

## MISCELLANY.

From an Irish Paper.

### BARNEY BUNTLIN.

One night it blew a hurricane,  
The waves were mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned aside,  
And said to Billy Bowline,  
"A strong north wester's blowing, Bill,  
Don't you hear it roar now?  
Lord help 'em! how I pity all  
Unhappy folks ashore now!  
Blow, blow, blow!"

"Fool hardy chaps, as lives in towns,  
What dangers they are all in!  
And how they're quaking in their beds,  
For fear the roof should fall in!  
Poor devils! how they envy us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
In such a storm, for our good luck,  
To be upon the ocean.  
Blow, blow, blow!"

"Then as to those kept out all day,  
On business, from their houses,  
And late at night returning home  
To cheer their babes and spouses,  
While you and I upon the deck  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots  
About their heads are flying!  
Blow, blow, blow!"

"Lord help those folks who rashly take  
A voyage in the stages;  
Some packed on top, some stowed inside,  
As snug as birds in cages:  
Crash—down they go, and are all killed,  
While when our vessel can't float,  
Without the risk of broken necks,  
We snugly take the long boat.  
Blow, blow, blow!"

"And often times we sailors hear  
How men are killed or undone,  
By overturns in carriages,  
By thieves, and fires in London,  
We've heard what risks all landmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors;  
So, Billy, let us thank our stars  
That you and I are sailors.  
Blow, blow, blow!"

### THE SMUGGLERS OF WYRRAL.

On a Bleak October evening, some years after the middle of the last century, an old fisherman named Tom Smithers, after a long and weary day's fishing, which had been rewarded with very little success, turning the prow of his boat towards the shore of Liverpool, to seek in his humble cottage, rest from the fatigue he had endured. As he rounded the northern head land of Hibble Island, he frequently cast an anxious glance upon the white feathery sky above him, which already began to be veiled with dense masses of clouds, sweeping across its marbled canopy, with a rapidity which warned him that the wild spirit of the north western blast was awakening the Demon of the flood to aid in the horrors of the coming storm.

The orb of day was just sinking behind the waste of waters, and dyeing the distant waves with a crimson hue, when he discovered a solitary vessel far to the windward, with sails close reefed, as if in expectation of being very speedily attacked by the approaching tempest.

With the hope of being enabled to reach a place affording a greater shelter for his frail bark, ere the threatening storm overtook him, our fisherman gave every inch of his canvass to the rising breeze, and bounded over the snowy crests of the curling waves, as fleetly as the swallow skims the smooth surface of the lake.

Tom Smithers might also be considered a child of the ocean. He had been a brave tar, on board the vessels of the king, for twenty years, and a better seaman never stepped from stem to stern. On the loss of his left hand by a shot, he had been strongly recommended by his officers, and rewarded for his good conduct by receiving the management of the light-house at holy lake, which he held with many extra comforts until within a short period of the time alluded to. When that building had been consumed by fire, no one could assign any reasonable cause of the conflagration, and it was attributed to the carelessness of our poor old seamen, who was accordingly compelled to remove to Liverpool—to purchase a boat with his scanty savings—and endeavor to obtain by fishing, a precarious subsistence for a wife and daughter.

Let us now return to the direct course of our narrative. So long as the light of day permitted our tar to distinguish the solitary vessel behind him, she appeared struggling fearfully amidst the raging billows; and he had barely time to take in his own spread sail before the hurricane burst with all its fury on his trembling bark.

Those rocks, at this time known by the name of the "Red Nose," then extended much farther into the deep than they do at present, forming numerous caverns, and enclosing within their projecting promontories several spaces of smooth sand which when the tide rose high, were completely cut off from all communication with the land—on three sides, by the waters dashing against their rugged barriers, whilst on the 4th or southern, quarter, the rocks rose with crests far too lofty, and fronts too steep to ad-

mit the possibility of a passage over them.

Into one of these bays, the resistless spirit of the storm drove the quivering boat of the fisherman, and a gigantic wave, rolling forward like a mighty conqueror, dashed it against the beach and buried it in the bosom of the deep.

