

was nine o'clock, and did not think anything else, till somebody cried fire." "Did you strike before the firing?" "Yes." "Did you strike as hard as you could?" "Yes, and hit the lock of his gun, and if I had struck a little lower, I should have left a mark that I could have sworn to." "Was the sword in your hand drawn?" "I drew it when the soldier pushed at me, and struck at him as I have mentioned." "How many soldiers were there?" "I did not count them, it appeared to me there were six or eight." "Did you see anything extraordinary to induce them to fire that gun?" "Nothing but a short stick was thrown, which seemed to go clear over all their heads; I heard a clattering of their guns, but what was the occasion of it I do not know." "Might not their iron ramrods occasion it?" "No, I suppose they knocked one gun against another in taking their places; when the mulatto man was dead, and we stooped to take him up, the soldiers presented their arms again, as if they had been going to fire; Captain Preston came, pushed up their guns, and said, 'Stop firing, do not fire.'" "From where was that stick thrown?" "From Royal Exchange lane, and it flew over their heads, almost as high as the sign." "What did you take to be the occasion of the soldier's answer to you?" "I do not know, unless he was affronted at my asking the question of him." "Did you see anybody strike the soldiers before you struck with the sword?" "No, I had not time."

*Bartholomew Kneeland.* Am a merchant; on the fifth of March,

heard the bells ring after nine; went to the front door; saw a number of soldiers, about ten or a dozen, coming towards the town pump; they seemed to make a noise, and one of them got nearly opposite to me, and halloed, "Damn you, what do you do there?" I made him no answer; he came up to me, and pointed his naked bayonet at my breast, and held it there some time, and told me to get in; I told him to go along; he went towards the post office.

*Mr. Quincy.* "Do you know what regiment he belonged to?" "To the twenty-ninth." "Did he bid you get in when he asked you what you did there?" "Yes; in a little while I heard a volley of small arms, which I took to be in King street."

*Nathaniel Thayer.* Am a sealer of wood; on the evening of the fifth of March heard a very great noise, and saw about twenty people coming through Boylston's alley; there was a terrible swearing, and they had clubs and swords, and one thing and another; there came seven soldiers from the main guard, without any coats on; driving along, swearing, cursing and damning like wild creatures, saying, "Where are they? Cut them to pieces, slay them all." They came up to my door; I shut my door and went in; they went round the back lane to King street; this was after nine, before any guns were fired.

*Nathaniel Appleton.* Am a merchant; on the evening of the fifth of March, a little after nine, I heard a considerable noise in the street; went to the door; I inquired, and was told the soldiers and inhabitants were fight-