

boys were in the front, and the men in the rear; several people were running about the streets, and the cry was damn the rascals. Some said this will never do, the readiest way to get rid of these people is to attack the main guard. Strike at the root, there is the nest.

*Mrs. Catherine Field.* Patrick Carr, who was killed by the firing in King street on the 5th was in my house that evening; when the bells rung he went upstairs and put his surtout on, and got a hanger and put it betwixt his coat and surtout; my husband coming at that time, gave him a push and felt the sword; he wanted to take it from him, but he was unwilling to let it go, my husband told him he should not take it with him; do not know what he said, but one of the neighbors was in the house and coaxed the sword out of his hand, and he went out without it. He said on his death bed, he saw a parcel of boys and negroes throwing snow balls at the guard. He thought the first or second man from the sentinel box was the man that shot him.

*John Mansfield.* Know Patrick Carr; on the night the bells rung he would go out, I persuaded him much to stay at home, he did not mind me but took his sword betwixt his coat and surtout. Mr. Field coming in felt it, and said he should not take it out with him; with much coaxing a woman who lived next door got it from him. I was often at his bedside, and all that I ever heard him say was, he thought he knew the man that

shot him, but he never made it known to me.

*John Stewart.* Between 8 and 9 o'clock, on 5th of March, as I was going home to Green's lane, met five or six men with sticks in their hands, about the middle of it I met much the same number, and at the end of it about as many more. They were going into town towards King street.

*Capt. Barbason O'Hara.* Know Carrol, one of the prisoners; I landed at a battery where he was on duty, and entered into conversation with him; and I have taken particular notice of him ever since; his general character is that of a discreet, sober, orderly man.

*Theodore Bliss.* On the evening of 5th of March I went out of the house and came into King street; there saw the soldiers and the officer; went to the officer and asked him if his men were loaded, he said they were; asked him if they loaded with ball, he made me no answer; asked him if they were going to fire, he said they could not fire without his orders; directly I saw a snow ball and stick come from behind me which struck the grenadier on the right, which I took to be Warren, he warded it off with his musket as well as he could, and immediately he fired. He was the first man on the right, and the third man from the officer; immediately after the first gun, the officer turned to the right and I turned to the left and went down the lane; heard the word fire given, but whether it was the town's people or the officer I do not know.