



THE  
AMERICAN CUP











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THE AMERICA CUP.



THE  
AMERICA CUP

A Nautical Poem

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE FIVE INTERNATIONAL RACES BETWEEN THE  
YACHT LIVONIA, REPRESENTING THE TWELVE YACHT CLUBS  
OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON OF ENGLAND;  
AND THE YACHTS COLUMBIA AND SAPHO,  
OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,  
FOR THE POSSESSION OF

*THE CHALLENGE CUP*

WON BY THE YACHT AMERICA IN THE YEAR

1851.

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NEW YORK.

1874.

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TO THE  
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,

THE MOST PROMINENT ASSOCIATION REPRESENTING THE  
PLEASURE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THIS  
EPISODE IN THEIR NAUTICAL HISTORY IS APPRECIATIVELY  
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

HAMILTON MORTON,

LATE SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

1125330





# THE AMERICA CUP:

A NAUTICAL POEM.

---

JAMES ASHBURY was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A yachting captain eke was he,  
Of famous Brighton town.

2.

He to his yachting friends did say,  
For spouse, save yacht, he'd none,  
"It's twice ten years we've yachting been,  
And yet that cup's not won.

3.

“Last year I took the job in hand,  
And crossed the briny deep,  
When lo! a fleet, their canvas spread,  
That queenly cup to keep.

4.

“This year, we'll turn the tables sure,  
And we will all repair  
Unto the course at Sandy Hook,  
My spouse shall meet me there.

5.

“In person I, in spirit you,  
That cup we're bound to bring  
Back to its native 'Sea-Girt Isle,'  
Or up! the squill-gee fling.”

6.

They all replied, “we do admire  
Of yachting men but one!  
And you are he; our 'Plucky Jim.'  
Therefore it shall be done.”

7.

Said James, "I am a yachtsman bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
But steam is quick! and then, 't is safe,  
In steamer I will go."

8.

Quoth James's friends, "that is well said,  
And you shall foot the bills,  
You're too well furnished with your own,  
To need our scanty rills."

9.

Then James he hugg'd his friends all round,  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on racing they were bent,  
They had a frugal mind.

10.

But then, to get those yacht-clubs o'er,  
That was no easy job,  
"I have 't," said James unto himself,  
"I'll put them in my fob!"

11.

To start the fleet Livonia then,  
The next thing to be done,  
“Away!” said James! “your anchors weigh,  
And leave your Island home!”

12.

The sails went up, the capstan turned,  
Her mud-hooks quick broke ground,  
With rousing cheers from twelve yacht-clubs,  
The Solent, did resound!

13.

“Speed on, good yacht! your chalky cliffs,  
Fade o’er the waters blue!  
To wrest that cup from foreign hands,  
Will Knight me Champion true!”

14.

O’er crested wave of dark blue sea,  
As James did steam along,  
What unborn triumphs crowded thick,  
To be rehearsed in song!



15.

Then thy pictorial genius, too,  
Immortal Gregory!  
Will paint the victories of your boss,  
His triumphs o'er the sea.

16.

But now and then a glance he 'd cast  
Westward, towards Sandy Hook,  
Debating how, that cup he 'd win,  
Whether by hook or crook.

17.

And thus the pros and cons were scann'd,  
Ere half the seas were o'er,  
Visions of failure, doubts and fears,  
Perplexed his mind full sore.

18.

Then said he, to his travelling friend,  
"I'm not afraid of 'Keelers,'  
But 'Centre-boards,' those skimming dishes  
They're ugly craft, they'll peel us!

19.

“ ‘Plato thou reasonest well!’ I dread  
The falling far behind,  
They’ll take the cream from off our milk,  
And beat us stony blind.

20.

“ They’re mongrels of the Ocean wave!  
Prize thieves in shore and out:  
But never mind, Flukes is our game!  
We’ll bag the cup, no doubt.”

21.

The ocean passed, the seas gone o’er,  
The conquering Hero comes,  
Arise, Committee-men, to work!  
No longer twirl your thumbs.

22.

You have a weighty charge to keep,  
Yet all you have to do,  
Scan well that liberal Deed of Trust,  
See, what it had in view!

23.

Whatever schemes or plans are laid,  
Departing from its spirit,  
Must meet with censure, and they all,  
Your just rebuke will merit.

24.

Ungracious task, we know it is,  
To meet exacting claim,  
And much more so, when you may think,  
One-sided is the game.

25.

Tho' great events are on the gale,  
A Nation's glory! or her shame,  
The muse must take the swallow's wing,  
That glory or that shame to sing.

26.

The war of pen and tongue is o'er,  
'Honors they are easy,'  
Greek meeting Greek 's the tug of war,  
Diamond cuts diamond leasy.

27.

The Apostolic Twelve done brown,  
Served *à la congé* up,  
Six naval contests settles then  
Who owns the "Queenly cup."

28.

Three days upon the light green sea,  
And three on the dark blue,  
Six days of labor, seventh rest?  
Unless one wins, twice two.

29.

Thus history repeats itself,  
With centre-boards and keels!  
When Gilpin raced, six gents were there,  
With "Post-boy" at their heels!

30.

'T was then James to his friends did say,  
"How much I do admire  
The skill and tact of yachting men,  
When Prize cups, they desire.

31.

“Last year, you know, we met their fleet,  
And we were beaten sore,  
This year we're better off, you see,  
We fight with only four!”

32.

Now Kempy had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke,  
And to the Husband of the ship,  
In merry guise he spoke :

33.

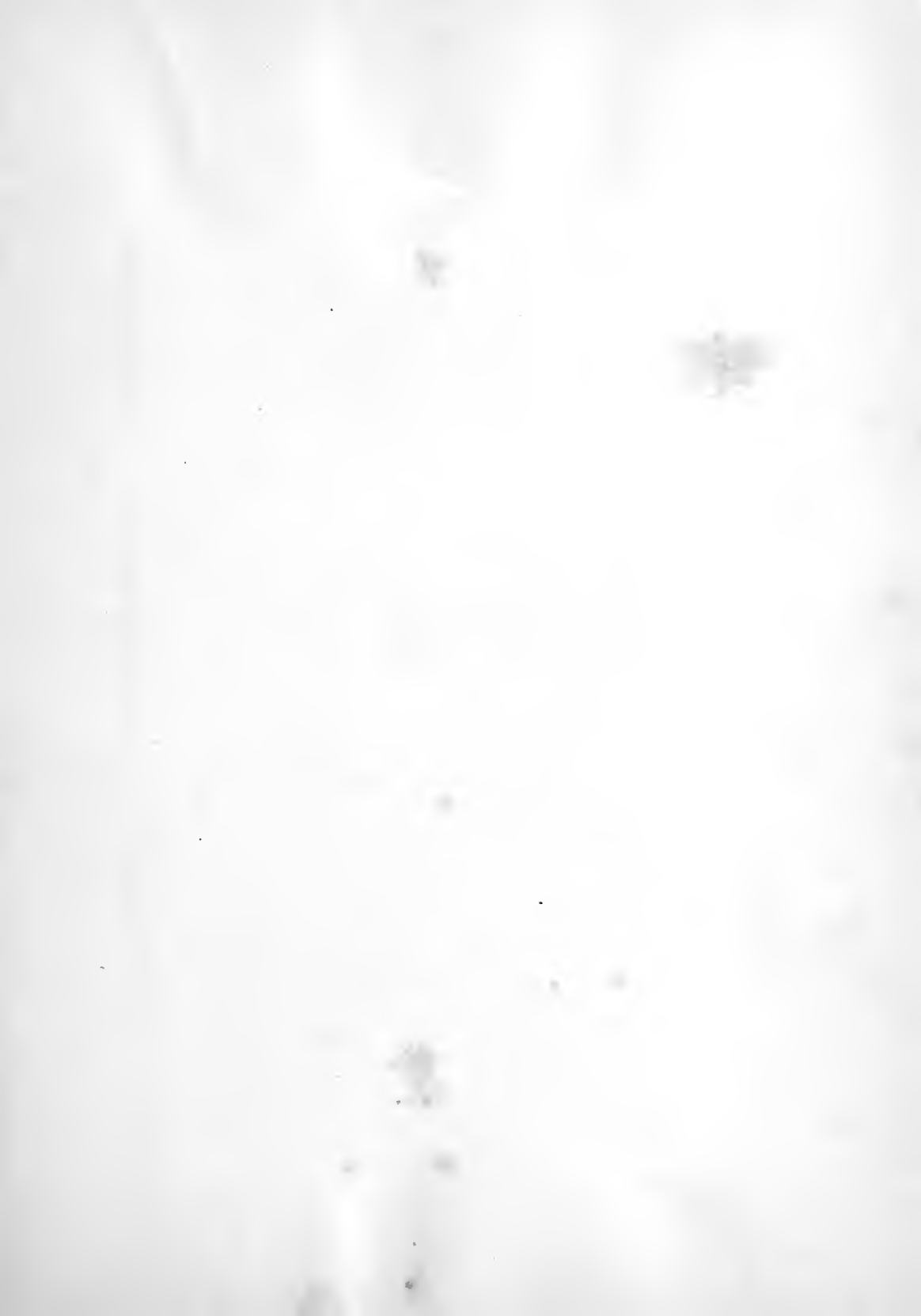
“We will the Mediums straight consult,  
And interview the donors,  
They surely know their own intent,  
And thus we'll earn the Honors.”

34.

Now James, he was right glad to find  
His friend a merry guide,  
Show'd then he had some ready wit,  
And thus to him replied :

35.

“You’ don the Medium’s mantle quick,  
Make bee-line up above,  
Survivor, I will hob-nob here,  
We ’re sure the thing to prove!”





*A. C. Smith, painter.*

Schooner Yacht COLUMBIA, 183 Tons O. M.

FRANKLIN OSGOOD, Esq., REAR-COMDR. N. Y. Y. C.





First Race:

COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA,

OVER

*THE N. Y. Y. CLUB COURSE.*

---

I.

THE course is laid, the yacht is named,  
'Twas one October morn,  
That season of the waning year,  
When forest trees new liveries wear.

II.

When Nature plies the artist's power,  
And makes each fading leaf a flower,  
When Flora comes to second birth,  
And readorns the fading earth.

III.

'T was in that season of the year,  
One bright October morn,  
That Beam met Ballast met to win  
A laurel-leaf, or thorn.

IV.

The champion yachts at anchor ride,  
Columbia on the lee,  
The wind was off from Nor'-Nor'-West,  
Tide ebbing to the sea.

V.

Livonia, won the weather-gage,  
Both headed t'wards the shore,  
Their chains all ready to be slipped,  
They hear steam-whistle roar.

VI.

Up go their jibs, both pay to port.  
Columbia gets the start,  
Livonia follows in her wake,  
Some thirty lengths apart.

VII.

The land-breeze freshens! On they go!  
The gap is growing wider,  
Stern-chase we know, is often long,  
To helmsman or to rider.

VIII.

Long ere they reach the Sou'-West Spit,  
'T was like a tale that 's told,  
If we bar chance, as well as flukes,  
Or if we are not sold.

IX.

Rounding the Spit in gallant style,  
Columbia first is seen,  
Port-tacks aboard, she heads for sea,  
With wind abaft the beam.

X.

They 've passed the point of Sandy Hook,  
And buoy on outer bar,  
Livonia comes, still following on,  
Astern about as far.

XI.

Our steam-tug headed out to sea,  
With thirty inches steam,  
Her engineer gave her the gad,  
She foamed on either beam.

XII.

Thus bounding o'er the swelling wave,  
She "Pulverized" the water,  
Two bows of promise then were seen,  
Upon our starboard quarter!

XIII.

The steamboat men and other craft,  
The course wide open threw,  
For well they knew, fair play was due,  
To either, yacht and crew.

XIV.

High sight it was, to see those yachts  
Come booming 'fore the wind,  
With every stitch of canvas set,  
Livonia still behind.

XV.

The Light-ship 's now th' appointed stake,  
And East they take their flight,  
She looms above the white-capp'd waves,  
And greets our searching sight.

XVI.

As they draw near their "kites" come down,  
Preparing for the round,  
That hermit-ship her bell-rope mans,  
Then comes the signal sound.

XVII.

Both turned the ship from North and West,  
For so the rule enjoined,  
And trimming aft, they each wore ship,  
Livonia more behind.

XVIII.

On bowline taut, they 're homeward bound,  
For buoy on the Spit,  
With starboard tacks, tho' well aboard,  
They can 't quite head for it.

XIX.

And now, while on their homeward course,  
A "long-board" and a short one,  
We've time to scan these gallant yachts,  
And give our sage opinion.

XX.

No Dogberrian wisdom sure!  
No feather from his pinion,  
'T is Bunsby's own, a solid chunk,  
"Opinion as is opinion."

XXI.

Livonia, type of England's yachts,  
A pattern-card is she!  
Lays on the water like a fish,  
But sails on either lee.

XXII.

Columbia, tho' it freshly blows,  
Stands up like rooted tree,  
And able boat! due to her beam,  
As all may easy see.

XXIII.

The one like knife divides the wave,  
The other passes o'er,  
The one has better lines abaft,  
Than those she has before.

XXIV.

Livonia wants more beam and bilge,  
Altho' so deep a craft,  
Columbia may have beam enough,  
But wants it farther aft.

XXV.

Livonia's spars are duly placed,  
Her mainsail is her *mainsail*,  
And yet 't don't stretch too far beyond,  
What 's called a vessel's taffrail.

XXVI.

