POETRY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west,
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine in one of the largest cities, before I met with any serious adventure. One night, as I was returning home, through a lonely, little-frequented part of the city, in a late hour, from a patient I had been with since noon of that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big, stout, coarsely dressed man.

"You're a doctor?" he both announced and inquired in the same words.

"I am."

"I want you to come with me, then," he said, in a tone that intimated the matter was already settled in his mind, however it might be mine.

"I cannot to-night," I answered, with emphatic emphasis; "I am wearied out, and anxious to get home."

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THE DUELLIST'S REVENGE.

The bitter animosity existing in France between the royalists and imperialists found its termination in the restoration of Louis XVII, and innumerable quarrels and bloody duels were the result. In their two factions met more numerously at the Palais Royal than at any other given point, and here the insult, the challenge, and the acceptance followed each other in rapid succession, and both parties immediately adjourning to some convenient locality in the vicinity, not unfrequently settled the whole affair within the hour.

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