Daily Appeal.

THE IRISH EXILE'S LAMENT FOR HIS BRIDE.

AIR.—"The Dead of Clonmale."

The Dublin Telegraph says: We have been favored with an early copy of this truly national and fairly poetic little work. 'Tis evidently from the pen of an Irishman, and possesses all the warmth and enthusiasm that might be expected from one who grew and vegetated upon the Shannon's banks. We quote the following heart-stirring, but too truthful story, old in poesy's sweet language:

Oh! hat I the voice of the sweet bard of Erin,
Or hat I the silver string harp of King David,
I'd sing a lament, all my burning tears weeping,
O'er the grave where my heart's love lies fair ever lies sleeping.

Ah, death! cruel treat, why spare the false-hearted—
While the loving, the true, and the fond one are parted?
Oh! where is thy triumph, or where is thy pleasure,
To tear from my heart my heart's only treasure?

She came from bright Erin—the pearest of island—
From Tella's wild plains emit Clare's snowy highlands—
From Limerick's strong ramparts, and Shannon's bright river,
To the land of the stranger to sleep there for ever.

Then the wintry stars' splendor her dim eyes were
Then the snow-blend on Dollar her young blue was
Lake the darkness of night was the flow of her tresses,
And my young soul was united in her turning caresses.

Oh! curse on the tides of new lands that rolled on;
Oh! curse on the breezes and ye that rolled on;
Oh! curse on the wave that divides us from Erin,
And curse me to weep in my wild river despairing!

Were thou in thy own land thy friends would weep after thee,
And the cadine of the mourners would wildly rapture
But here dim art laid where the ocean is roaring,
With the blast over thy bed in the desert place howling.

Oh! the deep, burning anguish—the keen bitter sorrow
That pierces my heart like a fire-brand stunning arrow,
But vain is my woe, she will not hear me calling,
While I drop in my grief like an autumn leaf falling.

Ah! why did you leave me alone in my anguish?
Ah! why did you leave me in sorrow to languish?
Ah! why did you leave me deserted and lonely?
You were all my wealth in this dark world only!

A THRILLING STORY.

WALKING THE PLANK.

The early history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in the dark and interminable catalogue is the little event we are about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who hoped (and we have no reason to doubt his word) to have played a prominent part in the thrilling occurrence, and we give it to our readers just as we heard it.

Some years ago, said the narrator, a friend and myself agreed to make a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the North-west. Having procured everything that things we thought actually necessary, and nothing more, we started upon our perilous journey; for that it was perilous we were fully aware, and cheerily we bade adieu.

After encountering innumerable hardships and many dangers, we found ourselves in the wildest kind of a region, many miles distant from the haunts of civilization, and thought we had passed through enough to have discouraged most of men, but we were young and full of blood, and not easily put out or frightened. This was particularly the case with my companion, whose name was Andrew Hoff.

Both of us were perfectly hearthy, as strong as iron, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols and bowie-knives. In all t-ese respect we could hold our own with the best; had it been otherwise we should never have lived to reach the point at which we finally arrived.

Just about dark, one evening in the latter part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A darker, deeper, lonelier solitude than that which surrounded us, would be hard to imagine. Silently we built a little fire and made supper; after which we sat down to smoke, and for the time being slightly dispirited, we were in no humor for conversation.

For some time we sat by our camp fire without uttering a word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it is only natural to suppose that Hoff was similarly occupied.

After the lapse of some time our fire burnt low and I arose to replenish it. The bark of a wolf startled me, and I involuntarily addressed my companion.

Hoff did not answer me, however, but without noticing the circumstances, I threw a quantity of fagots on the fire and addressed him.

"Take a few hours rest, Andy, and I'll keep watch," said I, "and after that you can do the same by me."

Still Hoff no answer, and then I began to notice my companion's unusual taciturnity.

"Any thing the matter Andy?" said I, regarding him closely.

No answer yet.

"That's a little strange," I muttered, moving over toward my companion.

Hoff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent upon his knees. I shook his without arousing him. Finally I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly, deeply asleep.

Laughing off the fears which had for a few moments oppressed me, I left Hoff to enjoy his nap, and settled myself down as comfortably as the circumstances would permit.