Columbia looks to windward best,  
When she is on a tack,  
For where she points, she 's sure to fetch  
That is a settled fact.

XXVII.

Both have, of course, a bone in mouth,  
Whene'er it freshly blows,  
Livonia least! each have but one,  
And well up towards their bows.

XXVIII.

The crested wave Columbia makes,  
Is but the surface water,  
It's much more easy to displace,  
Take less, to follow after.

XXIX.

The solid wave Livonia makes,  
Before her cleaving prow,  
Leaves vacuum aft, to be filled up,  
And presses back her bow.

XXX.

But now Columbia's pass'd the Hook,  
Is heading for the buoy,  
She rounds it from the South and West,  
Midst shouts of unfeignéd joy.



XXXI.

Her kites lay loose upon the deck,  
With halyards ready bent,  
When swift as thought, the fluttering sails,  
Aloft are quickly sent.

XXXII.

Away she flies with wind abeam,  
Like swallow o'er the sea,  
While crowded steamers follow on,  
But well clear of her lee.

XXXIII.

Livonia's far astern descried,  
With all her canvas set,  
True sportsman like, she still hangs on.  
"Won't give it up quite yet."

XXXIV.

The judges in the stake-boat stand,  
Columbia rushes by,  
When shouts and screaming steam proclaim,  
Her well-earned victory.

XXXV.

The hour-glass is half run out,  
Ere the Livonia comes,  
Game to the last, she yet may wear,  
Tho' soiled, her wonted plumes.

XXXVI.

Thus ends first contest for the cup,  
The rest are still in store,  
What they will teach, we've yet to learn,  
We hope they'll teach us more.

XXXVII.

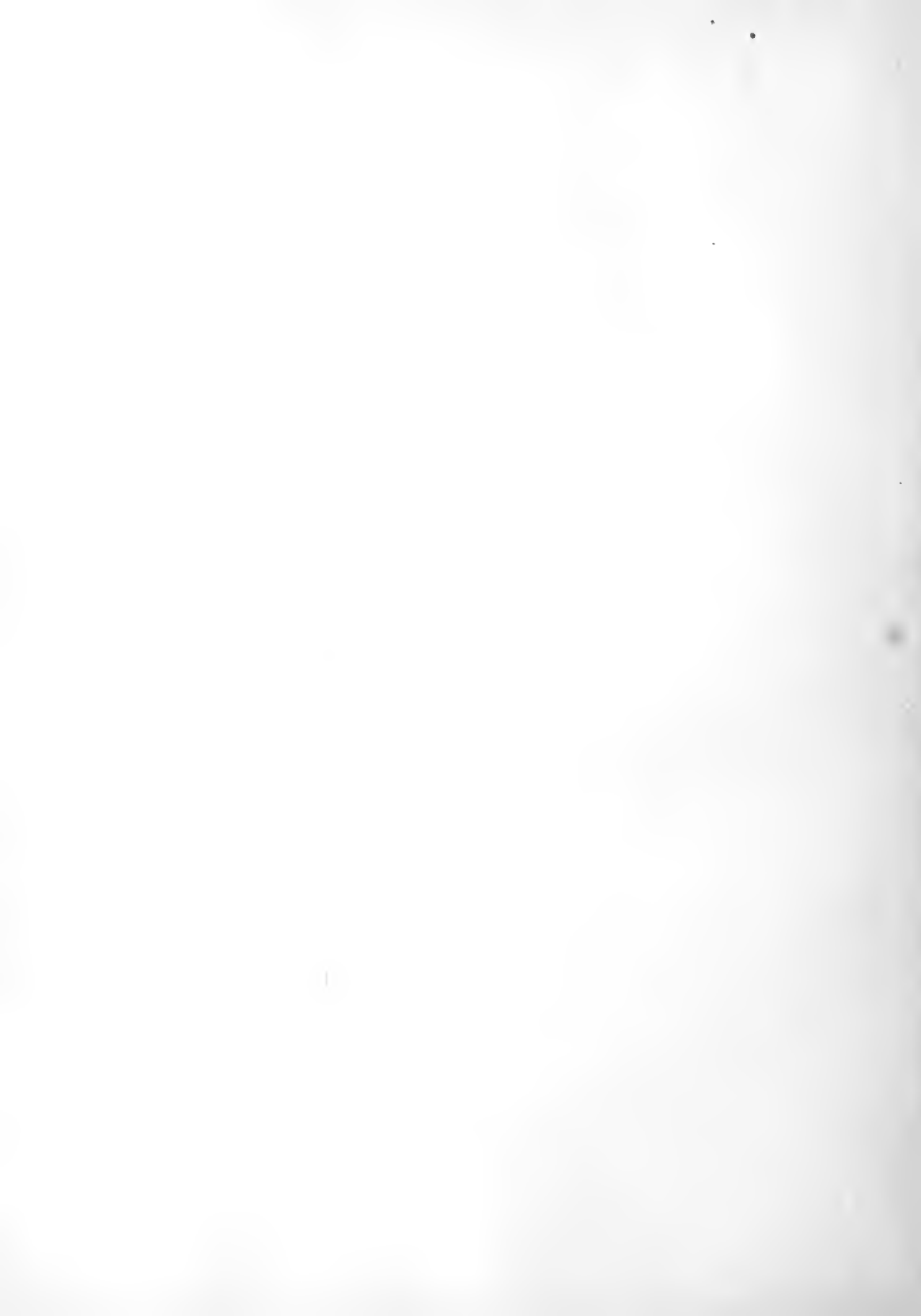
But this has shown to nautic eye,  
Head wind or going free,  
That centre-boards are faster craft,  
"On halcyon, wave or sea."

XXXVIII.

And when the fates we did consult,  
And Delphian Fane invoke,  
Prophetic voice we then did hear,  
And these the words it spoke :

XXXIX.

In cheering words that voice commands,  
“Go boldly in the fight,  
Who sheds the foremost foeman’s life,  
That party conquers in the strife.”





Second Race:

COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA

Ocean Course.

*20 Miles to Windward and Back.*

---

I.

AGAIN we're summon'd to the fight,  
To see what we may see,  
That Queenly cup is now at stake,  
"Super altum mare."

II.

We reach the Island's tranquil bay.  
Some yachts are anchored there,  
Their pennons float in listless guise,  
Fann'd by a gentle air.

III.

Scarce rippl'd was the glassy bay,  
And some were heard to say,  
The "chance is poor," small hope there is,  
"Of gilded spurs to-day."

IV.

A vet'ran yachtsman quick replied,  
"The wind is bound to come,  
October's Northers freshen up,  
Before the day is done."

V.

The champion yachts had left o'er night,  
To reach the light-ship, sure,  
Promptly on hand they 're bound to be,  
The Queen's cup to secure.

VI.

We pass some on their seaward way,  
With wind, tho' light, yet fair,  
And when the moor'd ship we approach,  
Columbia, she is there!

VII.

This Ocean race, was haply set,  
'Tween centre-board and keel,  
Not quite so happy was the course,  
To test on "tack," their "heel."

VIII.

Columbia had her pride enhanced,  
Again the chosen one  
To "beard the lion in his den,"  
Upon his Ocean-home.

IX.

And had the course been dead "a-lee."  
The wind Nor'-West-by-West,  
On bow-line taut we then should see,  
Which of the yachts were best.

X.

But Northing in the outward course,  
Both ways, the wind was free!  
And flowing sheet Livonia wants,  
Her very game you see.

XI.

Both yachts are champing on their bits,  
Impatient for the word,  
They head towards the starting-line,  
Their “port-tacks” are aboard.

XII.

The flag comes down, steam-whistle sounds,  
Their masted jibs trimn'd aft,  
Like quarter-horses then they break,  
It was a splendid start!

XIII.

Livonia, this time gets the lead,  
And keeps it to the stake;  
And lulling wind it seems to us,  
Wider the gap to make.

XIV.

Heading for stake-boat East-North-East,  
Off the Long Island shore,  
The gap grows wide and wider still,  
As said or sung before.



XV.

But long before the "mark-boat's" reach'd,  
The gap becomes much less,  
Columbia bringing up the wind,  
Her chances are the best.

XVI.

And when they drew more near the stake,  
Anchored in troubled water,  
Columbia's place was then upon  
Livonia's windward quarter.

XVII.

They turn'd the stake, as suits them best,  
Livonia "wears" around,  
Columbia trimming aft her sheets,  
Goes over much less ground.

XVIII.

Columbia to windward was,  
But several lengths astern,  
Livonia luff'd across her bow,  
"Gibed ship," the stake to turn.

XIX.

Columbia put her helm up,  
Avoiding thus delays;  
She pass'd to leeward of the mark,  
And turn'd it while in stays.

XX.

No cause for "protest" could be found,  
Both vessels had the right,  
To turn it any way they pleas'd,  
As it might come in sight.

XXI.

Columbia's tactics win the lead,  
As homeward they are bound,  
And with the fresh'ning of the breeze,  
She is the fleetest found.

XXII.

And now, the gap 's the other way,  
She drops her foe behind,  
If she can only "carry on,"  
She 'll beat Livonia blind.

XXIII.

But that 's much easier said than done,  
When such a foe 's on hand,  
The champion of the Solent wave,  
Among the first may stand.

XXIV.

October's wind is "piping up,"  
It 's now a youthful gale,  
We question whether either yacht,  
Can carry all its sail!

XXV.

It 's squally, too, towards close of day,  
And "kites" have long been down,  
Columbia's foresail in the "bunt,"  
There, seamanship is shown.

XXVI.

Livonia settles "jib away,"  
But hoists a smaller one,  
Main and jib topsail both come down,  
The rest she drags along.

XXVII.

Scupper and lee-rail under water,  
She 's sailing on her side,  
Columbia, now is standing up,  
And makes the gap more wide.

XXVIII.

The squall has pass'd, reef'd foresail set,  
Again she vaults along!  
Dashing the spray o'er weather-bow,  
Fit champion she for song!

XXIX.

The yachts now sight the Light-ship's place,  
A "point" on their lee-bow,  
The wind was rather dropping out,  
And kites are trumps just now.

XXX.

Columbia sets her flying jib,  
And trims her sheets still more,  
With bellying canvas, sweeps us by,  
And now she 's cross'd the score.

XXXI.

Now may we sing our Nation's Hymn,  
Let shouts on shouts arise,  
A wreath you've won on either sea,  
Thy name is in our skies!

XXXII.

You've shown what centre-boards can do,  
And oped Livonia's eyes,  
Have set and trimm'd your canvas well,  
To keep that Queenly prize.

XXXIII.

Livonia, two miles off is seen,  
With all the "rags" she'll carry,  
A distanc'd yacht looms in her eye,  
'T is not the time to tarry.

XXXIV.

She near'd, then cross'd, the fancied line,  
Still all her canvas on,  
Both yachts were welcom'd back again,  
With shouts both loud and long.

XXXV.

While they were off, on race intent,  
The yachts that follow'd on,  
Cared not the squalls and waves to face,  
But turn'd their prows t'wards home,

XXXVI.

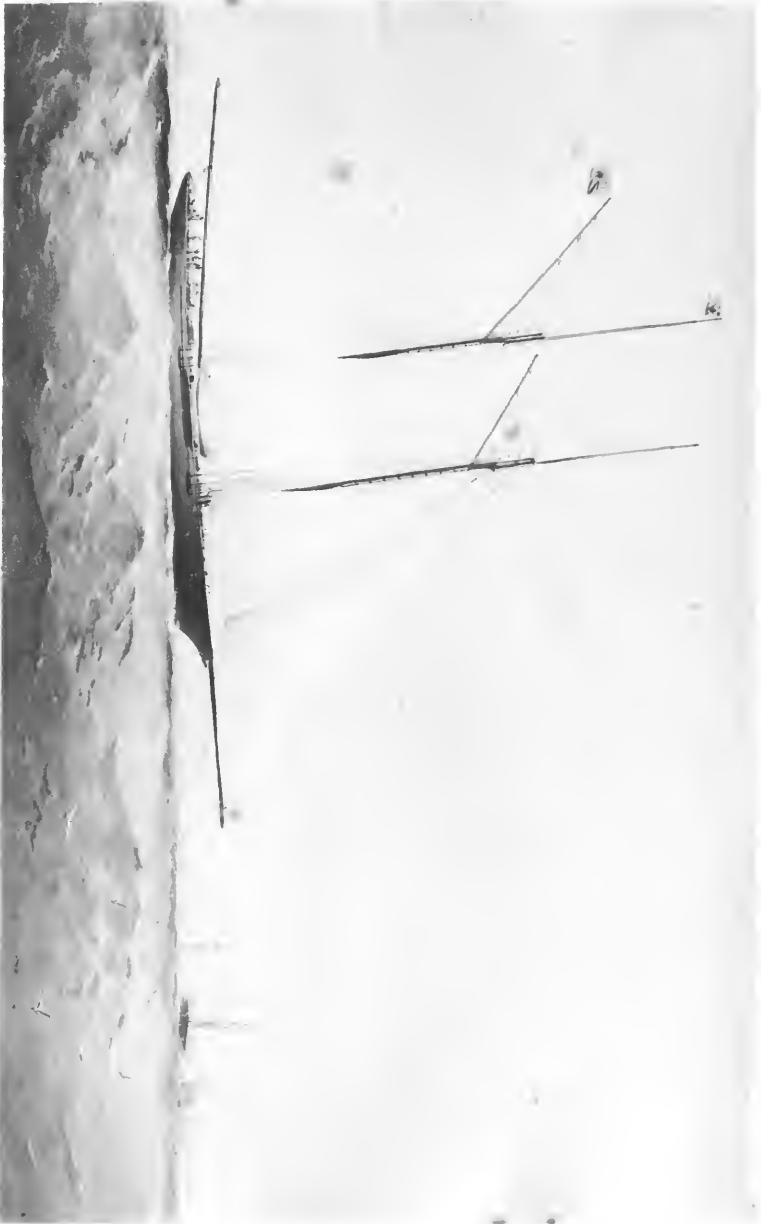
All o'er the waters of the Hook,  
Their gambols they did play;  
Ground, high and lofty tumbling, then,  
The order of the day.

