

there now is to alter our sentiments. Will any sober, prudent man countenance the proceedings of the people in King street? Can any one justify their conduct? Is there any one man, or any body of men, who are interested to espouse and support their conduct? Surely not. But our inquiry must be confined to the legality of their conduct; and here can be no difficulty. It was certainly illegal, unless many witnesses are directly perjured; witnesses, who have no apparent interest to falsify—witnesses, who have given their testimony with candor and accuracy—witnesses, whose credibility stands untouched—whose credibility the counsel for the king do not pretend to impeach, or hint a suggestion to their disadvantage.

The conduct of the soldiers in Cornhill may well be supposed to have exasperated the minds of all who beheld their behavior. Their actions accumulated guilt, as it flew; at least, we may well suppose, the incensed people who related them added new colors to the scene. The flame of resentment imperceptibly enkindles, and a common acquaintance with human nature will show it to be no extravagant supposition to imagine that many a moderate man might at such a season, with such sentiments, which I have more than once noticed, hearing such relations and complaints—I say, do I injure any one, in supposing, that under all these circumstances, a very moderate person, who in ordinary matters acted with singular discretion, should now be drawn imperceptibly away or rather transported into measures, which in a future moment he would condemn and lament. What more natural supposition, than to suppose many an honest mind might at this time fluctuate thus. The soldiers are here; we wish them away; we did not send for them; they have cut and wounded the peaceable inhabitants, and it may be my turn next. At this instant of time, he has a fresh detail of injuries—resentment redoubles every successive moment—huzza for the main guard! we are in a moment before the custom-house. No time is given for recollection. We find, from the king's evidence, and from our own, the cry was, "Here is a