I was wonderful drowsy, and despite our perilous situation, despite every effort I made to the contrary, I could not entirely resist the overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I startled up suddenly, and found that I had been dozing. The last time I was aroused I was awoke by the fierce animal, not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing a fire brand I flung it at the rapacious monster with all my strength. It struck him full in the face, and with a terrible howl he darted off into the forest. Hoff did not awake, did not even stir, at sound was his repose.

After that I did not feel much inclined to sleep, though nothing more came to be seen or heard. I examined my rifle and pistols, piled more faggots on the fire, and kept my ears and eyes open for any more nocturnal visitors.

Some time passed away, and I began to grow insufferably weary. Every muscle relaxed, and a drowsy torpor stole gradually over me. My eyes closed unconsciously—my knees bent beneath me, and I was about dropping to the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice:

"Hollo, fellers, how d'yer do?" were the words which fell upon my ears, and aroused me to full consciousness.

I looked around in bewilderment. Our little camping ground was encircled by a dozen or more brawny, fierce looking desperadoes. It was a complete surprise, and on the spur of the moment, I yelled aloud:

"Andy, Andy, wake up!"

"Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws hoarsely and derisively.

Around at last, my comrade sprang to his feet, and the next moment was standing by my side.

A dozen or more rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"Yer ain't goin' to show fight, are ye?" demanded one of a tremendous big, bearded ruffian, with the leader of the band, as it after-ward appeared.

"That depends on circumstances!" responded Andy, unhesitatingly. "If you two good men, afraid of neither man nor beast—and if your intentions are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll give you all the trouble we can."

"Yer won't, now, will yer?" rejoined the desperado, tauntingly. "Guess you'll have yer hands full jest yer attempt yer own game."

"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" I demanded boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out of our present scrape, we had to fight out.

"What do ye want her?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the furest's as fine to us as it is to anyone else. Don't kalkulate that you're hear, stranger, do yer?"

"No!" was Andy's reply, and he took the words out of my mouth. "We are you. But that's not to the point?" he added, "what do you want with us?"

"Yer money an' yer traps! Understand that sort o' talk, don't yer?"

"Yes, we understand that you're a gang of thieves and cut-throats!" responded Andy, fiercely; "but if you get anything from us, you've got to fight for it, though we are but two against a dozen. Give 'em a shot, comrade!" added the speaker, in a low, sub-tone to himself to me. We can't make the matter worse."

I thought so, too, and raising my rifle, Andy and myself fired simultaneously.

Immediately two of the outlaws fell dead to the ground, and the rest uttered a concerted yell that sounded more fearfully than the howl of the wolf I had so recently driven away.

"Now give 'em the pistols," shouted Andy, his whole soul in the deadly conflict.

Each of us carried a brace of double barreled pistols, which gave us eight shots between us, and quick as lightning we were discharging the leads in the faces of the outlaws. Six more of the Arkansas fell before our aim, while we remained unhurt, notwithstanding a number of scattering shots whistled around our ears and over our heads.

"Now charge upon the thieves," yelled Andy, in American tones.

I followed my comrade's lead, and together we charged upon the remaining five outlaws, for that number were left. A fierce and bloody fight ensued. Andy performed miracles, and I did my double duty; but as fate would have it, we were both rendered hors de combat, my comrade by a pistol wound in the side, and I by a bowie knife cut in the right shoulder.

I know nothing more after that, for the next moment I became unconscious. When I came to myself I found I was in a cave, and it was not long before I discovered that the cave was the haunt of the robbers. This much I learned by listening, for I could see nothing, the bright light of the day seemed never to penetrate that dismal cavern. It was the gloomiest, chiliest place I was ever in, and from the bottom of my heart I wished myself out of it.

I thought of Andy, you may be sure, but could see no way of finding out what had become of him.

After a while, an old and outrageously ugly Indian squaw made her appearance. She brought me food and medicine and a temporary light. My wound had recently been dressed. Of course, I was eager to question her.

"My good woman," said I very pleasantly, "I should like to know where I am—will you tell me?"

She shook her head negatively, and to all I could say or do I got no other answer. I inquired about Andy and other matters, but received no satisfaction. Finally, I gave up in despair, and laid my head down.

A week passed, and I was comparatively well. About the expiration of that time, the old squaw came to me one day and beckoned me to follow her. Having no reason to refuse obedience, I complied with her directions; and after traversing a number of dark passages, I found myself in the open air. It was a bright sunny morning, and, despite my situation, I inhaled the pure atmosphere with delight.

