morning I took him ashore to take up some money he had buried in the sand, and to get the gun. Prisoner found the gun himself on the beach, buried in the sand, about twenty yards from the house. I took possession of the gun, and it is now in the same state as when I got it. One of the barrels was discharged, and the other loaded. I took the prisoner on board again