MR. O'BRIEN ATTACKED.

Disgraceful Scenes in the City Streets.

HOODLUMS ON THEIR MUSCLE.

The Dublin Editor and His Friends Stoned.

REFUGE IN A DARK LANE.

Various Versions of the Affair—The Agitator Thinks the Gang Intended to Murder Him—He Tells His Own Story to The World—What a Police Sergeant Had to Relate—Great Excitement Around the Rossin House.

Toronto, May 19.

It was generally understood in the newspaper guild yesterday afternoon that Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Kilbride would leave for Ottawa last evening. Mr. O'Brien did not go, but instead behind a Rossin coach in Toronto bolted. He had been quiet all day, but he could not help being recognized. Large crowds gathered in the afternoon, as is fully recorded elsewhere, and towards dinner time returned to the Rossin House. He, Mr. Kilbride, M. A. Mulligan, R. R. Teefy and D. B. Cahill dined together. At 7.25 the party started out from the Yorkstreet entrance of the hotel to take a walk. Messrs. Mulligan and Cahill on each side of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Teefy escorting Mr. Kilbride at some distance behind.

When they reached the street a large gathering of sympathizers gave cheers for Mr. O'Brien and started to follow him. Mr. O'Brien acknowledged the greeting, and after he had moved a few yards he requested his friends not to follow as he wanted only a quiet walk. They complied with the request.

But a large gathering of the other side was there, evidently determined on mischief, or as they called it, "fun." Mr. O'Brien and his escort walked along the south side of King street, followed by a howling mob, for the most part composed of young hoodlums, which crushed and crowded them until they were almost shoved off the pavement into the road. At King and Bay streets the mob, not satisfied with hoots and groans, gave expression by the throwing of eggs and rotten eggs. Mr. O'Brien and his friends, with a view to avoiding their assailants, turned down Bay street. But they were followed and the demonstration was continued. Large quantities of eggs were hurled in Bay street, one egg, which broke and splashed over Mr. Mulligan's hat.

As the party reached Wellington street the riot grew intense and shouts and hisses of the sorts now fast and furious were heard on the north side of Wellington street, and then the real trouble began.

Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Teefy walked with hands and arms locked together, while Mr. Kilbride and Mr. Mulligan walked on the other side of the street. Mr. Cahill was hit in the back of the head with a rotten egg and he stooped to dislodge some of it, which went trickling down his back, when he was clubbed and he fell to the sidewalk. Mr. O'Brien was hit three times with a club and he suffered no injury. Mr. Mulligan felt the touch of a stone but he escaped unhurt.

[illegible] Mr. Cahill, who was [illegible] said, and Mr. A. [illegible] who was one of the party, said: "I was hit on the back of the head with a club. I was knocked down and stunned. I was not able to see who struck me. I was knocked down twice. Mr. Mulligan helped me up the first time