

were fired, they were scattering; after the firing ceased, a little boy came and told us some persons were killed; saw them lying in the street; did not imagine it was anybody killed, but supposed that they had been scared and run away, and left their great coats behind them; saw nothing like an attack that could produce any such consequences; went to look at the mulatto man, and heard a noise like the cocking of firelocks, but an officer passed before them and said, "Do not fire on the inhabitants"; the street was in a manner clear; it was as hush as at twelve o'clock at night; the noise of the cocking seemed to come from the right, and passed on to the left.

*Mr. Quincy.* "How many guns were fired?" "Six was the least, and one missed fire." "How many soldiers were there?" "Six or eight." "Did you see any blows given or any thing thrown?" "No, and I was there the whole time." "Did you see anybody strike the soldiers' guns?" "No." "Did you hear any huzzaing when the soldiers came down?" "There seemed to be a huzza, but when I went down and passed them, they were very still. There was shouting when the soldiers first went down, and it was not two minutes before they fired."

*Benjamin Burdick.* Am a barber; was in King street on the evening of fifth of March; went immediately up to one of the soldiers, which I take to be that man who is bald on the head (pointing to Montgomery); I asked him if any of the soldiers were loaded; he said "Yes"; I asked him if they were going to fire; he said, "Yes, by the eter-

nal God"; he pushed at me with his bayonet, which I put by with a Highland broad sword which was in my hand; a short time before this, a young man who boarded with me told me that several of the soldiers had a spite at him, and he believed he was in danger; had seen two of them about my house, one of whom was hearkening at the window; saw him again near the house, and asked him what he was after; "Was it not you," says I, "that was hearkening at my window last night?" "What if it was?" he said; I told him to march off, and he damned me, at which I beat him till he had enough of it, and he then went off; the reason of my carrying a sword was, the soldiers spied the young man in the lane and dogged him, for he had been very active in the affray at the ropewalks; they said they would sometime or other have satisfaction, and I considered myself liable to be insulted likewise; when alarmed by the cry of fire, and I had got below the house, my wife called after me, and said, "it is not fire, it is an affray in King street; if you are going, take this," so I took it, and ran down, and I asked the soldier what I just now told you; knocked the bayonet with a sword, which I had in my hand; another pushed at me, and I struck his gun; my face was now towards the soldiers; heard the first gun go off, and then the second gun went off; as I was looking to see if anybody was killed, I saw the tall man standing in a line with me; saw him fall.

*Mr. Quincy.* "How long had the bells been ringing before you came from home?" "I thought it