

AFTER the mass meeting last night, as the students were proceeding up Yonge Street, hymning Litoria, a squad of police, under the direction of a sergeant, interfered with their progress, and insisted on stopping the singing. Why an orderly body of students has not as much right to march along singing as a detachment of Young Britons has to parade the streets to the strains of a fife and drum band, we have said before, we cannot understand. That the attack upon the students by the police was premeditated is evidenced by their readiness to act immediately the former left the hall. So unnecessary did Alderman Love, a Justice of the Peace, think the interference of the police, that he tried to dissuade them from it, but the retort was that they had instructions to disperse the crowd. The procession wended its way up Yonge Street in an orderly manner, though often molested by the police. The action of the students was very creditable, while that of the police was provoking in the extreme, and must have impressed the casual spectator with an idea of tyranny. It was decided to go to Yorkville, and, past the city limit, to indulge in songs and speeches. While these were in progress, the Toronto police, on the request of the county constable, crossed the border line to assist in dispersing the crowd. A move was then made for Hog's Hollow, so as to again outmarch authority, and on the way many inconveniences were experienced at the hands of the Toronto police, some of the names of the students being demanded of them. This tyrannical conduct on the part of authority should meet with the resentment of those concerned. Two questions naturally arise, which might form very strong ground for action against the police. First: Were they, as paid officials for protecting the peace of the city, justified in leaving the city, particularly when they had been specially detailed to preserve order within its limits? Second: Would not their capacity be that of private citizens, once outside their official sphere; and in this capacity, would they be justified in extorting information, on the avowed pretext of authority, from a man, that might be used against him? Legal advice will be asked upon these two points, and if they are actionable, proceedings will be at once instituted against that portion of the police force which participated in this affair. The number of every official was carefully secured, though a decided disinclination was evinced to make them known.

PHILMONA—A FRAGMENT.

It was a pale sweet August night; we met
Down by yon grove, whose silv'ry foliage gleams
And rustles as fair snowflakes 'neath the moon.
Beneath those fond old shades, where oft of old
Both she and I had dreamed in love's sweet world,
I stole, and waited with pulsating breast
Her coming.

Why did the waves beat sobbingly that night?
Why did they break so sadly on the beach;
As if they brought the burden of some tale
Too full of woe to tell, too dark to hear;
As if they boded, in their weary swell,
The strange ache of a life I knew not then?

Who loves to hear the waves beat on a beach
Whose gleaming breast dips 'neath a pallid moon,
And watch the white surf struggling with the shore
As some lives do with their own feverish rust?
Who loves to dream beneath some calm sweet shade
Where only ghosts of shiv'ring leaflets cross
The fair white that the misty moon hath made
On the sweet earth, and know that all his life
That is worth living for is wandered past;
To know that all that he hath wept and prayed
For is but naught;
To know that all the fairest suns that rose
On his life's day have set in endless night—
That all the sweetest flowers that hedged in
His little life, and with their glad perfume
Made his days sweet, hath wilted dead—
To know this, and yet not to die;
But still to linger on as, dried in rot,
Hangs the marsh apple on the faded stem.
No, not to die, for that were far too good;
But still to linger round the edge of some past life
And dream it back.

And then she came and laid her golden head
On my hot breast, and for a moment all
Our passionate souls met in one trembling kiss;
But then, recalling all, she shivering drew
From my embrace, as draws the quivering foam
Out from the shore, and shuddering, stood
Between me and my life.

Oh! never, never did I think you false!

Then seasons came when seas were very rough,
And ships were drave on every angry coast;

And then at nights I lay till pallid dawn
Stole in the blinds,
List'ning to the weary, weary sea,
That brake and moaned upon the lonely beach,
And every gust went to my very heart.
I thought of you in all this weary time,
And wrecks at sea, of lonely tossing crafts
Drowned in the storm, and every booming gun
That woke the awful night made my heart sick.
Oh! Walter! Walter! I was never false.
It was the years, the awful carking years
That wore away my hope, that stole my life.
I loved you, Walter, loved you all the time;
But, Walter, time, which is a blast,
Drops our fair life to earth and rots its green.
They told me first that you had proved untrue;
They told of darker faces in the South,
As richer flowers in a fair tropic clime
Beside whose grander beauty my poor self
Would be forgot. But still I laughed, and lived,
And dreamed of you, and wept within the haunts
Where our old life had dreamed itself away.
Then pallid hope grew sick, and, wasting, died
Of long disease, and my heart broke at last.
And then in time they told me you were dead.
And then he came; and, Walter, he was kind
And gentle in those years of woe, and it
Was long, yes, very long, before he dared
To ask to take your place. Thus so it came.
Oh! Walter, this is all, the little all,
Which blacked our lives. O, could you but forgive,
And feel that I have suffered just as you.
O! let me live but one sweet little day,
Be it but last a moment, on your lips,
And look into your eyes, and know you mine,
And that you love me still; and it would make
A life on which to live in that bare time
Which men call olden age, when trees are dead,
And fields are weary wastes that once were green,
And hearts are cold that once fed love's hot fires
With feverish hopes.

And then she stopped; and all the sweeter sound
And holier music of the night was dead,
And e'en the very trembling stir of leaves
Seemed harsh, and grated on my longing sense,
As comes the coarser sound of some dull tune
In the sweet pauses of an enchanter's lute.
And then in her white chastity she drew
Back down beyond the foliage so dark
In a fair heap, far whiter than the sea
That leap'd in snowy surge against the land,
And moaned its sorrow to the list'ning night.
I could not curse her then. How could I blight
The only flower that gladdened my dark life;
The only vine that crept around my soul
With its soft tendrils, making all there pure,
And fair, and sweet? How could I curse this
Creature, passing fair? How could I crush
So sweet and strong a life as she gave me,
And which I felt was mine, yet dared not take?

Then my heart died, and ran into the night,
And found the shadow of a darker black
Than midnight gave. But then I knew I loved.
When her dark woe ran down her lily face
And melted in my soul, like sweeter juice
That, mingling in a drink, makes it more sweet
And mellow to the taste, till, as a stream
Swell from its depths, my spirits' avalanche
Broke out, and in a wail which seemed to end
My life:
Philmona, if one moment with you were
Not worth a life to ponder its sweet charm,
It would be better that the day we met
Had been in nature's course ne'er issued forth
From womb of time.

And I do love too well to tempt you now.
Your duty is to him to whom you swore
To love through all the gentle holy hours
That a sweet mate makes to her husband due;
I blame you not for that which you have done.
It is no sorrow to us both to know
That we have loved and have been loved not vain;
For were it but the thought that we have kissed
And let our hearts beat for each other once,
It were all worth a life to but remember this.

When I go forth from you this dreary night
And drift once more into the marts of men,
And settling down into the seamy years,
Melt from your thoughts as doth the snow in spring,
I would you to forget that all hath been;
That we did ever love; that thy sweet soul
Hath seared into my life so deep a mark,
That all the eons from the edge of time
Could not efface.

And then she fell to trembling on my lips
In that sweet space when lives would reach to years;