

[For the Home Journal.]  
THE HOME OF UNREST.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE

Look! those walls all marble white  
Seem to woo the moonday's smile,  
And the golden rays of light  
Love to linger there awhile.

Oh! you temples fair to view,  
On the dome there seems to rest  
Brightness of such holy hue  
As if the very spot were blest.

Lo! this temple, by the beams  
Of the elvish moon to-night  
Is fair, as when in infant dreams  
Are seen the smiles of angels bright.

Yes, indeed these walls are fair,  
While you mark the marble's sheen  
Your young heart is free from care—  
Till the inner courts you've seen.

Hark! a stream all rest, as flows  
Underneath this temple bright,  
And the mysteries it knows  
Which shall never see the light.

And this stream it hath a voice,  
Strange the dirge it chants I ween,  
"Surely youth could never rejoice  
Did it know what I have seen."

Oh! the walls are pure, you see,  
Gaily sunbeams on them rest,  
Yet you'll hear no melody,  
For within no bird hath nest.

So, the temple seemeth fair,  
So I knelt without the pale,  
When to enter I did dare,  
Once within, my heart did fail.

In that temple is no light,  
By no honest day 'tis lit,  
While in dreary, lone midnight  
Ghastly shadows through it lit.

Fair without! so foul within!  
Darkness, damp, and mould'ring hearth,  
Few would wish to enter in  
And close the gates on merry Earth.

I entered young, and free and gay,  
I left it old, and wise and sad,  
And when again I saw the day,  
Alas! it could not make me glad.

Choice Extracts.

New Order of Knighthood.

The *Gazette* announces that Her Majesty has been pleased to institute an order of knighthood, to be known by, and have for ever hereafter the designation of the most exalted order of the Star of India. The order is to consist of the sovereign, a grand master, and twenty-five knights. Her Majesty's object, in founding the order, is to afford to the princes, chiefs and people of the Indian empire a public and signal testimony of her regard; and, in order to mark Her Majesty's high sense and esteem for the order, the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales were appointed extra knights. Earl Canning is appointed first grand master. The following is a list of the knights of the order:—Viscount Gough, Lord Harris, Lord Clyde, Sir G. Clerk, Sir J. Lawrence, Sir J. Outram, Sir Hugh Rose, and nine Indian princes.

Death from a Worm in the Brain.

An inquest was held at Walsall, Staffordshire, recently, on the body of a girl named Rachel Brady, aged twenty years, who was found dead in her bed. The medical man who had made a post-mortem examination, stated that he had ascertained that the deceased used to eat sausages. On opening her head he had found, where the brain and spinal marrow join, four dydated sacs. The dydated sac, he had no doubt, was composed of the egg of the tape worm, the worm thus taken into the body in process of eating sausages not properly cooked, composed of measles pork. The worm thus taken into the body forced its way into the organs, the liver, the head, eyes and brain, and deposited its egg, and this again forced its way wheresoever it could gain most nourishment. In the present instance, the dydated sac, pressing upon the brain at the particular point named, caused death.

A Yankee at a Restaurant.

An American in Paris went to a restaurant to his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a

vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought to him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The by-standers now supposed that he was an unfortunate individual that had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much; the American paid his bill and left.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**A Beautiful Reflection.**  
Rulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their annual festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us, like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!"

A Roland for an Oliver.

A few days since (writes an attorney), as I was sitting with Brother D—, in his office, in Court Square, a client came in, and said—

"Squire D—, W—, the livery stable keeper, shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," said D—.

Client—"I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Dedham. He said fifteen shillings. I took the horse and went, and when I came back, I paid him fifteen shillings, and he said he wanted another fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it."

D— gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:—

He went to stables and said—

"How much will you charge me for a horse to go to Salem?"

Stabler replied—"Thirty shillings."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went back to stabler, saying—

"Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings.

"Where is my horse?" says W—.

"He is at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

A Knowing Horse.

Last Saturday morning a gentleman bought a wagon at Kingsley Calcutt's auction sale. In the afternoon he sent his man and horse to bring it home. On the way home, the horse ran away, and nearly killed the man and broke the wagon all to pieces; but, strange to say, when the horse found he had got his liberty, he thought he would like to see the auctioneer who sold the wagon to his master. So down he runs, and on his way to Calcutt's auction-room, he ran into a cart and cut himself very badly. On he went as hard as he could run until he got to Calcutt's store. He then halted, and in he walks all the way down his long store, looking around at all the goods. In turning round at the end of the store, he slipped and down he went with such a crash that you would have thought the house was falling in. Getting up, he broke a lot of furniture. When he got up, not liking the looks of things, he turned and put his head over the counter where Mr.