Assembled on the spot I beheld a gang of a score or more of the worst looking men I had ever encountered, and in the midst my friend and comrade, Andrew Hoff. Andy looked frightfully pale and emaciated, and appeared to have suffered much worse than myself. We had barely time to greet each other, when I say: "God bless you, comrade!" when we were suddenly and roughly seized and gagged. At the same time one of the outlaws, whom I recognized as the leader of the party which we had at first encountered, stepped forward and addressed us:

"Now, cuss yer," cried he, passionately, "well, make yer pay for yer handywork t'other night. Strip 'em."

In a few moments, we were stripped to the skin, and we had neither the power to resist nor expostulate.

"Out with the plank houses!" yelled the same fellow. "Fust show 'em the way they're goin' to travel."

We were separately led to the brink of a chasm near, and made to look down into the almost unfathomable depths. A stream of water dashed along over the rocks at the bottom. It made me dizzy to look down. We were then stationed a few feet from the brink, with a guard over us. I began to comprehend that some frightful death awaited us, and my feelings were dreadful.

A plank, about a dozen feet long, and a foot wide, was then brought forward, and placed half way over the precipice. My blood ran cold at the preparations.

On one end of the plank two men stationed themselves.

"Now drive the chap forard," shouted the leader, pointing to Andy. "T'other fellow shall see him drop, an' then he follows arter him. Drive on thar, hosses."

Every effort was made to move Andy, but the poor fellow remained obstinate. The outlaws pricked him with their knives, and beat him with their rifles, but he refused to stir.

Despite his struggles, Andy was picked up and carried to the plank. As the outlaws let him down they gave him a violent push, which sent him forward to the end of the plank over the precipice. Andy swayed from side to side and struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell, over, in his full clothing desperately at the plank. There he hung, with his bowels on the plank. It was a horrid scene, and my blood runs cold at the mere recollection of it.

"Let him go!" shouted the fiendish leader. "Let him go!" shouted the fiendish leader.

The man who was standing at the other end of the plank jumped off of it, and Andy went into the seething depths below. Despite the gag in his mouth, the poor fellow uttered a wild and terrific shriek before he disappeared from sight forever. The cry rings in my ears now, though years have passed since then. I shall never forget it.

The outlaws sprang to the edge of the cliff, and with a savage exultation watched Andy's descent.

"Now for t'other one!" shouted the leader, after a lapse of a few minutes.

At that instant, a loud report of firearms reverberated far and near, and the half of the band fell, as if dead to the earth. The balls whistled around me as thick as hail, but I escaped unhurt. Instantly afterward a party of troopers rushed upon the scene, and charged upon the outlaws. The fight was short but desperate. In the end not an outlaw of them remained alive, though they fought like incarnate devils.

In the very first moments of the melee I got out of harm. Pinioned and gagged, I would have been of no use to myself or anybody. After the conflict was over, I made my appearance and gave a statement of what transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy had directed them to the spot; but, poor fellow, they came too late to save him.

I thanked God and the mountaineers for my preservation, and quitted the scene with a sense of relief, mingled with a feeling of sadness.

Gentlemen, that was about the worst situation I was ever placed in, and may you never have a similar experience.

St. Valentine's Day—A Word About Valentines.

St. Valentine is the lovers' saint. We do not know that lovers are more superstitious than other mortals, but they are certainly more imaginative. It is said of Orpheus that he "played so well he moved old Nick." It might be said of Cupid that he moves everything. In the language of the old song:

"Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That makes the world so round,
Every day (almost) we meet,
Both old and young are found."

It moves the veriest brute to gentleness, and refines the coarsest nature. It equally moves the king and the beggar; the refined gentleman and the illiterate clown; the white and the black. It makes the most common place natures poetical—and at certain seasons the lowest temperate his brief, the man of business his ledger, the politician his intrigues, and the poetry of their souls is allowed to take form and consistency, and find its way to the heart and home of their lady loves.

Of all such "true lovers," we repeat, St. Valentine is the patron saint, and hence the missives to the fair at this season bear his name. As a lover writes to his lady love in eloquent jeu d'esprit on this occasion, "some verses in which an admirer reminds his mistress of the legend which declares that on St. Valentine's day the birds choose their mates, and inquires:

Shall only you and I forbear
To mate and make a happy pair?
Shall we, amidst the fire and kindness
This day an age of bliss may give,
But oh! when I the proffer make,
Will only you refuse to take?
No! the same present you disdain.
Yet since the season time allows,
To choose the object of our vows:
Behold! I have chosen you for mine,
Proud to be your's by any name.

