

was three tall young men, with four others, lads of from ten to fourteen years old, watching our approach to the shore end of the slip. They were some ten or twelve feet above the water and the boat. When the bow of the boat stranded and my daughter was giving her hand to the sailor man on the shore to help her from the side of the boat to the strand, a great stone of some forty lbs. weight was pushed from the top of the wharf by two of the young men, who instantly fled. Owing to their haste the push was not quite strong enough, as they had got from the top of the wharf and had to reach up to the heavy stone. This providence, possibly, saved my daughter's life. The stone grazed the upper rim or edge of the boat close to my dear girl's head, which, had she not been stooped forward to reach the man's hand, it would certainly have crushed her to death. The stone dropped into the water, which splashed high on to the side of the wharf, not even wetting us. The young men fled the instant the stone dropped.

The smaller lads kept their ground and looked quite annoyed that the stone had missed the girl. The sailor man changed his color and trembled, for he too had been in danger. There were four or five adults, males, in the window next the Friars' School, and two others, middle-aged men, on the gallery or balcony on the other side of the slip. All these had been looking at our approach to the shore, and they saw what happened at the landing, and yet not one attempted to open their lips before or after to us. I was inclined to speak to some men, who were sitting on the side of the parapet at the upper end of the opening to the slip, but my brave girl said: "Speak to them, no. Never mind father, we are all right; God cares for us." So we plodded along, but not to anything more encouraging. On our way to the ship "Kennelworth," at O'Brien's wharf, we were escorted by a motley mob of lads, most of them of about fifteen or sixteen years old, and with these a couple score of younger boys. Some hooting, others pelting volleys of stones, coals, potatoes, and some filth at us, and shouting Jeff Davis, Ould Bismark, &c. After the Bethel flag was hoisted and the master, who had some friends who came to bring him to tea at their house, had gone on shore, some twenty of these, some of them quite full grown men, came on board and into the cabin. Seeing their intentions, my girl, when I went into the cabin said in an undertone: "Father, these are from the shore and are going to mob you after you kneel down. They did not think I heard what they said." I went as if to bring the sailors from the deck, but passed to the shore and to the police station. Sergeant Morrison, with one of his men, came after me to the wharf, but I passed on to the district Justice of the Peace, John Giblin. Some seventy or eighty young lads stowed away in the old house and the cellar, and several others in and behind the stable on the east side of the wharf. When the sailor men saw me return safe, for I was stoned when going for the police, they all came aft