XXXVII.

But then they 'd dash'd that "swash" about,  
On each side of the way,  
Just like a school of dolphins sleek,  
Or wild geese at their play.

XXXVIII.

Or like a flock of gulls they flew,  
By canvas borne along,  
So did they go! which brings us to,  
The middle of our song.



Schooner Yacht LIVONIA, 208 Tons O. M.  
JAMES ASHBURY, Esq., Comdr. Royal Harwich Yacht Club.







Third Race:

COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA

OVER

*THE N. Y. Y. CLUB COURSE.*

---

I.

OCTOBER'S sun again arose,  
And shone both clear and bright,  
And summon'd us once more, unto  
The friendly Nautic fight.

II.

Was it the sun of Austerlitz  
Spangling the morning dew?  
Or that same orb, whose radiant beams,  
Once shone o'er Waterloo?

III.

The Bard must e'en the story tell,  
As it was seen by him,  
Nor is it always certain sure,  
The fastest boat will win.

IV.

October's "ides," not March, have come  
But ah, they have not gone!  
One fatal day stands aye condemn'd,  
Would it had ne'er been born!

V.

Again we 've reach'd the ruff'd bay,  
Abreast of Staten Isle,  
The wind it blew from West-Sou'-West,  
The tide it ebb'd the while.

VI.

Of champion yachts that number'd four,  
We found but three were there!  
'T was asked, "where is the Sapphic maid?"  
And echo answer'd, "where?"

VII.

And then, alas! too soon we learn'd,  
The "Palmer's" crippled spar!  
And "Dauntless" too, had come to grief,  
Both yachts, "*hors de combat*."

VIII.

The "Palmer," who so oft had graced  
Our Nautic lists before,  
Would fain have donn'd her racing gear,  
To win one laurel more,

IX.

But fate decreed, she ne'er that day  
Should anchor on the "score,"  
To help to save that Queenly cup,  
She would have sav'd before.

X.

But ne'er despair, that day will come,  
And test your Nautic power,  
You'll meet the "Solent" champion yet,  
Then show her your best "bower."

XI.

The "Dauntless," as her name implies,  
Her place is not behind,  
Soon gets her racing "tacks" aboard,  
And starts straight for the "line."

XII.

While being tow'd to take her place,  
Her bowsprit gear was "foul'd,"  
The tug still straining on the line,  
Parted her starboard "shroud."

XIII.

And here again the Fates step in,  
To rule this Nautic war,  
One "centre-board," and then one "keel,"  
Made contest still more fair.

XIV.

We 're thus reduc'd to only one,  
To meet our foreign foe,  
Hard fate! and not quite fair it is,  
That we to her must go.

xv.

“Livonia,” she complacent rides,  
She feels our sad distress,  
The sympathetic tear she drops  
Her sorrow doth express.

xvi.

“Columbia! you ’re our only hope!  
’T is true, you ’ve done your share,  
But will you see that course walk’d o’er?  
Or once more nobly dare?”

xvii.

Columbia steps straight to the front,  
With pace tho’ slow, yet steady,  
Adopts Livonia’s motto, Scotia’s too,  
And hails, “Ready, aye ready.”

xviii.

But ne’er repine at Fate’s decrees,  
“Whatever is, is right,”  
She now decrees in solemn voice,  
“Two yachts decide this fight.”

XIX.

And as “th’ affairs of mice and men,  
Do often gang a gley,”  
Let ’s smooth it o’er, as best we may,  
And call it Destiny.

XX.

But this one truth we ’ll ne’er forget,  
We ’ll ponder o’er it still,  
Rememb’ring well, things wrong begun,  
“Make strong themselves with ill.”

XXI.

Columbia then, is ta’en in tow,  
And anchor’d on the score,  
But on the toss for “weather-gage,”  
Livonia won once more.

XXII.

Again they pick Columbia up,  
To place her on the lee,  
While in the act of doing so,  
The flags come down, we see.

XXIII.

While yet to North and East of stake,  
Signal to start is giv'n:  
Livonia "slips," away she goes!  
By ample canvas driven.

XXIV.

Columbia "slips" tug's hawser too,  
But fills away to starboard,  
She makes a "short board" t'wards the shore,  
Then "stays" and heads to larboard.

XXV.

Meanwhile Livonia's well ahead,  
T' eighth of a mile or more,  
Both vessels "heel" to western breeze,  
That comes from off the shore.

XXVI.

Livonia now has pass'd the bluff,  
And feels the bay-breeze strong,  
On bow-line taut, she more careens,  
But then she goes along,

XXVII.

And pointing up to windward well,  
The gap she widens more,  
Columbia keeps too near the heights,  
The land winds pass her o'er.

XXVIII.

But when the island's bluff she's pass'd,  
Feels breeze from out the bay,  
In water smooth, she "buckles to,"  
And feels it's just her play.

XXIX.

She soon begins to gather in,  
The slack on start she'd made,  
It looks as tho' again she'd cast,  
Livonia in the shade.

XXX.

Both vessels now are heading for  
The buoy of the Spit,  
The tide, strong ebb, it sweeps them out,  
They cannot "weather" it.



XXXI.

Columbia tries by "pinching up,"  
To round it on that tack,  
Or else she carries "weather-helm,"  
She seems "head-sails" to lack.

XXXII.

Whate'er the cause, the fact is clear,  
She holds uneven course,  
The wind tho' steady, yet the flaws  
Strike with uncommon force.

XXXIII.

And soon we saw her flying jib  
Dragging beneath her bow,  
They "luff'd" her up, to take it in,  
Small chance for her just now!

XXXIV.

Her jib was quickly got aboard,  
And then she "fill'd away,"  
But ere she reach'd the turning point,  
'T was clear she'd have to stay.

XXXV.

And so she did and headed west,  
The buoy thus to pass,  
Then into stays she went again,  
But this was not her last,

XXXVI.

For soon she luff'd into the wind,  
Refus'd to "pay away:"  
One head-sail gone! in sorry plight,  
She there in "irons" lay.

XXXVII.

Misfortunes come not single file,  
But trooping their array,  
For when she took the wind again,  
To starboard she did "pay."

XXXVIII.

But soon she went about again,  
When she had gather'd "way,"  
Then starting sheets and kites aloft,  
Her course she now can lay.

XXXIX.

But ah! we fear the game is up,  
We mourn, but mourn in vain,  
One thought intrudes upon our mind,  
But don't relieve our pain.

XL.

When all these *contre-temps* occur'd,  
“Oh where was Roderick then!”  
Those blasts upon his bugle-horn,  
Would 've made his crew all men!

XLI.

Oh for one hour of “Stevens'” might!  
Or 'well-skill'd “James” to guide the fight,  
Maintain for “beam,” its Nautic right,  
Preserve its prestige clear and bright!

XLII.

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From fate's dark book, a leaf been torn,  
The laurel leaf would still be worn,  
Would still Columbia's brow adorn!

XLIII.

Where shall we look for solace now,  
In our most sad distress,  
Chop-fallen all, save only one,  
That fact we must confess.

XLIV.

That one, he 's of Livonia's crew,  
Whose heart exulting leaps,  
To see, to him the welcome sight,  
Columbia "knock'd in heaps!"

XLV.

Around the deck in glee he glides,  
His "dancing tacks" aboard,  
A sort of powder-monkey boy,  
With features round and broad.

XLVI.

Precocious youth, James' shadow, too!  
With artless, graceful leer,  
An open countenance had he,  
A mouth from h'ear to h'ear.

XLVII.

Livonia long had turn'd the buoy,  
Was far, far off to sea,  
With canvas full, she now doth head,  
For light-ship at the lee.

XLVIII.

Away she goes, full well she knows,  
Columbia is used up,  
She carries weight, she sails a race,  
'T is for a Queenly cup!

XLIX.

With sheets all free, fore-sails boom'd out,  
Both yachts come flying on,  
Since rounding buoy of the "Spit,"  
Columbia had gain'd some.

L.

They now have reach'd the turning point,  
Livonia still on lead,  
Columbia brought the breeze along,  
'T was that increas'd her speed.

LI.

Their lighter sails are now on deck,  
All ready for the round,  
They "turn" the ship from North and West,  
And now are homeward bound.

LII.

On bow-line taut, port-tacks aboard,  
They 're heading for the Hook,  
Tide dead ahead, wind fresh'ning up,  
Their homeward course they took.

LIII.

Livonia first, Spit-buoy turn'd,  
Admiring fleet around,  
All left Columbia in the lurch,  
Livonia's praise to sound!

LIV.

And sure a thrilling sight it was,  
To see, as quick as thought,  
As if by magic, all at once,  
Her light sails go aloft!

LV.

Minutes like wounded snakes,  
Dragg'd their slow length along,  
And then Columbia turn'd the stake,  
There must be something wrong!

LVI.

With varying speed throughout the race,  
Fair work at times she 's done,  
But, summing up without disguise,  
She 's scarcely held her own.

LVII.

Her light sails too, mount up aloft,  
She 's pluck to the back-bone,  
And don't intend Livonia shall,  
Be much ahead at home.

LVIII.

Livonia now the narrows near'd,  
Our steam is open'd wide,  
We soon o'erhaul the fleet ahead,  
Are at the stake-boat's side.

LIX.

With clouds of canvas she sweeps by,  
“The story it is told,”  
We welcome her with rousing cheers,  
But not with all our soul!

LX.

Meanwhile Columbia she was seen,  
When half way from the Hook,  
“Head in the wind,” upon west bank,  
The bit in mouth she took.

LXI.

For there her steering-gear gave way,  
And all control was gone,  
A tiller rigg'd and main-sail down,  
She slowly wended home.

LXII.

We welcome her with heart-felt cheers,  
For all that she has done,  
You've beat Livonia more in time,  
Than this, which she has won!



LXIII.

And tho' a rose, your wreath has lost,  
And dimm'd its halcyon bloom,  
Land-lock'd, or seaward, try again!  
Defeat is not your doom.

LXIV.

And you, Livonia, you have won,  
This day the meed of praise,  
You, too, may sing your Nation's Hymn,  
Your cherish'd anthem raise!

LXV.

Here o'er our placid waters green,  
And two leagues out at sea,  
A double triumph you have won,  
A well-earned victory!

LXVI.

A mingled wreath we'll twine for you,  
To deck your Nautic brow,  
The waters of the light-green sea,  
Admit your triumph now.

LXVII.

Then let Livonia's crew unite,  
And make the welkin ring,  
Their Nautic tones will float aloft,  
And this the song they sing:

LIVONIA'S TRIUMPHAL SONG.

Air, Battle of the Nile.

I.

Arise, arise! Livonia's crew arise!  
And let Heaven echo with your song,  
The genius of Ratsey, Victory proclaiming,  
Flies through the world, our rights by deeds maintaining,  
And the contest for the cup,  
Has shown our science up,  
And Ashb'ry, gallant Ashb'ry's name,  
Applauded shall be!

2.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!  
Huzza! Huzza! Boys!  
Ashb'ry's won the wreath that  
Ratsey had by science twin'd.

3.

And the Battle for the Cup  
Has raised our prestige up,  
And Ashb'ry's name and Ratsey's name,  
Applauded shall be!

LXVIII.

Their song is wafted o'er the deep,  
And meets responsive cheers  
From twelve yacht-clubs the echo comes,  
And strikes our list'ning ears!

LXIX.

They swell the note, and Albion hears,  
The "voices of her brave,"  
In tones like these, it there resounds,  
"Britannia rules the wave."

