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From the Portland Transcript.

THE COTTAGE ON THE CAPE.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

'Put the large lamp in the window, wife—it is a dismal night, and hard will it be for the poor sailor if he has no beacon to guide him through its darkness.'

'Hard indeed, James, unless the Almighty should watch over him and guide his vessel. Terrible—terrible storm! may God have the poor seamen in his keeping!' solemnly ejaculated the woman as she hung a large brilliant lamp in the window of the cottage facing the sea.

'Amen—amen!' was the hearty response of her husband.

At the time of which we are writing, lighthouses were not so plenty as at present.—Beacon lights are now gleaming all along our coasts, so that the mariner preceeds on his course in the night season with as much safety, nearly, as he does in the day time.—Then rarely was the sailor blessed with the sight of a 'light;' and it was the custom of those who lived by the sea side, when the night was unusually dark, or stormy, to put a bright light in their window facing the sea, in case any vessel should be passing. Where now the revolving—the colored, and the double 'lights' are seen, directing the mariner which way lies his course, and warning him of dangerous points and sunken ledges, then a few scattered house lamps gave forth their feeble rays, which were rarely seen in the distance in nights when the atmosphere was thick.

James Richards lived on Cape ********. His house, a neat one story building, was situated on the furthermost part of the cape toward the sea. He was an old sailor, and had followed the sea until he was three score years of age, when he bought this spot and built him a house. It was a dangerous part of the coast: and this was one great reason, he said, why he settled there. 'For he meant to keep a bright light burning in a dark night to light his brother tars on their way.' And so he did while he lived, insomuch, that 'Richards' light' was proverbial for being the brightest and the most constant of any along shore. Another reason why he liked the place was. he had so long, he said, been used to the roar of the sea. that he was like a child who could not sleep unless its accustomed lullaby was sounded in its ears: and here the sea kept up a perpetual roar. It was never so calm that the surf did not give out its sullen echo. But when the storm had stirred up the deep, and the wind came from seaward, then did the lashing of the waves against the rocks come like full thunder to your ears. And then would the look of anxiety be visible upon the features of the old sailor, as he sat in his chair listening to the dash of the spray, forced by the high winds hard against the side of his dwelling: and then too would the well-trimmed lamp send from his window its bright rays, which, if they benefitted no one, showed the benevolence and good heart of the old man.

Richards' family consisted of himself, wife and two sons, the eldest thirty and the youngest twenty-five years of age. "And smart active boys they are too," the old man would say, "as any about these parts. Show me one stronger at the oar than John, or quicker at the line than Samuel! For catching fish I'll put them two boys agin any the Cape can produce; and for cleaning 'em, Sam Stebbens is no touch to them!' In truth this was not all a parent's boast: for John and Sam Richards were noted from **** Island to Cape********, for being the smartest hands at an oar or a line of any in that neighborhood: and this was no mean praise in those days.

The afternoon of the day on which our story opens had been lowery, and appearances betokened a tempest. The two young men had been absent about a week on a fishing cruise. They were therefore anxiously looked for all the afternoon by their parents; more especially, as they had then outstayed their usual time of absence. As the day wore away, and the appearances of a storm increased, the mother's fears arose proportionally; although the father was too much of a sailor to be frightened, as he expressed himself, at a black cloud. However, as the day drew near its close, and the wind began to increase, the old man became uneasy, and his eye was directed oftener than usual seaward. The sun went down luridly in the west, and the large waves began to heave in with their feathery tops. The old man left the house and proceeded to the shore. There was a smooth sandy cove which made a snug little harbor; but save this, the Cape was lined with high rugged and shelving rocks. Mr. Richards seated himself on the highest eminence—Broadstone it is called, directly on the pitch of the Cape, from whence he could overlook the sea at all points.

Here, as he sat gazing off, he would mutter to himself—'I don't like that white streak in the east; it is a wether-lifter and bodes no good; and the scud there in the south looks badly skimming over the water at such a rate. It will be an ugly night, this. The plague is in the boys that they don't come home—they ought to know better than to be abroad in such weather as this!' Time and again as the dusk crept on, he would visit broadstone, and throw anxious glances about in hopes of detecting an approaching sail, and then he would give vent to his spleen for their absenting themselves, in which, however, fear, as could be easily seen, rather than anger was perdominant. Darkness settled down on earth and ocean, still nothing met the eyes of the anxious watchers, but the dark green waves, rolling turbidly to the shore with a sullen fearful murmur. The wind blew furiously and the rain came with a heavy plash to the earth. The light had been put to the window of the cottage, and the solemn 'God have the seamen in his keeping,' said by Mrs. Richards, yet neither the husband nor wife had said a word to each other about the peril of their absent sons.—They seemed to hold back with fear from from speaking of them as in danger, and wondered only at their long stay, and hoped they would soon come. As the hour grew late, and the heavy gusts of wind swept by, and Mr. Richards had been once or twice to the shore without any signs of their approach, their anxiety became too great for silence, and impassioned prayers were put up by the mother for her sons' safety; while the father in a voice slightly trembling tried to comfort her, by saying—'Fear not, wife—the boys are strong, and a better sea boat never swam; they are well acquainted with the coast. Besides, God will have them in his keeping, and will not leave us childless in our old age. Cheer up, and put your trust in Him, at whose bidding—'peace, be still!'—the waves cannot harm.'

