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Poetry.

The Ship of doom.

"Now shall the dastard Viking
Cower, and meet his doom!
With this right arm I'll cleave him
Yes, till his heart's blood leave him—
No other foeman striking.
Till I have filled his tomb."

So swore the Prince, as gazing
Far in the cold, black night,
Waked from his troubled dreaming,
Waked to see upward streaming,
Luridly, redly blazing,
Flames from the castled height.

"Ride for the hill as never
Men rode before!" he cried.
Fiercely they went, but faster
Yet rode the fire's red Master,
Mocking their vain endeavor,
Till his mad fury died.

Then did the dastard Viking
Go, with his black work done,
Leaving, in mingled slaughter,
Henchmen and wife and daughter.
All in his vengeance striking,
Sparing nor saving none.

Fast went the Prince, still faster,
Till he had gained the height—
Vainly the foeman hallooed,
For over the wild sea sailing,
He who had wrought the disaster
Fled with the fleeing night.

With swift but silent motion,
As swept by demon blast,
Down came the Prince, where lying
And eager to be flying
Over the smoking ocean.
His ship lay anchored fast.

"Hill follow him!" he muttered,
"Where wilder tempests blow—
The lightning-flash shall light me
To where he needs most fight me."
Nor any more he uttered,
As sailed he westward ho.

Through nights of fierce conflagration
When thunder loud was crashing,
And vivid lightning flashing,
Across the stormy ocean,
The ship still chased her foe.

Sailed, sailed through nights woea brightly
The magic moon did shine,
Her silver beams beguiling
The troubled waters to smiling,
Till, by her wand touched lightly,
They followed at her sign.

On, on, when dark and dreary
The sudden clouds hung still,
When sea birds, creaking hollow,
Their leaders track would follow,
With beating wings, unwearied,
O'er lone sea vale and hill.

Still sailed the grim Avenger,
Nor ever landward turned;
But on through years unnumbered,
While worlds awake and slumbered,
Mid calm or storm and danger,
E'er her headlight burned.

And stern-towed cruisers, drifted
Down lonely tracks of sea,
O'er mark the ship pursuing;
And, while with terror viewing
Her ghostly spars uplifted,
Crowd on th'ir sails and keel.

How A WIFE READ HER HUSBAND'S MIND.—That was an interesting exhibition of mind-reading which took place in a certain family in this city. A gentleman and his wife had been reading, in the last issue of the *Post*, the narrative of Mr. Brown's wonderful feats in reading the thoughts of others, and the gentleman was firmly impressed with the notion that he could do those things himself and so told his wife, when she suggested that he should experiment with her. He accordingly told her to fix her mind intently on some subject, and he took her hand, made the passes between her forehead, and his own, and then, after, as he supposed, fully absorbing her thoughts, told her she was thinking of her sister in Spring Valley. "No," said she, "that's not it." "What were you thinking of, then?" he asked. "Why," she answered, "I was thinking all the while, what a fool you were making of yourself!"

NECK AND NECK.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

The e's Charlie Culnane, now, as decent a man as you'll find in a day's ride, barring he would take a drop or two more'n was good for him, and he was fond of horse racing, rest his soul, for he was a brave rider, that he was; and as for fine saddles, and fine bridles, as every soddler in the country round knew, he was—they said it themselves—the very devil to please. Never a one but honest Mike Tromney could shunt him. And there's no wonder, d'ye see, that Michael shunted him; for as Mike used to say himself, he could stretch a saddle better than the Lord Lieutenant, though the English—had he to them—had made him all the same as King over Ireland.

Well,—the story's a long one but I'll cut it short—Charlie started one night for home from Tom's house, where he'd been to buy a new snaffle bridle. It was a long road he'd got to travel and a rough one. It was a good twelve miles, no less. The rain came down as thick as could be. He rode along the banks of the Blackwater as you go from Ballyhooley to Carrick. Charlie fretted as he saw his new snaffle reins getting drenched; but as for himself he was as merry as a harper. Faith, he had a full skin of his own, and niver a shilling to the parliament had the whiskey in him paid. It's little for the wet he cared, barring that he spoiled his new bridle and the rest. He lugged his cloak snugly around him, and away he rode singing, singing all the way as fine as any thrush in Wexford. It's a blithe heart he had, and the whiskey was in his head.

He was trotting along the Kilmomer Hill, past the ruins of the old home of the Templars. Splash! splash! splash! went his horse over the wet and miry road. Drip! drip! drip! fell the rain on the hat and mossy tombstones.