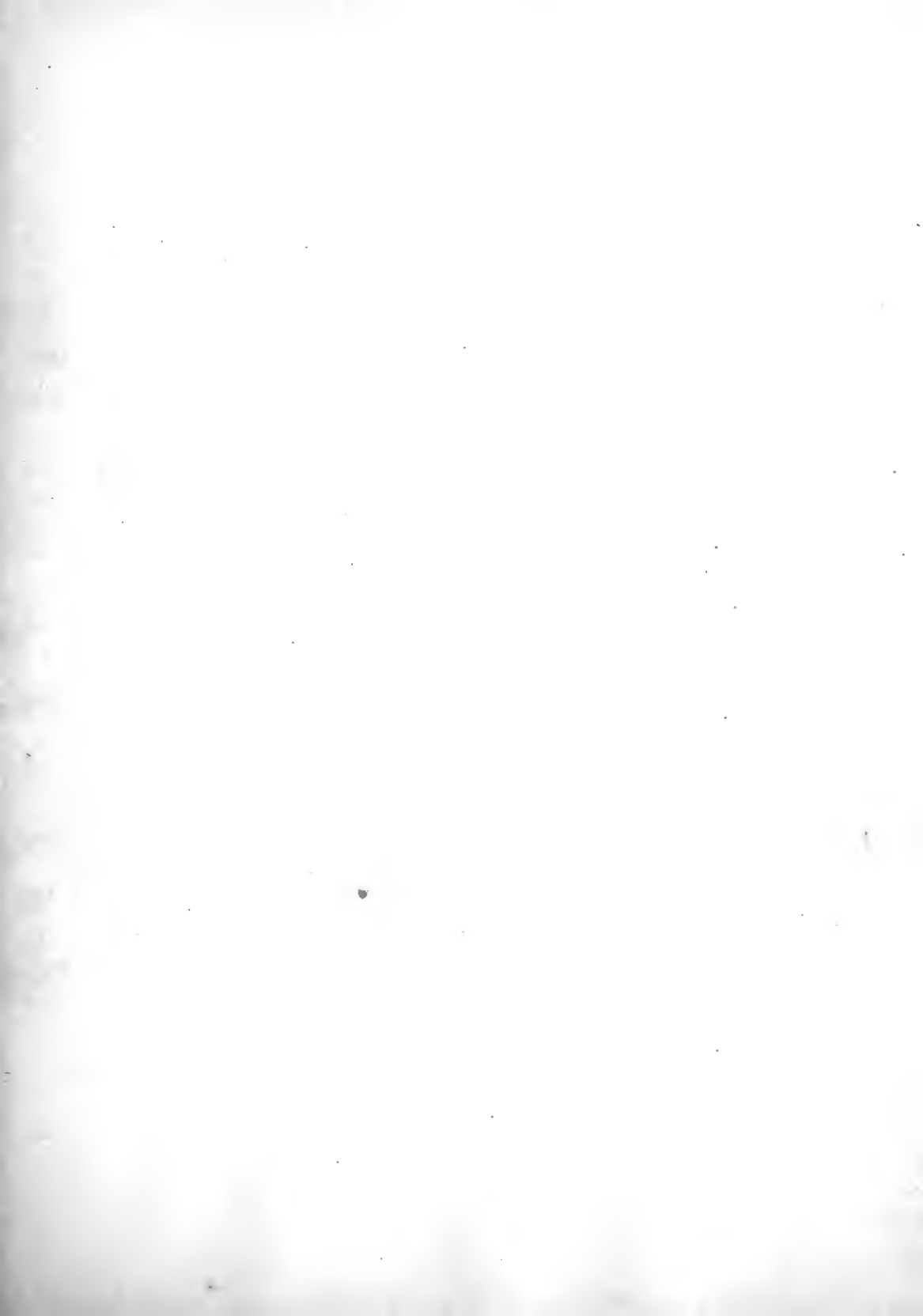
LXX.

From steep and cliff your azure dome,  
Has heard that sound before,  
In olden time, such voice was heard,  
Mingling with ocean's roar—

LXXI.

Told slumb'ring nations of the world,  
Wrapp'd in lethargic sleep,  
"Your march was o'er the mountain wave,  
"Your home was on the deep."







A. G. Smith, painter.

Schooner Yacht SAPPHO, 810 Tons O. M.

WM. P. DOUGLASS, Esq., OWNER, VICE-COMDR. N. Y. Y. C.



## Fourth Race:

### SAPPHO AND LIVONIA,

(OCEAN COURSE.)

*20 Miles to Windward and Back.*

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#### I.

OCTOBER'S morn again invites,  
To scenes of nautic skill,  
Is there in store one triumph more,  
To help that cup to fill?

#### II.

On reaching near the Quarantine,  
Columbia there is found,  
The other champions of the club,  
To "light-ship" they are bound.

III.

We take Columbia then in tow,  
And passing out the Bay,  
We leave the champion-yachts astern,  
Bound on their sea-ward way.

IV.

We drop Columbia at the stake,  
Then hied us back again,  
To aid the ling'ring yachts that tried  
To reach the stake in vain.

V.

But soon the wind struck in from south,  
And fresh'ning as it came,  
We join'd the yachts awaiting there,  
Glad to return again.

VI.

Once more we 're on the battle-field,  
Three champion yachts are there,  
Livonia, Sappho, Dauntless, too,  
And last, not least, Columbia.



VII.

Gazing to East, old ocean rolls,  
Where mountain-waves ascend,  
From North to East and South and West,  
The “Fauces-Terræ” trend.

VIII.

In funnel shape it opens wide  
Its broad, capacious jaws,  
And takes the rolling billows in,  
That break upon our shores.

IX.

South-East its throat, the light-ship 's moor'd,  
Our “turning-stake” for years,  
But now the starting point,  
Of yachts, and hopes and fears.

X.

The day is all that could be wish'd,  
Sol gleams autumnal rays,  
Gilding with all his radiant light,  
The combing of the waves.

XI.

The breeze, it freshens as the day goes on  
All looming up so bright,  
Needs must inspire contending yachts,  
And nerve them for the fight.

XII.

The muse has said, or sung before,  
'T is National, this strife!  
A "challenge" vase, once nobly won,  
Is gleaming in our sight.

XIII.

This gorgeous day recalls that scene,  
The page of Hist'ry in,  
Two champions met within the ring,  
A champion's belt to win.

XIV.

Ere they exchange'd the "palmer's kiss  
And palm to palm was join'd,  
It was a summer's day like this,  
They each did comment on.

XV.

“Fine day!” said Heenan unto Sayers,  
And waited his reply,  
A moment’s pause with face inclin’d,  
And gazing in the sky,

XVI.

Said Sayers, “fine day indeed it is.”  
These words he then let fall:  
“The man who cannot fight to-day,  
“He cannot fight at all.”

XVII.

So hist’ry may repeat itself,  
If say we one and all,  
“The yacht that cannot win to day,  
“She cannot win at all.”

XVIII.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
Livonia late hath made,  
Let’s see the champion that ’s to cast,  
Her triumph in the shade.

XIX.

They all, like coursers of the plain,  
Move round with pride elate,  
To know the champion of the day,  
With quiv'ring flags they wait.

XX.

Livonia's racing flag was seen,  
At her main-top-mast head;  
The other three at their main-peaks,  
Their racing bunting spread.

XXI.

But soon we see the others down,  
Sappho's alone is up!  
She has the honor to compete,  
She must protect that cup!

XXII.

And now 't is keel that meets with keel,  
But then this tug of war,  
Is wag'd on ocean's bosom rough,  
Where sea-birds wont to soar.

XXIII.

The stake-boat 's sent to Sou'-Sou-West,  
Full twenty miles to seaward.  
If from that point the wind "hangs on,"  
"Dead beat" it is from leeward.

XXIV.

The air-line now is ready drawn,  
The yachts, their sheets haul'd taut,  
Sappho lays-to, on starboard tack,  
Livonia on the "port."

XXV.

Across the Sappho's stem she lay,  
When signal meets our eyes,  
The Sappho quickly "fill'd away,"  
Towards the line she flies!

XXVI.

Livonia soon came into stays,  
Upon her weather-quarter,  
Her starboard-tacks were boarded then,  
And quick she follow'd after.

XXVII.

Their fore and aft sails all were set,  
A “gunwale” breeze the while,  
Under full way they reach’d the score,  
Then cross’d in gallant style!

XXVIII.

Sappho ahead! Livonia then,  
One minute they ’re apart!  
Livonia aimed at weather-gage,  
And got it on the start.

XXIX.

It soon was seen, the Sappho had  
Livonia “on the hip!”  
Altho’ to leeward at the start,  
She ’s now the windward ship.

XXX.

’T is clear that she “out-foots” her too,  
Still more ahead she ’s gone,  
Livonia sees and knows it ’s so,  
But one thing can be done,

XXXI.

“Break tacks” with Sappho, take the chance,  
Of shift, or better wind.  
It can't be worse, for as it is,  
She 's sure to be behind.

XXXII.

Livonia then goes into stays,  
The Sappho she holds on,  
And having run her tack well out,  
She puts her helm down.

XXXIII.

Both yachts are now on the same tack,  
Heading for Jersey shore,  
Upon Livonia's weather-quarter,  
Sappho 's a mile or more.

XXXIV.

Before this tack was half run out,  
Wind “canted” to the West,  
And then 'twas seen how Sappho 'd gain'd,  
She 'd come up near abreast.

XXXV.

Livonia ran her "stretch" well out,  
Tack'd ship on Jersey shore,  
The Sappho, she then crossed her bow.  
A good half mile or more.

XXXVI.

The Sappho then, went into stays,  
Still clinging to Livonia!  
But strange to say! we saw her "stay"  
Head in shore! and leave her.

XXXVII.

Experts in racing, ne'er admit,  
Such tactics to be true,  
But when of yacht you've got the heels,  
Why never let her go.

XXXVIII.

Her error soon the Sappho saw,  
Again she went about,  
You've only lost the time in stays,  
Now keep a bright lookout.



XXXIX.

Livonia then broke tacks again,  
And headed for the shore.  
Sappho again, then cross'd her bow,  
At least two miles or more.

XL.

This time the Sappho clung more close,  
For soon she went in stays.  
Visions of triumph met her sight,  
And green, triumphant bays.

XLI.

For then the "mark-boat" caught her eye,  
She tack'd for it in shore,  
And as she headed for the stake,  
Saw only one tack more.

XLII.

The stake she reach'd on starboard tack,  
Her helm is hard a-lee,  
Her sails are shaking in the wind,  
She 's round! she 's round! we see.

XLIII.

With flowing sheets, light sails aloft,  
All swelling with the wind,  
The greeting shouts, the screaming steam,  
She leaves them all behind.

XLIV.

Livonia, too, she tack'd "in shore,"  
And headed for the stake,  
Then tack'd again, soon as she thought  
The mark-boat she could "make."

XLV.

Then with her port-tacks well aboard,  
She made it on its lee,  
And "wearing ship" she had to make,  
A longer turn, you see.

XLVI.

But when she 'd fairly pass'd around,  
And greetings had been giv'n,  
She crowded all her canvas on,  
And homeward then she 's driven.

XLVII.

Now that our pulses beat less high,  
Excitement temper'd down,  
A retrospective glance we 'll cast,  
On what has pass'd around.

XLVIII.

We needs must feel an inward joy,  
And smile! for smile we may,  
Our Sappho 's won a laurel leaf,  
For what she 's done to-day.

XLIX.

But with that self-complacent smile,  
Let 's mingle praises due,  
For what Livonia 's also done,  
"Ship's-husband" and her crew.

L.

'T is not too broad a claim to make,  
Nowhere beneath the sun,  
Floats there a yacht, that e'er could do,  
What those two yachts have done.

LI.

A “dead to windward” beat it was,  
Worthy poetic lays,  
A cracking breeze, and good sea on,  
They each deserve such praise.

LII.

The homeward run of both the yachts,  
Was picturesque to sight,  
But hopes and fears were centr'd in,  
The struggling windward fight.

LIII.

The Sappho reach'd the light-ship stake,  
Nearly five miles ahead,  
And as Livonia came in, the night  
Her sable mantle spread.

LIV.

The time it took to make the race,  
That Sappho there did win,  
Was just five hours and a half,  
From start to coming in.



Fifth Race:

SAPPHO AND LIVONIA,

OVER

*THE N. Y. Y. CLUB COURSE.*

---

I.

AGAIN our Nautic armor 's donn'd,  
That "Challenge-cup" to keep,  
And show the nations of the world,  
That we control the deep.

II.

The cup itself tho' bright its sheen,  
And tho' 't was hardly won,  
Is treasur'd now, and only held,  
To make such fact more known.

III.

It 's taken from the rank and file,  
Of prize-cups in Battalia,  
Nor was it ever ranked among,  
The widow'd Queen's regalia.

IV.

But he, whose fearless daring won,  
And brought the trophy o'er,  
In gallant mood baptiz'd anew,  
When landed on our shore.

V.

For when 't was won in foreign climes,  
And wonder fill'd the air,  
The shouts of loyal subjects told,  
The Queen herself was there.

VI.

And' when she "speer'd" the "where away,"  
Of yachts contesting there,  
Was told America's ahead,  
The other yachts nowhere!

VII.

And then the challenger himself,  
Stands sponsor for that name,  
When first he sought and first he thought,  
That he could win the same.

VIII.

Then there 's poetic license, too,  
Its gallantry should show,  
And cherish still that queenly name,  
Give Majesty its due.

IX.

It still may claim that soubriquet,  
With prejudice to none,  
Bearing in mind that it should be,  
In "friendly contest won."

X.

Friend Meter of the Harwich club,  
In mind, seems sore perplex'd,  
And at the name of Queenly cup,  
Is "mix'd," as well as vex'd.

XI.

It was not so some years ago,  
At least, 't was "Royal" then,  
But since it has been borne away,  
Is worth just "ten pound ten."

XII.

Besides it's but the yearly prize,  
The Royal squadron give,  
And Chinese junk and Norway punt,  
May have at it a dig.

XIII.

Proviso first, they all must know,  
If to the lists they come,  
They cannot bring their centre-boards,  
Such toys must stay at home.

XIV.

And then you know, we let it go,  
Time out of mind, forgotten,  
And well we knew, that ere it flew,  
It had n't got no bottom,



xv.

For when our cousins bagg'd the thing  
They raised so huge a shout,  
The vase it shook so fearfully,  
The bottom it fell out.

xvi.

Strange, how history repeats itself!  
And case in point declare,  
An ebon citizen in the South,  
He once, a hare did snare,

xvii.

And while in arms he held his prize,  
Thus lavish'd patois praise :  
“ You nice smove ting, you hair so fine,  
“ You haint liv'd many days,

xviii.

“ You is so fat, so bery fat,  
“ So fat, you brile youself !”  
Away went puss from out his arms,  
And bounded o'er a delf!

