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HISTORIC AMERICAN YACHTS

EARLY BOSTON VESSELS, THE NORTHERN LIGHT AND COQUETTE

Winfield M. Thompson

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AFTER the period of business depression in 1837, that sent the Dream Club, America's pioneer yachting organization, to Davy Jones' locker, was a revival in trade which gave the nautical merchants of Boston renewed peace of mind, and led them back to thoughts of sport. The seed sown by the Dreamers had germinated well, and by 1839 several ambitious yachts were building at Boston.

The earlier idea of a community of interests in ownership gave way to a desire for privacy and individual possession, with a result at once stimulating to the sport and generally beneficial. Yacht owners wanted to outstrip the fast pilot boats, packet sloops and schooners, and other commercial types of the day, and this led to an earnest study of the lines of such craft by local builders, who attempted to improve on them.

The keel vessel was the only one thought of, for Boston regarded the centerboard as a mechanical device of doubtful efficiency, and would have nothing to do with it. New York was known to be in favor of the centerboard, and this in itself was enough to determine patriotic Boston's course to hold to the keel. Its pride in the deep harbors and channels of the Massachusetts coast was a constant spur to build deep vessels; and all the early yachts of Boston had generous keels.

As it is not my purpose to present in detail the annals of early Boston yachting, I will not enter on a particular description of its fleets of earlier days, but will be content to introduce here one vessel that may be accepted as a representative craft of her time. This is not difficult, for all authorities agree that the honor of representing Boston in the important period in American yachting between 1839 and 1849, belonged to the schooner Northern Light. This yacht was more than locally famous, and the best representative of the keel schooner, among American pleasure craft, that we had up to the time of the America. She was the subject of much glowing praise in the press of New England, and men wrote verses about her as the rhymsters of old London penned sonnets to be read to their friends across the coffee-house table. Sailors knew her far and wide; the pilots of Boston and New York discussed her by the hour, debating after the manner of their honorable guild on her seaworthiness and speed in comparison with their own vessels.

The Northern Light was owned by Colonel William P. Winchester, a Boston merchant of large means, engaged in the wholesale provision and packing business. The firm of Winchester was established by Colonel Winchester's father, Edmund, and his brother, Amasa, who as young men went to Boston from the farm in Newton on which they were born, and began business with small capital and large ambitions. The firm in the war of 1812 supplied provisions to both the army and the navy. On admission as a partner of William P. Winchester the firm name became E. A. and W. Winchester, and under this name the business was conducted by William P. and his brother Stephen after the elders had passed out. The Winchester firm occupied in its day a position much the same as that of a great Chicago packing house of to-day, and it was a saying of its time that the price of a pig could not be fixed in Cincinnati without Colonel Winchester's consent.

The fine social distinctions that have developed in Boston, and other American cities of late years, among men and women whose fathers or grandfathers made their money in the commonplace avenues of trade, were less apparent in the earlier days of our democratic republic than now; and though he did not enjoy the social standing of merchants engaged in the China or Indian trade, Colonel Winchester stood high in Boston, and counted his friends by the hundred, among all walks in life. He was possessed of a personal charm that drew people to him, and by his wide sympathies and affable manners he maintained an unusual degree of popularity. He introduced into American yachting an element it had lacked up to this time, namely, free-handed hospitality. He was not satisfied always to take with him on his yacht a small company of friends—though he loved well the society of his intimates—but invited persons by the score, giving hundreds each season an opportunity to enjoy the then rare pleasure of yachting.

Unlike some of the yachtsmen of later days who have entertained lavishly afloat, Colonel Winchester was possessed of a practical knowledge of yachting, obtained in his early youth in and near Boston harbor. His first boat of any importance was the Mermaid, 12 tons, which enjoyed the distinction of being the first private decked yacht seen at Nahant,* then a popular place of resort on the North shore of Massachusetts Bay, not yet known, in the clever phrase of some caustic wit, as "cold-roast Boston."

*The earliest regatta sailed in Massachusetts waters took place off Nahant, in 1845. Mr. Paran Stevens, whose family became well known in New York society, was a hoteikeeper at Nahant in the forties. Before the New York Yacht Club was formed, Commodore Stevens made cruises to Nahant. The place has long since been overshadowed in yachting by Marblehead.

From his ownership of the Mermaid Colonel Winchester developed the ideas that led him to build the Northern Light. He wanted a fast, able and handsome schooner. Such a vessel as he desired was not to be found in Boston, and must be built.

There was then in Boston a young Danish shipwright named Louis Winde (pronounced as if to rhyme with kind), and to him was given a commission to create a model for the proposed yacht. This young designer was supplied with data as to what was wanted, and without suggestions from others he produced a model that was pronounced beautiful. So successful indeed was he in his work that after the yacht was built from his model several persons came forward with claims to credit for having had a hand in turning out the lines of the Northern Light. A newspaper controversy sprung up from which it appeared that three distinct persons might have modeled the vessel. The facts, however, point to Winde as the sole designer of the yacht, though Colonel Winchester, assisted by his brother Stephen, made such suggestions as to dimensions and proportions desired as an owner may properly to a designer, while Mr. Enos Holbrook, a ship-builder, who laid down the vessel's lines in the loft, made some modifications in them, though probably not serious ones. Study of the original model suggests that these changes could not have been greater than a slight fairing of the lines, always necessary in laying down a vessel full size from a small model or drawing.

The original model of the Northern Light, from the hand of Louis Winde, has always been in the Winchester family. When preparing the notes for this chapter the writer was permitted by Mr. Thomas B. Winchester,* son of Colonel Winchester, to take off the lines of the model, and photograph it as well. The model and the lines from it show a marked degree of skill on the part of the designer. They were in advance of the accepted theories of the times on the design of small vessels. The full bow, considered a prime requisite at that period, and even later, was discarded in the Northern Light. Her water lines forward were clean and sharp, and her bow sections presented a straight line from rabbet to load water line. The hollow water line afterward used by Steers with such success in the bow of the America, was more nearly approached in the Northern Light than in any other American yacht before the America. The raking sternpost, cutaway forefoot, sharp deadrise, and comparatively small midsection, all suggest elements afterward successfully employed by Steers and others.

Louis Winde was in fact a great though unadvertised designer of fore-and-aft vessels. All his models, and there were many, following the Northern Light, show the touch of a skilled and sound originator. One notably fast and able vessel produced seven years later than the Northern Light, the Coquette, is well remembered for having defeated the great sloop Maria in a historic race off Sandy Hook. From all I have been able to learn of Louis Winde I am inclined to think he should be honored as our first yacht designer. When he began work Steers was

but a boy, and Robert Livingston Stevens, who designed the Maria, and with her set the pace for the great sloops with which Americans have been so successful, had not reached his more serious work in designing yachts.

Louis Winde was both designer and builder, for he had a yard in Boston in the forties. His schooners would stand to-day as fine specimens of the builder's art. Though Winde's adopted country has been tardy in recognizing his genius his native land has not, for in the naval museum at Copenhagen are eight of his models, finely wrought examples of the designer's art, of which the museum officials are proud. They represent half-block models of boats for war vessels, and while they have no bearing on yachting, they show the versatility as well as the skill of this pioneer designer of yachts in Massachusetts.

The Northern Light was built in 1839, in the yard of Whitmore & Holbrook, a well-known Boston firm of that day. In a scrapbook kept by Colonel Winchester, I find a cutting giving the following description of the yacht:

"She is constructed of oak and is copper-fastened, and coppered up to the bends, which are painted black; and around the edges of which is a red moulding. She measures 70 tons, and draws 5 feet of water forward, and 9½ feet aft.

"Her decks and standing room are the same as those of our pilot boats—the former painted cream color and the sides and seats of the latter and the companionway green. She has a large and beautiful cabin, which is fitted up in splendid style. It contains four berths and two state-rooms, with a berth in each appropriate for ladies. The forecabin contains four berths and cooking apparatus.

"She is pilot-boat rigged, and has the most beautiful suit of sails we ever saw spread. The cloths, worked, are only 15 inches wide, and of these her sails contain 900 yards. Mr. John Lothrop, who has no superior as a sail-maker, made them."

