

OUR OWN BROAD LAKE.

The author of the following beautiful poetry, Mr. Macqueen, of Goderich, (to their credit be it said,) has lately been made Clerk of the Huron District Court, by the present Canadian Government.

From the Huron Signal.

We cannot boast of high green hills,
Of proud, bold cliffs where eagles gather,
Of moorlane glen and mountain rither,
That echo to the red-bell'd heather.
We cannot boast of mould'ring towers,
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret,
Of chivalry in Ladies' bowers,
Of warlike fame, and knights who wore 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 wolds, 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 her 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 thy 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, devotedly dreaming.
Some younger hand must strike the string,
To tell of Huron's awful grandeur,
Her smooth and moonlit slumberings,
Her tempest voices loud as thunder;
Some loftier lyre than mine must wake,
To sing our own broad, gleaming lake!

T. MACQUEEN.

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EASTERN BATHING.

HERE are very few persons among us who have not heard of Mr Buckingham, the oriental traveller. Mr B. is, professedly, a most zealous friend of cleanliness, and of all the other virtues which conduce to health, of body and purity of soul. In his lectures of Egypt, he gives a particular account of one form of bathing as practised in that country, from which we think every individual may derive important hints.

The following are his remarks as reported for the New-York Observer.

Baths are extremely numerous, in Egypt; and so great are the advantages which attend the use of them, that it is greatly to be lamented they are not universal. They are so favourable both to health and to pleasure, that I could desire no private house should be without its bath; but it is surprising to think that in many cities of England there is no bath at all; or if there be one, it is in some obscure corner, so far off as to be of little general use.

Among the Mahomedans, baths are as numerous as their mosques. I doubt if in their cities a single street can be found, without one or more of them. There is a general conviction in the East, that personal cleanliness is favourable to morality; while, on the other hand, vice and filth go naturally together. Baths are to be had at all prices. For a single *para*, (in value about one-fourth of one of your cents,) you are furnished with a private apartment, hot water, a towel and soap, and have liberty to stay half an hour.