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ABELT. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

## THE BORROWER.

A PARISH CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles round Bentholme there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. All this happened when London was ten times as far away from us as it is now, and people hadn't taken so much to papers; though as for politics, we were glad enough to read about battles and that. So concerning young Mr. Robert, it was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before anybody knew anything of the case, everybody agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. So the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty of conversation, you may be sure. When we heard what he had done, we decided that it would be the best for him if he did go down on his marrow-bones, but it was pretty certain that he wouldn't. For Mr. Robert, he also could be stiff when he pleased—he was a chip.

But I must tell you. The fact was, Mr. Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon; a plump, open-faced, young lass, not over-vain, and sensible, though of course, we couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear, though—

Talk of electric telegraphs! Village gossips used to be just as quick in the conveying of intelligence, and gave you a great deal more at a time. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and round hat, and down he goes to farmer Dawson.

'Dawson,' says he, 'I hear that boy of mine bangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing.'

'Squire,' says the farmer, 'if he chooses to set a scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it, but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside.'

'Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson,' says the Squire.

'Was in a family's enough, Squire, says the farmer, and he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of the very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert himself who had beguiled the poor girl, and others thought better of him as to that, and were sure it was his college friend, Mr. Danby, who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that goes color to what was said against him—

But his friends didn't believe it, if his ones did.

Now, when Mr. Robert found the farmer's door banged in his face, he was mighty wrathful, you may credit me. Worse when he heard it was through the Squire having been down there on particular business—

'What does he do but go straight to the Squire and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking what he means—

'That's how the split began. The servant said that Mr. Robert burst out of the library swearing that he would go and marry Susan Dawson on the spot. He didn't do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night, she went, as she'd have gone through fire and water. Then he asked her to go off with him to London to be married. While she was debating about it—up came Will Green, her cousin, Martha's brother. Will was whistling, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. He was an odd, indifferent fellow—one who made you believe nothing affected him. 'Don't think you'll astonish me,' was his customary expression,

So, he says, 'You're going after Martha, are you, Susan? Make my compliments to her.' And then he turned on his heel and snatched off. Susan had a shock at the mention of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of Mr. Robert's meeting with Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out of the house, and as Mr. Robert had money, he said he would go, and not return until he was asked. He went in a huff with all. He was gone two years just, when he heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson hung his head awhile, and then he woke up again and was cheerfully than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much pleased for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character in our place. However things passed like of old. The Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mumm. Will Green did his farm-work, and sneered away at his superiors.

You must know that we had five roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market-towns, and not such a distance from a tolerably-sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say, they wondered more bad work wasn't done. They even gave up wondering. The vicar rode home one night cleaned out, and saying my respect for his memory, in as awful a fright as mortal man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme. Within a month we had as many as twelve downright open robberies—three to a week. There was a meeting of magistrates—constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market-days. Besides, this was a terrible fellow—

He not only knew who they were, and where they were going—he always knew exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum. That was what unmanned them more than anything. They gave up at that. It didn't look human—

How we came to know this was through farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Oakham market one night—plenty of ale in him, and up trots his gentleman.

'Good night, Farmer Burmess,' says he.

'Good night,' answered the farmer looking at him queerly, for he had a veil on his face.

'I am rather in want of cash to-night,' says the other. 'Can you accommodate me?'

'It's an unenviable request civilly put,' says Farmer Burmess. 'No, I can't, so good night again.'

'I'm sorry I have to enforce it,' says the other; 'but I'm only a borrower. You'll have it again some day, which you can't say for your brains, if they go.'

With that he puts up a pistol. The farmer stopped short. He was a cool hand, but he had no weapons. Says he:

'You seem pretty clever. Now, if you'll tell me what money I've got about me, to a shilling, I'll hand it out. If not, we'll part as we are. Is that fair?'

'Quite,' said the highwayman.

'Then it's a bargain! How much is it?'

says farmer Burmess.

'Hand out £22 13s. 6d., and I am satisfied. The farmer started—he didn't want telling how much he had. He and his purse parted company. The highwayman called to him: 'Mind it's only borrowed,' and rode away. Farmer Burmess told the story; and from that time the terrible highwayman was called the borrower.