The Northern Light's dimensions are given as follows:

Length of keel.....	47	feet	6	inches
" on deck.....	62	"	6	"
Beam.....	17	"	6	"
Depth.....	7	"	3	"
Rake of stem.....	8	"	0	"
Rake of sternpost.....	7	"	0	"
Shear.....	1	"	3	"
Deadrise at half-floor.....	2	"	8	"
Bowsprit outboard.....	16	"	0	"
Length of foremast.....	64	"	0	"
Mainmast.....	67	"	0	"
Rake of foremast.....	0	"	2½	"
Rake of mainmast.....	0	"	2¾	"
Mainboom.....	37	"	0	"
Fore gaff.....	18	"	5	"
Main gaff.....	18	"	9	"
Tonnage.....	69	90-95		

For racing in light weather the yacht was given, in 1846, a set of extra long spars, the mainmast being 76 feet, or 13 feet 6 inches more than the vessel's length on deck, and the foremast 74 feet. The yacht is represented as carrying these spars in the picture of her presented herewith, which was painted by C. H. Lane, of Boston, for Mr. Stephen W. Dana, a cousin of Colonel Winchester, after sketches by the English marine painter Salmon, who was noted for his accuracy in detail.

The Northern Light went into commission early in

*Mr. Winchester recalled sailing, as a boy, with his father on the Northern Light, and gave me the benefit of his information on the subject, in a number of pleasant interviews, besides placing at my disposal the scrapbooks and paintings of Colonel Winchester, and making suggestions that resulted in the addition of data to the manuscript of this paper on the Northern Light. When the manuscript was completed it was my purpose to show it to Mr. Winchester, in accordance with an understanding reached at what proved to be a final interview, for before the work was finished Mr. Winchester died suddenly, at his home on Beacon Street, Boston. He had been an invalid for a number of years. He was 66 years old.

the summer of 1839. Her original entry on the records of the Boston custom house bears date of July 22, 1839.

The vessel's name was on every waterman's tongue when she made her first trip down Boston harbor, and throughout her career, I may add, the interest of water-side people in her never abated. She was recognized queen of the Boston fleet, even after larger and more powerful vessels appeared like the *Coquette*. She was always kept up in the best possible style, and Colonel Winchester devised many little adornments to make her striking. He rarely sailed without a party of gentlemen sailors on board, and these he provided with a costume consisting of red flannel shirt, white trousers and straw hat, with a ribbon around the crown made of cream-colored China silk, bearing in gilt the words "Northern Light," and streaming behind in liberal ends, after the custom of the time in the decoration of sailors' hats. I have passed through my fingers one of these hatbands, a yard long, yellowed with age, and with the gilt sadly marred by time's corroding touch, and have been transported by it backward through the years, until I stood with a merry crew on the deck of the *Northern Light*—the buff and green deck—and helped work the yacht down Boston harbor, among tall-sparred Indiamen, lumbering coasters, and sharp-sterned pinkies, descendants of the caravels, that came by scores from up and down the coast for a port and mart at Boston.

The yachting costume worn on the *Northern Light* was the first devised in America. Its purpose was to keep the shore clothes of the Colonel's guests spotless, and its design was to please the eye of the yacht's owner, who had a fondness for things bright and gay. A change of clothing was made by those who sailed on the *Northern Light* at Colonel Winchester's boathouse, on Ripley's wharf (now no more), opposite the navy yard. Here lockers were provided in which guests could hang their blue broadcloth coats, adorned with large gold-plated buttons, their flowered waistcoats, their tall, chimney-pot beavers of striking size, and their mouse-colored trousers, if they followed the fashions and came down thus strikingly attired.

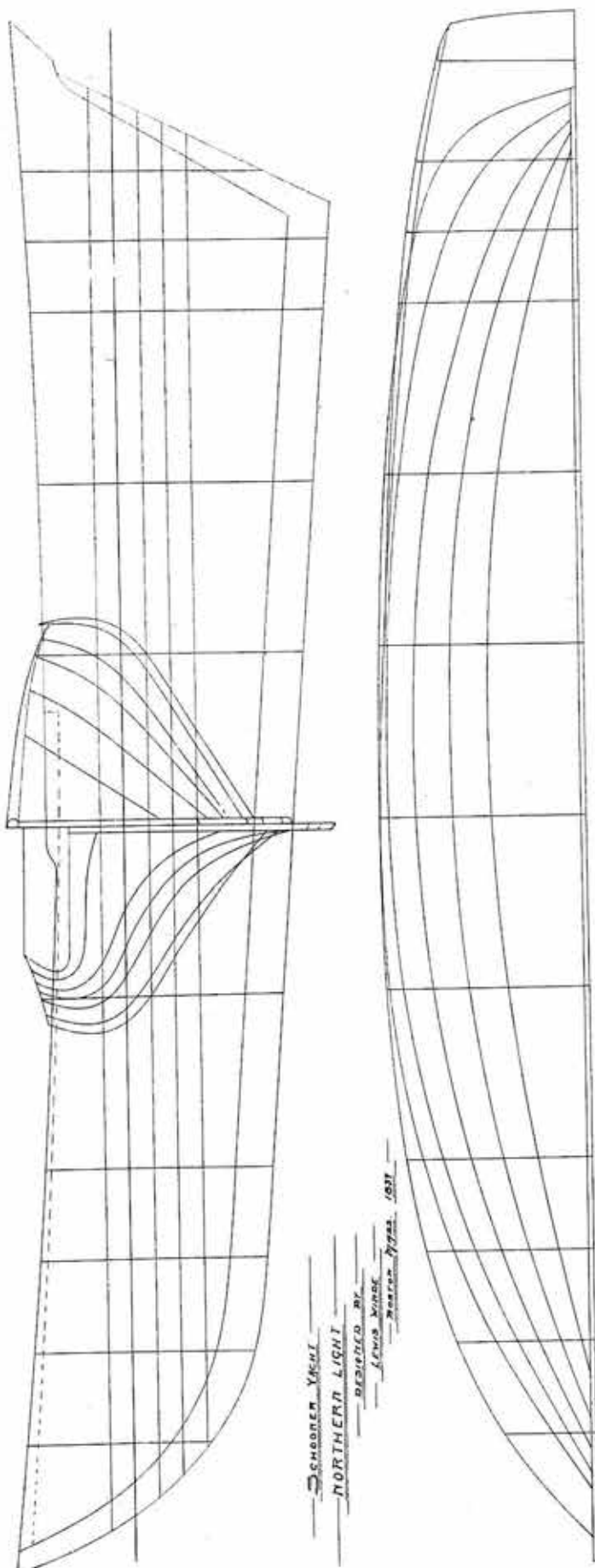
Here and there a man is found to-day who remembers seeing the amateur crews of the *Northern Light* in their gay costumes. One such is Captain Arthur H. Clark, Lloyd's representative in New York.

"I must have been very young," says Captain Clark, "but I can remember seeing her coming into Nahant in a good, stiff breeze, and what appears to have made a lasting impression on my youthful mind was her crew being dressed in red shirts and white trousers. I recollect that her bends were scraped bright and varnished, with black rails and a crimson stripe. Altogether she appeared the finest yacht I had ever seen."

The period in which the *Northern Light* flourished was distinguished by flowery apostrophes in the public prints to the beauties of yachting, or of this or that yacht. A Boston editor's style, in describing a new yacht, is characteristic. "This beautiful swiftsure has already spread her canvas to the breeze," he wrote, "and opened the snowy furrow of the sea, leaving a wake behind as straight as an arrow and gorgeous with the hues of the rainbow. All that her builder aimed at and her owner wished has been accomplished—she is as seaworthy as a bird, and as easy as a sailor's hammock."

To the sorrow of the historian, these estatic effusions were not distinguished by precise information about the yachts mentioned, or their movements.

Yachting reporters were not maintained by the news-



papers in those days, and nearly all the news of yachting events then, and for many years thereafter, was communicated to the press by the owners of yachts, or persons who sailed with them. This resulted often, when trials of speed were described, in conflicting opinions and statements as to the relative merits of the vessels mentioned. Inasmuch as races were not sailed over fixed courses, or under any rules except the common rules of the road at sea, there was ample leeway for individual judgment to be warped by the warmth of enthusiasm.

I can find no reference to any races sailed by the Northern Light with other yachts in the first four years of her career, though many were the trials she had with packet sloops and schooners, pilot boats and other commercial craft, she fell in with on her cruises in Massachusetts Bay. Invariably she gave these vessels a good view of her stern.

The effect of these trials of speed between the fast yachts of the day and commercial types was to reverse earlier conditions, and lead builders to imitate the fastest yachts when building schooners for trade or traffic. An anecdote told by Captain Forbes in his pamphlet "A Discursive Sketch of Yachting," illustrates to what awkward situations this spirit of emulation sometimes led.

