

HOMOEOPATHIC SOUP.

From the very commencement of our editorial career down to the present moment we have been requested by many distinguished members of the *Homoeopathic Faculty* and their patrons to procure a recipe for some article of diet, suitable to the debilitated state of their mental and physical frames, and we trust the following may prove an acceptable offering, being the latest production of Dietetic Science, and applicable alike to Valentinarians, Septuagenarians, many or any *airy ones*, but especially to such as are slowly recovering from protracted disease after Homoeopathic treatment:—

Take a robin's leg,
[Mind, the drum-stick merely]
Put it in a tub
Fill'd with water nearly.

Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week,
Three days for a lady.

Put a spoonful in
To a five-quart kettle;
[It should be of tin
Or perhaps bell-metal.]

Fill the kettle up
Put it on a boiling
Skim the liquor well
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil
Half an hour or longer
It is for a man
You may make it stronger.

Should you now desire
That the Soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
With a stick of Savory.

When the Soup is done
Set it by, to *jell* it,
Then three times a day
Let the patient smell it.

If he chance to die
Say, "twas Nature did it,"
But, should he get well,
Give the Soup the credit!

THE BARRIE SWITCH.

The Barrie Switch—that tremendous triumph of genius, that extraordinary work of art and science, that work which is destined to give so great an impetus to the business of the world in general and the township of Vespra in particular was opened on Wednesday last. The successful completion of this Switch is the final conclusion of a desperate struggle between the Corporation of Barrie and the Northern Railway Company—a struggle which has enchaind the interest of the civilized world and has caused a greater excitement and a more intense sympathy than the war between the Greeks and the Greeks did in that era of the revolution of France in later times or still nearer to ourselves the great rebellion of 1837 in our Province. The opening was celebrated by a review, lunch, and a dinner. Dusty was the review, dusty the air, dusty under foot, dusty down the throats all, dusty over the men so much so that the line presented more the appearance of a sand-bag battle than a line of living human beings. It was only when the men were moved the pleasing optical illusion was dispelled. Then came the lunch. Thus Caesar how they talked, they switched us on the ear, switched us on the other, switched us

every way until the Barrie switch in spite of its great pretensions of usefulness was distorted into an instrument of torture more excruciating in its affliction than the most pliant birch that ever utilized the posteriorities of an unruly schoolboy. After an infliction of Switch such as never had before been endured in this liberty-loving Province of ours. The dinner was over—and the company separated a mixed mass of sand, champagne, wiskey, and stale tobacco smoke, and all felt they had endured it from a patriotic feeling, and with a due regard to the awful importance of the work the opening of which they had the day celebrated.

THE LEADER'S INKLING.

From the state of degradation into which matters sometimes fall in this world it is but reasonable to expect that if brought, in any degree, within their sphere one must expect to be besmeared with some of the mire and dirt which is belched forth from the depths of the cess pool! It is not astonishing, therefore, that the GRUMBLER should have required several months to renovate and brush off the filth which was thrown at it by a creature that acts the part of a scavenger for a city paper. It would be the hyperbole of torture "to break a fly on the wheel," how much more so, an *animalcule* to which nature has not given the grace and dignity of wings; it is not our habit to allow certain little victims, (oh! I breathe not their name!) a veto on the weapons used against them, other wise we should have small tooth-combs, mouse-traps, and even soap and water banished and protested against; we should on this, as on all future occasions adopt the readiest method of *catching, killing, and cracking* them, in the manner found most efficacious to their destruction, taking care to keep them at a respectful distance from our persons in future. If this mercurial newspaper imp will only put this into his post-prandial pipe and smoke it, he may take our word for it, it will put a stop to his (crawling) propensities in all time coming!

A WORD ABOUT BELLS.

Much might be said and sung about bells; much that is suggestive, much that is grave, much that is gay, much that is ludicrous; much that tells of national conquest and public rejoicing, much that betokens an accompaniment to funeral dirge as well as marriage festival, much that awakens one to quench the flame of the midnight incendiary, or incite one to the highest, holiest service of all, the worship of the Sanctuary. We come however to speak of our own peculiar bells not yet suspended from their grovelling position in the church yard, and hitherto yielding an uncertain sound from the tap of every unkempt urchin that passes by all the music they at present emit may be said to be pitched in a very flat key, but we heartily trust ere long they may be raised to their legitimate position, and give out their characteristic peals on every appropriate occasion. On hearing that a distinguished marriage had taken place in the Cathedral on Wednesday last, Mrs Partington is said to have exclaimed "Deary me, deary me, what is the world coming to, I thought them Papishers were bad enough, christening their *bells* and having folks stand God-fathers and God-mothers to them, but here actually is two Episcopal clergymen, (it must have been a heavy business when it required two,) assisting in marrying a [red] Herring to a Bell.

PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

Our "own correspondent" advises us that it is the intention of the undermentioned members on the return from Europe of the Canadian Delegates to move for the returns enumerated, viz:

Mr. Holton will move that the return of John A. & Co. is extremely inconvenient;

Mr Brown—for a return to St James'.

Mr McGee viewing the "present situation" will move for a return of all the *hard words* in Johnsons Dictionary. Mr Sandfield Macdonald will move for a return of place and power.

Mr Rymal—for a return of his "wits".

Mr A. M. Smith—for a return of all the GRUMBLER's jokes at his expense during the last two years. Mr John Macdonald (Toronto)—for a return of all the kettles convicted of singing on the Sabbath day. Sir E. P. Tache—for a return of the days when he was young.

Mr Pound—text wood—at the instance of the Leader for a return of the pap-spoons manufactured since the new coalition.

After the foregoing motions have been put it is confidently expected the Hon John A. will move that "this House do now adjourn."

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

Last week the long talked of Bells for St. James' Cathedral arrived in this city. They were escorted in triumphal procession to the Store of a certain Boanerges on King Street who happened to have had the great honour of handing the check to pay for them [which he received from the Committee] to the manufacturer. For this great feat of honesty and financial ability, he deemed himself worthy of having his honoured name, his coat of arms, a small-sized brass padlock, engraved on the bells. The padlock was ornamented with a great many curious devices and hieroglyphics which on closer observation showed out to be a notice that at the store of this distinguished philanthropist could be found a heterogeneous assortment of ironware, in fact everything from a steam engine to a pair of snufflers—one fact was however omitted inadvertently we suppose, which, perhaps, the Congregation of St. James' will cause to be supplied (at their own expense) to show the appreciation of the efforts of this gentleman; and that is that he has the largest and most varied stock of Brass in his possession we ever remember to have seen or heard off. Founders and Tinsmiths take notice.

It is with profound regret that we find two prominent members of this community making a religious association the arena on which to seek the perpetuation of a private quarrel. As our principles are based on the assumption that by nothing extenuating, or setting down aught in malice, we shall best serve the cause of truth, we are free to avow our deliberate convictions that the deeds that have been enacted within the last ten days at the meetings of a society whose object should be directed to *high and holy* purposes alone are such as to blur the grace of Christian modesty to make one call virtue hypocrite, pluck the fair rose that should adorn the most exalted duties in which man can be engaged for the well-fare of his fellow man, and plant a blister there, such acts indeed as make "sweet religion a mere rhapsody of words!"

We should be sorry that either of the disputants were consigned to the alternative indicated by a blazing light of the Church Society, one who has deservedly earned the distinction of sunflower of the Canadian bar, and we shall heartily regret that should either the one or the other, or both, require to be taken care of by a paternal government, any institution "should feel" for marble sometimes can on such occasions feel as much as men. Deprived of their fair won charms. If both should die unless within its arms!