For one moment Smithers lay half senseless amid the boiling flood, the next, his still sinewy limbs were struggling amongst the foaming breakers, with a perseverance and exertion, which shortly proved successful, and landed him upon the sand of the little bay in safety. Ere this the gloomy curtain of night had enclosed the scene in ten fold dreariness and gloom. The wind swept blooming over the ocean, like the roll of distant thunder, and died away in the numerous caverns around him, with varied murmurings, like the wailings of departed spirits.

Smithers leaned his back against one of the surrounding rocks, regretting his lost boat, yet thankful for his own preservation, when a light flash suddenly glared upon his sight, immediately succeeded by the report of a gun, in a direction with which he was too well acquainted not to know what imminent danger the vessel from which it proceeded must be in. "Aye, aye, you may fire," cried he bitterly, "but it will be long before you get any help on these black shoals; sooner will the land pirates dash out your brains with a handspike, than throw you a rope's end to save your lives. If I had my boat yet, I might do some good, but she has deserted me, like all other friends, and left the old stump to wither, by itself."

Again the signal gun of danger roared aloud as if appealing to the heavens themselves for pity and assistance, and then all was silent. Even the ruthless winds appeared to be abating their fury and wailing over the destruction they had caused—like the remorseless groans of the convicted criminal, when it is too late to recall his crime.

Poor Smithers, after listening in vain for a renewal of some sounds from the vessel, (for though signals of distress, they proved that she and her crew were existing,) he turned disconsolate towards the rocks, and entering one of the largest caverns, threw himself upon the ground and endeavored to forget his woes in sleep. But before the power of slumber could steep his waried senses in oblivion, he was started by the sound of harsh voices near him, apparently approaching the cave in which he lay.

"Haul him along, Jack Brown!" cried a hoarse voice.

"But he won't come," answered another, at a greater distance.

"Then bl—t him, knock his brains out," replied the first speaker, "he's given us more trouble than he's worth already, and it's like enough to be his end at last." Then there seemed to be a confused noise, as of a number of men in dispute, and immediately after, the whole band entered the mouth of the cavern in which Smithers was crouching—for he had sprung upon his feet at the first noise, and as they drew nearer, had receded into a deep and narrow fissure, which was fortunately at hand, and effectually concealed him from the casual observation of passers by, though at the same time they were distinctly visible to him. He saw (by the light of several lanterns which they carried,) about a dozen ruffian like men pass into the interior of a cavern, forcing along a person who seemed frequently and strenuously to resist their efforts, and attempt to look behind; and in a few moments, four others appeared bearing between them a female figure, apparently in a state of complete insensibility.

So soon as the glare of the lights had begun to cast a faint flickering reflection upon the lofty roof, Smithers stole from his place of concealment, and followed the plunderers at a cautious distance. The cavern for about thirty paces, rose in a lofty and wide extended arch, it then gradually diminished in height, until the passenger was compelled to stoop low to continue his course, and through this defile, our hero, (if so we may call him,) pursued the steps of the retreating crew, until the whole band stopped, and one of the foremost removed a large stone, which seemed like a termination of the vault.

The party disappeared through the cavity thus laid open with a celerity which showed that the vault beyond must be sufficiently high to permit them to move erect, and the stone was immediately replaced in its former position, presenting an obstacle to the further sight of the seaman:—Near this he remained, listening to the retreating footsteps, until they appeared to die away in distance. He then stooped forward to endeavor to remove the stone, but just as he had grasped it he heard a voice close beyond saying:

"What is a queer job, Dick Williams, what dost thou think old Ironhead means to do with these live stock?—why couldn't he knock 'em on the head, as he always did before?"

"It's little I know or care either," replied another, "belike he thinks the lass'll make a graidy house keeper, or look well a'ter the whiskey casks, or may be he

thinks there's something about 'em worth hunting for, and he don't like to make a noise outside—he's more upon his sharps than he was about the lighthouse job. Wasn't that a game trick, Bill?—we've had rare fun amongst the split timbers since, none but old Ironhead would have had pluck enough to set that old steer 'em well a-smoking."