In 1841 Captain Forbes, who was in Boston after an absence of a few years in China, became interested in a schooner of about 100 tons, called the Ariel. She was built by Sprague & James, at Medford, from designs by Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston, to beat a pilot-boat schooner Captain Forbes had bought in New York, called the Anglona, built by Brown & Bell. The Anglona was intended for a despatch boat at Canton, in the service of Russell & Co. Mr. Lee, who had designed for Mr. Forbes a fast brig called the Rose, felt a little put out that he had not received an order for the schooner for China. Captain Forbes agreed to take a half interest in any schooner Mr. Lee could build to beat the Anglona. The Ariel was the result. In the summer of 1841 Captain Forbes was asked to inspect the Ariel at Lewis wharf, Boston.

"I went, and beheld a long, low topsail schooner, with very long, hard-pine masts," wrote Captain Forbes in his notes, "the foremast stepped very far forward. The hold was so shallow an ordinary man could stand on the keelson and look over the coamings of the main hatch. I took a good look at her fore and aft and expressed doubt about her ability to carry her spars. It was agreed she should be given a trial down the bay against the revenue cutter Hamilton. She proved crank, and the cutter beat her easily. It was next agreed to give her more ballast and try her in a good breeze. In company with the yacht Breeze she went out for a second trial in a good westerly, with 13 persons on board. Pilot William C. Fowler was at the wheel. She dragged around the outer bay for some hours under short sail, and the pilot found it something of a problem to keep her on her feet in the flaws."

Trouble was brewing, and while beating home Captain Forbes took the precaution to order his brother, John M. Forbes—father of the late J. Malcolm Forbes, former owner of Volunteer—to shift the painter of the tender towing astern to the weather quarter on each tack. Captain Forbes tended the foresheet, holding a turn with it,

while Captain Fowler did his best to keep the schooner going. Off Long Island, however, she lay down and refused to go further. The foresheet was let go, and all hands, including a patriarch of 80, who was among the visitors aboard, made shift to get to weather. The vessel settled fast, and it was soon found that the tender's painter was not on the weather quarter, but submerged to leeward. Captain Forbes, by lying out on the main boom, got hold of the painter, and began cutting it.

Mr. J. M. Forbes, in his memoirs (Letters and Personal Recollections), describes the scene thus:

"The first thing we knew [of her going down] was seeing the sails in the water, and the sea pouring down the open companionway, filling her. We scrambled up on the bilge, and then Fowler called to me to save the old gentleman, who was being swept down into the cabin with the rush. We got hold of his collar and pulled him up among us, and found it was old Captain Richard Cleveland (perhaps 80 years old), * * * cousin of President Cleveland. He was a plucky old man * * * and took it very coolly."

Mr. Forbes continues: "R. B. F. got into the boat and began cutting the hard painter with a little penknife, sawing away at it as our vessel sank. We watched him with eager eyes, for our lives depended on its not breaking and its continuing to cut fast enough. I had, as usual, a good jackknife, which I opened and held ready in my mouth while steadying myself to run or swim out to him if his knife gave out; but he had the line cut just as the water began to rise over our shoes where we stood on the Ariel's side, still nearly dry. He pulled the boat in rapidly by the end of the painter and we all got on board without serious wetting, except Captain Cleveland."

The Breeze was not far off and took the Ariel's company on board.

"As we sailed up the harbor," says the writer last quoted, "Colonel Winchester's Northern Light hailed us, and asked if the Ariel was still down the harbor. The Commodore jumped on the taffrail and shouted, 'Yes, very far down.' Colonel Winchester responded that he was going down to give her a trial. 'Give my respects to the crabs and lobsters,' shouted back Commodore Forbes, and with that the Northern Light kept on, to observe a little later the masts of the Ariel sticking up in seven fathoms off Long Island."

Next day Captain Forbes reported to Mr. Lee, who was disgusted with the performance of his schooner. To a suggestion that her masts be cut off after she was raised, her owner made reply:

"Cut the masts off at the deck, put the foremast down the main hatchway, give her a foot more keel if you like, but don't mention the damned thing again."

The spars were reduced and the schooner soon sailed for China, making a good passage to Canton. There she raced against the Anglona for \$1,000 a side—those China merchants from Boston were not slow in their sporting affairs!—and won handsomely, the course being around the island of Lintin, 40 miles, starting from Macao Roads. The Ariel had a long and successful career on the coast of China, showing that a bad beginning is not always fatal to a vessel's luck.

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC AMERICAN YACHTS

EARLY BOSTON VESSELS, THE NORTHERN LIGHT AND COQUETTE

Winfield M. Thompson

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PART II



THE year 1844 was a brilliant one in early American yachting, for in that year the sport was organized, with the founding of the New York Yacht Club. Boston vessels cruising South of Cape Cod, met the newly formed New York Yacht Squadron—as the fleet of the foremost American club was styled in its first years—in the neutral waters of Newport, and sailed against them with spirit, and a moderate amount of good fellowship. Sectional feeling was not absent, however, in the glorification by each

party of its favorite type of vessel. The Boston men scorned the centerboard, and picked flaws with vessels that carried it. The New Yorkers saw no virtue in the keel, and were sure the heavy Boston vessels could sail only in a gale, and not very fast then. Three Boston yachts were in the first small fleet to meet and race the vessels of the New York club. They were the Northern Light, the Belle, a fast pilot boat, hired by Captain Forbes and others for the cruise, and a small schooner, the Lancet.

Without describing here the first rendezvous of the New York and Boston fleets, I will mention a few of the events at Newport in which the Boston craft figured. Captain Forbes, in his notes, states that associated with him in the cruise on the Belle were "Sam Hooper, the two young Sears boys and R. S. Fay," all Bostonians of a generation that has passed along. He proceeds:

"The Belle was in charge of Captain William C. Fowler. * * * At Newport we found Commodore John C. Stevens in the Gimcrack, with a squadron of yachts. A regatta was organized, and we sailed around Conanicut Island with a fine breeze. We came off victorious, much to the surprise of the New Yorkers. In those days there was no embarrassing question of allowances, no records of area of canvas; the only rules I remember were that the starboard tack must keep the wind in beating, and no change in ballast must be made. We had sailed the day before the race in company with one or two of the New York boats, and were beaten, particularly by a big North

River sloop, known as the Vincent Barcaloo or some other such name. Captain Fowler did not try to do his best that day, but on the day of the race he took every movable thing out of the ends of the Belle, concentrated his ballast more amidships, took down every rope not wanted, even to unhooking the topping lift, and it was by these changes that we beat the New York squadron so handsomely."

Captain Forbes' memory of the name of the sloop perhaps misled him, as it appears from the records of the cruise that the sloop must have been the Eliza Ann.