Suspicion somehow fell upon Will Green. He dressed better—got a watch, and other things costing money. We didn't mind a bit. 'Wait till I'm caught at it,' he said.—

But he began to budger poor Susan. He wanted the girl to marry him. Once he was heard to say he could make her wretched for life, if she didn't. Then suddenly she began to grow thin and miserable as a starved kitten. She couldn't put her hand to a thing—she that used to be the freshest, serviceablest creature in the country. People said it was because of Will's night work, and that she had begun to care for him.

One night the Squire had been dining in or about Oakham. He ordered his horse to be saddled, and while he was in the hall, one of the gentlemen said to him:

'Look out that you don't have to lend your money to-night, Squire!'

'How much do you want?'

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'Oh, I'm not the Borrower,' says the gentleman, laughing, 'that set them talking about the robberies on the road of late.'

'Well,' says the Squire, 'I'll wager you the fellow doesn't borrow a penny from me.'

He took two of the gentlemen at a bet of fifteen pounds apiece. He set out and shortly after they mounted to follow and see fair play. The night was fine, the moon was up—one of those pleasant summer nights when you'd rather be awake than asleep. The Squire trotted on merrily. He turned when he came to the lane leading down to Bentholme river, and stood up under a hedge, and presently he heard the two gentlemen trot past. He suspected a trick, do you see, and when he saw one of them turn into a gate some way down the road to make a short cut, thinks he: 'I know what they're up to, but I'm their match.' So he drew his hat

low down over his head, and on he went.—

Bentholme Meadows is a lonely place. You're a couple of miles from any habitation; you have the river on one side of you, and Spenth woods on the other. Just as the Squire was riding round the hedge out of the road to have a gallop on the grass, a man on horseback leaps in front of him. The Squire pulled into the shadow, and, disguising his voice to have a moment's fun, 'Hulloa!' he sings out, gruffly, be you Mr. Borrower?'

'I am,' says the other.

The Squire was expecting the voice of his friend. Not hearing that, he saw that it was no joke. Keeping still in the shadow, he drew his pistol—he was peppery—cocked it, and fired point-blank. The highwayman's right arm fell, and he gave a groan. His hat dropped off his face was bare.

'Good God?' cried the Squire.

Just then he heard his friends coming up behind the hedge.

'Here it is,' the Squire sang out in his assumed voice, and thrust out his purse for the highwayman to take. He seemed surprised, but hearing the voice, he turned right about and galloped off.

When the other two gentlemen had managed to push through the hedge, they could hardly believe their senses to see the Squire as pale as death, trembling like a child.—

They told him he had lost his bet, and he said it should be paid next day. The story flew like wildfire. People shook their heads. They couldn't believe the Squire a coward. But what were they to think? The Squire had paid the money, beyond a doubt.

After that, Squire Sigister shut himself up. He was aged twenty years by that night. He walked to church like a very old man. Nothing more was heard of the Borrower, and the roads got safe again. One day Susan was sent for to come to the Hall. She put on her best Sunday dress, and went in a dreadful hurry, not knowing what to think of it. When she came back she looked brisker.

The truth was the Squire had said to her, 'Find out my son, wherever he may be; fetch him here alive, and I'll marry you both within a week, so help me Heaven!'

'We only heard this later, for Susan kept her own counsel.'

Susan knew that Will Green was aware of Mr. Robert's whereabouts. I needn't tell you what women are, and what they'll descend to do when they want to worm anything out of a man. Susan began her cajoleries with Mr. Will. He swore afterwards that she had deceived him. I fancy she made him think, in some wonderful woman's way, that she cared no more for Mr. Robert, and that perhaps her mouth began to water for Will Green. At any rate, by Will's aid, she managed to light upon Mr. Robert in a cottage twenty miles off. She brought him home to the Squire, with his arm in a sling, father and son were reconciled; and then came the extraordinary thing. Susan refused to marry Mr. Robert;

This caused her, of course, to be very much observed and spoken about. She was called a number of names; but she didn't seem to care for it, and this was vexation to one of our gossips, Mrs. Gillot, the grocer's wife. She put on her bonnet one evening, and proceeded to pay farmer Dawson a visit. The farmer was out, but she hit upon Susan alone.

'A hundred pounds,' he whispered.

'Will waved him off: 'Not for a thousand.'

'Will,' said Mr. Robert, huskily, 'what have I done to you to deserve this? Is it because I'm going to marry Susan?'

'Pish!' quoth Will, 'I never cared for a girl so much as that. Will you take it or not?' and he held out the highwayman's mask.