Ten o'clock came and went by. The boys came not. The storm was at its height After walking the room a while, Mr. Richards asked his wife to prepare a lanthern.—'I am going' said he, in answer to his wife's enquieries, 'to kindle a fire on Broadstone, if possible. Keep a good heart—trust in God and all will be well.' So Saying he left the house. It was but a short time before he had a bright fire kindled on Broadstone, which threw its light far on to the troubled waters—'Pray God the youngsters may see it!' the old man uttered to himself as he heaped on the brush. 'He will not leave me desolate in my old age! Take me, Father Almighty,' dropping on his knees and raising his arms on high in a prayerful attituee—'take me, but spare my children! take me who am nothing worth—a worn out hulk, but spare the boys to comfort and support their aged mother!' A hand this moment was laid on his shoulder, and a trembling voice, said hastily—'James, James—His will, not ours be done.'

'Wife, how came you here? You should not be out in this tempest ——"

'Hark! there it is again—I was sure I heard it!'

'Heard what!' said her husband in astonishment.

'Hark—listen!' said the woman pointing her arm seaward

Here was a fine scene for a painter. By the fitful glare of the fire, now blazing high in the air and now quivering low to the earth, as the wind lulled and increased, the old man might be seen with his head bent, and his body placed in that attitude which denote the senses of the man entirely fixed on one object. His wife stood beside him, with one arm resting on his shoulder and the other stretched toward the turbulent sea, dashing and foaming around, and her whole appearance exhibiting the same intense attention. Her head being bare, her long grey hair hung loose about her neck and gave her an air of peculiar wilderness.

It was but a moment when a bright flash was seen and a faint report was borne on the breeze from seaward.

'They are coming—the boys are coming!' burst simultaneously from the aged pair.

'They see the light,' said the wife hurriedly—'let us heap on more wood, James—praise God!'

'We have reason to praise Him. wife, and may He who has protected them thus far restore them to us in safety!'

'He will—He will,' said the agitated wife as she heaped large quantities of brush on to the fire. As the flames shot up in the air, and were curled about by the wind, the old man and his wife seated themselves to await the approaching vessel, that contained all that was dear to them. Their eyes were strained toward the cove in the hope of seeing her in that direction; but happening to turn their eyes, they saw the little schooner dashing over the waves right towards the high rocky part of the Cape. They both uttered a cry of horror. Death—inevitable death seemed the doom of those on board. Onward she came, now rising high on a towerieg wave. flutterring on its top like a frightened bird—and now plunging down in the gulf of foaming waters, as if to destruction—then slowly rising again, still struggling towards the rocks. The aged pair stood for a moment like statues gazing on the scene before them, until the little bark shot into the shade made by the cliff and was lost to sight Instead of running frantically about, accomplishing nothing, as is too often the case in scenes of alarm and danger, the 'old sailor' was put on. Bidding his wife advance to the edge of the cliff with the lanthern, Mr. Richards, with the speed of one some two scores younger, went to the honse, procured a coil of rope and a fishing line, and was back to the cliff nearly as soon as his wife.

At this place the cliff rose forty feet, perhaps, above the level of the sea. About two thirds or more of the way down was a shelf, projecting out three or four feet. It was here the boat came ashore

'Husband!' said Mrs. R. wringing her hands in agony—'what shall be done—what can be done! Father in Heaven, couldst thou not have spared them to us!'

'Peace—wife, peace!—wouldst thou chide thy maker! say not a word, but attend to me—it is no place to be womanish here. Now, wife, pitch your voice to its shrillest tone, above that of the wind, and see if the poor boys are alive to make answer.'

The woman did as she was bid; and bending over the cliff, screamed in a high sharp tone—'John—Samuel! my children!'

Her voice rang shrilly above the dash of the waves and the blasts of the gale.

'Mother!' came faintly up with the roar of the sea.

'Quick—the light—there is hope!' said Mr. Richards. Immediately the lanthern was lowered down by the line, and by its feeble light the oldest son could be seen on the shelf leaning back against the jagged rocks looking upwards.