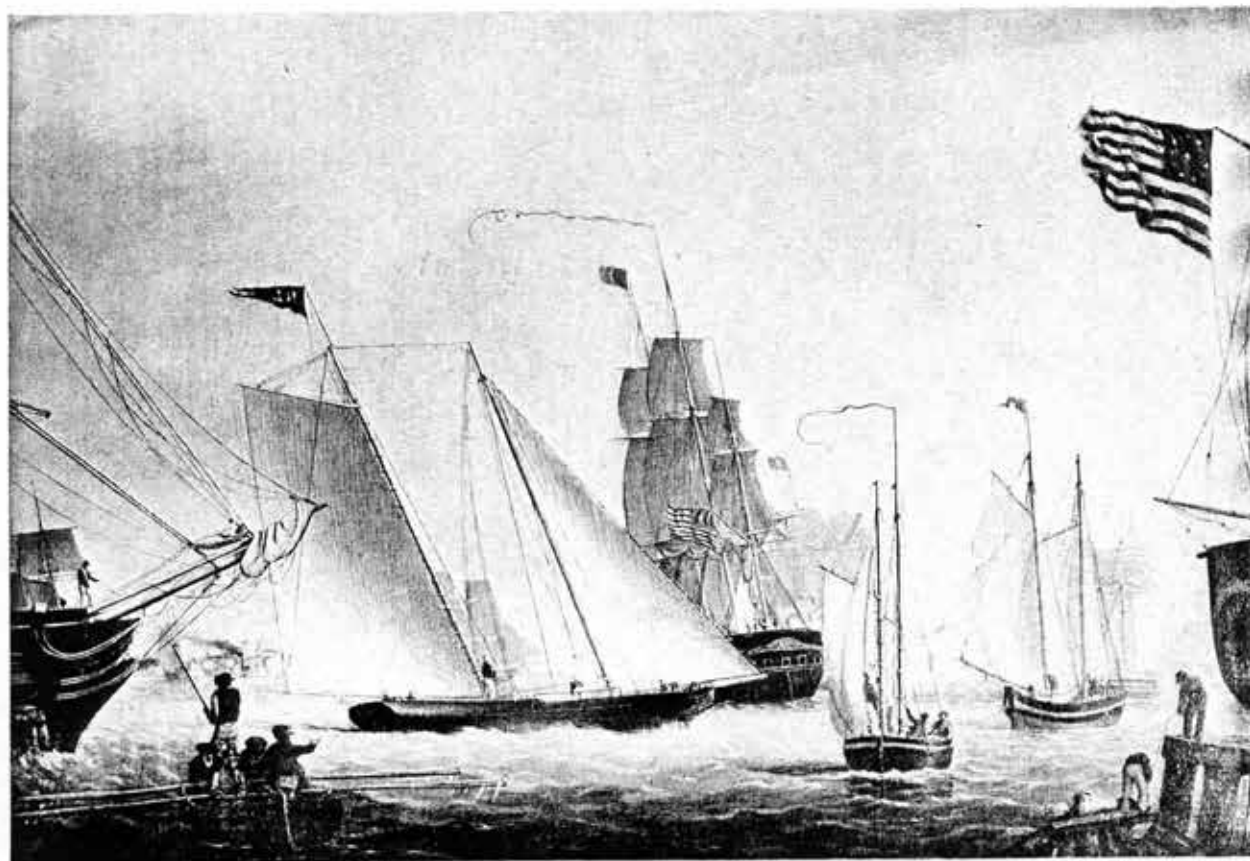
Under date of August 6th an account was printed in the Newport *Herald*, "contributed by a distinguished officer of the Boston fleet," without doubt Captain Forbes, describing a trial between the Belle and the sloop Eliza Ann. The pair sailed over to Point Judith, to windward. It appears that on the wind sloop and schooner were on even terms, but off the wind, on the run home, the sloop gained five minutes. The New York schooner Cygnet and the Lancet accompanied the racers and had a race of their own, the Cygnet winning. "We should have stated," the report concludes, "that the Eliza Ann is considered the fastest sloop on North River. She has a deep centerboard, and a mainsail, the shadow of which would cover the whole state! The Cygnet was built by Mr. Steers, who was on board of her."

The race around Conanicut Island, which is the first on record of an American club against other vessels, was sailed August 7th, and was thus described in a Newport paper:

"The signal for starting was given at 10:30 a. m., wind light S. W., which freshened during the race to a fine breeze. At 10:36 the Belle passed the point of Fort Adams leading the way, followed close by the Dream, the Gimcrack, the Cygnet and the Spray. At 11:17 the Belle bore round Beaver Tail Light, followed by the Cygnet at 11:22, by the Gimcrack at 11:25, the Dream at 11:27, the Spray at 11:29. * * * At the coming in the Belle, still ahead as she had been during the whole race, passed the signal flag at 1 o'clock 17 minutes, having beaten all the boats as follows: The Cygnet 11½ minutes, the Gimcrack 15½ minutes, the Dream 24 minutes, and the Spray 27 minutes; beating the Cygnet about 2 miles in 23."

The Cygnet is thus mentioned because she was considered the fastest vessel entered. A correspondent, evidently with the fleet, afterward figured out for a New York sporting paper that under any system of allowances the Belle would have lost to the Gimcrack and have come in fourth. The Thames Yacht Club rule was quoted to support the statement. This brought about an animated debate through the press as to the merits of measurement rules.

*The Belle was built in 1842 by Samuel Hall, of East Boston. Her dimensions were: Length, 66 feet 6 inches; depth, 6 feet 9 inches; draught, 6 feet forward, and 8 feet aft. She measured 72 tons. Her foremast was 65 feet and her mainmast 67.



Northern Light in Boston Harbor

From Painting, owned by Mr. T. B. Winchester

The tonnage of the contestants in the race was stated to be: Belle 76 tons, Cygnet 43½, Gimcrack 25, Dream 28, Spray 37. All were schooners.

The Northern Light arrived at Newport August 8th, the day after the race around Conanicut, and Colonel Winchester at once threw down the gauntlet to the captains of the fleet. The day after his arrival he put out in a fresh Sou'wester, inviting a brush, but no one came out to go against him. The next day the breeze was not so fresh, but from the same quarter, and a race was arranged with the Cygnet. There being no measured course, and no stakeboats, the result of the race became a subject of dispute. Friends of the Boston vessel reported the Northern Light outsailed the Cygnet. A correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*, a daily paper long since defunct, wrote an account of the trial, over the signature of "Landsman," to the great glory of the Northern Light. He stated that the New York vessels were "fine looking boats, and essentially different from anything seen on the other side of Cape Cod," but that some of them had "centerboards—a machine, which in my judgment, entirely alters the character of the vessel, and which should not be tolerated in any boat that pretends to sail blue water."

Another correspondent signing himself "Waterman" hotly attacked the statements of "Landsman," defending the type of boats used by the New York Yacht Club, and adding that Colonel Winchester had declined a trial around Conanicut Island against the Cygnet.

"Landsman" came out with "A Rejoinder" under the quotation,

These miseries are more than may be borne.

He went all over the Northern Light-Cygnet trial,

sneered terribly at "Waterman" and his "most learned talk," denounced the centerboard afresh, called "Waterman" to account for displaying a "vast ignorance" concerning sporting ethics and the aims of Colonel Winchester, and covered him with scorn and opprobrium generally. The identity of these writers is not revealed in their spirited compositions, but we may infer that they were yachtsmen both, and representative of the amenities of the sport as they existed in that day.

The anonymous correspondence quoted soon led to a personal controversy. Colonel Winchester, who meanwhile had returned to Boston with his yacht, felt obliged to issue a "Card," disclaiming credit for having beaten the Cygnet, "a yacht of 45 tons," stating he had declined to sail around Conanicut, "among islands and shoals," because his pilot did not know the ground, and adding that he was ready to sail the Northern Light against "any pilot-boat or schooner yacht" that could be brought forward. "I have never desired a particle of reputation for the Northern Light beyond her honest claims for speed," he concluded. In the course of his remarks Colonel Winchester expressed the opinion that a scow was best suited to sailing off the wind.

The spirit of contention aroused by the events off Newport next seized upon by "A member of the New York Yacht Club"—how often we have seen the utterances of this anonymous person preserved in print!—who wrote the *Spirit of the Times* that the Cygnet was entitled to a lot more credit than "Landsman" gave her. The matter did not rest here, for soon Commodore John C. Stevens entered the lists, with a letter to the *Atlas*, dealing with the merits of the centerboard, and the various claims made for the Northern Light. His defence of the centerboard con-



Col. William P. Winchester

tained the gist of all the arguments that were made for it throughout the following half century. He went on to say he believed the scow model a match for the type represented by the Northern Light. As a postscript to his letter Commodore Stevens issued a challenge to sail a pilot boat against the Northern Light for \$5,000, \$10,000, or \$20,000, from Beaver Tail Light, Newport, around Block Island, in September; or for a wager, sometime in October, "when there is likely to be more wind."

The card of Colonel Winchester, which had brought out this challenge, had been prompted in part by a claim that the owner of the Northern Light had declined to sail a race against the Belle on the return from Newport. It was reported the Belle had spoken the Northern Light off Seconnet, and had proposed a race, but that Colonel Winchester had replied that his vessel was out of trim. In the war of words between "Landsman" and "Waterman" these statements had become more or less befogged. While clearing things with his "Card," Colonel Winchester had unconsciously drawn the fire of Commodore Stevens, as stated. Captain Forbes next contributed a note to the press, stating he really had not challenged the Northern Light, but had held up for her, about dark off Seconnet, and had hailed, saying "How are you?" The reply was "We are out of trim."

All these exchanges of compliments in the press served to stir up great public interest in the respective merits of the Northern Light, Belle, and the New York yachts. The upshot was an arrangement for a series of three races between the Northern Light and Belle, off Boston. In the first, sailed in a fresh breeze and strong sea, the Northern Light won. In the next, sailed in a light breeze, the Belle won. I cannot find that a third decisive meeting was secured, owing to various delays.

Nothing came of Commodore Stevens' challenge, as the season was too far advanced by the time the races off Boston were finished to think of taking the Northern Light to New York.

