THE APPEAL.

From the Sunday Delta.]

EDITORS DELTA: The following lines were written on shipboard in 1845, by Miss C. H., who was then in her fourteenth year; since dead:

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

Farewell to the home of my childhood,
The home of my youth and my love,
Where bright beams the eye of each dear one,
As the stars in the heaven above.
For hearts that beat fond in what sever,
Loved faces will fade from our view;
But the heart that is true loves forever,
'Tis only the lips breathe "adieu"

Farewell to the land of my fathers,
Perhaps I shall see thee no more,
But not the heart that forgets thee,
The home of a Godmitth and More.
In my innermost heart I will cherish
The country that saw them a birth,
And though was pill between and dove's us,
I'll honor my own native earth.

I go over Atlantic's deep billow
To seek a new home in the West,
But, as I recline on my pillow,
I'll think of the home I have left.
I'll pray that the emblem of freedom
From Despots and Tyrannts's power,
And that Heaven's richest blessings attend her
And shine fair from our mother's dark hour.

I go to the land of the freeman,
Where peace and happiness reign,
Where the rod of oppression never enters
The plains of Freedom's domain.
Yet do I in my heart is engraven
Each loved one, each tear, each smile,
Near me in bounding billows, my heritage
To Columbia from Erin's green isle.

A PATHETIC STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The Cleveland *Herald* relates the following affecting narrative, which is represented to be no less true than strange:

We, yesterday, learned the denouement of a painful story, equal to the most thrilling romance in interest, but with the circumstances and actors of which we were personally well acquainted.

Some twelve years ago, two young men, named Clyma and Paull, lived in a small village not far from the sea coast, in the extreme west of England. Both were miners and workers in the same mine, near the village. Both paid their addresses to the same maiden, though not with equal success. Clyma prospered so well in his suit, that a day was appointed for the nuptials, and in due course the bands of marriage were asked in the village church on the first of the three Sundays prescribed by the English canon law.

Before the second Sunday came round, the rivals met at a wrestling match in the village, and it chanced that the turn came for them to wrestle together. Paull was excited, and endeavored to give his successful rival by a "wicked fall," but his eagerness worked his defeat. He was thrown to the ground amid the shouts of the villagers. On springing to his feet, he swore that he would be revenged, and that he should marry his intended bride. From that day he took to drinking deeply, and buried imprecations on his rival.

The day before that fixed for the marriage Paull told all his acquaintances that he would be at the wedding, and would find means to prevent the taking place. Knowing his determined character, Clyma appeared alarmed at the threat, and got some friends to intercede with Paull, but in vain.

Late that night, Clyma left the house of his intended bride for his own cottage. The way lay across a patch of barren moor, where there were several open mine shafts, which had been deserted, and the bottoms of whose black depths were now covered with several fathoms of water. About the same hour, Paull was seen crossing in the same patch of moor from another direction. A miner, who passed a little later toward the mine, where he worked, saw no one on the moor. Clyma was not seen on his way home, and the alarm was taken next morning by his betrothed, who had sent to inform him of the wedding arrangements, and who had received a reply that he was coming to her. Search was made in the mine, and the bodies of the two men were found, locked in each other's arms, in the water of the shaft. Paull was known to have been at work in the mine that night, and it was supposed that, in the heat of his passion, he had lured his rival to the place, and, by some means, had precipitated himself and his victim into the shaft. Clyma had his watch in his hand, and it was supposed that he had struck a match to see the way out of the mine, when he was overtaken by his fate. Paull had his pocket-knife in his hand, and was supposed to have stabbed his rival in the mine, and then to have rushed on his own fate. The bodies were recovered, and buried in the churchyard, side by side, without a coffin, and the story was hushed up, as far as possible, for the sake of the survivors.

The story was not forgotten, however, and it was a strange fatality that, after the lapse of twelve years, the descendants of the three actors in the tragic scene should come together in this country, and that the story should be thus disinterred. The widow of Clyma, with her two children, came to this country, and settled in Ohio, where she married a second husband, who died, leaving her a competence. The children grew up, and the boy, Clyma, learned the trade of a miner. He came to this place, and, by his industry and good conduct, has gained the confidence of his employers, and is now in their service, with every prospect of a good position. The daughter married a young man, who