

nothing about dividing the profits, and I delicately reminded him that there must be a little cash in the treasury.

"There's only three cents," said he.

"Yes," said I, "three cents."

"And that can't be divided evenly," said he.

"That's so," said I.

"And the cave was on our land," said he.

"Yes," said I, "it was on your land"—and I added silently, "I'm glad it was."

"And, besides, I had to take a lickin'," he added, ruefully.

"Did you? That's too bad," said I, with genuine sympathy.

Tommy handed me one cent.

"That's fair," said I.

HOW THE "MARGARETTA" WAS CAPTURED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

ALMOST at the extreme limit of "Down East," in Maine, and on a river and bay of the same name, lies the good old town of Machias. At the date of the Revolution it contained about eighty families and one hundred single men.

No community in the thirteen colonies was more indignant than this at the usurpations of King George the Third and his Ministers; and none was more prompt in throwing off the British yoke when the signal was given.

In the Spring of 1775 there reached Machias the proclamation of the Massachusetts Congress, authorizing preparations for resistance to Great Britain; and, in a few days, a tall liberty pole was erected by the patriots of the village.

On Saturday, the ninth of May, intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached them, having been brought by the crews of two lumber sloops from Boston. The vessels had come for "pickets and plank," to be used by the British in defense of their position at Boston against the Americans. In order to secure the desired cargoes, and the safe return of the vessels, the British armed schooner "Margaretta" attended them as convoy.

When the captain of the schooner saw the liberty pole, he went on shore and informed the people that it must be taken down, or he should fire upon the town.

A meeting of the inhabitants was held within a few hours, but they voted not to take down the pole. The owner of the two sloops, a wealthy merchant trading in Boston and Machias, represented to the captain that the meeting was not fully attended; and he induced him to wait for the action of another meeting, to be called on Monday, before carrying out his threat.

The next day being Sunday, Captain Moore, of the "Margaretta," attended worship at the village church. During the service, he saw through a window some twenty men, with guns in their hands, crossing the river on the logs. Suspecting a design of seizing him in church, the captain made his way over the seats to the nearest window, and, leaping through it, he ran to the shore, closely followed by his officers.

The party which he had seen, joined by others, hastened along the bank of the river in pursuit. But the crew of the "Margaretta" had observed the movements on shore, and, bringing her guns to bear, succeeded in keeping the pursuers at bay until the captain and his companions were on board.

The schooner soon dropped down the river, firing a few shots over the town as she got under way.

The party which had come across the river were from the Pleasant River settlement, about twenty miles westward,—having been sent for the day before by the Machias people, who by no means intended to have their liberty pole taken down.

The Pleasant River men had only two or three charges of powder apiece; and the next day a woman arrived at Machias, having come all the way through the woods alone to bring her husband a horn of powder, which she had found after he had gone.

Early on Monday morning, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and, bringing her up to the wharf, gave three cheers, to call the attention of the villagers. Thirty-five athletic men were soon gathered at the wharf, and a design of capturing the "Margaretta" was made known to them. Arming themselves as well as they were

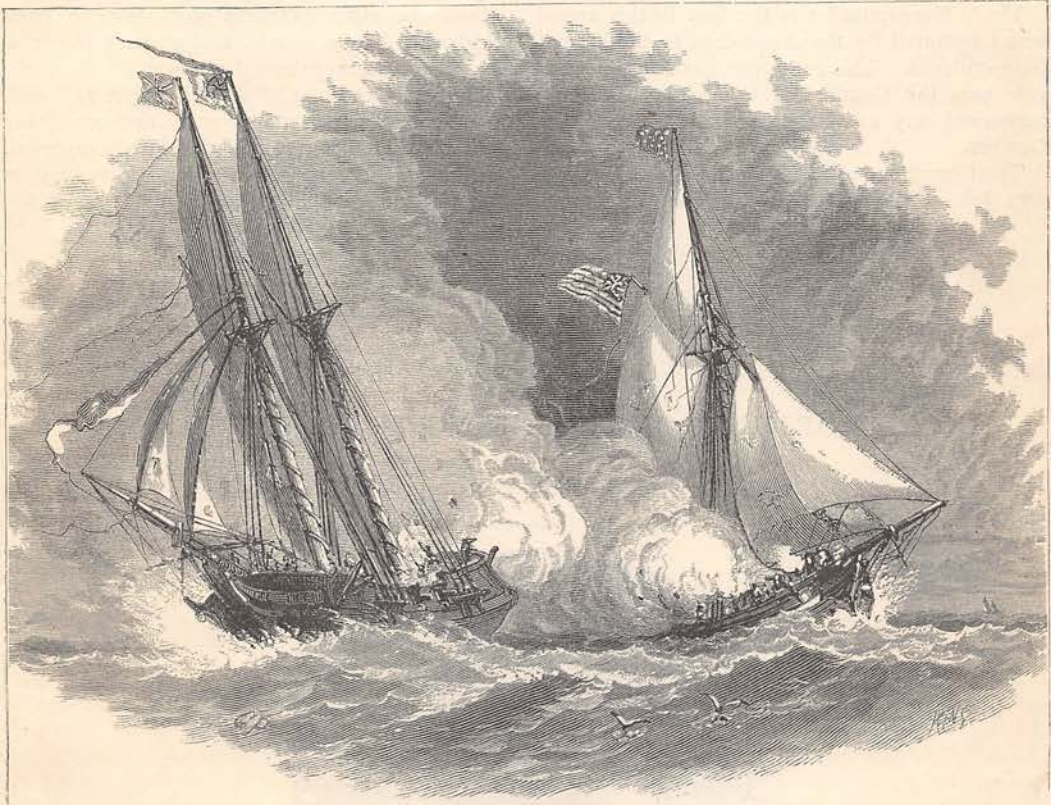
able at so brief a notice, they set sail in pursuit of the British vessel, which was lying at anchor a few miles below.

