

THE WITNESSES FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Jonathan W. Austin. Was on King street that evening; as the soldiers wheeled round, McCauley pushed at me with his bayonet and said, "Damn you, stand off." Then heard several shots; saw McCauley after the fire, reloading.

Ebenezer Bridgham. Was in King street also; next morning at the gaol I apprehended I had seen Warren in King street the evening before, but afterwards saw a person that looked very like him belonging to the same regiment, which occasioned me to doubt; saw also Wemms, the corporal, stationed on the left of the party betwixt him and the tall man; there were a number of people round the party huzzaing, some having sticks; my face was the other way when the first gun went off; heard a noise like the clashing of guns; saw Gray fall; the person that killed him must have been near the centre of the party; the last man that fired, leveled his piece, following a lad running down the street; did not think the soldiers in any danger, from what I saw.

James Dodge. Saw Warren; he is the only one I can swear to; saw about fifty people in the street, but nothing in their hands; saw nothing but snowballs thrown.

Samuel Clarke. Saw White standing sentry at the Custom House; spoke to him; saw no one mistreating him.

Edward G. Langford. Am one of the town watch; came down about nine o'clock to go to the watch-house next the Town-house; was told the people and

soldiers were fighting at Murray's Barracks; the matter was over when I got there; returned to King street; there were a number of boys round the sentinel; I told him he need not fear, the boys would not hurt him; soon after this the sentinel went up the custom house steps and knocked at the door; a person within opened it and said something; upon that the sentinel turned round, and pointed his piece at the people opposite to him; I spoke again, told him there was no danger, the boys would not hurt him; I continued talking with the sentry till the party came down, and then went into the street; Gray, one of the sufferers, came and clapped me on the shoulder, saying, what's here to pay? I replied, I do not know, but something I believe will come of it by and by; Gray and I were standing together, talking, I leaning on a stick, and Gray standing with his hands folded in his bosom, without a stick in his hand, neither saying or doing anything to the soldiers; I spoke to Killroy, and after two guns were discharged, seeing him present his piece, said to him, damn you, are you a going to fire? upon this, Killroy levelled his piece and fired directly at Gray, killed him dead on the spot; the ball passed through his head, and he fell on my left foot; he pushed with his bayonet, and pierced through my great coat and jacket.

Francis Archibald. Saw Killroy that night; did not see any snow balls or sticks thrown; went to King street after the firing; saw several dead there.