III.

The season of 1845 does not appear to have been an active one for the Northern Light, so far as racing was concerned.

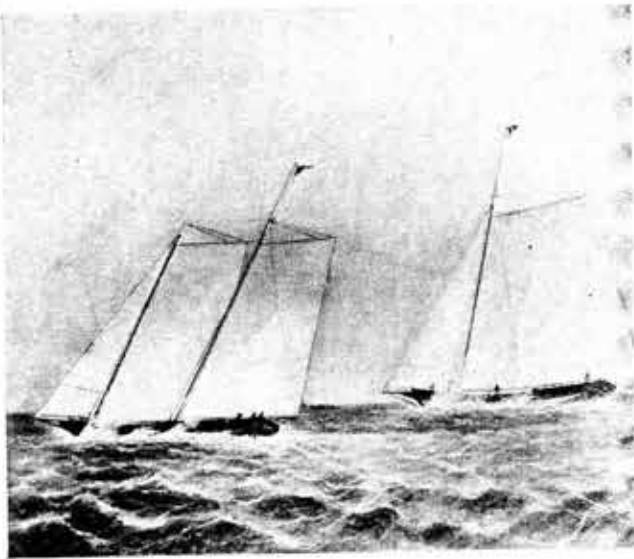
In the summer of 1846 several Boston yachts went to New York to join in the New York Yacht Club regatta and cruise. Foremost among them were the Northern Light and the schooner Coquette, then in her first season. The Northern Light was now equipped with her tall racing spars, and Colonel Winchester made the run around Cape Cod and down the Sound by easy stages. Not so the owner of Coquette, James Henry Perkins, known in Boston as "Jim" Perkins, who took advantage of a favorable wind to drive his new vessel through in fast time. The run from Boston to Vineyard Haven, 119 miles, was made in 14 hours, and from Vineyard Haven to New York, 165 miles, in 18 hours, making a total of 32 hours from Boston to New York, 284 miles, or an average over the ground of about 9 knots.

Both the Northern Light and Coquette attracted favorable attention at New York, as examples of the keel type of yacht for which Boston was now acquiring some fame. The Coquette was the larger of the pair. An account of her launch, in the early summer of 1846, contained this description of the vessel:

"She was built by Winde, Clinkard & Co., builders of the Pet, Brenda, Gypsy, Pathfinder, Lancet, etc. The Coquette is a clipper-built schooner of 80 tons burden. She draws 10 feet of water aft, and 6 forward. Her length of keel is 56½ feet; length on deck, 66 feet; beam, 19 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet; rake of stem, 7½ feet; rake of sternpost, 2 feet; deadrise, 2 feet 9 inches; mainmast, 77 feet; foremast, 74½ feet; bowsprit, 20 feet outboard; main boom, 44½ feet; gaffs, 17 feet. She has two state-



The Winchester Punch Bowl, showing representation of Northern Light



Northern Light racing against the North River Sloop.
Anna Eliza off Newport. August, 1844

rooms, six berths, cook room, water-tanks, closets, etc. midship, and four berths in the forecabin."

The Northern Light and Coquette were starters in the New York Yacht Club regatta of 1846, its second annual. There were three other entries from Boston, the schooner Lancet, Captain Sweet, the Pet, owned by Thomas Parsons, and the Brenda,* owned by David Sears, Jr.

The club allowance was 45 seconds a ton from the larger boats to the smaller, to be allowed at the time of starting. The vessels were anchored in line, off the clubhouse at Hoboken, and started according to their allowance. Thus the smallest, the Lancet, 23 tons, got away 35 minutes 15 seconds ahead of the Northern Light, and 39 minutes and 45 seconds ahead of the Coquette, which stood at the bottom of the list of starters, with the Siren, 73 tons, between her and the Northern Light. A contemporary account of the start of the three largest yachts in the fleet of 14 starters, of which 12 were schooners, was as follows:

"Captain Winchester, on board the Northern Light, had evidently 'beat to quarters' long before the signal was given him; every hand was 'on hand,' and she went off

*The Brenda was one of the best boats designed and built by Winde, being the equal of the Northern Light in all but size. Her model hangs to-day in the office of Mr. Winde's son, a dealer in shipbuilders' stock, on Beverly Street, Boston. Mr. Sears, her owner, built and occupied as his residence the splendid house on Beacon Street, now owned by the Somerset Club. He was a yachtsman never afraid of deep water, and had many ideas of his own about a boat, which he carried out on the Brenda. He would have no galvanized iron on board, claiming it was not strong. He did not follow the custom of carrying awnings. The ballast of the Brenda was lead, and was centered over the keel, though other yachts of that period carried theirs spread out in the wings. Mr. Sears was a reserved man, and loved to sail alone. When he got through with the Brenda he sold her to Philadelphia parties. A Boston skipper was hired to deliver her. He made a good run to the Capes of the Delaware, and there hailed some Baltimore clippers he fell in with for information about the channel up the river. "Follow us," said they. The seadog from Massachusetts found them too slow for him, and struck out for himself, reaching Philadelphia a day ahead of them. The clipper captains on arriving came around and looked the Brenda over.

"What kind of a boat is that anyway?" they inquired.

"Oh, that's only a third-rate boat from Boston," replied the self-satisfied skipper of the Brenda.

'with a bulge on her,' like a Blue Dick; a puff of wind at the instant too did not set her back any. The Siren started about the same. Last of all, on account of her superior tonnage, came the Coquette, of Boston. Her model, and indeed her entire appearance, excited the greatest admiration. She lost a few seconds in getting off; but then her gallant young captain was not aware how many pairs of gloves were staked on his success by the 'beauty and booty' on board the New York" (the club steamer).

The weather was light, and the Mist, a sloop of 40 tons, owned by L. A. Depau, led the fleet around the course, the larger schooners being unable to cut down her lead.

The Northern Light received much praise from the paragraphers for her performance in the race. One wrote:

"In the stretch down to the stakeboat the Northern Light proved the truth of all the praises bestowed upon her. For beauty of model she cannot be equalled, and the setting of her sails was a theme of universal admiration and favorable comparison with our New York boats; and it was plain to be seen that if a Boston boat took the cup she was to do the deed."

The Mist won in a drift late in the evening, with the Northern Light second.

In a special race for \$200, sailed the day after the regatta, the Northern Light came in first on elapsed time, but lost on allowance to the Hornet, a pilot boat owned outside the club.

The races at New York were followed by the cruise to Newport, in which the Boston vessels took a prominent part. The Northern Light and the schooner Siren had several encounters before and during the cruise, and their respective merits were undecided when the fleet arrived at Newport.

*The Hornet was built as an oyster sloop, in Somerset County, Maryland. Her original custom-house papers, issued at Snow Hill, Maryland, bear date of September 14, 1819. Her first owner was John Sterling, and her original dimensions as follows: Length, 46 feet; beam, 13 feet 6 inches; draught, 4 feet 10 inches. She was brought to New York for a pilot boat when comparatively an old vessel. In 1847 she was partly rebuilt. In 1850 she was rebuilt by Steers, and in 1879 she was again rebuilt, in Boston. Her beam remained the same through these vicissitudes, but her length was increased finally to 52 feet 6 inches on deck, and her draught to 7 feet 6 inches. As late as 1890 she was to be seen in Boston waters, her name having been changed to Sport. By those who knew her age she was properly honored as the oldest existing American yacht. She is no longer on the list of yachts, and probably lies rotting in some New England dock. Her career is without parallel for length among American yachts.



The Winchester Mansion on the Charles River, at Watertown, Mass.

In a trial off Sandy Hook, before the start of the cruise, the Northern Light had distanced the Siren in a trial in which the latter broke down before the windward turn was reached. It was therefore decided to settle the question of supremacy off Newport. August 4, 1846, was selected for the trial. The vessels met outside the Beaver Tail, and were sent away to weather, the leader at the end of three hours to lay-to, with her jib to windward, and wait for the other to come up.

There was a strong breeze Southwest, and a good sea. The Northern Light found her tall spars too much to carry, and though reefed down, made bad weather of it, and was well beaten.

Colonel Winchester acknowledged his vessel's inability to carry her light-weather rig in a breeze, and asked for another trial in heavy-weather rig. This, however, did not come off. The light rig was promptly removed from the Northern Light, and was never used again.

