

the Hon. Robert Baldwin, who was then Solicitor General for Upper Canada, defeated Mr. Murney by 37. In 1842 another election took place, and Mr. Murney was again the Conservative candidate, Mr. Baldwin now holding the office of Attorney General. This time Mr. Murney was elected by a large majority, but the Returning Officer made a Special Return, and the House refused to give him his seat because there had been a riot, and a new election was ordered by the House. In 1843, Mr. Joseph Canniff was selected as the candidate in the Reform interest to oppose Mr. Murney, but Mr. Murney defeated him. In 1844, difficulties arose between the late Lord Metcalfe and his Cabinet, and the House having been dissolved, he was again elected against H. W. Yager, Esq. This Parliament lasted till 1848, when a new election was held, and Mr. Murney was defeated by Mr. Flint. But in 1851 Mr. Flint was defeated, and Mr. Murney once more became the representative of the County. Before another election was held, the County was divided into two Ridings, and Mr. Murney defeated Mr. Benjamin for the North Riding. In 1857 he became a candidate for the Trent Division, resigned his seat in the Lower House, and was elected to the Upper House, defeating Mr. Short, of Peterboro'. He was a member of this branch of the Legislature at the time of his death.

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. OUR OWN BROAD LAKE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS MCQUEEN.

We cannot boast of high green hills,
Of proud, bold cliffs, where eagles gather,—
Of moorland glen and mountain rills,
That echo to the red bell'd heather.
We cannot boast of mouldering towers
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret—
Of chivalry in ladies' bowers—
Of warlike fame, and knights who won it—
But had we Minstrel's Harp to wake,
We well might boast our own broad lake !

And we have streams that run as clear,
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing—
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear,
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing—
And we have trees as tall as towers,
And older than the feudal mansion—
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,
And glens and woods, with fire-flies glancing,
But prouder—loftier boast we make,
The beauties of our own broad lake !

The lochs and lakes of other lands,
Like gems, may grace a landscape painting,
Or where the lordly castle stands,
May lend a charm when charms are wanting,
But ours is deep, and broad, and wide,
With steamships through its waves careering.
And far upon its ample tide,
The bark its devious course is steering ;
While hoarse and loud the billows break,
On islands of our own broad lake !

Immense, bright lake ! I trace in thee,
An emblem of the mighty ocean ;
And in the restless waves I see
Nature's eternal law of motion ;
And fancy sees the Huron Chief,
Of the dim past, kneel to implore thee—
With Indian awe he seeks relief,
In pouring homage out before thee ;
And I, too, feel my reverence wake,
As gazing on our own broad lake !

I cannot feel as I have felt,
When life with hope and fire was teeming ;
Nor kneel as I have often knelt .
At beauty's shrine, devoutly dreaming ;
Some younger hand must strike the string,
To tell of Huron's awful grandeur,
Her smooth and moonlight slumberings,
Her tempest voices loud as thunder,
Some loftier lyre than mine must wake,
To sing our own broad, gleaming lake !

2. LOCKING UP THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled ; and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour 11—on Tuesdays and Fridays 12—the head Warden, (Yeoman Porter,) clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother Warden, carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys !" At these words the Sergeant of the guard, with five or six men turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate ; each sentry challenging, as they pass his post, "Who goes there ?"

"Keys."

The gates being carefully locked and barred—the Warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, and the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party :

"Who goes there ?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys ?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance Queen Victoria's keys and all is well."

The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The main guard devoutly respond "Amen."

The officer on duty gives the word "Present arms !" the firelocks rattle ; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword ; the escort fall among their companions ; and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but those within being furnished with the countersign, any who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.—*English Paper.*

3. SUNDAY AND TEMPERANCE.

A work has lately been published in England by James Lamont, a Fellow of the Geographical Society, entitled "Seasons with the Sea Horses."* It is a record of travel and adventure in the Polar regions during an Arctic summer. The business part of the voyage was hunting seals and walruses. There are two points of special interest in the volume. The first is Mr. Lamont's testimony to the value of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages in the frozen regions of the North, and the superior virtue of tea and coffee over alcoholic stimulants in supporting the system. His testimony, also, to the physical value of the Sabbath, is so important, that we copy it entire. Chapter VI. begins as follows :—

"Sunday, the 17th, was calm, with heavy banks of fog hanging about . . . Did not leave the ship, but read morning service in the cabin. We never hunt on Sundays, although sometimes the appearance of a fat seal, or a troop of walruses floating past, is eminently tantalizing, and severely tries our respect for the fourth commandment. I am sorry to say, that the greater part of the sealing vessels make no distinction between the seventh day and the rest of the week, although some of them compromise with their consciences by refraining from *searching* for animals with the boats, merely attacking those which come in sight of the vessel. I must leave to theologians to decide how far these men are justified by the peculiar nature of their occupation in this entire or partial desecration of the Sabbath ; but of the one thing I am certain, and that is, that they are no gainers by it in the long run, for whether it was attributable to our energies, mental and bodily, being recruited by a day of rest, or to the fact of the animals, the objects of pursuit, having time to settle during twenty-four hours' respite from bullets and harpoons, somehow Monday always was, with us, the most successful day of the week. Verily, a day of rest, once a week, is of essential importance to man and beast, even if on no other grounds than those of physical requirements. We always considered Sunday to terminate punctually at midnight ; in these regions it is just as light in July at midnight as midday, and it was a singular circumstance (might I not venture, without being deemed presumptuous, to suggest that this might be *more* than merely accidental ?) that we saw our first bear a few minutes after this Sunday had expired."

* See Notice of this book on the next page.