Calcutt was standing, and looked up at him straight in the face, and shook his head at him, as much as to say, "Old fellow, I have called to thank you for the bargain you gave my master in the wagon, at the same time I thought I would do a little business with you in the way of breaking some of your new furniture. Good morning, sir, and out he walked. (N. B.) As strange as this may appear, it is strictly true.—*Cobourg Star.*

Chinese Tea Tricks.

All the "tricks of trade" are not confined to this country, nor to "outside barbarians." We saw on Tuesday, in a wholesale establishment in this city, a chest of tea opened under circumstances that preclude the possibility of its having been tampered with since it left China; yet it had not a pound of tea inside, and we were told by the merchant that it was by no means the first case that he had seen of the kind. In one case the contents were a mixture of rough rice and clay, so proportioned as to give the exact weight of the tea the package originally contained. He states that the trick is the work of the tea carriers, who must have facilities to reclose the package after abstracting the contents, with such skillfulness that the theft cannot be discovered until the chest is opened by the merchant at its final destination. Formerly the most common trick was the substitution of an inferior tea for a high priced one, which the thief disposed of for his own profit, buying the cheap sort with a part of the money; but of late they have found that dirt will pass as well as pure tea, and so save the whole contents of the plundered packages. This trick of substituting one sort for another is so common, that the tea merchant is no longer certain of what he is buying, unless he examines every package before shipping it, which is simply an impossibility.—*New York Tribune.*

Life Everywhere.

You cannot go into a meadow and pick up a daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dewdrop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy gem, and all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an almitment that made it grow. And when it lifted up its eyes towards the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and by starlight and moonlight they worked on. And the daisy lifted up his head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky, and all of them that had silver lined wings, and birds in black, grey, and quaker-brown came, and querulous blue bird, and the courtesying yellow bird came, and sang a coronation of that daisy.—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

Trying to Kith Me.

Looking over our exchanges, we find the following dialogue reported as having occurred in one of the Cincinnati schools:

"I," says the person that witnessed the scene, "saw a little fellow with his arms around a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her."

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," spoke the bright-eyed little boy, somewhat alarmed.

"He wath, thir—he wath trying to kith me, that he wath thir!" said she eycing him closely.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly r'ight here in school?" I asked anticipating some fun.

"Oh, he hitched up here, and then he wanted me to kith him, and then I told him I wouldn't kith such a thumppy boy as he ith;

then he thred he'd kith me, and I told him he dathn't, but he thred he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then he tried to kith me the harder!" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," she replied, with a naviete, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and thot I let him!"

Here the whole school, who had been listening, instantly broke into an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

Blondin and the Lion.

M. Blondin wheeled a lion cub over the rope at the Zoological Gardens, Liverpool, on the afternoon of the 29th ultimo—a boisterous wind prevailing at the time. The lion, which is 18 months old, and is called Tom Sayers, after the renowned pugilist, was strapped in the barrow. Much curiosity was excited to see the animal. Scores of glasses were raised, and when the head of young Tom was observed, with his eyes wandering about, as if anxious to know what was to become of him, the clapping and cheering became very great. Having adjusted the barrow, Blondin began to move, apparently trembling with the weight of his and as it was let out by his assistant, it by some means or other got entangled after he load. A gye was attached to the barrow, had proceeded some thirty or forty feet. Blondin halted, and the gye rope fell to the ground. The heart became sick at looking at him. People kept their breath, expecting every moment that the gymnast, with "Tom Sayers" and the barrow, would be precipitated into "the city of Pekin," or into the lake below. Instantly Blondin's resolution was taken. He evidently could not go on, and he began to walk backward cautiously and slowly. Women were terrified, as if they were witnessing an execution. A deep silence prevailed, which was only broken when Blondin landed safely on the platform. Again the barrow was adjusted, and Blondin moved on, this time without a gye rope. Gradually, he reached the centre, and, after resting a short time, began to push his load up the incline. The wind seemed to impede him very much, and it was really frightful foot, as if he who guided it had not sufficient strength to push it on another inch.—*London Paper.*

Cannibalism among the Fans.

Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism which I had never heard of among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who in return buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from two other tribes, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body. Until to-day, I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated but seeming quite impossible to any one unacquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the sea shore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. In fact, the Fans seem regular ghouls, only they practice their rrid custom unblushingly and in open day, and have no shame about it. I have seen here knives covered with human skin, which their owners valued very highly. To-day the Queen brought me some boiled plantain, which looked very tempting, but the fear lest she should have cooked it in some pot where a man had been cooked before—which was likely the case—made me unable to eat it. On these journeys, I have fortunately taken with me sufficient pots to do my cooking. They are the finest and bravest looking set of negroes I have seen in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them.—*From a new French work on Central Africa.*