From Newport the yachts returned to New York for further racing. Mr. Perkins, whose faith in Coquette was unbounded, had issued a challenge to race any vessel in the New York Yacht Club for \$500. This was accepted for the Maria by Commodore Stevens, who suggested that the Northern Light be invited to join in the race. In the final arrangements the Northern Light was not included as a contestant, but was selected to act as leeward stakeboat, on a course that was to be 25 miles down the wind and return, off Sandy Hook. The result of the race, in which the Maria was disabled, shortly after turning the leeward mark, which was rounded with the Coquette 3 minutes 30 seconds in the lead, is a matter of record. In the strong breeze blowing Coquette had all the better of the conditions.

Some question was raised subsequently as to the length of the course, and Commodore Stevens expressed the opinion that the leg was not 25 miles long. Colonel Winchester replied—all this through the *New York Herald*—that he had followed instructions in placing the mark. The interchange of opinions brought out some reference to the relative speed of the Northern Light and the Maria, the schooner having shown up well in a turn to windward with the racers after serving as markboat. Colonel Winchester expressed himself as follows on the subject:

"I do not doubt the Maria will beat the Light in smooth water; but I do not believe any sloop-rigged vessel, with centerboards, can beat the Light in a heavy sea and heavy breeze. I should be pleased to test this question with the Maria, before retiring from yachting (as it

is my intention of doing shortly), and as I cannot wait here for the Maria to refit, I propose a trial in Boston Bay at any time within a month which may be agreeable to Commodore Stevens, the race to take place in an Easterly ten-knot breeze, or anything which may offer above it."

Colonel Winchester stated that as he never staked money on races he would not bet on the result, but would pay into any charitable institution in New York \$500 or \$1,000, as agreed on, if the Maria beat the Northern Light, Commodore Stevens to pay a like amount to a Boston charity if the Northern Light won.

Commodore Stevens replied to the challenge, that as the Maria had lost her centerboard he could not race her again that season, but that if the Colonel would pay another visit to New York the next season, or if the Maria should go to Boston, he would be "most happy to give him the chance to make the present he speaks of."

The season of 1846 was the last one of active racing for the Northern Light, and the only one in which the Coquette appeared prominently. Mr. Perkins shortly afterward retired from yachting, and the Coquette was sold for a pilot boat. She served the Boston pilots many years, a staunch and able craft, well adapted to their business, and as fast as anything of her size in the bay.

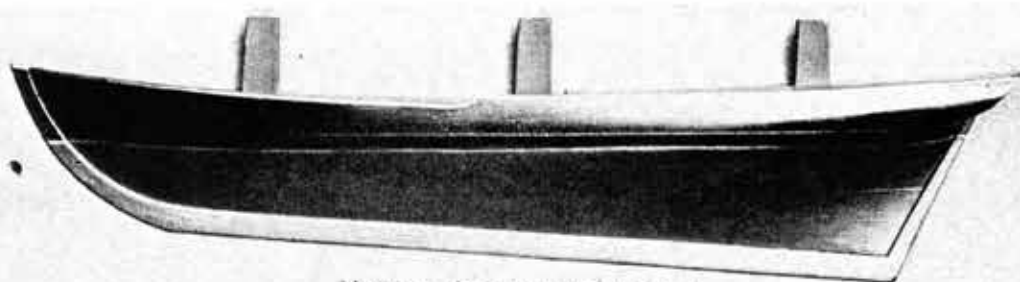
On returning from New York in the fall of 1846, Colonel Winchester offered the Northern Light for sale.

In the spring of 1847 she was bought by a company of 26 citizens of Provincetown, for use as a passenger packet between Provincetown and Boston. Through the season of 1847 the yacht made a daily trip from Provincetown to Boston, or the reverse, "with the regularity of a steamer," according to watermen with good memories, though the distance is about 50 miles.

One man who remembered her in those days I found and talked with in his fish market, on Charles Street, Boston. His name is A. Chapman. He had sailed on the Northern Light as a foremast hand.

"Remember the Northern Light? Guess I do!" he said. "As well as if I had been aboard of her yesterday. She could cross the bay when nothing else could. I remember we went across once in a greasy Sou'wester with only a double-reefed foresail on her. The wind was abeam, and she hardly showed her nose above the surface from the time we left Boston until we reached Provincetown. She reminded me of a big hump-back whale with two irons in him, sousing along as fast as he could go! She was a great sailer. Wet? Yes, just a bit wet, when it was rough. We had to hang on, but she got there. Nothing stopped her, I can tell you."

(To be Continued).



YACHT NORTHERN LIGHT

HISTORIC AMERICAN YACHTS

EARLY BOSTON VESSELS, THE NORTHERN LIGHT AND COQUETTE

Winfield M. Thompson

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PART III



WO seasons without a yacht were as many as Colonel Winchester could abide, and in the fall of 1848 he bought the Northern Light from her Provincetown owners—not the same to whom he had sold her, for the passenger packet business had not proved profitable—and in the spring of the glory of her old form and fittings.

This was an occasion for genuine joy among the friends of Colonel Winchester, who

had mourned the Northern Light as sincerely as had her owner. One of Colonel Winchester's intimates was Dr. John Jefferies, a Boston practitioner, who had been an enthusiastic yachtsman from boyhood. The doctor had taken many a cruise as a guest on the Northern Light, and on her return to the colors of Colonel Winchester he commemorated the event in the following verses, which were published in the *Boston Atlas*:

Salutatory Address to the Yacht Northern Light on the Occasion of Her First Trip for the Season in May, 1849.

By Benjamin Bolus, M. D.

Huzzah! Huzzah! the Northern Light
Has left her winter quarters,
She's forth to roam, where billows foam,
In Yankee Doodle waters.
All hail the pride of Eastern waves!
The darling of these seas,

NOTE.—Dr. Jefferies was the son of Dr. John Jefferies (1745-1819), a graduate of Harvard in 1763, and famous as an aeronaut, and also as a sportsman. It was he who secured from the British Admiral Samuel Graves a permit to sail a yacht in Boston Harbor during the siege. His eldest son, Dr. John Jefferies, here mentioned, was born in 1796, and had five sons and three daughters, all of whom were brought up to love yachting. At the time treated in this sketch Dr. Jefferies had a pleasant country house on Jeffries Point, East Boston, where he or his sons always kept a yacht. One of them was the *Mystery*, one of the earliest decked yachts in Boston. Built originally as a ship's long-boat, she was of oak, lapstreaked. She had a schooner rig, and was a comfortable cruiser. Colonel John Jefferies, Dr. B. Joy Jefferies, and their brothers, George J., Edward P., and Henry N., all got some of their early sailing in the *Mystery*. Dr. B. Joy Jefferies, of Chestnut Street, Boston, remembers well going with his father as a boy for a cruise to Newport on the Northern Light. Several famous yachts have been owned in the Jefferies family, including the *Ray*, *Julia* and *Halcyon*. A yacht club has been established for some years at Jeffries' Point, the name of which it bears. Dr. John Jefferies died in 1876.

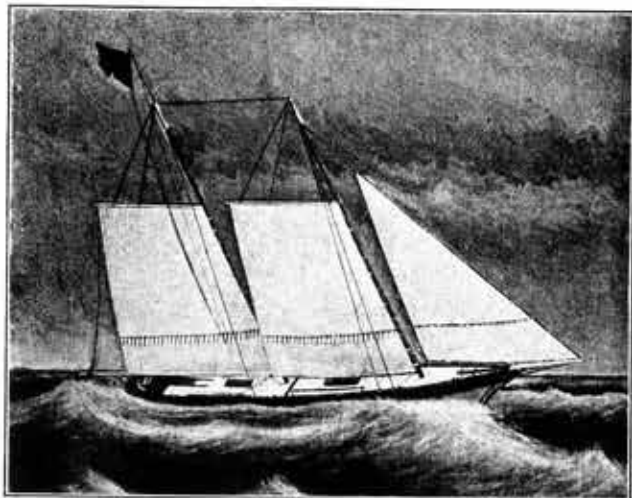
The queen that wears her flowing robes
So proudly in the breeze!
We greet her in her new attire
So clean, without a speck
From stem to stern, below, aloft,
From truckle to the deck.
She shows her freshly painted hull,
Striped with the Rover's band,*

Her sail is fitted to the mast,
Like glove to lady's hand.
Her graceful bunting, flung in air
Aloft the breezes seek,
She shows the streamer at the top,
The ensign at the peak.
May prosperous times attend her step,
And former joys renew,
May pleasures heaped on pleasures wait
Her course, the season through.
Eolus! keep the winds in sore,
And suit them to her need;
Sometimes to gently part the waves,
Sometimes to plough with speed.
Eurus! if becalmed below,
She can't the harbor bring,
Please put your shoulder to the stern,
And drive her wing and wing.
A mild Sou'wester is the wind
Best suited to the bay;
Sweet Africus, we thee invoke
On every ladies' day.
When their fair forms shall grace the deck,
And they their hooks are baiting,
Pray, fishes, prove true gentlemen—
Don't keep the ladies waiting!
With rougher hands and stouter hearts,
Rude Boreas, you may rock it,
Bring gunwale down below the waves,
The waves to scuppers' pocket!
May winds and waves and skies combine,
Each time she leaves the shore,
To make the trip more pleasant prove,
Than any trip before.
Three cheers we'll give the Northern Light,
And then we'll give three more,
And three times three we'll give to thee,
The gallant Commodore.
And may he never take his grub,
Nor eat his chowder *solus*
While this machine to him belongs:
His faithful Doctor Bolus.