"Hush! he's coming back, and if he hears thee call him old Ironhead," he'll make thy head softer than it is—and there's no need of that any way," said the other speaker, and immediately afterwards, a number of confused voices, were heard, and the sound of approaching footsteps, when old Tom immediately made the best of his way to his former hiding place.

Scarcely had he attained the requisite spot of shelter, before the whole crew hurried from the cavern, no doubt in search of further plunder. Tom followed them at a distance, and saw by the light of the moon, which now beamed at intervals through the scattered clouds, that the tide had receded to a sufficient distance from the projecting headlands, to afford a safe passage between them and the subsiding waters. Round the western of these headlands, they had, doubtless, dragged their prisoners on entering the bay, and behind it they again disappeared.

No sooner had their retiring figures ceased to be visible than our adventurer retraced his steps to the cavern, and, with as much speed as he was able to exert, felt his way along the low narrow passage until he reached the stone which terminated it. This, with little exertion, he removed, but startled back on perceiving a light on the other side. After a pause of some minutes finding no sound to follow the removal of the barrier, he ventured to step forward, and found himself in a large square chamber, in the midst of which stood a rough table, composed of spars of wood spliced together, on which was placed a lamp, which, from its appearance, had probably been purloined from the cabin of some stranded vessel.

From the corner of the apartment a narrow, though lofty passage seemed to lead farther, as if to some inner room whilst around every other part of the walls were piled casks of spirits and tobacco, surrounded by every description of goods, evidently the spoils of such ill-fated vessel as had been cast upon that desolate coast.

After a hasty glance around, to ascertain that none of its murderous inhabitants still remained within the cave, Smithers raised the lamp and proceeded cautiously along the passage before him, which after a gradual and winding descent of about twenty yards, terminated in a chamber much smaller than the last, in the centre of which rose several wooden spars, as a support to the roof, which was of a much softer and more sandy nature, than the passage which led to it; to one of these spars was tied a person who appeared to be about 40 years of age, habited in a military great coat, which still displayed a great profusion of ornamental lace, though much defaced with mud and dripping with water; to another pillar was bound a female figure, seemingly just arrived at that age when youth and womanhood are blending into one. Her slight form seemed to be prevented from sinking to the earth solely by the supporting band which fettered her, and her dark tresses fell streaming round her form, as her head drooped nearly insensible upon her shoulder.

With as much precaution as a sailor could possibly use, did honest Tom Smithers make known the purport of his having joined them, and the hopes he entertained of their escape. But still the possibility of deliverance had a moment before appeared so distant, that the thrill of hope was now so sudden, that the lovely and helpless female sufferer, as she heard it, uttered a faint scream, and lost what little consciousness had still remained to her.

A few moments had only elapsed ere the seaman's knife had severed the cords which bound the father (for such he was) and his gentle daughter. Raised in the arms of the sailor and the sire, the insensible fair one was borne swiftly beneath the overhanging arches, until the sea breeze once more greeted the captives and their rescuer with its reviving freshness. The rough blasts seemed to have expended all their fury, though the waves had not yet regained their usual calmness, as the anxious parent supported his unconscious child upon his breast, while the worthy tar bore water in his hat to bathe her snowy temples. The application, with the aid of the still fresh blowing sea breeze, quickly recalled her senses to their accustomed station, and the fugitives hastened along the shore with as much speed as their exhausted charge could bear, not without casting many a solicitous look behind them, and often fancying they could distinguish the sound of their pursuers' approaching footsteps on the wavering gale.

Just as they had gained the point where the Mersey unites his waters with the channel, they could discern by the light of the breaking dawn, a small vessel beating out of the river which the experienced eye of Smithers soon observed

to bear a royal steamer at the topmost head. At the desire of his companions, (the weaker of whom was again almost fainting with fatigue and exertion, to which she had been so little accustomed,) the seaman watched his opportunity as a tack brought the vessel near the strand, to hail her with that cry which every son of the ocean so well understands. He was successful in his efforts, and a few minutes brought her boat in contact with the shore.

