

DEPOSITION OF JAMES MAGOUN.

THE following is the deposition of James Magoun, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, in relation to the murder of the crew of the brig Charles Doggett, Captain Bachelor, at the island of Kantavu.

COPY.

On the 1st of September, 1834, I joined the brig Charles Doggett, in the Moturiki Passage, as a supernumerary, to be employed in curing the *biche de mar*. The crew of the vessel consisted at that time of twenty-five men, besides an Irishman by the name of Patrick Connel, long a resident among the Feejees, by whom he is called Berry. On Thursday, September 3d, we arrived at Kantavu, and came to anchor within musket-shot of the shore. Vendovi, the chief who was to have charge of the party, immediately came on board, and having received a present, returned to the shore with Captain Bachelor. It was there agreed between these two, that on Monday following a large boat should be despatched to Kantavu-levu, to purchase tortoise-shell, while the pinnace went for water, and during their absence a large canoe should go alongside, with a present of yams and taro. On Saturday, September 5th, I was on shore with eleven men, curing *biche de mar*, when an unusual noise outside the house attracted my attention, and I went out to see what was the matter. The natives answered to my inquiries, that our pigs had got out of the pen, and they were driving them back again; but on looking into the pen, I saw all the pigs safe. This circumstance awakened my suspicions, which I immediately communicated to the men that were at work with me. Early on Sunday morning, I applied to the natives who were in our employ to make me some *ava*, but they all hung down their heads, and excused themselves on frivolous pretences: this confirmed my suspicions of the previous night, and I reported my fears to Barton and Clark. Vendovi was at this time in the spirit-house, and the natives were offering us yams and taro, all of which we purchased. About 7 A. M., I found Vendovi upon the beach, preparing to shove off in a small canoe, and applied to him for a passage to the brig, which he refused, saying, "Why do you wish to go on board?" I answered, to get some tobacco and coffee. "I'll bring them to you myself," he said, and ordered his people to shove off. I now walked to our house, and sat down at the end of it, to keep a look-out on the brig. When Vendovi had been on board about fifteen minutes, I was surprised to see the chief who had been retained as a hostage, get over the side, and land