"It's a nasty night this," said Charlie to himself, "in me own cabin I'd like to be this minute."

Splash! splash! splash! went his horse over the wet and miry road. Drip! drip! drip! fell the rain on the hat and mossy tombstones.

"Howly Virgin, save us!" shouted Charlie, as sudden as he crossed himself and stared in fright at what he saw. "Is it awake, I am? or is it asleep?"

No wonder he doubted the evidence of his senses. For, following quickly after him came a horse's head! Its ears had been cropped, and the color of its hair was white. Its big eyes stared out wildly at him. Its nostrils were dilated.

But where was the horse? Nowhere that he could see. Along it flew, faster and faster; it overtook him; it came abreast of him; it began to pass him; his own horse saw it and snorted with terror. Charlie's horse ran faster out of sheer fright; but the horse's head beat it, and was soon out of sight.

Charlie had hardly got over his first fright, than he found himself breast and breast with a horse and rider. He looked around.

"I'm sold now forever!" he exclaimed in terror. For the sight was enough to freeze his blood with horror. There at his side leaped a headless horse, and on it sat the ghost of a man at least eight feet high.

Charlie glanced at the rider, admired his red hunting frock, and then looked up to see his face.

"By the big bridge of Mallow," he exclaimed in terror, "it's no head at all he has!"

"Look again, Charlie Culnane!" This advice was uttered in a hoarse tone. It seemed to come from the right armpit of the ghostly rider.

Charlie did look again. Sure enough the sound came from the spectre's armpit. For it carried its head like a parcel under its right arm!

Charlie's horse through the wet and mud. Drip, drip, drip, fell the rain into the river and the pools.

Leap, leap, leap, went the head of the horse; leap, leap, leap, went the horse after its head; but never a sound from the headless horse, and never a word from the headless man!

A roar of thunder in the hill of Cecaune a Mona Finnea made the stillness of the spectre more fearful yet.

Charlie soon plucked up his courage again. He saw that the dreadful rider meant him no harm, and therefore he made up his mind to talk to him.

He glanced—not quite confident yet—at his ghastly comrade. He saw that the legs of the spectre dangled down at the side of the phantom horse.

"Why, then," said Charlie, said he, "it's mighty well yer honor, long life to ye, rides without the stirrups!"

"Humph!" This out of the Head and from under the Arm.

Charlie didn't think the answer altogether good, but he tried his luck again:—

"That's a mighty nate coat of yer honor's," he said, with a little cough—"barrin' it's a thrille too long in the waist for the cut now a days."

"Humph!" This out of the Head, and from under the Arm.

Charlie was dumfounded by this second rebuff. But it isn't modesty that a true fish boy ever dies of; and a poor opinion of his own gut of Charlie never hurts a mother's son of them.

Charlie soon got over this repulse.

"Well," he said to himself, says he, "it's a sensible head, no less, if it is an ugly one; it's not too fond of flattery, that's plain!"

So he tried a third time:—

"To be sure," he said, "that's a brave horse yer honor rides!"

"I may say that and yer nully mouth!" This out of the Head and from under the Arm, with a growl.

"Divil take it," thought Charlie; "it's not civil at all it is. But I've made it speak for a bit. And I'll make it again, I'll be bound."

"May be, yer honor," resumed Charlie, "ye wouldn't be after racing him across the country?"

The Head grinned with delight from Ear to Ear. It was a horrible sight to look at just then; but there was no doubt that it was pleased.

"Will you try me, Charlie?" This out of the Head and from under the Arm.

"Faix," said Charlie, "an' that's what I'd do, only the night being so dark, I'm afraid of laming the old mare, and I've every half penny of a hundred pounds on her heels!"

I forgot to say that Charlie was to race the next day, and had bet that sum on his mare against the best horse in the country. So no wonder he was afraid to lame her by racing at midnight over a rough and rocky road in a match with a headless horseman.

The spectre gave its word that the mare would be safe, if he would let her race with his phantom steed.

"Done then, and come on with you!" shouted Charlie, as he struck his spurs into the smoking flanks of his horse.

Away they went, helters-skelter, hickety-split, over the fences, over the walls; splash, splash, dashing along; leaping the heiges, jumping the ditches, and bounding as if the Old Harry was after them!

"Charlie Culnane! Charlie Culnane, man!" shouted the Head from under the Arm. "Charlie Culnane, man, stop for your life!"

Charlie had just got ahead of the spectral horse's neck; when the Rider's Head entreated him to halt.

