

## MORE MOB VIOLENCE.

Mr. O'Brien at First Handsomely Received at the "Derry of Canada."

Another Mob Organized After a Well-Received Speech by the Editor.

He is Again Saluted With Showers of Bricks and Derisive Hootings.

The Mob Attacks "The Freeman" Office, a Catholic Organ, and Gut It.

Mr. O'Brien's Body Guard of American Correspondents Close Around and Protect Him.

His Temporary Disappearance Causes Alarm—His Safety Assured Later—Incidents of the Riot, Etc.

His RECEPTION AT KINGSTON.

The Irish Editor Attacked by a Mob of Ruggs in the Streets.

KINGSTON, Ont., May 20.—Fifty miles out from the Kingston Reception Committee met the train and returned her with the party. As the train slowed up at the station on the place D'Armes, it was seen that Mr. O'Brien was assembled. As Mr. O'Brien stepped out of the car, he was in the much talked of, Kingston, the "Derry of Canada" as it is called. Kingston has a population of 15,000, of which 5,000 are Catholics. There are only eight policemen, and all of them, in command of Chief Horsey, were in waiting. To the surprise of Mr. O'Brien and the rest of the party, but a dissenting voice was heard in the storm of cheers which arose as Mr. O'Brien entered the carriage. The party were driven to the Burnett House, where a crowd assembled and cheered the editor. "A" of the Dominion Regular Artillery Corps, and the Prince of Wales Own Rifles were held in their armories for emergency, besides a large number of special constables and the ordinary police force, arrived at the skating rink where the meeting was held; crowds, all O'Brien sympathizers, were found gathered around the building and along the sidewalk. Policemen, armed with revolvers, moved up and down and forbade any body to block the entrance to the hall. The street, where the attack on O'Brien was made, was now becoming a scene of broken stones, bricks were scattered over the surface where new buildings were being erected. The audience numbered about 1,200, and was very similar to that of the Ulster tenant farmers, whose custom it is to listen rather than applaud.

Mr. O'Brien, in his opening remarks, was at once the bitter protestant who was of the population, who was the champion of the Orange farmers in the North of Ireland as much oppressed as the Catholic farmers, and that Lord Lansdowne was championing the cause of those despotic landlords who were causing this oppression. "My mission," he exclaimed, "is not to stir up strife, but to blend the orange and the green."

This sentiment at once won over the descendants of the Ulstermen, who cheered heartily as anybody else, again when said he: "We will so humiliate Lord Lansdowne in expressing his murderous policy in Ireland as to make O'Brien as well as Nationalists at least as despotic as his predecessors." The Orange farmers in the North of Ireland were as much oppressed as the Catholic farmers, and that Lord Lansdowne was championing the cause of those despotic landlords who were causing this oppression. "My mission," he exclaimed, "is not to stir up strife, but to blend the orange and the green."

At the close of the speech the misunderstandings which have arisen between the Protestant and Catholic Irishmen of Canada will soon pass away. Thank God, they are rapidly passing away and I could not help thinking, when I heard to that Kingstone was known as the "Derry of Canada," that perhaps the name was the name of a good omen [applause], for in the words of the old song, to-day "Derry is our own, we [applause] are the master of Derry." Justin McCarthy, is one of the noblest Irish Nationalists living. [Renewed applause.]

I am convinced that the time is coming fast when the Protestant tenant farmers will admit, with grateful hearts, that all the security and happiness they enjoy is due to the struggles of the National League in Ireland. [Applause.]

The meeting was adjourned when the calm was no longer for the first time broken. At 9:30 o'clock, when Dennis Kilbride began his statement, the first noise was heard outside the hall, where several hundred men and boys collected, crying: "God save the Queen," and groaning for O'Brien. Every cheer which went up inside the hall was answered by loud and angry responses from without. The crowd outside was now swollen to immense proportions. The meeting was brought to an end by a few remarks from Chairman J. J. Behan, who told the audience to go home peaceably. Then the people started to go out, Mr. O'Brien being in the rear. O'Brien's friends hurried him to the front.

He stepped on the sidewalk waving, as did the mob. The moment the Orangemen on the opposite side of the street saw him they raised savage yells and cries: "There he is," and rushed across the street. Broken stones and cobblestones began flying like hail, and women screamed and general confusion reigned. "Oh, they're at it again," said O'Brien, in a tone of mournful regret more than anger.

