

them, and they would have revenge for something or other, I could not tell what; that they would drive them before them; some said they had been to Rowe's barracks, and had driven the soldiers or the sentinel into the barracks; saw a number of people with clubs, and at a distance a parcel of soldiers at the Custom House; went down to the right of them, where Captain Preston stood; had not been there a minute before the guns were fired; saw several things thrown at the soldiers, as they stood in a circle by the Custom House; before I turned, did not see anything strike the guns; but I heard something strike, and the guns clatter; there was a great noise, the cry was, "fire, damn you, fire"; the soldiers did not say anything to the people; they never opened their lips; they stood in a trembling manner, as if they expected nothing but death; they fired first on the right.

*Henry Knox.* Am a stationer; was at the North End, and heard the bells ring; heard it was not fire, but that the soldiers and inhabitants were fighting; there were a number of people, an hundred and fifty or two hundred; I asked them what was the matter; they said a number of soldiers had been out with bayonets and cutlasses, and had attacked and cut the people all down Cornhill, and then retreated to the barracks; a fellow said they had been cutting fore and aft; the sentinel at the Custom House steps was loading his piece; coming up to the people, they said the sentinel was going to fire; there were at that time about fifteen or twenty people

round him; he was waving his piece about, and held it in the position that they call "charged bayonets"; I told him if he fired he must die for it; he said, "damn them, if they molested him he would fire;" the boys were hallooing "fire, and be damned"; these boys were seventeen or eighteen years old; I endeavored to keep one fellow off from the sentinel, and either struck him or pushed him away; heard one of the persons say, "God damn him, we will knock him down for snapping."

*Benjamin Lee.* Am an apprentice; on the evening of fifth March heard there was fire, and went to Dock square; when I came there, heard some in the crowd say, that the town's people had been fighting with the soldiers, and then they huzzaed for King street; several beside me went up; they went up as thick as they could, and some went up the next lane, and others up Cornhill; as I stood by the sentinel, there was a barber's boy came up and pointed to the sentinel, and said, "there is the son of a bitch that knocked me down"; on his saying this, the people immediately cried out, "kill him, kill him, knock him down"; the sentinel went up the Custom House steps and knocked at the door with the butt of his gun, but could not get in; then he primed and loaded, and leveled it with his hip, and desired the people to stand off, and then called to the main guard to come down to his assistance; then Captain Preston and nine or ten soldiers came down, and ranged themselves before the sentry box; did not see any thing thrown at the sentinel.