Mr. Robert shrank back, and seeing his bride's condition, attempted to laugh it off.

'It won't do,' cried Will. 'You're in my hands. What do you think I took this trouble for? Because you're a gentleman and I'm a poor devil whose sister is to be played with like a toy.'

'Stand aside!' said Mr. Robert sharply.

'You won't submit to the terms? Good!' cried Will, and stepping in front of them all, so as to block the way, he shouted, 'Listen!'

But what he said was unintelligible, when a lady—the same that was stopping at the Gold Stag with the gentleman—rushed out, threw her arms round Will's neck, and called him dear brother!

Will looked stupefied, but presently thrusting her at arm's length: 'Aren't you ashamed to appear here?' he said.

'No Will; not when my husband is by me,' said Martha.

Mr. Danby, Mr. Robert's friend, now came up to Will. They talked to him hastily, and he seemed to be turning his head this way and that, and round and round.—

Then Will, with a dash at the back of his hand across his eyes, got out from them stood out before Mr. Robert, and said in a low tone, 'I've judged you wrong, sir. I've been a black villain to you. I led you into evil on purpose to ruin you and revenge my-

self. That's my fault—I can't forget an injury. Do you forgive me?'

Mr. Robert took his hand.

'And you, Susan?' She faltered a kind word.

Will, collecting himself, called in a strong voice: 'People of Bentholme! I was interrupted just now. I was going to tell you something. You've been troubled by a certain borrower, for some time, lately. You may rest quiet in your beds from this day, Stand back. Give me a clear start. I am the man!'

With that he jumped on his horse, that he'd been holding all the while; and, nodding once more, away he went, and we all breathed deep.

You don't want to hear any more, do you? Why, you may be sure the Borrower, whoever he was, paid back the money he'd borrowed to a fraction, and with tithy interest too. And what's more, he did it through a legal gentleman, and had his acknowledgment for the same. As for Will, he never appeared in our parts again. We heard of him over in America, doing well, on a farm twice as large as the Squire's estate. Mr. Robert spoke of him ever after as the finest fellow he had known in the course of his life. But he had a twist in his character, that I declare.

## A PRIVATEER'S STORY.

The following singular night adventure in the harbor of Grenada, and the narrow escape from capture of the noted Privateer 'Yankee,' of Bristol, R. I., has never before, to my knowledge, been recorded, save in the log-book of that fortunate little cruiser.

I will therefore tell the story in the words of her brave old commander, as I gathered it from his own lips.

It was the last week of December, 1812, said Captain Wilson, and while running up to Havana, that we fell in with a New-Port cruiser, who reported that the island, or rather the port of St. George Town was, at that moment, in the occupancy of the Americans, that he had sailed from the place only two days before, and left in the harbor one of our frigates and two sloops of war, while the stars and stripes were flying from the flag-staff of the old fort. The same day I boarded a Spanish drogher, the skipper of which had seen the vessel of war sailing into the port at the time stated by the privateersman.

What object our fleet could have had in taking formal possession of this insignificant place, I could not imagine, unless it was for the sake of obtaining fresh supplies. At all events, I was glad to hear of it, as I was myself in need of provisions. I concluded to make the harbor, and purchase such supplies as I might require.

It was night before we made the land; but as I was acquainted with the entrance of the harbor of St. George Town, I did not fire a gun for a pilot, but kept boldly on into the outer port.

The night was quite dark, and a hazy mist hanging over the water rendered the obscurity so great that no object could be perceived a couple of cable lengths off. My sharpest sighted youngsters were constantly on the look-out, but no vessels were to be seen, as we glided slowly and silently past the shore batteries and the fort beyond, into the smooth water of the inner bay.

As we reached this point, the haze, lifting a little, showed us at a little distance, the faint outlines of a large ship, which I doubted not was the American frigate; and a little beyond several other smaller vessels could be distinguished.

Scarcely had we made this discovery, than the people on board this ship were made aware of our approach, and hailed us, inquiring who we were.

'The American privateer Yankee,' I replied. 'What ship is that?'

No answer was returned; and supposing the question was not heard, I waited till we had run further into the harbor before I repeated it.

We had passed between the fort and the ship, and were in the net of clewing up, when a voice from the other vessel cried out:

'Luff! luff, there—the privateer!'

'Supposing, naturally enough, that we were running into shoal water, I shouted to the man at the wheel:

'Hard down your helm!'