XIX.

With eyes askance, he cast a glance  
At pussy where she stood,  
With pouting lips and nodding head,  
Address'd departed food:

XX.

“You long-ear'd ting, you's on'y good,  
“To play wid at de door,  
“You hinder-legs dem good for run!  
“But good for nuffin' more.”

XXI.

But ere she fled the quarry's edge,  
With heart still in a flutter,  
She heard poor Sambo's stomach spleen,  
“You 's not so darn'd fat nudder!”

XXII.

But after all, what's in a name,  
The rose would smell as sweet,  
No matter what the name: we 're bound  
That silver cup to keep!

XXIII.

Once more, but not “unto the breach,”  
That, Sappho has repair’d,  
And in her gallant struggle then,  
We all most gladly shar’d.

XXIV.

October’s morn again has dawn’d,  
With rays both bright and clear,  
The due West wind comes o’er the land,  
Our hopes and hearts to cheer.

XXV.

Then, as we near the starting-point,  
The champion yachts we see,  
With head to wind, ebb-tide near done,  
They ride most quietly.

XXVI.

Again the Sapphic maid’s the choice,  
The challenger to meet,  
Sure that she’ll win one laurel more,  
That champion cup to keep.

XXVII.

On deep-sea course, 't was keel met keel,  
And now the strife will be,  
Where Zephyr breathes her gentler gales,  
O'er halcyon wave or sea.

XXVIII.

Livonia won again the choice,  
To windward is her place,  
With springs upon her cable taut,  
She 's ready for the race.

XXIX.

The Sappho, while she 's being tow'd,  
Dropp'd anchor "under foot."  
And having too much headway on,  
Of course, she "pick'd it up."

XXX.

And heading in towards the shore,  
She made for the Livonia,  
But ere she reach'd her "quarter-badge,"  
The tug again controll'd her.

XXXI.

At length she 's anchor'd on the "score,"  
Both yachts, their sheets made fast,  
Are ready now, and only wait,  
To hear the signal blast.

XXXII.

The flags come down, and then go up,  
And then come down once more,  
Steam-whistle sounds both shrill and loud,  
Livonia pays off shore.

XXXIII.

Foretop-mast housed in view of wind,  
Her lower sails all draw,  
She reels it off, hand over hand,  
And "heels" at every flaw.

XXXIV.

The Sappho nymph unlucky was,  
She payed off to starboard,  
And had to "stay," "light up" port-tacks,  
Ere she could head to larboard.

XXXV.

She lost three minutes, if not more,  
In getting fairly round,  
When off, and in Livonia's wake,  
She well astern was found.

XXXVI.

Livonia pass'd the Narrows' point,  
Hugging West Bank along,  
Finding the Sappho gaining fast,  
And sure to pass ere long.

XXXVII.

Before they 'd gone one third the way,  
As near as we could see,  
Sappho rang'd up abreast her beam,  
And pass'd well clear her lee.

XXXVIII.

That feat perform'd, the tale was told,  
And when she turn'd the buoy,  
The plaudits from the steamers round,  
Full well express'd their joy.

XXXIX.

Both yachts are 'round and outward bound,  
To light-ship three leagues off,  
With wind dead-aft they 're wing and wing  
As soars the bird aloft.

XL.

And now while on their seaward way,  
We 'll lay upon our oars,  
And see, if haply we may glean,  
Aught from these Nautic wars.

XLI.

And tho' it 's never safe to crow,  
Before the wood you clear,  
Yet when Fate rules, why then you know,  
No matter how you steer.

XLII.

These contests for the Queenly cup,  
Have four great problems solved,  
And taught at least, the yachting world,  
The "status" that they hold.

XLIII.

That Ballast cant with Beam contend,  
In smooth or troubled water,  
But when judiciously combin'd,  
That 's just the thing we 're after.

XLIV.

That Keel can 't match with Centre-board,  
In any yachting weather,  
"By or large," course smooth or rough,  
The centre-board 's the better.

XLV.

One other fact is also shown,  
Touching our "Pleasure navy,"  
Our keels, tho' not full beamy type,  
For that we cry, "Peccavi!"

XLVI.

Yet, when compar'd with foreign yachts,  
In any kind of weather,  
On bow-line taut, or flowing sheet,  
They 've prov'd themselves the better.



XLVII.

But now we 've reach'd that Solitai,  
Whose vigils, night and day,  
Mid-summer's sun, and wintry storms,  
Her duty there to stay.

XLVIII.

Warning to give the homeward-bound,  
With fog-horn, and with bell,  
As well the stranger on our coast,  
The way he seeks to tell.

XLIX.

Her lights by night, her "loom" by day,  
Like pole-star in the heaven,  
To master, crew, and all on board,  
Our sympathy is given.

L.

But now the Sappho nears the ship,  
Her kites come flutt'ring down,  
Her sheets trimm'd aft, main-boom jib'd o'er,  
And now she is around.

LI.

On bow-line taut, away she goes,  
With starboard-tacks aboard,  
With all the grace her namesake had,  
She heads the South toward.

LII.

Livonia, too, with steaming craft,  
Makes up her gorgeous train,  
But soon she 's left to plod alone,  
The Sappho 's their pet dame.

LIII.

Her course she held about Sou'-West,  
For near two miles or so,  
Then tacking ship, she heads Nor'-West,  
On homeward reach you know.

LIV.

Livonia, after rounding stake,  
"Haul'd flat," and follow'd after.  
And when she "stay'd," she found herself,  
On Sappho's lee-ward quarter.

LV.

Again Livonia went about,  
Her starboard tacks aboard,  
Sappho soon after went in stays,  
Both yachts now heading South'rd.

LVI.

Once more the Sappho's helm 's a-lee,  
Is pointing for the Hook,  
And when Livonia reach'd her track,  
A Nor'-West course she took.

LVII.

She 's fairly now in Sappho's wake,  
Full two miles dead astern,  
She ne'er can make that distance up,  
Much less "the tables turn!"

LVIII.

When Sappho reach'd the point of Hook,  
And found she 'd weather it,  
Again she tack'd, stood in the bay,  
To clear the Sou'-West Spit.

LIX.

Livonia, now, must tack again,  
She 's hopelessly to lee-ward,  
Twice more than Sappho has she tack'd,  
While on their run from seaward.

LX.

Now Sappho sees her way all clear,  
To buoy of the Spit,  
Her last tack 's made, "rap-full" she flies  
She reaches, and she rounds it.

LXI.

Again we see her light sails mount,  
Like flutt'ring wings they rise,  
While shouts and cheers and whistling steam,  
Are echoed from the skies.

LXII.

Away she goes with leading wind,  
Her swelling canvas full,  
Vain 't is for steam to vie with her,  
Unless the wind should lull.

LXIII.

Meanwhile Livonia 's gain'd the Hook,  
Weather'd its triune light,  
On starboard tack she "reaches" in,  
Still eager in the fight,

LXIV.

She now, can surely make the buoy,  
And turn it from the West,  
Her helm 's eas'd down, she 's in the wind,  
She 's doing her "level best."

LXV.

She 's turn'd the buoy of the Spit,  
Turn'd it in gallant phase,  
Sends all her "dimity" aloft,  
Bnt few are left to praise!

LXVI.

They 've follow'd up the Sapphic queen,  
To worship at her shrine,  
To Nature true, where Fortune smiles,  
There 's all that is Divine.

LXVII.

At point of Narrows wind drops out,  
We pass the Sappho there,  
At stake-boat stop, the judges then,  
To her at once repair.

LXVIII.

Enrob'd in canvas white as snow,  
The Sapphic maid comes on,  
She seems herself full well to know,  
The vict'ry she has won.

LXIX.

And as she pass'd the stake-boat's beam,  
Such clamor sounded there,  
As tho' men shouted on the earth,  
And Spirits in upper air.

LXX.

Livonia when she reach'd the stake,  
Some half an hour behind,  
Was welcom'd tho' no wreath she 'd won,  
Her Nautic brow to bind.

LXXI.

The race is done! the cup 's not won!  
'T is brighter in our eyes,  
Since twice it 's been within the ring,  
“So coveted that prize.”

LXXII.

We hold it still, and fondly hope,  
It ne'er will cross the seas,  
And thus transfer to foreign club,  
Our Nautical prestige.

LXXIII.

Yet not the silver vase we prize,  
Tho' graceful its design,  
But what it emblems, what recalls!  
Those things, our hearts entwine.

LXXIV.

'T is not our Naval architects alone,  
Should proudly cherish it,  
Our country's claim, her Nautic fame,  
On it is plainly writ.

LXXV.

The victories recorded there,  
Announce, in terms too plain,  
That we have still the settled right,  
Pre-eminence to claim—

LXXVI.

In type of vessel, mould or form,  
In tackle and apparel,  
Tho' in the latter we 'll admit,  
We do n't so much excel.

LXXVII.

Well may we boast one type of craft,  
However much ignor'd  
As "skimming-dishes," "race-machines!"  
Our high-priz'd centre-boards.

LXXVIII.

They are, we 've found, more fleet of foot,  
Sea-going vessels, too,  
In all respects worthy the keel,  
Of our late friendly foe.



LXXXIX.

We look on them as on our keels,  
Patterns of naval art,  
And tho' in Pleasure-navy roll'd,  
Perform their destin'd part.

LXXX.

Like blooded coursers of the turf,  
Their points we utilize,  
Hence clipper-ships and steamers, too,  
Our country's boast arise.

LXXXI.

October's ides have come and gone,  
And we have fairly shown,  
That we may breed from either type,  
When tariff laws have flown.

LXXXII.

But while we praise our champion yachts,  
For all that they have done,  
Let's not forget those who foresaw,  
Such vict'ries would be won.

LXXXIII.

The name of J. C. Stevens, Edwin, too,  
Stand out in bold relief,  
In centre-boards both entertain'd,  
Unwavering belief.

LXXXIV.

Early to see the ripen'd fruit,  
From Pleasure-navy grown,  
From either type, they lived to see,  
Their zealous labors crown'd!

LXXXV.

But when their faith they 'd show by works,  
And cross'd the ocean wide,  
England's naval architects then saw  
America's huge stride.

LXXXVI.

That name to yacht-men ever dear,  
As well the cup she won,  
Recalls to us still other names,  
Engrav'd its sides upon.

LXXXVII.

The names of Wilkes and Finlay, too,  
George Steers, and G. L. Schuyler,  
Steers, her far-famed architect,  
Schuyler, "sole survivor."

LXXXVIII.

Proud may we be of our own Steers,  
Of Nautic genius, ample,  
Where shall we look, 'mong living men,  
For one who 's caught his mantle.

LXXXIX.

His daring genius left the path,  
Our fathers plodded on,  
He took resistance by the horns,  
When lo! its pow'r was gone!

XC.

Nautic science rubb'd her eyes,  
And star'd at what was done,  
Steers for the donors built a yacht,  
And then that cup was won!

XCI.

Who but survivor, who but he?  
That Nautic tale unfold,  
Give all the log, the by and large,  
'T were worth its weight in gold!

XCII.

The other donors all are gone!  
Have ta'en the morning's wing;  
And he and we are only left,  
Their requiem to sing.

XCIII.

They've gone aloft, within the vale,  
Their anchors they have cast,  
Royals and sky-sails—all sails furl'd,  
They've found that rest at last!

XCIV.

In spirit they're still with us,  
They've only "shipp'd" anew!  
To float amid the azure realms,  
O'er waves ethereal blue.

xcv.

Tho' storms below, their hulls have toss'd,  
Their spirits know no wreck,  
When the last whistle they shall hear,  
They'll step upon the deck!

xcvi.

But since enjoin'd no more to sing,  
Of Queenly cups in strife,  
We think that this may yet be sung,  
And not endanger life!

xcvii.

No more Queen's cup! It now shall be,  
America's own cup,  
And should we lose its custody,  
And yield the trophy up,

xcviii.

When round the Queen's own garden home,  
Again our canvas floats,  
To test with all Her yachting sons,  
The speed of rival boats.

XCIX.

As once it was, in years gone by,  
May it again be so,  
The Queen in health with beaming eye,  
Smile on the gallant show!

c.

Then let us sing, "Long live the Queen!  
And Ashb'ry, long live he!"  
And when he next that cup would win,  
May we be there to see!



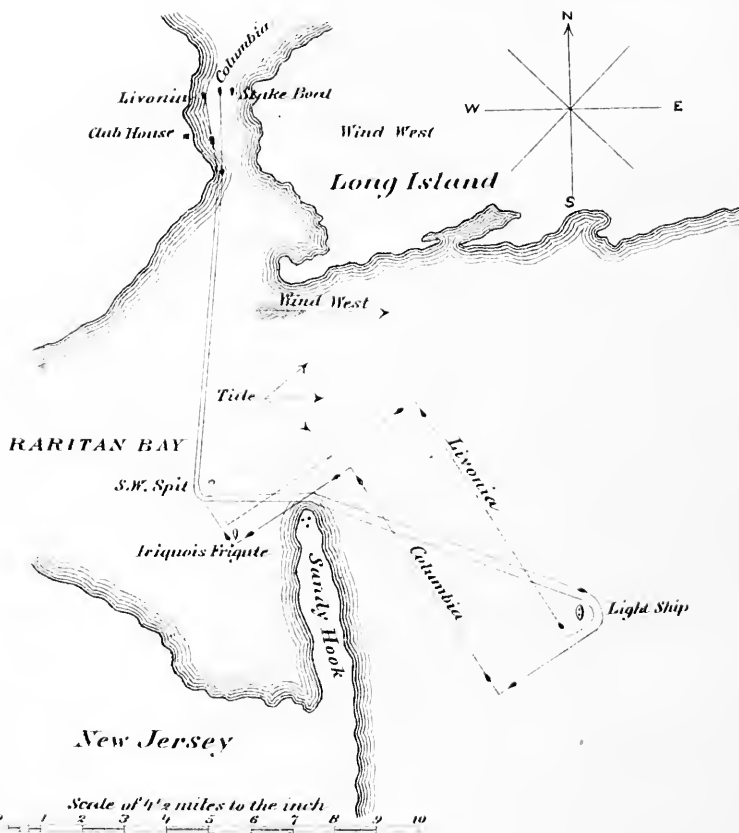
STATISTICS OF THE FIVE RACES.