Yes, it was the mob. "There he is, drag him out here," the street. Kill him, choke him, tear him asunder," and they almost burst through O'Brien's bodyguard, which consisted of American special correspondents and local officers of the National League. A man changed hats with Mr. O'Brien, as that worn by the latter furnished a target for the mob, and as the party doubled on Wellington street, another of bricks and stones came crashing through the crowd. Mr. O'Brien and his friends bent their heads, but received missiles on the body. C. F. Kellogg, the New York Sun correspondent, and J. M. Wall, the representative of the Associated Press, caught up with Mr. O'Brien just on the stoop leading to the office of John Newell, a Notary Public. Mr. Kellogg was between William and Johnston streets. The doors were opened, and a shower of missiles again came across the street. The crowd surged, and Wall and Kellogg were flung to the ground, and O'Brien disappeared evidently into Newman's house, but up to the present time nobody is certain of this, for no one really knows where he is. The door of Newman's house was barred tightly. Wall and Kellogg, with J. J. Behan, Thomas Ilwain and J. C. Conwell, of the Chicago News, rushed around through the vinegar works on Ontario street, for the purpose of getting into the house by the back entrance. The mob, however, intercepted them, and they had to fly for their lives. They were not long in getting away, however, for the Burnett House thinking O'Brien was there shouting, "To hell with home rule," "kill him." Although Mr. O'Brien was not there they fired volleys of stones at the windows, then groaned and yelled to their heart's content.

J. M. Wall, the wounded correspondent, attempted to pass the front of the hotel on his way to the telegraph office, but his steps had attracted the attention of Orangemen, who wait for him with a rush. He escaped down a side street, however, and took off the bandage.

The Canadian Freeman, the Irish-Catholic organ, was wrecked. Two hours had now elapsed since first the attack was made, and nobody knew where Mr. O'Brien was, but he was soon discovered. Peter Dewey, who lives in the corner of Wellington and William streets, stole down to Chief of Police Horsey and said O'Brien is safe with me," "Thank God" exclaimed the crowd.

Chief Horsey, with Mayor Carson and six policemen, then went to Devlin's house and brought back Mr. O'Brien to the Burnett House.

"I will protect you now to the hotel," said Mayor Carson. "I will call out artillery."

"You will?" exclaimed O'Brien, sarcastically. "I don't want your protection now. Sir, you saw a mob of demons 500 strong, outside of that hall thirsting for my blood when I was addressing a peaceful meeting and you didn't dispense them. Where was your ardor then sir? Lansdowne was to murder me in Toronto, and now Lansdowne and you wait at the effort to murder me here. I am not going to give you the credit of the pretense of having protected my life, when you could have, if you wished, but didn't."

The Mayor said no more.

The audience acted just the same as those at Toronto.

In the early part of the evening they would not permit O'Brien to wait on the sidewalk outside the hotel, and even said "move on" to the correspondents awaiting Mr. O'Brien's arrival, but the moment the Orangemen appeared on the opposite side of the street, many with clubs and sticks in their hands, and an interference by the police. They were allowed to kiss and groan, until Mr. O'Brien came out. When the latter did come out, the policemen, instead of making a circle around him, abandoned him, and left him to the tender mercies of the yelling Orangemen, who dashed upon him. The policemen were the first to scatter when the stone-throwing commenced.

At the Burnett House the crowd collected around O'Brien, congratulating him on his escape. He was scarcely able to stand on his feet. His throat was full of dust, and his clothes bespattered. He said, "I will go through to the end, boys, yet."

One incident will show how the police acted. When Mr. O'Brien staggered on the sidewalk after being struck on the neck with a stone, a stick of the Orangemen in the middle of the street said to the rioter: "I saw you do that, I saw you do that, but you never attempted to arrest him and he was allowed to join his friends, who shouted in triumph 'He's a dog done this time,' meaning O'Brien."

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**SWEEP BY THE FLAMES.**

Almost the Entire Business Portion of a Michigan Town Destroyed.

HOUGHTON, May 20.—The fire at Lake Linden is now under control. The flames were first noticed issuing from the second story of Neuman & Trelease's general merchandise store. Everything is as dry as bone, and despite the heroic efforts of firemen and citizens the spread of the flames was very rapid. In less than two hours after the first alarm the entire business portion of the town, from the starting point of the fire to the public school-house building, was in ashes. Every saloon but one, and every store, except that occupied by F. Weber & Co. as a music market, was destroyed. The same fate overtook the home of the sheriff, and the residence of the police chief.

The entire business portion of the town is in a state of complete ruin. The fire was small—it was not half filled—and the other performances since Monday night have been less numerously attended.

The retirement of Mr. Wallack leaves Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. D. L. Day the only rivals in New York theatrical management. Mr. Abbey, at Wallack's, proposes to give up the management of the theater to the former, and to give up his interest in the theater to the latter.

General Di Cesnola showed me a collection of casts, which are stored in the basement of the British Museum. They are second only to that of the British Museum.

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