As yet, they had no commander; but an election was held on the way, by which Jeremiah O'Brien, the eldest of six noble brothers on board, was unanimously chosen captain. He immediately gave permission, for all who did not wish to venture in the attack, to leave the vessel, and three men accordingly went ashore in the boat.

When the "Margaretta" observed the approach

The "Margaretta" had an armament of four light deck guns and fourteen swivels; while the sloop had only a single cannon, rudely mounted, with which to return the fire. The first discharge killed the "Margaretta's" helmsman and cleared the quarter-deck. The schooner broached suddenly to windward, throwing the sails back, and bringing her deck into full view of her pursuers. Those of the patriots who had fire-arms instantly discharged them.

In a very few moments the vessels came together.



THE CHASE OF THE "MARGARETTA."

of the sloop, she weighed anchor and crowded on all sail to avoid a conflict. In changing her jib she carried away the boom; but, continuing her flight, she ran into Holmes' Bay, and took a spar from a vessel lying there.

While repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight; and the "Margaretta" stood out to sea, in hope still of avoiding her. So anxious was Captain Moore to avoid a collision, that he cut away his boats to increase the speed of his vessel; but this, too, was ineffectual. Finding the sloop fast closing upon him, he at length opened fire upon her.

Then ensued a contest with musketry, Captain Moore himself throwing hand-grenades into the sloop with considerable effect. An attempt was made by the patriots to board the schooner; but only one man—John O'Brien, brother of the commander—reached her deck. Seven of the British crew discharged their guns at him almost at the same moment, but not a ball struck him. Then they charged upon him with bayonets, but he escaped these by jumping overboard. The vessels had fallen some thirty yards apart; but he swam to the sloop, and was taken on board without having received any worse harm than a wetting.

The American vessel was again brought alongside the enemy, and twenty men, armed chiefly with pitchforks, sprang on board the schooner. Captain Moore had already fallen, pierced by two balls; and the conflict was so fierce that the officer left in command fled, panic-stricken, to the cabin.

Thus the schooner and her stores fell nearly uninjured into the hands of these brave freemen of Machias. The loss of the Americans was four killed and eight or nine wounded; that of the British was more than twice as many.

The "Margaretta" was the first British armed vessel captured by the Americans in the War of Independence. This enterprise was entirely a private one, the Continental Congress not having authorized any nautical force until the following October.

The Committee of Safety of Machias soon after sent John O'Brien, the hero of the action, with

despatches to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, where he was received with much applause. On the 26th of June, the Congress passed a vote of thanks to those engaged in this patriotic action at Machias, "for their courage and good conduct."

The swift little vessel of the patriots was afterward fitted up with the armament of the "Margaretta," and was named "The Liberty." A few weeks later she received a commission from Massachusetts, and did good service in protecting our coast from predatory incursions of the enemy.

Both the elder O'Briens soon became commanders of larger vessels, and pursued the business of privateering through the war.

The medicine-chest of the "Margaretta," with the name of that vessel upon it, and containing some of the medicines which it held when captured, was in good preservation a few years ago at Machias, and it may be so at this date.

WORKING ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY RUTH KENYON.



"THE BIG TREES IN THE SHADY GROVE."

WHAT a hot day it was, that Fourth of July! But the children wanted to go, just the same; two long miles in open wagons under the full heat of a blazing sun was not to be thought of as an objection, when there was such a delightful picnic at the end, with games without number and a nice supper, all under the big trees in the shady grove.

"All the world is in for fun to-day, isn't it?" said Claude, as a bob-o-link sailed by. He was try-

ing how close he could go over the tops of the tall meadow grass, without hitting his glossy black and white wings; and was so perfectly full of jollity, that all the time it bubbled over in the very merriest song you ever heard. And when they reached the woods they were surer than ever that it was holiday for the whole world; the squirrels were chattering, birds were singing, the brook was dancing, and there was a playful rustle among the leaves over-