'There is but one—it is John!' said the old man wildly, as he bent in his eagerness fearfully over the edge of the cliff.—'The rope, wife—the rope!' shouted he. In a second it was lowered down, swayed to and fro by the wind. John was not long in possessing himself of it. But what was the man's horror, when he saw his son cast off his jacket, and grasping the end of the rope, walk to the edge of the shelf, as if to jump into the waters that foamed at his feet.

'What is he doing—he is leaping into the sea! Merciful parent!—boy—boy, will you leave me childless in my old age!' shouted he, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he saw his son dive into the sea. He stood transfixed with horror. In a few minutes, however, John appeared on the shelf and made signs for those above to pull the rope. The old man commenced, giving directions to his wife to watch the motions of John—He soon made signs to stop hauling, and then was seen to lift the apparently lifeless body of his brother on to the shelf. After examining the rope he made signs for them to hoist again. It was a sad sight to witness that old man, by the uncertain light of the fire—the rain beating upon his grey head—straining himself to raise the corpse of his own son from the dark depths below:—and when the body was raised to the cliff, to see the aged mother clasp it in her arms, and hear her voice, thick with agony—'Samuel, my son—would to God I could have died for you!'—the wind and the heavy rain the while beating down upon her uncovered head, and flinging her grey and tangled tresses wildly to the air!

The old man's attention was now directed toward rescuing his other son, who was in imminet danger. as the tide was setting in, and ere long would probably wash him off, the force of the wind having raised it to more than its usual height. He made fast the rope to a neighboring tree, and bending over the cliff, gave directions to his son to avoid the sharp rocks that jutted out, as he attempted the perilous ascent, steadying the rope and encouraging him the while.

'Father, your hand!' said John, breathing thickly, lifting his arm to the edge of the cliff, well nigh exhausted. At the moment he uttered these words, the rope, which had worn against the sharp rocks, parted, leaving him dangling over the horrid depth below, holding by one hand to the edge of the cliff, and by the other to the tired arm of his father.

'Wife! wife!' shouted the old man, in a voice hoarse with agony; 'leave the dead and attend to the living.' His wife was so absorbed in grief she paid no attention.—

'Woman!' shouted he in a voice of despair, 'will ye sacrifice the living to the dead!' Will ye see your first-born perish? Quickly, for my stength fails!'

'What—what would ye, my husband?' said she, starting up, and seeing the situation of her husband, stretched on the ground at full length, holding one arm of her son, she sprung forward, and bending down, grasped the other hand, and with almost supernatural strength, by one effort lifted her son safe on to the cliff, and then sunk beside him with no more strength than a child. She soon recovered, and the excitement of the moment being over, their attention was turned to the younger son, who he stretched out on the wet ground without sense or motion, exhibiting a pale and ghastly face as the light from the fast expiring fire occasionally flashed over it.

"Is he dead, father?" said John, as he gazed wildly in his face. "It was an ugly blow the main boom gave him as we struck.'

"Heaven be praised," said the father, "that we have one left—and thankful am I that the waters did not devour him. Wife, let us be comforted that his grave will be on the land, and that he was not fated to float in the cold caverns of the deep."

"Father—mother!" said John, who had bent beside his brother—"he lives! I feel his heart beat!" and truly enough it did beat with returning life, and by midnight they were all gathered, a happy group, in the front room of the cottage, congratulating each other, and thanking God for their safety.

* * * * * *

Where stood the humble cottage of James Richards, a brilliant lighthouse now stands; and it is the "best light" on the eastern coast. Old John Richards is the keeper of it. Visit him, and he will tell you the story I have related, far better than I have done; and will show you the graves of his father and mother; and will tell, how he and Sam worked for them and made them comfortable in their old age: how, after they were dead, Sam went to sea and found after all, a grave, in "the cold caverns of the deep;" and that he never lights the lamps in the lighthouse, without thinking how anxiously he watched the fire, kindled by his father on 'Broadstone,' in the night of the tempest when he was off in the boat tumbling about by the waves: and how, upon the dark and angry waters, he vowed, if God spared his life, he would consecrate it to him, forever and ever, and try to sin no more; how Sam broke his vow that he made on his knees beside him at the same terrible hour—ever since which the word went hard with him, until he was punished by a drowning death; of his own vow he speaks not, but from appearances he has not forgotten it.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parent's feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another and another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan—cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring voice, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprized of the contest in the yard, until the one who had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired, and brought him down—reloaded his gun, and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came—the bright luminary of Heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground; his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was decended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added new strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and, with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projected rock, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsomed with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the sceno with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes—fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him. Imagination—creative, but