

saying and crying, "damn them, they dare not fire, we are not afraid of them"; one of these people, a stout man with a long, cord-wood stick, threw himself in, and made a blow at the officer; saw the officer try to ward off the stroke; the stout man turned round, and struck the grenadier's gun at the captain's right hand, and immediately fell in with his club, and knocked his gun away and struck him over the head; the blow came either on the soldier's cheek or hat. This stout man held the bayonet with his left hand and twitched it and cried, "kill the dogs, knock them over"; this was the general cry; the people then crowded in, and upon that, the grenadier gave a twitch back and relieved his gun, and he up with it and began to pay away on the people; I turned to go off, when I heard the word, "fire"; at the word "fire," I thought I heard the report of a gun, and upon my hearing the report, I saw the same grenadier swing his gun, and immediately he discharged it; this stout man that fell in and struck the grenadier, I think was the mulatto who was shot; the grenadier who was assaulted and fired, I then thought was Killroy, and I told Mr. Quincy so the next morning after the affair happened; I now think it was he from my best observation, but can't positively swear to it.

*Oliver Wendell.* Am a merchant; the witness last examined is my servant; his general character for truth is good; I have heard his testimony, and believe it to be true; he gave the same relation of this matter to me on the same evening, in a

quarter of an hour after the affair happened; then asked him whether our people were to blame, and he said they were.

*Mr. Quincy.* "Pray, sir, is it not usual for Andrew to amplify and embellish a story?" "He is a fellow of a lively imagination, and will sometimes amuse the servants in the kitchen, but I never knew him tell a serious lie."

*William Whittington.* Was in King street a quarter after nine o'clock on fifth March, and two others with me; in a little while I heard the bells ring; saw several people with buckets; they said there was fire somewhere; I came up by Pudding lane, and went in between the guard and guard house; saw Mr. Basset, the officer, and Captain Preston; while I was standing there, some person in the crowd fronting the soldiers cried out to the guard, "will you stand there and see the sentinel murdered at the custom-house?" Captain Preston and Mr. Basset were both together; Mr. Basset said to Captain Preston, "what shall I do in this case?" Said Preston, "take out six or seven of the men, and let them go down to the assistance of the sentry." They formed themselves by files, the corporal marched in the front, and the Captain in the rear; they formed in a half circle; I was about two or three yards distance from them; heard Captain Preston use many entreaties to the populace, begging they would disperse and go home, but what they said I cannot tell; heard them halloo, "fire!" "fire!" "you dare not fire," "we know you dare not fire."

*Harrison Gray, jr.* That eve-