A New York yachtsman, who was entertained on board the Northern Light in 1849, wrote the *Spirit of the Times* an appreciation of the hospitality of Colonel Winchester, on the occasion of a fishing trip, expressing himself as follows:

"The Colonel's fame in this department has long been familiar to us. He is almost a pioneer in yachting, and I wish the well-known hospitality that has made him and

*A red streak.



Northern Light. from a Painting

his boat so popular were more generally appreciated and exercised. He would make such a Commodore as would render a yacht squadron in every respect worthy of the manly sport for which such an association is designed. There have been enough guests on his comfortable boat to populate a small continent, furnishing it liberally with distinguished men in every profession and pursuit."

The writer next describes the fishing party, and the delights of a drink called *Bimbo*, that was very popular at the time. *Bimbo* was made from a quart of brandy, six lemons, sugar and a quart of water. Its name and fame figured in a popular ditty of the times that was often sung on the *Northern Light*.

"About 2 o'clock p. m.," says the yachtsman from New York, "the *Light* might have been seen off the *Graves*, while on her deck a crowd properly adapted by nature and education to adorn a festal board and do justice to its abundance, engaged themselves in dispersing a cold collation which brought together the good things of many climes in harmonious profusion. Massachusetts Bay oysters, and bananas looked each other in the face across the nautical table, while between them other delicacies and substantial displayed their tempting qualities to appetites sharpened by pure sea air and agreeable society.

"The party engaged in fishing with no little success, enticing from the lower deep several fine fish, whose white flesh a few minutes after, mingled with the ooze of pork in the base of that gastronomic triumph commonly called 'chowder.'

"But the greatest effort of the Colonel was made in the preparation of a saccharine beverage which they called '*Bimbo*'—a sweet combination in which strength was concealed by flavor but still retained its energy and was ready to make a rapid ascent into 'ambition's airy hall,' and enforce multiplication at the expense of the optic nerve. *Bimbo* is peculiarly adapted to piscatory excursions to the deep blue sea, and derives a delicate bouquet from the Boston atmosphere. It has a depressing influence on those who boast of resisting the power of alcohol, while it pleasantly exhilarates all who forswear their potatoes, yet are willing to acknowledge that an excess of stimulating fluids can raise the pavements and lure three-story houses around the corner. May the day be far distant when the magic touch of the Colonel shall cease to transmute spirits and sugar with fragrant concomitants into such a beverage as would have raised the

devil with the old gods and converted Bacchus into a tapster for shares. But let me whisper to all confident young gentlemen who consider their brains bomb-proof, that on the score of discretion at least they should treat *Bimbo* like a pet tiger, only to be trifled with at favorable times, and with adequate caution. It deserves all the encomiums pronounced by Fat Jack on a good *sherris sack*: 'It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, which is the birth, become excellent wit.' I pause, and drink to *Bimbo* and its founder, and in the words of a song which one of the *Bimbonians* gave in a full, rich baritone voice, that still lingers in my ears:

He that doth this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

"This, for the company we met to fish off the *Graves*, was a pleasant conceit. I believe they prided themselves on putting those sombre rocks out of countenance. May they long be able to experiment thus with entire success!"

Thus full of his subject, and doubtless of *Bimbo*, the writer betook himself to his own yacht and set sail for New York.

The excursion he described was one of the last held on board the *Northern Light*. Colonel Winchester was that summer occupied with building a splendid country house at Watertown, on the banks of the Charles River, and this took up much of his time. When he should become well settled there—business was already crowding the quiet residence section of Franklin Street, with its grassy enclosure in the middle of the way, its wide-spreading trees, the wooden statue of Ben Franklin, and the peaceful atmosphere of old Boston—and the swell-fronted red brick house that Colonel Winchester had occupied there for many years was to be given up. In it the honor of command of the Boston Cadets, now known as the First Corps, had been offered him, and accepted, carrying with it the military title by which he was popularly addressed. He had lived a busy, happy life there, and left the place with regret.

Colonel Winchester looked forward to many serene years at Watertown, years in which he could indulge himself freely in yachting. He purposed building a yacht of 100 tons on the lines of the *Northern Light*, and therefore in the fall of 1849 he disposed of that famous vessel for all time.

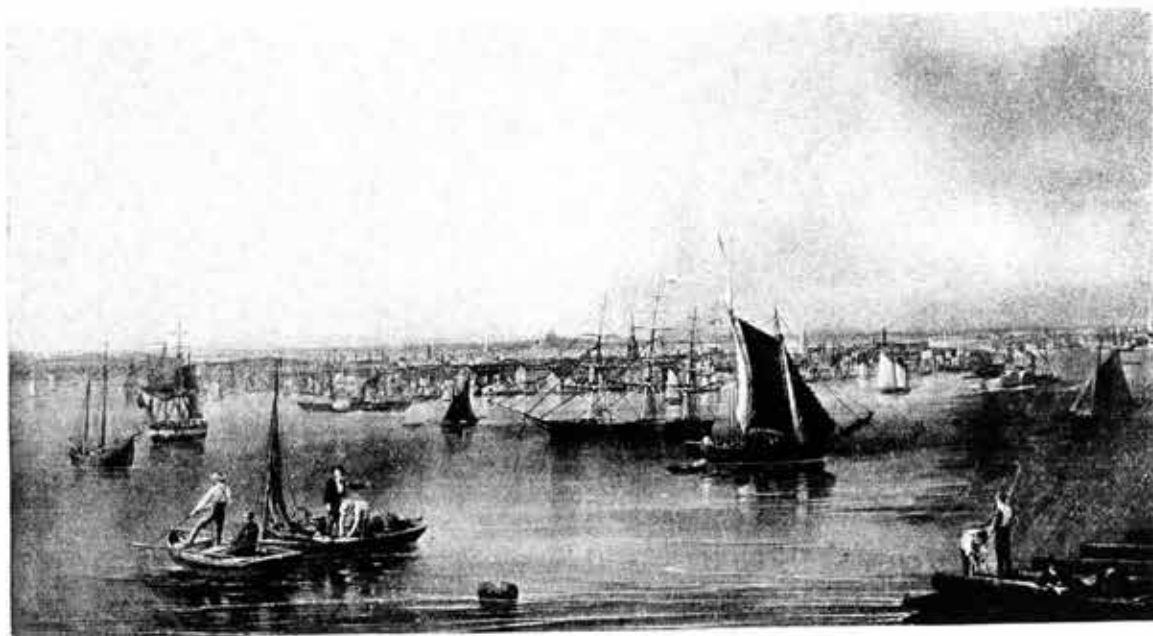
The last chapter in the career of the *Northern Light* shows her as a galley of a little band of adventurous argonauts who set out with thousands of others toward the new gold fields of the Pacific coast. Their names may now stand in high places on the records of the state of California, for aught I know. They were: Elton R. Smylie and Basilius Argyus of Boston, Francis I. Gould of Lexington, Mass., and George McG. Hall of Derry, N. H. These owners took possession of the *Northern Light* December 3, 1849.

Dr. B. Joy Jeffries recalls visiting the *Northern Light* when she was being fitted at a dock in East Boston for her cruise to California. Two sailors were stowing the forehold with firewood, and conversing on their equipment for the voyage.

"Say, Bill, we aint got no music," said one, affecting to recall a serious oversight.

"That's a fact," said the other, as if the discovery were important. But both kept on stowing wood.