A short statement of their situation, and danger, induced the midshipman to convey them to the cruiser, which was lying at a short distance from her boat, and on being received on board her, a few words determined the officer who commanded her to steer direct for the caverns, and attempt to surprise the ruffians in their den. They accordingly made towards the spot as quickly as the still adverse, though now not boisterous wind permitted them, and by the assistance of their boat, landed the greater part of their crew, together with the fisherman and stranger, both of whom were resolute in their determination to take their part in the struggle which was to be expected with such a merciless and daring band of desperadoes.

They had taken the precaution of bringing a dark lantern from the cruiser and with the fisherman for their guide, they proceeded with silent steps to explore the smugglers' retreat. For some time they feared the inhabitants were absent, for not a sound arose from the inner cave even when they reached the stone barrier which alone separated them from their foemen's hold.

Smithers removed the stone, but on stepping forward into the chamber, stumbled over a fragment of rock and fell.

The fall was instantly succeeded by the discharge of a pistol, the ball of which entered the shoulder of the commander of the cruiser, and in a few moments the whole band was awakened from their sleep, and engaging their assailants hand to hand, with the ferocity of tigers.

But those few moments were sufficient to admit the whole of the besiegers within the vault, and, although the ruffians fought with all the phrenzy of desperation, even desperation itself is a weak opponent to the determined courage of British sailors. Amid the confusion, the chief of the bandits had almost forced his way to the narrow passage which afforded the only possibility of escape, when a blow from a hatchet with which old Tom had armed himself proved that his "iron head" was not proof against the stroke of justice, and levelled him with the dust.

Scarcely had five minutes elapsed, ere thirty lawless men lay breathless in the midst of their ill-gotten spoils, and left not a foe to contend with their victorious invaders.

They had returned just at day-break laden with plunder, and thrown themselves on the earth to sleep, totally careless about the present state of their prisoners, feeling confident of the impossibility of their escape.

Only three of the cruiser's brave men fell a sacrifice, but many were severely wounded by the desperate marauders.

Those times are now long passed, but they whose curiosity prompts them to explore the antiquities of Wyrwal, may see the remaining traces of the Smuggler's cave.

A few years rolled on, and an old man was to be seen each sunny day, with his blooming daughter beside him, sitting on a beach at the foot of a lovely and commodious cottage in Gloucestershire, relating to a group of pleased and listening children, the providential escape of their mother and their grandfather, Sir Charles Montgomery, on the shores of Cheshire.

That cottage and the land around it, was the gift of the beings he preserved, and that happy man was old Tom Smithers.

Valuable real estate for Sale.

By virtue of a decree of the Dearborn circuit court, will be offered at public sale under the direction of the subscribers, commissioners appointed by said court to sell and convey certain real estate, late the property of James Hartpence, dec'd. on Saturday the 31st day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, on the premises in the county of Dearborn, in the state of Indiana, two hundred and eighty acres of land, being the Northwest and part of the Southeast quarter of Section 12, town 7, range 1 west, &c. lying on the state road leading from Harrison to Brookville. There are on the premises two tenements, two wells and three springs of never-failing water; 75 or 80 acres cleared and under fence; an apple and peach orchard, out buildings, &c. Terms and conditions will be made known on the day of sale.

GEO. WALDROFF,  
ELIJAH EADS,  
ABRAHAM HYTER,  
Commissioners.  
Near Harrison, Ohio, Dec. 24, 1829. 31—4w.

TAKEN UP  
By J. A. Lenoir, of Dearborn County, Casser Creek Township a BAY MARE, White face, some white hairs about the hips, crease fallen, about thirteen and a half hands high, no marks or brands perceivable. Appraised at twelve dollars by Samuel Graham, Peter Brookway, and George Settles, Nov. 18, 1828. A true Copy from my Estray Book. 30—2w.