First Race  
**COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA**  
 Monday October 16<sup>th</sup> 1871  
 over Club Course.



## FIRST RACE.

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NAME.	OWNER.	DISPLACEMENT.	APPORTIONMENT.
Livonia .....	J. ASHBURY.....	6,651.	1,881.
Columbia .....	F. OSGOOD.....	4,861.	1,694.

	START.	S. W. SPIT.	LIGHT SHIP.	S. W. SPIT.
	h. m.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Columbia... }	10 40	1 24 00	1 23 53	3 50 13
Livonia.... }		12 8 27	1 38 31	4 19 50

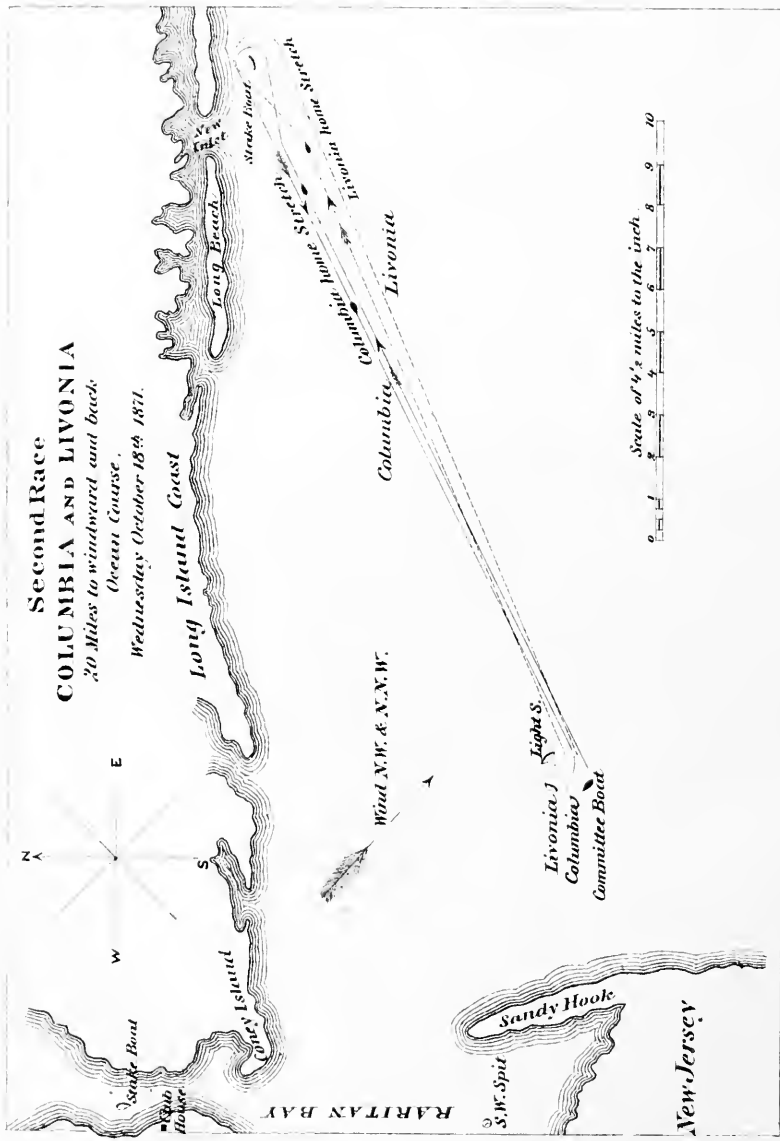
	TIME OF ARRIVAL.	TIME OF RACE.	CORRECTED TIME.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Columbia .....	4 57 32	6 17 42	6 19 41
Livonia.....	5 23 00	6 43 30	6 46 45

m. s.  
 Columbia beats Livonia.....25 18 actual time.  
 27 04 corrected time.





**Second Race**  
**COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA**  
*20 Miles to windward and back.*  
*Ocean Course.*  
*Wednesday October 18th 1871.*



## SECOND RACE.

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NAME.	START.			STAKE BOAT. RETURN.			ACTUAL TIME.			CORRECTED TIME.					
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.			
<b>Columbia</b> . . . . .	12	05	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	32	10	3	07	15	3	01	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	07	41 $\frac{3}{4}$
<b>Livonia</b> . . . . .	12	03	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	31	00	3	10	10	3	06	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	18	15 $\frac{1}{2}$

Victory of the Columbia, by allowance of time, 10 m. 33 $\frac{3}{4}$  s.







Third Race  
**COLUMBIA AND LIVONIA**  
*over the N.Y.Y. Club Course*  
 Thursday Oct. 19th 1871.



### THIRD RACE.

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NAME.	START.	S. W. SPIT.	LIGHT SHIP.	S. W. SPIT.
	h. m.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
<b>Livonia...</b>	} I 25	2 40 00	3 20 30	4 25 55
<b>Columbia..</b>		2 46 00	3 25 45	4 31 30

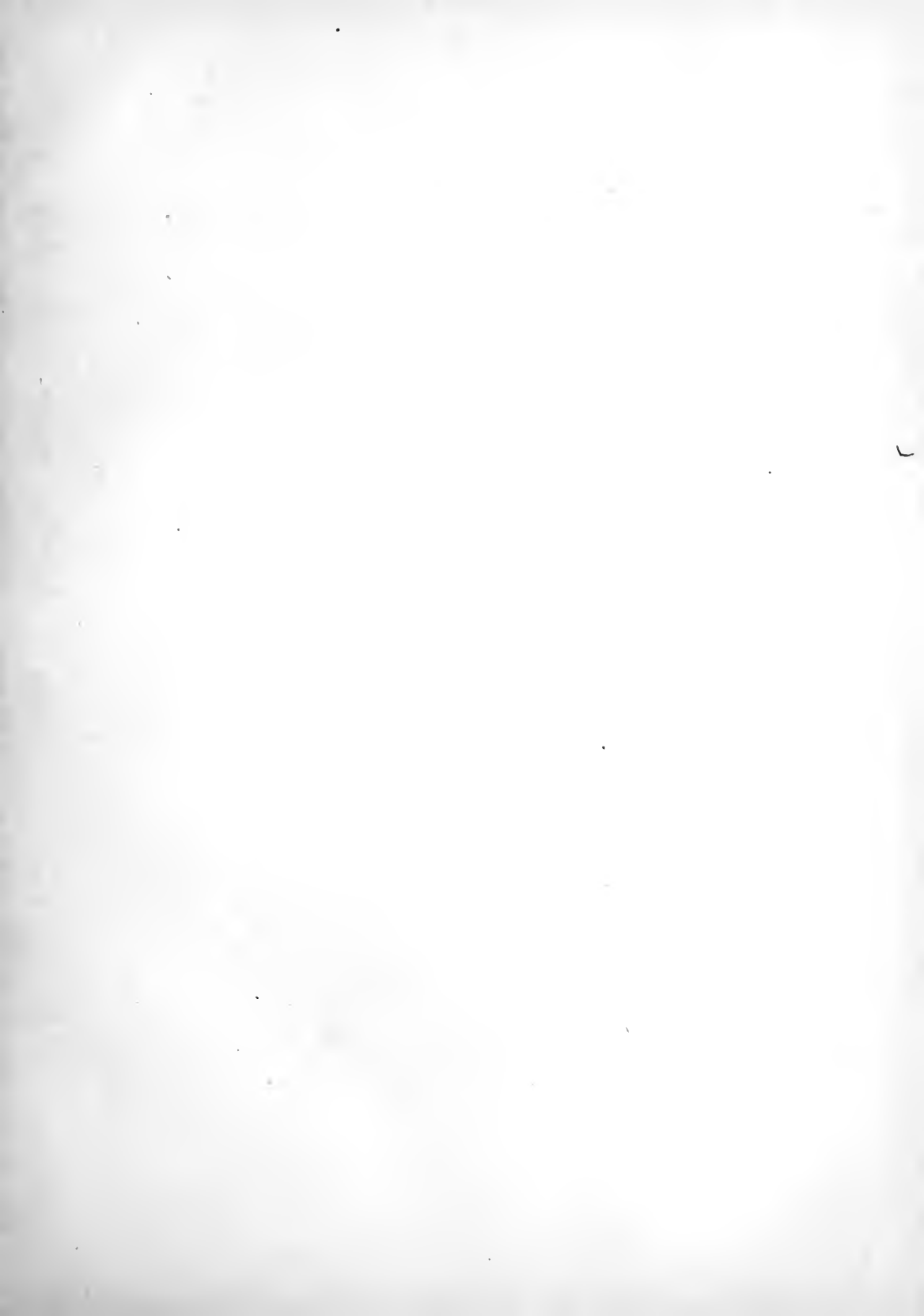
	TIME OF ARRIVAL.	TIME OF RACE.	CORRECTED TIME.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
<b>Livonia.....</b>	5 18 05	3 53 05	4 02 25
<b>Columbia.....</b>	5 37 35	4 12 35	4 17 35

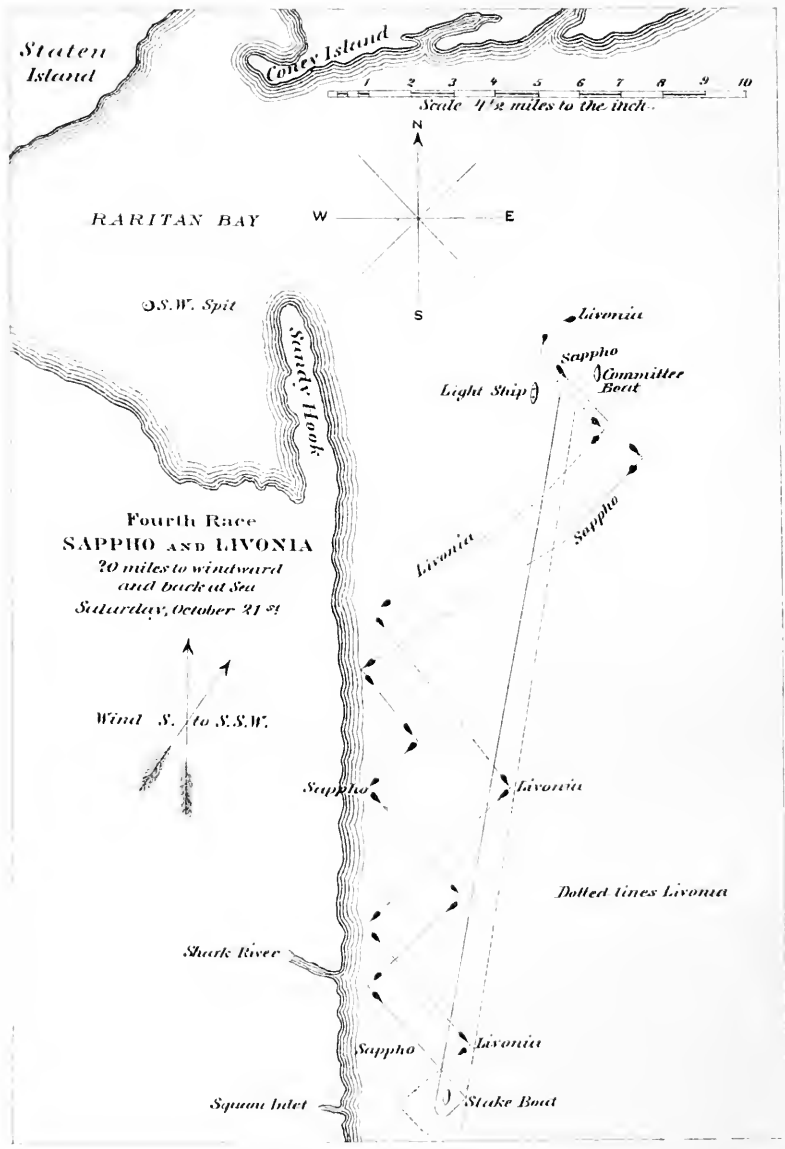
m. s.

Livonia beats Columbia..... 19 33 actual time.

15 10 corrected time.







## FOURTH RACE.

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NAME.	OWNER.	CLUB.	APPORTIONMENT.
<b>Sappho</b> .....	W. P. DOUGLAS.....	New York.....	1951
<b>Livonia</b> .....	JAMES ASHBURY.....	Royal Harwich.....	1881

	CROSSING THE LINE.			STAKE BOAT.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<b>Sappho</b> .....	12	11	00	4	02	19
<b>Livonia</b> .....	12	12	52	4	29	45

	TIME OF ARRIVAL.			TIME OF RACE.			CORRECTED TIME.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<b>Sappho</b> .....	5	44	24	5	33	24	5	39	02
<b>Livonia</b> .....	6	17	30	6	04	38	6	09	23

m. s.