The earliest poetical valentines of which we have any knowledge, are by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. They were chiefly written in England, while he was confined in the Tower of London, and are contained in a large, splendid folio manuscript of the British museum. Some of them are written in English, which language the Duke learned during his captivity.

Mr. Pepys, in his diary, speaks of having sent his wife "half a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters for his valentine." Rather an odd valentine, we should say. Further on, however, (in 1667,) he says: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her some valentine gloves in gold letter done by myself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year out of wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds sterling, but that I should have laid out if we had not been valentines."

Five pounds sterling, (twenty-five dollars,) must have purchased a very handsome valentine, probably some fifteen pair of gloves, stockings and garters.—Savannah News.

Official List of Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 11th day of February, 1860. Persons calling for them should say that they are advertised.

Delinquent letters remain in the EXPRESS APPEAL currently to the following section of the New Post Office Law, viz: the newspaper having the largest circulation of any such newspaper published in Memphis.

SECTION 5. *And be it further enacted, That Lists of Letters remaining in the Post Office at New York, Boston, or any city, town, or village, where a newspaper shall be printed and published, and the publisher thereof shall be the person who has the largest weekly circulation, shall have the largest circulation within the radius of delivery of said office, shall be published in such newspaper, and the Post Master of Office from passed March 3.*

Office open for delivery of letters on Sunday morning, and closes at 8 o'clock A. M.; also opens at 5 o'clock P. M., and closes at 8 o'clock.

No money orders are issued on Sundays.

Any body calling for letters will please say that they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

ATKINSON J Alexander E — Anderson Alexander L — Aldrich M

BROWN A — Brooks T A 2 — Brown M A 2 — Brett M A — Bennett M — Bowen M — Burton M — Bowman M J — Burton E — Bryant M — Bland M — Bryant A — Brooks M — Bailey T M — Bryce S — Bailey R — Bryant Mattie — Bertland Blanch — Bailey N M — Bradford M — Barker P — Barker M — Baker A S — Brassie Mattie

COOK Emile — Crichton Ellen — Coleman Louise — Clayton M A — Champin H A — Colburn Lizzie — Cooper Eliza — Cromer C A — Carrie Martha — Cummings S — Fulsman M J — Cook C — Cummings R — Cabel C — Carroll Anna — Cottrell — Croft Anna — Clarke E C — Cooper M — Carter M — Clarke J P — Cooper C — Clinton Mattie P — Carter M J — Cooper M — Cole A — Clarke A — Cowan M — Calhoun R — Clark S A

DAVIS L — Dunforth Kate — Dale A E — Davenport Anna — Davis Rosa — Dunbar C — Dunson M — Dunson R — Dozier Dexter C A

FERGUSON E — Ellison F A — Edmonds M T

FARROW S W — Fields Mrs Dr — Francis Annie — Fulsom M A — Fromsdorf G — Fowler Fly — Fowler T V — Foster P S — Foster P S 2

GIBSON A D — Gooch E — Gooch M — Gibson — Gaines — Green M A — Gates A A — Gibson E M 2 — Gilmore — Grant J 2 — Gates M — Gordon J — Giles I — Graham S — Green S — Graham M — Gunter Mrs W B

HULLIN L G — Hulsey E — Hill S A — Hilbrith M A — Hughes J — Hughes M — Hoyer J — Hughes M — Hoey J — Harris J C — Hall E — Hardman E — Harrison E R — Hughes L A — Hart A S — Hughes M — Hughes — Hubbard C — Harris M W R — Harris M — Hurdle M — Hurdle P — Hurdle M — Hopper A J — Hunter M — Hunter M — Hubbard D — Hubbard E — Hubbard R

JONES Mrs — Jones Julia — Jones N L — Jackson J — Jones M E — Jones M — Johnson C — Johnson — Johnson M — Jett M

KEITH — Kettering M — Kennedy Ann A — Kelsey A H — Kennedy — Kent E A — Kirby M — Kelly E — Kirkpatrick E — Kirkpatrick M — Kirkpatrick M — Kirkpatrick M