## FRUIT TREES.

THE subscriber has for sale at his Nursery, in Manchester, Dearborn county, Indiana, between 18 and 20,000 Apple Trees, most of them engrafted with choice fruit, collected from the different states in the Union, but principally from the nursery and orchard of James Matson, esq. of Ohio, consisting of 57 kinds, suited to the different seasons. The grafts are from two to four years old, and will be warranted the kinds they are sold for: In two or three years more I will have a supply of engrafted pear trees fit for sale.

MARK MC CRACKEN.

January 5th, 1829.

1—3w

N. B. Persons wishing to get trees, either natural or engrafted, can be supplied at any time for many years, as I expect to continue my nursery with new additions every year.

## A. HILL—Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity, that he has commenced the

## TAILORING BUSINESS,

next door above John Gray's Inn. From an experience of 18 years at the business, he flatters himself that he can render general satisfaction to those who may give him a call. Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 24th, 1828. 45

## List of Letters

REMAINING in the post-office at Lawrenceburgh, Ind. on the 1st day of January 1829, which, if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

Allemony Henry	Hudson Jason S.
Baker A. or	Mann Jeremiah
Chamblin Jos.	Miller David
Harper William	Murdoch Jarusha
Hesch Job A.	St. Euler Thomas
Hesch Ancil	Prechard Eli
Brannan Thomas	Robinson John
Bliss William	Ruble B. G.
Converse Leicester G.	Stevens Stephen C.
Golden John or Mary	Snyder Samuel
Cornelius Eleanor Miss	Shook John Jr.
Cross Aaron	Smith James O.
Cress Elijah	Care of Roney Stevens
Gill James	Springer David
Dunn G. H.	Toothman George
Gage Maria H. Miss	Vance Samuel C.
Gorman Nancy Miss	Vincen Charles
Gayle Mary Ann Miss	Wood Enoch G.
Hayman Polly Mrs	Withed John
Harrington William	Wikoff Jacob
Hilanda James	

ISAAC DUNN, p. m.

## Administrators' Notice.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that we have taken out letters of administration on the estate of Ralph Wildridge, late of Franklin county, and state of Indiana, dec'd, and request all persons indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment; and those having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement, within one year from this date, as the estate is probably solvent.

## Notice,

Is also given, that we shall proceed to sell at public vendue on Tuesday, the 3d of February next, at the late residence of the deceased, all the personal property of the said deceased, consisting of horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep, corn, wheat, oats in the sheaf, hay, wagons, farming utensils, household & kitchen furniture, and sundry articles too tedious to mention. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock on said day, where the terms will be made known and due attendance given by us.

JOHN WILDRIDGE,

JAMES WILDRIDGE.

Administrators.

January 6th, 1829.

1—3w

## One Cent Reward.

LEFT the service of the subscriber, on Monday the 15th inst. an indentured boy, named JOHN DEFORD, aged about fifteen years, with black hair, and blue eyes. All persons are forewarned from employing or harboring him, who would not wish to incur the penalty of the law in such cases. Whoever will return him to me, on the state road, four miles west of Lawrenceburgh, shall be entitled to the above reward. THOMAS TOWNSEND.

December 19 1828.

1—3w

## I'm after Rags!

The PRINTERS at the Palladium Office, Lawrenceburgh, authorize me to offer you for small bundles (such as I am carrying) of clean Linen and Cotton BAGS, 2 3-4 cents in CASH per pound—and for lots of 100 pounds and upwards \$3 per 100.

DICK RAGGED.

## INDIANA PALLADIUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

M. Gregg & D. V. Culley,

Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

## TERMS.

The PALLADIUM is printed weekly, on super royal paper, at THREE DOLLARS, per annum paid at the end of the year; which may be discharged by the payment of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS at the expiration of six months. Those who receive their papers through the Post-Office, or by the mail carrier, must pay the carriage, otherwise it will be charged on their subscription.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Containing 12 lines, three insertions or less, one dollar; twenty-five cents for each additional insertion—larger advertisements in the same proportion. The CASH must accompany advertisement, otherwise they will be published until paid for at the expense of the advertiser.