Sappho beats Livonia ..... 31 14 actual time.

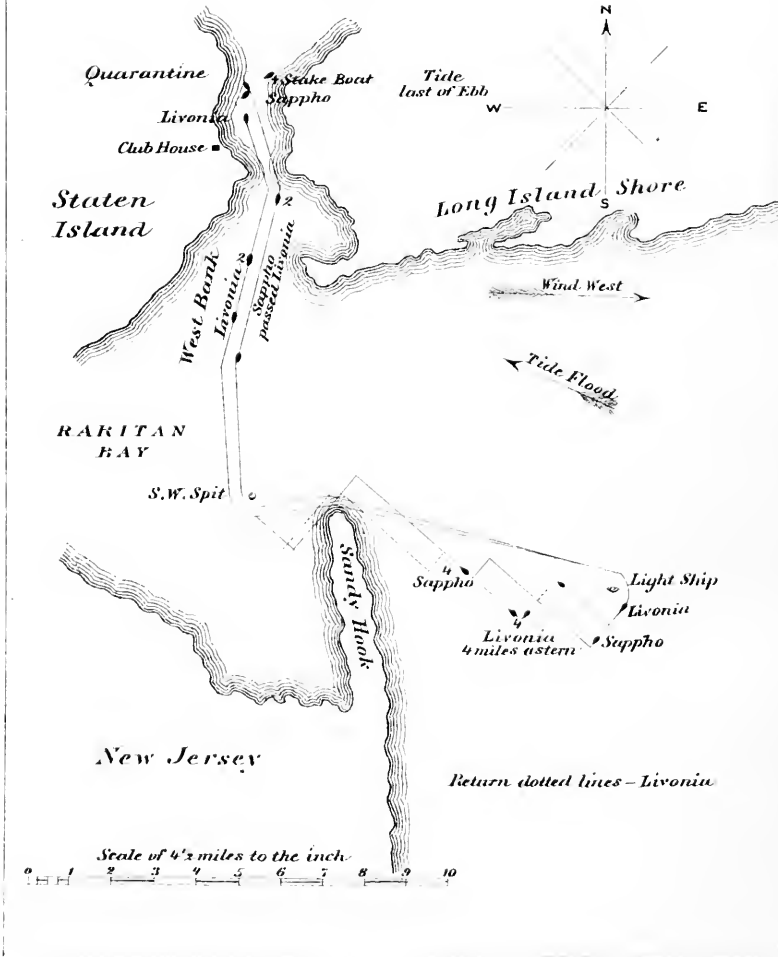
30 21 corrected time.







Fifth Race  
**SAPPHO AND LIVONIA**  
*over Club Course*  
*Monday October 23<sup>rd</sup>*







# APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX.

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### THE YACHT AMERICA.

*Extract from the Speech of Commodore F. C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, at a Banquet Given Him at the Astor House, October 2, 1851, Upon His Return from Europe, Subsequent to the Triumph of the Yacht America.*

\* \* \* \* \*

And you may, perhaps, have observed that my hair is somewhat greyer than it was when I last met you. I'll tell you how it happened. But I am trespassing on your good nature. ["Go on, go on," from all sides.] In coming from Havre, we were obliged, by the darkness of the night and a thick fog, to anchor some five or six miles from Cowes. In the morning early the tide was against us, and it was dead calm. At nine o'clock a gentle breeze sprang up, and with it came gliding down the Laverock, one of the newest and fastest cutters of her class. The news spread like lightning that the Yankee clipper had arrived, and that the Laverock had gone down to show her the way up. The yachts and vessels in the harbor, the wharves, and windows of all the houses bordering on them, were filled with spectators, watching with eager eyes the eventful trial. They saw we could not escape, for the Laverock stuck to us, sometimes laying to, and

sometimes tacking around us, evidently showing she had no intention of quitting us. We were loaded with extra sails, with beef and pork, and bread enough for an East India voyage, and were some four or five inches too deep in the water. We got up our sails with heavy hearts, the wind had increased to a five or six knot breeze, and after waiting until we were ashamed to wait longer, we let her get about two hundred yards ahead and then started in her wake. I have seen and been engaged in many exciting trials at sea and on shore. I made the match with Eclipse against Sir Henry, and had heavy sums, both for myself and for my friends, depending on the result. I saw Eclipse lose the first heat and four-fifths of the second, without feeling one-hundredth part of the responsibility, and without feeling one-hundredth part of the trepidation I felt at the thought of being beaten by the Laverock in this eventful trial. During the first five minutes not a sound was heard save, perhaps, the beating of our anxious hearts or the slight ripple of the water upon her sword-like stem. The captain was crouched down upon the floor of the cockpit, his seemingly unconscious hand upon the tiller, with his stern, unaltering gaze upon the vessel ahead. The men were motionless as statues, with their eager eyes fastened upon the Laverock with a fixedness and intensity that seemed almost supernatural. The pencil of an artist might, perhaps, convey the expression, but no words can describe it. It could not nor did not last long. We worked quickly and surely to windward of her wake. The crisis was past, and some dozen of deep drawn sighs proved that the agony was over. We came to anchor a quarter, or perhaps a third of a mile ahead, and twenty minutes after our anchor was down the Earl of Wilton and his family were on board to welcome and introduce us to his friends. To himself and family, to the Marquis of Anglesea and his son, Lord Alfred Paget, to Sir Bellingham Graham and a host of other noblemen and gentlemen, were we indebted for a

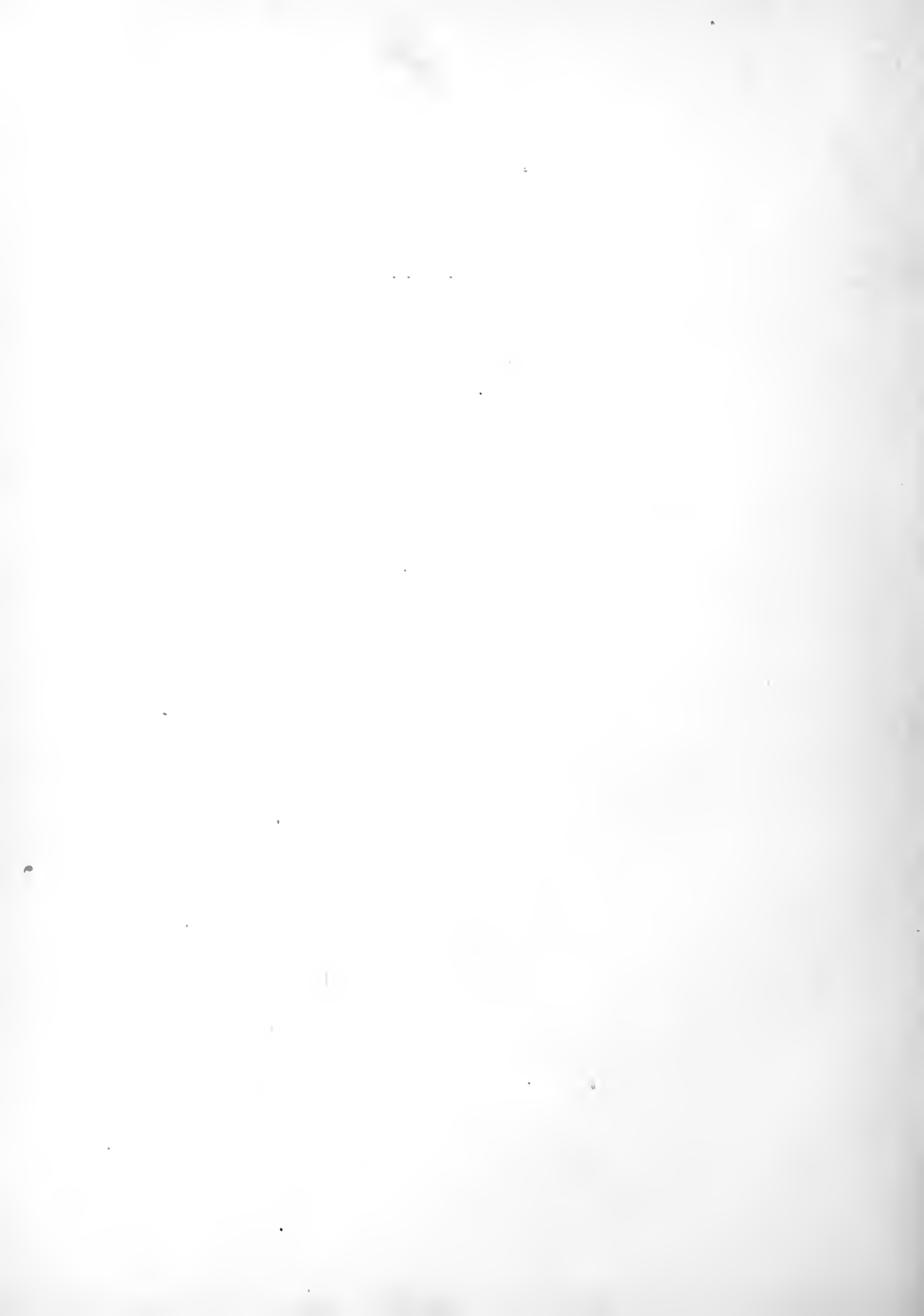


reception as hospitable and frank as ever was given to prince or peasant. From the Queen herself, we received a mark of attention rarely accorded even to the highest among her own subjects; and I was given to understand that it was not only a courtesy extended to myself and friends, but also as a proof of the estimation in which she held our country, thereby giving a significance to the compliment infinitely more acceptable and valuable. Long may the bonds of kindred affection and interest that bind us together at present remain unbroken.

As a further proof of the feeling of the government and people towards us, I will mention the following act of kindness:—We had the misfortune the day before the race with the *Titania* to knock off a part of our outer shoe. This rendered it necessary that we should haul her out; and we repaired to the government dock at Portsmouth for this purpose. On the instant the application was made an order was issued by the Admiral to repair her in the shortest time possible. If you could have witnessed the vigor and goodwill exhibited, from the Admiral down to the humblest mechanic of the yard, to complete her for the next day's race, you would, I am sure, have felt the obligation (rendered so doubly binding by the manner in which it was tendered) as deeply and sincerely as ourselves, and would regret as much and as sincerely as ourselves that any cause of quarrel should arise to separate two nations that want but to be better acquainted with each other's good qualities to become and remain fast friends. She was docked at twelve and finished at eight o'clock the same evening. For this important service no remuneration, in any shape or way, would be listened to. The Admiral, in expressing the pleasure it gave him to do us a service, endeavored to prevail upon us to believe the obligation to be altogether on his side. I trust, with confidence, that if occasion should occur, this delicacy and feeling will be as promptly and as delicately reciprocated. In the

race with the *Titania*, I suspect, although I do not know the fact, that too much of her ballast was taken out. It gave her an advantage in going before the wind, but told very much against her in returning. There was a steady breeze and a good sea running, and she fell so rapidly to leeward as to be hull down and nearly out of sight. We beat her, according to the secretary's report, three or four minutes in going down, and some forty-eight or fifty minutes in returning, on a wind. In the race for the Queen's Cup there were, I think, seventeen entries, most of which, I believe, started. In addition to them there were seventy or eighty, or perhaps one hundred, under weigh, in and about the harbor; and such another sight no other country save England can furnish. Our directions from the sailing committee were simple and direct; we were to start from the flagship at Cowes, keep the Norman's buoy on the starboard hand, and from thence make the best of our way round the island to the flagship from which we started. We got off before the wind, and in the midst of a crowd that we could not get rid of for the first eight or nine miles; a fresh breeze then sprang up that cleared us from our hangers on and sent us rapidly ahead of every yacht in the squadron. At the Needles there was not a yacht that started with us in sight, so that the answer said to have been given to a question from a high personage of "Who was first?" "The *America*." "Who is second?" "There is no second," was literally true. After passing the Needles we were overtaken by the royal steam yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, with her Majesty and her family on board, who had come down to witness the trial of speed between the models adopted by the Old World and those of the New. As the steamer slowly passed us we had the gratification of tendering our homage to the Queen, after the fashion of her own people, by taking off our hats and dipping our flags. At this time the wind had fallen to a light breeze, and we did not arrive at the flagship until dark. I could not

learn correctly at what time or in what order the others arrived. The cup before you is the trophy of that day's victory. I promised, half jest and half earnest, when I parted with you, to bring it home to you. The performance of this promise is another exemplification of the truth of an old saw, that "What is oftentimes said in jest is sometimes done in earnest." I am requested by the gentlemen owning this cup to beg your acceptance of it as a testimony of their gratitude for the interest you have so keenly felt and so often and kindly expressed in our welfare and success. I have but to regret that the late hour at which I made up my mind to attempt a reply has put it out of my power to make it what it ought to be (and, perhaps, but for that, what it might be), more worthy of your acceptance. With your permission I will propose as a toast "The Health of the Earl of Wilton."



# NOTES.

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## SECOND RACE.

Stanza XX: "No cause for protest could be found."

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From "*Spirit of the Times*."

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NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1871.