'Aye! aye! sir!'

Scarcely was the order obeyed, than the schooner, answering to the helm, showed her bows deep and fast onto a sand bank, where she remained immovable.

This, of course, immediately excited our suspicions that all was not right; for the pretended caution to 'luff,' was doubtless given to produce exactly the result it had.

'I'm afraid, sir,' said my first officer, stepping to my side, and speaking low, 'that we are now really in for it! That ship, sir, is an Englishman, or I'm greatly mistaken.'

'I've no doubt of it myself, sir; now. The treacherous knave has got us into a scrape by that rascally signal. But she's probably a prize of the American frigate, and is now lying under her guns.'

'But it's strange, though, that a prisoner should be permitted to mislead a vessel entering port.'

At this moment a boat was seen to leave the ship, and pulling a good distance around our stern, make directly for the mole under the fort.

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed after the landing of the boat, when all was commotion in the fort. The drums beat to quarters, and men with lanterns were running in every direction, and we could also perceive that the crew of the ship near us were silently preparing to drop from their berth. We could hear the sound of their captain bars as they shipped and unshipped them, in the act of leaving home the anchor.

While this was doing, we were by no means idle; for now, certain that mischief was really intended, our little crew, greatly reduced, to mean the various prizes we had sent home, during our heretofore successful cruise, were called to quarters, and all were ready to act as the emergency might require.

In the meantime a boat left the ship, and approaching the schooner, the crew attempted to climb up our side. But I kept them at bay, while I demanded to know where the American frigate lay.

'She sailed yesterday,' was the answer, 'And the stoop-of-war?' I inquired.

'They all left the port together,' replied the officer.

'What ship is that?' I next asked.

'The Marquis of Durham,' answered the man. 'The port is now in the possession of His Majesty's troops, and I demand your surrender. You have fifteen minutes to deliver your sword in person to the commandant of the castle. On the expiration of that time, if the summons is not obeyed, the batteries will be opened upon you.'

'Come on board,' said I; and as the skipper of the merchant ship and the boat's crew reached the deck, I ordered them under arrest. From these men we learned the facts, which were these: The little squadron of American men-of-war had merely entered the port for supplies, the batteries not being sufficiently manned to prevent their entrance. The little garrison had escaped to the hills till the sailing of the ships, when they again returned, and took up their old quarters. The large merchant ship we had mistaken in the obscurity of the fog for the American frigate, had arrived that afternoon having outlasted the convoyed squadron of British West Indians, to which she belonged.

We now perceived that the object of the British merchantman was to drop out of range of the guns of the fort, while we should remain fast grounded on the shoal, and exposed to their shots, when the first discharge from their heavy cannon would have knocked us into splinters.

Every man on board was aware of the immediate danger we were in, but they were brave fellows, and waited as coolly for my orders, as if we had been at sea in pursuit of a chase.

'That fellow yonder, sir, is dropping from his berth,' said one of my officers.

I looked towards the Englishman, and could see that she had home her anchor, and boats were out with a line, hauling her head round towards the outer harbor; the other craft in the harbor beyond, was also evidently in motion.

'Get out the boats, Mr. Richmond,' said I to my first mate, 'we'll over haul that chap. There's but one chance left for us. We'll have to leave the schooner to her fate, and transfer our people to that vessel. Possibly we may do so before the fort opens upon us. Get all hands ready for boarding!'

Hardly was the order communicated to the men, than with a cheer, they sprang into the boats, and were ready to pull away for the merchantman.

But at that instant, as good fortune would have, a sudden flaw of wind from the land struck our sails. The little vessel yielded to the breeze, and careening sufficiently to clear her keel from the sand, floated immediately into deep water.

A loud huza now broke from the men, which regardless of the consequences to the shipping beyond us, provoked a shot from the castle, which passed carelessly over our stern.

'Away, my hearties!' I shouted to the boarders. 'Get possession of the Englishman, and all will be right!'

While the boats were pulling in the direction of the ship, the schooner, under the influence of the freshening breeze, bore down upon them; and as the boarders clambered up the side of the English vessels, upon the larboard, the privateer ran into the main rigging on the starboard side, thus bringing her between us, and the guns of the castle.

I knew that all the fortifications of the port were upon that side of the harbor, and intended to keep under the shelter of the ship till beyond the range of the guns of the