The Head of the Horse was still a yard or two in advance.

"You may say that," said Charlie, "as he stopped his horse, 'but if it was neck to neck I'd beat you hollow. It's that Head that troubles me!"

He had got over his fear of his fearsome comrade in the excitement of the chase.

What the ghost now said—for they were its last words on earth—I must tell you in the exact language of the Irish historian.

"Charlie Culnane," says he, "you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you and I ought to know; and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilmomer Hill, and ever since I have been trying to get a man that dared torride with me, and never before found one. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never talk a ditch nor turn from a stone wall, and the Headless Horseman will never desert you nor the old mare."

When Charlie turned round to answer lo!

and behold there was the dead rider's Head snugly put away like a handkerchief, in one of the big pockets of the scarlet frock. Lo! and behold up went the horse's head—away up in the air. As Charlie saw it disappear, he turned round, but the headless horseman and the headless horse were gone. He looked up—they were just vanishing as he gazed.

Charlie told his wife and all the neighbors this story. Would you believe it, they only laughed in his face for his pains?

"Ah, Charlie Culnane," said one, "Charlie my boy, that's a mighty fine brand of whiskey Mike Tromney kapes—that it is. And it's that what made you dreme you had a chase with the headless horseman."

But Charlie to his dying hour maintained that his story was a true one. One thing is certain, he won the race next day and that's the end of it.

The Manatee or Cow Fish.

The manatee, says Mr. Frank Buckland is one of the rarest and most interesting beasts that has been brought to England for many years past. His external appearance is very puzzling. At one moment he resembles as if a porpoise or hearing hog.

The home of the manatee is the shallow bays and quiet rivers of Central and South America. He is purely herbivorous, and lives upon the water plants which abound in those tropical regions. Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, London, has discovered that he is excessively fond of lettuce and vegetable marrow, cut into slices. His hind legs are flattened out into a fan, somewhat resembling a porpoise's tail. When he wishes to move forward he gets way on by moving his tail up and down; and as those who unpacked him from his travelling box know—he is able to use this lever-like tail with great force.

The manatee is purely mammalian, and suckles its young at the breast.

The manatee is allied to the dugong found in Australia. The dugong has a face ornamented with a big, hooked nose, and when I see the figure of Punch performing in the street, it puts me in mind of the dugong. The dugong and the manatee are without doubt the origin of the fable of the mermaid; either of them, especially the dugong, when coming to the surface of the water to breathe or look round, is very human. The manatee now in the gardens is 7 feet 2 inches long; a full grown beast is from 14 feet to 16 feet long. Unfortunate for this animal, the flesh is very good eating. It has the flavor of pork with the taste of veal, reminding one of that curious relish, "beef cut with a hammy knife." The skin of a manatee is like the skin of a prickly pear; he has stiff bristles inside his mouth; this is really a form of whitebone, as found in the whale's mouth. The animal seems to be a compromise between a pig or porpoise.

Id—id—id—id—id, idiot. Now Givus a stunner (hic).

She picked up the poker of the stove and gave him a "stunner," and the spelling match adjusted sine die.

A WISIL.

May the blessing of God rest upon thee; may the Sun of Glory shine around thy head; may the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness, be always open to thee and thine; may no strife disturb thy days; may no sorrow distress thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dream; and when length of years make thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtains of death gently close around the last scene of thy existence, may the Angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction, and finally, may the Saviour's blood wash thee from all impurities, and at last usher thee into a land of everlasting felicity.

In the East river, New York, on Tuesday, a sea gull went swooping down for a fish, which its keen eyes discerned swimming near the surface of the water, just in front of the ferry-boat "Mineola." The bird caught the fish in its talons and essayed to rise; but the prey was too heavy, and it could only flutter on the surface of the river. The gull, however, pertinaciously clung to his burden, and was dragged beneath the waves. Another struggle brought the bird above the water just in front of the bow of the boat, but it would not relinquish its hold, and the vessel swept over both, drowning the greedy gull and freeing the fish from its captivity.

"Broke, broke, broke. Neither greenback nor gold do I see. And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me! Oh, ill that the groceryman's boy has been told to dun for his pay, Or the milkman yet with sonorous H? old man, can you settle today?—Let the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill. Don't I owe, owe, owe, on every hand, And have many a cent in the till? Broke, broke, broke, I'm a beggar in rags; ah me!—And three day's grace on my notes unpaid Will never come back to me!"

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any claims against the estate of James W. Street, Esquire, late of Saint Andrews, merchant, are requested to present them duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

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