EDITOR SPIRIT—*Dear Sir*: The communication of your correspondent "Tyrrel," in regard to Mr. Ashbury's "protest" after the second race of the Columbia and Livonia, does not quite cover the whole ground. The question is not what is the rule in England as to turning "markboats or buoys" when no specific instructions are given, but what is the rule under such circumstances here. Our sailing regulations contain no rules or directions in that connection. If any or all of the yacht clubs in England have a general rule upon the subject, either expressed or implied, and such rule as your correspondent states is "rigidly enforced," we could hardly come to his conclusion that it was "rightly so"; but, on the contrary, "a custom or usage much more honored in the breach than the observance," even in English waters. If, however, any such rule of turning a mark or buoy in a particular manner, in the absence of specific direction, does exist, it must be based upon the "rule of the road." In

accordance with the English rule of the road, the *Livonia* was right in turning the stakeboat from N. and W., thus leaving it on her starboard hand ; but wrong, according to the rule of the road in this country, which even in olden times enjoined on every "guide-post" in the land "Keep to the *right*, as the law directs." The *Columbia*, therefore, in first porting her helm in order to pass the stakeboat to the right, instead of the left, acted in conformity not only to the rule of the road as recognized in this country, but also in accordance with the general rule of the sea ; and the *Livonia*, although acting in obedience to the rule of the road as adhered to in England (that is, passing to the left,) necessarily violated the rule of the sea, for even before the adoption of the international rules of navigation the rule of the road, as observed by us, has ever obtained upon the sea, and is only deviated from in one exceptional and specified case—to wit, when the free is meeting one close-hauled on the port tack.

So far from the action of the Committee in the premises being open to censure in not giving specific directions how the stakeboat should be turned, they acted, in the necessary absence of nautical prescience, not only with judgment, but entire fairness as to either of the parties in the contest, thus leaving to both entire freedom of choice, not only as to the manner of making or approaching the stakeboat, but also in the manner of turning it in the most judicious mode, depending upon the respective bearings and tacks they happened to be on when approaching a turning proximity—thus leaving the most skillful handling of the vessels to be displayed, by approaching the stake so as to round it either by gybing or going in stays. That the latter mode of turning it is the most nautical, as well as most expeditious, no one doubts ; provided the mode of approach concurs with such manœuvre. The *Livonia*, on the occasion referred to, did so approach, and could have turned it on a bowline, as did the *Columbia* ; but, transferring the English rule of the road to the sea, she felt

herself constrained to pass to the left, which necessarily involved "wearing ship," and consequently greater loss of time. This was regarded by her as a hardship, and protested against; but was it not, after all, her own mistake, in attempting to bring and make operative in our waters certain alleged or traditional rules, or accepted customs or usages, of her own yacht clubs, and, by so doing, at the same time ignoring a general rule of the sea now recognized and adopted by all the maritime nations of the world? Her manœuvre on this occasion was not only a mistake, but an error in tactics; and, though a hardship, by no manner of means a ground for protest. On a subsequent occasion (a few days after, in her contest with the Sappho) she adopted from *choice* this very manœuvre, notwithstanding she then was under no misconception, but that either mode of turning the stakeboat was open to her, provided she so ordered her tacks or stretches as to avail herself of such advantage. The Sappho on that occasion did so order her tacks as to round the stakeboat by going in stays.

Yours,

SEA MIST.

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*FIFTH RACE.*

Stanza X: "Friend 'Meter' of the Harwich Club."

IS IT THE QUEEN'S CUP?

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[From the "*London Times*."] 

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Mr. H. Liggins, of No. 3 Ladbroke square, London, in the absence of his friend, Mr. Ashbury, who is now in his yacht *Livonia*, sailing the series of matches against the New

York Yacht Club, desires to correct some statements made in New York on the subject of these races. In the *Times* of yesterday (the 19th of October) it was stated that "Monday's race for the Queen's Cup was run in smooth water and light winds," &c. Now, Mr. Liggins thinks it is of interest to all classes that they should know that this contest is not for the purpose of regaining the Queen's Cup, which was won in 1851 at Cowes by the yacht *Bacchante*, but that the Cup won by the *America* was the ordinary Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, valued at 100 guineas, which has for many years been offered by them to "all royal yacht clubs and the New York Yacht Club." So little, says Mr. Liggins, have the Americans valued it that none of their yachts, when over here, since 1851, have considered it of sufficient importance to accept the challenge and try to possess it. The same liberal offer has for years past been made by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, but no persuasion could ever induce an American yacht to risk the chance of defeat. The telegram published in the *Times* states that the winning vessel, the *Columbia*, "is a new centreboard schooner, remarkably fast." Mr. Liggins thinks "many of our non-nautical readers may be glad to know that vessels of this form of build are not permitted to sail in matches in England, for this reason—that they in no way promote the improvement of naval architecture, and are termed mere "racing machines." No country but the United States continues their use, and here they are and always have been considered as pretty toys, not vessels, ever since their invention in this country in 1790 by Captain Shank, R. N.



THE  
LETTER OF DONATION, OR  
*Deed of Trust.*

CONSTITUTING THE CUP WON BY THE YACHT AMERICA IN 1851,  
AN INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

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NEW YORK, *July, 8th, 1867.*

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club :

SIR,

The undersigned, members of the NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, and late owners of the Schooner Yacht "AMERICA," beg leave through you to present to the Club the Cup won by the "America," at the Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, England, August 22d, 1851.

This Cup was offered as a prize to be sailed for by Yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight, (the usual course for the Annual Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron,) and was won by the "America," beating eight cutters and seven Schooner Yachts which started in the race.

The Cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club, subject to the following conditions:

Any organized Yacht Club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any Yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty nor more than three hundred tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the Yacht Club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent ; but in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the Annual Regatta of the Yacht Club in possession of the Cup, and subject to its Rules and Sailing Regulations—the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

It is to be distinctly understood, that the Cup is to be the property of the Club, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in a match ; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by Yacht Clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

J. C. STEVENS,  
EDWIN A. STEVENS,  
HAMILTON WILKES,  
J. BEEKMAN FINLEY,  
GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.

On motion of Mr. GRINNELL, it was

*Resolved*, That the New York Yacht Club accept the Cup won by the "America," and presented to them by the proprietors, upon the terms and conditions appointed by them.

*Resolved*, That the letter of Mr. SCHUYLER, with the enclosure, be entered on the minutes, and the Secretary be requested to furnish to all foreign Yacht Clubs a copy of the conditions upon which this Club holds the Cup, and which permanently attach to it.

Adjourned.

N. BLOODGOOD, *Secretary*.

*A BRIEF*

**G L O S S A R Y**

Of Nautical Terms used in the foregoing Work.

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**Aback—**

A sail is aback when its forward surface is acted on by the wind.

**Abaft—**

The after part of a vessel ; behind.

**Abeam—**

In a direction nearly abreast, or opposite the side of the vessel.

**Aboard—**

A vessel has her tacks a-board when the clew, or lower corner of the sail, is made fast to windward.

**About—**

A vessel is said to go about, when tacking ; or when sailing against the wind she changes her heading, bringing the wind on the opposite side.

**Aft—**

Behind ; nearer to the stern.

**All in the wind—**

When a vessel's head points in the direction the wind is blowing from.

**Aloft—**

Up above ; in the rigging, at the mast-head, etc.

**Astern—**

Behind the vessel.

**Ballast—**

Iron or stone placed low down in a vessel to give her "secondary" stability.

**Beam—**

The greatest breadth of a vessel above water.

**Beating—**

Sailing against the wind, or close hauled.

**Best Bower—**

The largest of the three anchors of a vessel, called also right bower ; right and left bower and stream anchor.

**Bilge—**

The round side of a vessel at and under the water.

**Bit in mouth—**

When applied to a vessel, is when she refuses to obey her helm, and runs up in the wind and from her course.

**Board—**

The tack, or stretch, a vessel is making; and is long or short according to sea room.

**Bone in mouth—**

The foam or spray at a vessel's head when under way.

**Booming—**

A vessel running with a free wind is said to be booming along, because she "booms out," or spreads her sails, by additional spars.

**Bowlines—**

Ropes made fast to the leeches, or edges of the sail, to pull or keep them forward.

**Bowsprit—**

The spar projecting from the head of the vessel for the jibs, or head sails, to be set from. Bowsprit gear: the rigging, or ropes to support it.

**Break Tacks—**

To break tacks, when sailing with another vessel, is to change direction or heading, and thus cross the bow or stern of the other vessel.

**Bunting—**

Is a thin woolen stuff, of which the colors or flags, and signals of a vessel are usually made.

**Bunt—**

The middle part of the sail, applied more especially to square sails.

**By, or Large—**

Close hauled on the wind, or running free with the wind.

**Cable slips—**

To slip the cable is to let it run out the hawse-hole instead of taking it and the anchor on board.

**Centre-board—**

Is a substitute for the keel; the former used in vessels of lighter draft, the latter in vessels drawing more water, to prevent them from making lee-way, or moving sideways, instead of going ahead.

**Fill away—**

Applied to a vessel falling off from the wind and thus filling her sails.

**Flaw—**

A sudden, though temporary increase of the wind.

**Flowing sheet—**

A vessel sailing free, or with the wind, is said to be with flowing or eased-off sheets.

**Fore-sail—**

In two-masted vessels the sail on the fore-mast, while the main-sail is on the main-mast, or spar farther aft.

**Fouled—**

Applied to vessels that come in contact with each other.

**Free, or flowing sheet—**

When a vessel has the wind anywhere abaft the beam.

**Gybing—**

When a vessel is running free, and it is necessary to shift or change the main boom from one side to the other, the boom is said to be giped over.

**Hand over hand—**

A rapid mode of hauling in a rope.

**Hauled flat—**

Applied to the sails when sheeted home, or hauled in so as to stretch the sails flat, when beating or tacking, or on the wind.

**Heel—**

To incline or lean over on one side.

**Helm—**

Or tiller; a wooden bar put through the rudder head to steer or guide the vessel; a wheel is sometimes used to move the tiller.

**Helms-a-lee—**

When the tiller or helm is pressed or eased down to the leeward or lower side of a vessel in the act of going about or into stays.

**Irons—**

A vessel is said to be in irons when she is head to wind, and will not turn or fall off to right or left, to port or starboard.

**Keel—**

The backbone of a vessel and being broad and deeply immersed in the water, prevents her making lee-way, or sliding off sideways to leeward.

**Kites—**

A generic term for all the light sails of a vessel.

**Larboard—**

The opposite to starboard; the left side of the vessel, looking

forward; as starboard is the right side, also called port.

**Lee rail—**

The rail at the side of the vessel, running fore and aft, opposite to where the wind is blowing from.

**Leeward—**

or luard; the point toward which the wind blows.

**Log—**

The daily record of a vessel's nautical performance.

**Loom—**

The apparent rising up of a vessel, or land when seen over the water.

**Main topmast—**

The spar at the top or end of the main-mast; as the fore topmast is at the fore-mast.

**Pay—**

To pay off is when a vessel's head or bow turns from the wind.

**Peak—**

The spar that stretches the head or upper part of a fore-and-aft sail, as the fore-peak of the fore-sail, or the main-peak of the mainsail.

**Pinching—**

A vessel lying as close to the wind as she can, and occasionally luffing a little more, is said to be pinching up.

**Point—**

A vessel is said to point or head in a certain direction; points well up; that is, lies close to wind.

**Port—**

The left side of a vessel, used instead of larboard in directing the helmsman.

**Port tacks—**

Similar ropes to the starboard tacks, only on the opposite side of the sail; hence the terms, on the starboard or port tack, because when close hauled the vessel is dependent upon those ropes for beating, tacking, or turning to windward.

**Quarter—**

That part of the vessel between the main chains and the stern.

**Quarter badge—**

The ornament on the side of a vessel at her extreme stern or quarter.

**Rags and Dimity—**

Familiar expressions for the sails of a vessel.

**Royals and Skysails—**

The most lofty sails of a square rigged vessel.

**Score—**

An imaginary line from or over which vessels racing are to cross when making a flying start, or starting while under way.

**Scupper—**

Scuppers are holes or openings at the side of vessels to let the water run overboard from the deck.

**Sheets—**

Sheets are the ropes that trim or haul the sails in board; starting sheet is to ease or let them off more or less.

**Ship's husband—**

The captain or master is denominated the ship's husband.

**Spars—**

Applied to the masts of vessels, but includes other smaller sticks on which sails are bent or hoisted.

**Squill-gee—**

A wooden hoe, edged with leather, to scrape the water from the decks after washing down; the nautical or marine sponge.

**Starboard—**

The right side of a vessel, looking forward.

**Starboard tacks—**

Are the ropes on the right side of the sail, keeping its forward part to windward, while the sheets haul it flat to leeward.

**Stays—**

When a vessel beating or tacking changes her heading, or goes about on the other tack, she is said to be in stays while so doing.

**Steer—**

To guide a vessel by the movement of her helm, tiller, or wheel.

**Stitch—**

A generic term applied to the sails of vessels, as every stitch of canvas.

**Tack—**

The course or heading of a vessel when beating or going against the wind.

**Under foot—**

When the anchor is dropped while the vessel has still headway on, it is said to be dropped under foot.

**Wake—**

The track the vessel makes, or leaves behind her, as she passes through the water.

**Ware—**

A vessel is said to ware ship when she is sailing free, and she changes her heading from the wind.

**Weather—**

To weather is to go to windward of a vessel or other object.

**Weather bow—**

That side of the bow, or head of the vessel, that is toward the wind.

**Weather gage—**

A windward position.

**Weigh anchor—**

To weigh anchor is to get the anchor from the bottom.

**Where-away—**

A nautical query as to the bearing or direction of distant vessels.

**Windward—**

Toward that point from which the wind blows.

**Wing and Wing—**

When fore-and-aft rigged vessels, schooners, sloops, etc., have the wind dead aft, or nearly so, they boom out, foresail and mainsail and jib on opposite sides of the vessel.











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