The *Northern Light* sailed from Boston December 17, with six persons in the cabin, including the wife and



Boston Harbor in the Early Forties

daughter of one of the owners, and five men before the mast. She encountered head winds to Rio, and was chased on the passage for a slaver, by the British war vessel Tweed, but arrived at the Brazilian port 47 days out from Boston. Leaving Rio February 13, 1850, for Magellan Straits, she fell in with the ship Chesire on the 28th, and in coming close to the ship to hail, narrowly escaped being run down, through a miscalculation of distance. The two vessels were so close the ship's side was touched with a boathook from the Northern Light's deck, as the Chesire swept past at eight knots' speed. The yacht proceeded unharmed, her people giving thanks, and after weathering the fierce Pamperos off the lower South American coast made Cape Virgin on March 12. Thus far the hardships of the rough passage had been withstood with fortitude, and all prayed for a quick and safe passage through the dangerous Straits. Entering the first Narrows of the Straits on March 14, the yacht ran into a fog, and was forced to anchor in Gregory Bay, in 14 fathoms, on a rocky bottom. In the night a gale came up. The sea made quickly, and the wind hauled until the Northern Light was on a lee shore. In inky darkness, and tossing fearfully, the yacht began to drag her anchors. Presently the heavier of her two chains parted at the shackle. It was laboriously brought aboard by tackles—the other chain was over the windlass drum, and could not be shifted—and pigs of lead from the ballast were lashed to it to retard the vessel's drift. This was futile labor, in such a situation. Soon the remaining chain parted, and the yacht began racing for the beach stern first, striking at 11 o'clock with terrific shock on an outlying reef of rocks. The masts were cut away and the ballast thrown over to lighten her. In a short time the sea lifted her over the reef and threw her on the rocky shore of Baranca Point, where all hands escaped from the wreck.

A tent was put up near the shore, and all the stores on the vessel were brought to land. Then three of the shipwrecked company, including two of the yacht's owners, volunteered to walk to Port Famine, 200 miles away, for aid. Toward noon of their first day's tramp, on reaching an eminence giving a view of the Narrows, they saw a sail approaching the scene of the wreck. Hurrying back,

they imparted this welcome information to the others and waited for the sail. She proved to be a schooner from Portland, Me., and her captain agreed to take part of the company, as many as he could accommodate, to Port Famine. The remainder decided to stay by the yacht and attempt to get her off the rocks. At this juncture a British war vessel, the steamer Gorgon, came along, and her commander offered to take the owners of the Northern Light and the women to Port Famine, relieving the Portland skipper, whose vessel was overcrowded. The men who stuck to the wreck of the Northern Light found that a few more gales finished her, and availing themselves of a friendly offer of a passage on their way, they left the bones of the famous yacht in that melancholly resting place of so many good ships that before and since have ended their last voyage in those sinister straits.

In the winter of 1849-50 the friends of Colonel Winchester who had partaken of his hospitality on board the Northern Light agreed that an expression of their regard for their host and friend would be appropriate, and made up a fund with which to purchase him a souvenir of a fitting character. Their choice finally rested on a punch bowl, and one was ordered from the leading firm of silversmiths in Boston, Messrs. Jones, Ball & Poor, whose store stood on the corner of Summer and Washington Streets, on a site now covered by a clothing shop. When finished, in the spring of 1850, the bowl was placed on exhibition, about the time of the news of the wreck of the Northern Light reached Boston, at the maker's warerooms, where it was viewed by thousands. Its design, appropriately nautical, was much admired. The bowl rests upon a rock and is sustained by four dolphins. Tridents, boathooks, anchors, and other emblematic objects are represented in its ornamentation. On one side is a relief of the Northern Light under full sail, and on the other the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO
WILLIAM P. WINCHESTER,
TO COMMEMORATE THE PLEASANT HOURS
HIS FRIENDS HAVE PASSED
WITH HIM ON BOARD HIS YACHT
NORTHERN LIGHT

There is a removable lining of gold. The bowl weighs 225 ounces, and its cost was \$1,000.

There is a story that among those who went to see the bowl when it was placed on exhibition was a certain prominent citizen of Boston noted for his tight grip on his purse strings. Viewing the bowl in a somewhat surly manner, he demanded, addressing no one in particular:

"What are they giving Winchester that for?"

"Because," responded a local wit at his elbow, with a bow, "he is one of the rich men of Boston who does not hang on to every cent he owns."

So far as I am able to determine, this bowl was the first souvenir of the kind to be presented to an American yachtsman. The bowl now stands in a place of honor in

the public library of the town of Winchester, a handsome Boston suburb that was named for Colonel Winchester—although he never lived there—by some of his admirers interested in forming the town in the forties, by setting it off from Woburn and other towns. In the same library is a fine portrait of Colonel Winchester. Both were presented to the town by the late Thomas B. Winchester as fitting and lasting memorials of his father.

Colonel Winchester did not live to build his larger Northern Light, nor to enjoy for long the pleasures of life at his new home in Watertown. He died August 6, 1850, of typhoid fever, in the 49th year of his age. He left a considerable fortune and a good name.

The End.



THE DERELICT

Far out on the stormy ocean
Where the winter tempests roar,
And the days are short and cheerless
And the nights inspire awe,
Was drifting a lonely schooner
Far off from her native shore.

Tossed by the mighty billows,
Struck by the thundering blast,
Her rudder shattered in pieces,
Her bowsprit gone and a mast,
Rolling about quite helpless
She drifted—game to the last.

No sign of a soul aboard her
Of passenger, captain, or crew,
Abandoned, alone in her battle,
The sport of the winds that blew;
Unmanned, unsteered, forgotten,
She floated as derelicts do.

In a little house on the seacoast,
Facing the open sea,
A mother sat with her children
Clustered about her knee,
Telling them, "Soon will your father
Back from the Grand Banks be.

"Long has he been, my children,
But surely to-morrow I'll see
In the paper news of our schooner
Speeding homeward to me."
But the only news in the paper
Was "a derelict sighted at sea."

ALBERT C. LARNED.

A REVEILLE

The shadows flee from glassy sea,
And plaintive, clear and high
Comes lonely pipe from early snipe
To tell that dawn is nigh.
The sails dew wet, hang limply yet
Against the clammy mast,
Then up, ye dogs, and don your togs!
For lo! the night is passed.

The east's aglow with bristling row
Of lances gold and red,
The first faint breeze blurs sleeping seas;
On deck ye dogs abed!
We swing and strain at jarring chain,
Alert to be away.
Ho! boatswain, hail! All hands make sail!
Awake! for it is day.

The sun leaps high in blazing sky
Above the ocean's rim,
And wakes on land a feathered band
To make their morning hymn;

Then halyards haul, ye sailors all,
Trim sheets, and lay her course,
And crowd her through the eager blue,
The wind is here in force!

H. V. SMEDBERG.

STRANGERS

O, it's side by side to the Beacon Hill
(And a maid walks there with me!)
But my Love, alas! is a stranger still,
And a stranger still, the Sea!
I have wooed the Sea as a sailor ought
In the Norther's whelming breath,
And a whisper caught of the word I sought
In the joy of the Game with Death:
But the Game with Death is played and won;
Astern are the reefs of danger;
And in squall and calm, in fog and sun,
My Sea is still a stranger!

O, it's hand in hand to the Beacon Hill
(And my sweetheart with me there!)
But her wistful soul is questing still
In a realm where I may not fare.
I have wooed my Love as a sailor ought
With the old, old songs of the sea,
Till her lips were fraught with the word I sought,
The gospel of life for me;
But I see her listen, with eyes that glisten
(Though it's hand in hand on the Beacon Hill)
To voices near that I may not hear—
My Love is a stranger still!

O, it's lip to lip on the Beacon Hill
(And my Bride beside me there!)
But she feels the passion and pulse and thrill
Of a joy that I may not share.
In death's despite, 'mid the shrieking night,
I have won through the crashing Sea;
I have heaved my lead mid the bones of the dead
Till the drowned men wailed at me!
In squall and thunder, with lee-rail under,
I've dared the shoals of danger:
But Death and the Dead no word have said—
My Sea is still a stranger!

O, it's heart to heart on the Beacon Hill
(And my Wife is there with me!)
But Love, alas! is a stranger still,
And a stranger still, the Sea!
O, wandering, wistful, alien Love!
O, deathful, haunted Sea!
Not the Dead below nor the Wonders above
Can make you one with me:
For the Woman looks seaward and dreams apart
(Though I call her mine on the Beacon Hill)
And her dreams are the dreams of the Sea's deep heart—
My Love is a stranger still!

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON.