

Published Articles  
of  
Early Sailing  
at  
Ossining, NY.

1836

*The Republican*  
08.10.1886  
by Roscoe Edgett

**Sing Sing Fifty Years Ago.** Means of transportation were simple, few and slow, a half century since. Private conveyances were commonly used, the traveling public taking sloops or steamboats in summer and stages in winter. Of the steamboats the Gen. Jackson seems to have been the earliest, beginning to run in 1828 or 1829, and having carriages arranged to take passengers from their landing to inland towns. The "Danbury Stage" also connected with her. This was but little more than twenty years after Fitch made his first trial trip with his steamboat on the waters of the Hudson. Soon, other lines were established, and we had successively, or sometimes in competition with each other, the John Jay, Union, Water Witch, Columbus, Telegraph, etc. These stopped at all the river villages, making gradual changes in the business and habits of the people. A ferry was also in operation for some years between Sing Sing and (Slauter's) or Van Palin's Land, opposite. Its fare looks a little exorbitant now, viz:

Foot Passage.....	18 cents
Wagon - 2 horses.....	75 "
Wagon - 1 horse.....	50 "
Cart or Sled - 2 horses.....	75 "
Cart and horse.....	37 "

The sloops, however, formed an important factor in the business of the village, among whose residents quite a little fleet of them was owned and managed. Capt. Isaac Smith, a man still remembered not less for his sterling integrity and business ability than for his stalwart frame and genial bearing,

was a master builder, constructing and sailing many vessels, commanding several at different times. Capt. Henry Harris was also a prominent merchant and sloop captain as well, and for nearly fifty years lived in Sing Sing, Latterly a popular Justice of the Peace. The sloops Bolivar, Favorite, Paris, Providence, Return, and others, would each have their place at the dock, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays, the scene was a busy one. Throngs of farmers with their teams would crowd all about, and the funny old lumbering market wagons, with their long white canvas tops puckered round over the front, would rattle through Main street down the steep hill to the wharf to deposit their load of butter, cheese and the like. One of these marketmen, Mr. Bangs, is well remembered for his obliging ways, doing little errands at the village for the women along this route, purchasing tea, spices, indigo, drygoods of various sorts, in small quantities or large, and executing an amazing number of these commissions at each trip. The produce of the region was brought very regularly to the sloops...

1858

*Democratic Register*  
07.30.1895

**Sing Sing Yachting in '58** It may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a glance back occasionally to time long ago. On the first day of September, 1858, thirty-seven years ago, the first annual regatta of the Sing Sing Yacht Club<sup>1</sup> took place. The route was from the lower dock around the flat boat, stationed between Teller's Point and Sneedens and thence opposite the residence of Col. Webb, and thence to the starting point. The boats entered for the prizes were the Hester Ann<sup>2</sup>, owned by Nicholas Nearhof of the Point; Nameless, by Stephen T Kipp; Eliza by DeWitt C Beardsley; Swallow, by Wm. Sniffin; Quaker by Joseph J Leggett; Imp, Willie Brandreth; Louisa by Wm. Lyon; and Hattie, by James L Wheeler.

<sup>1</sup>An ante-bellum boat club that preceded the Sing Sing Yacht Club, which was founded thirty years later.  
<sup>2</sup>Raced Comet 1861.

The boats were all sailed by their respective owners, and the prizes were awarded by Henry L Butler and John Haff, the appointed judges, as follows:

Hester Ann, first prize .....	\$22.50
Nameless, second prize.....	16.00
Eliza, third prize.....	9.00
Swallow, fourth prize.....	8.50
Quaker, fifth prize .....	8.00
Imp, sixth prize.....	7.50
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09.16.1858

**Postponement.** The Regatta of the Sing Sing Yacht Club, which was to have taken place today, has been postponed until Saturday next, in consequence of the severe storm. The names of the boats to be entered for the race are the Hester Ann, Louisa, Hattie, Swallow, Imp, Eliza, Quaker and Eagle. They leave the Dock from this place, proceed to Tarrytown Point, cross to Nyack, and then back to their starting place. A rich time is anticipated and as usual, the different boats have their friends, and bets are made as to the winning boat.

1859

*Ossining Chronicle*  
Sept. 1859  
By George Jackson Fisher, MD.

**Shipping Village Felt Ugly Scar of River Tragedy in Faulty Boat.**  
(Fortieth in a series on the origin and early history of Ossining).

**River Transportation-** The first vessel which was sailed from Sing Sing was a small two masted periauger<sup>3</sup>, owned by Captain Hagstaff.

He was a resident of this place and landed his boat in the Kill Brook, as we are told, about as far up as the present location of the gas works. He is said to have carried on his business as far back as the Revolutionary period and probably even earlier.

<sup>3</sup> A term applied on the North River to vessels with two masts but without bowsprit or headsail. They were generally small.

It may seem strange to most persons at this time that Captain Hagstaff could have landed his vessel so far up the brook, but it does not to the writer and many older residents, who have observed the gradual filling up of our river boarders within quite recent times.

The lower dock was known in the early days of Sing Sing as the Farmers' Dock. Then the river border came up to the present line of Water Street, and in some places still farther inland. Between these lines and the present river margin the ground had been made by filling in, and by the accumulation of fluvial deposits.

**Ran "Passenger Packet".** Captain Hagstaff has had many successors. One of the earliest was Captain Stephen Lyon, who ran a "passenger packet" between Sing Sing and New York as far back as 1812. He landed at his own "Lyons Dock", now the "Middle Dock".

James Delaney, in 1817, was sailing the packet "Victory". In 1819 he was succeeded in command by Captain Richard T. Mattocks. In 1836 or '37 Captain Peter B Lynch ran a sloop, the "Charles Lynch" named after his son. About the year 1845 he bought the steamboat "Croton", which he ran in place of his sloop. This was a sluggish craft and soon ended its career.



S. FERRISH WASHBURN  
River Front Businessman

From 1812 to 1832 a considerable number of steamboats ran from New York to Sing Sing and places above. Among these were the "Mountain Mouse", the "Ariel", the "General Jackson", the "Cinderella", the "Water Witch" and the "Westchester".

Captain Haff, of Scarborough, built and ran a horse ferry-boat from Sing Sing to Rockland and Haverstraw over sixty years ago.

**Market Sloops.** A succession of market sloops have done the traffic of this vicinity since 1839, at which time the "General Washington" was run by Captain Isaac Woolsey, and the "Amelia" by Captain Solomon Acker. About the same time Captain William Buckhout ran the "Volunteer" four years.

Captain Isaac C Smith sailed the "Volunteer" for twenty-three years. Captain J W Jenks began his transportation business in 1837 or 1838, with the market sloop "Fannie". He afterwards ran the sloop "Sea Gull" and the propeller "Ora". He died in 1862, and was succeeded by his three sons, who have kept up a propeller line to the present time, having owned the "Eureka" and the "Leader", until succeeded by the "Sara Jenks".

The transportation business was about equally divided between Sparta and Sing Sing near the year 1820, at which time Captain Stephen Order and Captain John Leggett sailed sloops from Sparta.

**Changed Sailing Place.** Through some difference in the rental of docks, Captain Leggett changed his sailing place to Sing Sing, and this little circumstance turned the tide of business to the latter place. This is not the only example which history furnishes a narrow and short-sighted policy, resulting in the ruin of one town and the building up of another.

The river-transportation of a half-century ago was vastly more important than it is at present. That was before the days of railroads. Then the produce of the entire agricultural district extending to the Connecticut State line including the towns of North and South Salem,

Bedford and even portions of Putnam County, a distance of thirty miles, was shipped to New York City from this port, and the supplies of groceries and merchandise received through the same channels.

The numerous railroads which traversed our county, and the increase of population and growth of villages which have furnished a home market for farm products, has resulted in an almost entire destruction of river transportation.

**Seven Killed in Explosion.** The saddest of all the incidents connected with our river navigation was the explosion of the passenger steamboat "Magenta", which occurred March 23, 1878. This ill-fated vessel had just left the dock at Sing Sing, and had scarcely reached the prison when an explosion took place that resulted in the death of seven persons.

The coroner's inquest brought out the disgraceful fact that the steam boilers were so far worn out that their thickness at the point of bursting was only one-sixteenth of an inch (!), and yet she carried a recent certificate of a government boiler examiner, to assure her passengers that she was safe and sound. From all such officials as this examiner may the good Lord deliver us.

Among those largely interested in the dock and river front business of Sing Sing is Mr. S Ferris Washburn, who was born in the town of Newcastle, Westchester County, to which place his grandfather, John Washburn, is said to have removed from Jamaica, Long Island, just before the Revolution.

**Opened Grocery Store.** His father, Solomon Washburn, was a farmer and the early life of Mr. Washburn was spent with his parents on the farm, and his education was obtained at the village school. In 1849 he left home to enter into business on his own account, and came to Sing Sing, where he opened a grocery store, and carried on the business till 1853, when he purchased the lumber yard and dock property formerly owned and occupied by Thomas Bailey, and taking Mr. Secor as a partner, began an extensive business.

In 1856 they purchased the whole of the river front property known as the Farmers' Dock, which they greatly enlarged and improved, and established the coal business which has since been carried on with great success in connection with the lumber yard.

In 1878 the north part of the dock property was sold to Jinks Brothers, as the firm did not require so extensive a river front, their remaining wharf having been enlarged sufficiently to accommodate their business.

Mr. Washburn married, in 1858, Maria, daughter of Reuben Kip of Somers, Their Children are Florence C, (wife of Edwin L Todd), Helen and Louis F.

**Active Presbyterian.** Mr. Washburn has ever declined taking any active part in politics devoting his time and attention almost exclusively to his business. For many years he has been one of the trustees of the Presbyterian Church of Sing Sing, with which his family is connected.

The firm of Secor & Washburn are now doing a business which is very extensive and supply the large local demand of the surrounding country.

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*Ossining Chronicle*  
9.28.1859

*By George Jackson Fisher, MD*

**Collyer Built the First Steamer Every Used in China River Trade.** (*Forty-First and Final Chapter in This series on the origin and early story of Ossining*).

**Thomas Collyer and Ship-Building in Sing Sing.** Fifty years ago, and since that time, Sing Sing numbered among its most important industries ship-building, or more correctly speaking, sloop and schooner building.

Captain Moses Stanton had a "ship-yard" here, and in 1855-56 Captain Isaac Smith also had one at the upper dock. The latter built a very beautiful brig, which was launched in 1856, if I remember correctly.

Captain Smith was a famous steamboat builder. But the most distinguished ship-builder who ever resided in Sing Sing was the late Thomas Collyer, whose remains repose in a fine stone vault in Dale Cemetery.

**Sketch is Published.** Mr. Collyer was so celebrated in his profession that I have inserted the following sketch of his labors, prepared by his kinsman James T Collyer, and recently published in the Chronicle. It can but prove interested to our citizen, by many of whom he was well know.

Thomas Collyer was born in the village of Sing Sing in the year 1818, and in early boyhood showed great fondness for boats and employed his leisure in carving them out, which even then gave evidence of genius in that line.

At the early age of fourteen years he commenced working for his brother, William, who died some time ago. His brother at that time had a ship yard in this village and built several sloops and also showed much skill in that line, having modeled and built a sloop when only nineteen years old, which was named "First Effort". In early times this place was made quite famous as a place for boat building.

**Extensive Ship-Building Business.** Moses Stanton was quite celebrated in his day in that line and carried on an extensive business in building sloops, schooners and larger vessel for the coasting and West India trade. Thomas, after working a few years with his brother, commenced modeling and building vessels on his own account at this place; among the first was the sloop "Katrina Van Tassel", which was launched in the year 1838; this was followed by one or two others, when he removed to West Troy, where he built quite a number of vessels of different kinds and his first steamboat, which was named the "Trojan", and he soon after built steamers to run on Lake Champlain, two of which were named the "Francis Saltus" and "America", which added much to his reputation as a builder, as they were considered fine models, combined with great speed, and in that day were well patronized, as

much pleasure and Canada travel took that route.

In the year 1844 he removed to New York, and in company with his brother, William, commence business, which was considered at that time rather a bold and hazardous undertaking for men so young to enter in competition with such old established builders as Jabez Williams, Brown & Bell and other well known firms; but untiring industry combined with skill soon brought them orders for work.

**Built Several Vessels.** They built several vessels; among the number were the steamers "Santa Claus" and "Niagara", which at that time attracted much notice. The brothers continued together on the year 1847, when they dissolved partnership and Thomas once more commenced on this own account. His reputation had become so well established that orders began to come in rapidly which kept him fully employed in building vessels of all descriptions.

About this time he built the steamer "Armenia", which was admitted by steamboat men to be a great success and at great advance in point of speed; even now she has few superiors and still continues a favorite with the traveling public.

About 1852 he built a steamer named "Confucius", modeled after our river steamers, to run on the China rivers. This was the first steamboat ever built in this country for that trade, which provided a perfect success, being much faster and better adopted for that business than those in use which had been built in England.

**More Orders Received.** Soon more orders were received for other boats to be used in the same trade. His business having now become very extensive, he was kept fully employed in modeling and constructing steamships, barks, and clipper ships and among the latter was the celebrated clipper "Panama" which is said to have made the quickest trip from Shanghai to New York ever made by any sailing vessel to that time.

Among the last steamboats built by him was the "Daniel Drew", which he built and ran on his own account, and is admitted to be one of the handsomest models and fastest boats now running, and is great favorite on the Hudson.

The "Drew" was specially chartered to convey the Prince of Wales and suite from West Point to Albany, and while on the passage she called forth the warmest praise from the Duke of New Castle and others of their suite, as being nearer perfection in point of speed and elegance of design than any boat they ever saw, which is an admission seldom made by Englishmen in any department of mechanism; and after their return to England they spoke in such high terms of our river steamers that a celebrated builder made a special request of Mr. Collyer to furnish him with her draft, which he very politely declined doing.

**Prince Napoleon a Guest.** Prince Napoleon and suite several times took passage on the "Daniel Drew", expressing their admiration very warmly of her and sent Mr. Collyer a very complimentary and flattering letter as the builder of such a boat.

The flowing brief summary shows in part the number and classes of vessel built by him while he was in business: Three sloops, twenty-six barges, four propellers, twelve schooners, three barks, two ships, five steamships, thirty-seven steamboats and two yachts.

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# 1861

*The Rudder*  
*Vol. 17 (1906)*  
by *A. Cary Smith*

**Small Yacht Racing in 1861.** The sailboat Comet was built in 1860 and was very different in type from the boats of that time. The boats at that date were plumb at bow and stern, the measurement was length only, and the intention was to get as large a boat for the length as possible. The popular boat was a light clinch-work craft, planked on moulds and the frames bent in after the boat was planked. This, of course, made a very light hull; in fact, lightness of construction was then considered as vital to speed as it is now. The draught

of the normal boat of the day was nearly as much forward as aft, and a deep skeg was put on to make the steering possible, and frequently a false stern post was added to assist the effect of the skeg.

The builder of Comet in his earlier days had made many sailing models and sailed them in races and found out something about steering and what was required to obtain the best results. Comet was put in frame by the eye; but many sketches had been made to get at the shape of the midsection and stern. The keel was bent to a curve of about 7 inches, and the tuck of the stern was intended to be about 3 inches below the water, while the bow was not to draw more than 6 inches.

The method of setting up a boat at that time was to set up a keel on the stocks, with the centerboard trunk partially built, with mortises to take the heels of frames and the spacing of frames marked on the keel. The stem was straight, or nearly so, and the stern was moulded by the eye. The next step was to set up a pair of frames made to suit the eye, and then run ribbands and frame the boat up. The whole form was purely eye work, and the element of chance entered largely into the result. In this way Comet was built.

The winning boats of that date had the stern well cut away, so that when the boat was afloat the tuck was well out of the water in order to leave the water cleanly. The reason for this form of stern was that the boat steered better when well down by the stern. It had never occurred to the builders to cut away the bow, and for this reason the form of the Comet's keel was ridiculed, for it was believed at that time a good forefoot held a boat to windward. This belief has only been lately proven to be a false one; even now there are supporters of this fallacy among purely practical men, but this type of men rarely think much.

When Comet was in frame and the wales on, so that the shape could be seen, the "perfesh" came in great numbers; and while no clearly expressed criticisms were made, there were a great

many puzzled faces and many questions were asked. "Well, that 'ere stern looks kind'o humbly, but you know what you want. I s'pose!". The construction was decidedly heavy, and many questions were asked about this departure from the known successful practice. One man who had built real yachts put forth the verdict that she would not steer, and when asked why not, "why, she ain't got no skeg". "But the keel is all cut away forward, is it not?" "That don't make no difference," said the hard-handed man of practice, as he spat with contempt, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and went away.

Time went on, and the boat was tried. She had a small sail and went like a skate over the waters, and came about like a rabbit. She appeared to go very fast; new boats generally do when they are alone; but what puzzled the builder was that she made no fuss going through the water, and steered so easy that there "was no feel to her" as an expert remarked. After she had been in the water a week, and had swelled up, and was as rough as boats built of cedar are in that period, it was the intention to have a trial with a well-known racer that had just sailed a race, and was resplendent with blacklead<sup>4</sup> and sailed by a man noted for his skill and manned by a crew that knew every trick she had. When Comet came to the dock of the club where the other boat belonged, under the charge of the owner alone, the next thing was to get a crew. Some fellows were picked up and got on board, and both boats filled away. The steersman of Comet said, "Pile up the bags"<sup>5</sup>, and the crew said "Which side?" "High side", was the reply. Comet at once began to show to the front and tacked on the weather of the other boat. After a few tacks Comet was well to the windward, and the other boat kept off for home. Off fell the comet, and up went the board, and before the dock was reached she had nearly caught the other boat. The man who sailed the other boat confessed, years afterwards, that he never was so surprised in his life; as he left the boat he said to the crew, "Did

<sup>4</sup> Pot lead, a mixture of graphite and linseed oil applied to the hull for speed.

<sup>5</sup> Sand bags for moveable ballast

you cut that piece of wood adrift?" in order to make the bystanders think that he had played a trick on Comet.

The fame of Comet went up like a rocket, and the general remark was, "Well, I don't see why that boat sails; there hain't nothing to make her sail; she's too heavy; she hain't got no shape. Look at that stern, more like a barrel head than a stern, and she hain't go no sail, neither; an', besides, what does that young boy know about sailing a boat?" Similar remarks had been made about Amorita and Elmina, by well-known designers, "dock log critics," now the "rocking chair fleet". She was fast, but no one could tell why.

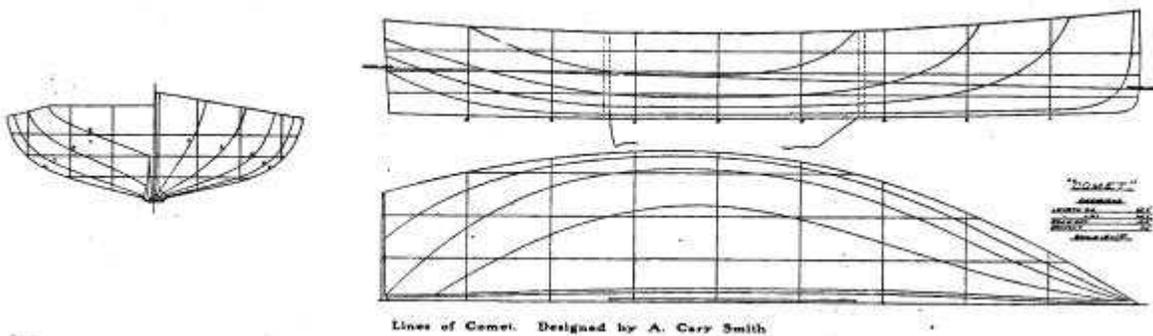
Some time after this there was a rumor that there was a very fast boat up at Sing Sing, built by a "Genius", who had never learned the trade. This boat rejoiced in the euphonious nomenclature of Hester Ann, and there were men up there who would back their opinion. There was a man from Hoboken who was playfully called the "Clacker". Now, the "Clacker" had been brought up on the Hudson River, and was a good jib sheet tender, and had been an officer on the old Maria, which at that time laid

off Hoboken just below the ferry. The wily "Clacker" went up to spy out the land and came back full of chuckles, and advised the owner of Comet to shift her mast aft, and put a sloop rig on her, and make a match with the guileless resident of what is now called Ossining. The owner of Comet at once made a new mast hole marked with a piece of chalk. He had been taught to make plans on a sheet of sandpaper with a carpenter's pencil; but beside this, he had a quarter's lesson in draughting from a noted man, Mr. W W Bates, whom the author takes this opportunity to thank for starting him on the thorny path of design. Also, a kind friend who made sails in Coenties Slip, by the name Hathaway, who taught him the art of making sails.

Well, he went to work and cut the step, and made a new bowsprit and fitted it, and had a new jib made, and went out and tried the boat. One peculiarity was that she steered so easily that, when there was a sea on, it was hard to keep her straight; but she appeared to go fast, and one day, by appointment, Comet was taken to meet a noted catboat. Just after the boats met a bad shower came up and both crews went ashore to wait

for the rain to cease, and incidentally to swap a few stories about the prowess of the respective boats. When the rain was over, the trial was made. The sails were drawn up with great rejoicing, which was voiced as follows: "We have been waiting to give him a lesson, and now he's got it: that boat can't go none". The home-coming of Comet was a sad one; but the man at the stick was at work with his thinking tank, and decided to carry out an axiom of the late Bob Fish, "The more sail a boat has, the more board she wants".

The next day the board was taken out and some pieces bolted on, the iron taken off and planed to a sharp edge, the board shellaced and rehung. In the meantime, the mainsail was taken to the sailmaker, "the nigger heel" cut off, two cloths put on the leech and a new boom and gaff made and shipped, and Comet was smoothed up and another meeting was arranged. There was also an outrigger put on aft to trim the main sheet. When the meeting with the catboat came off, strangely enough, Comet sailed through her lee with great ease, and it was decided to go to Sing Sing and defy the "Hester Ann".



As Comet neared the dock at Sing Sing, she luffed up and sail was taken in, and she drifted the rest of the way, so that no one could see how she moved. The board was not hauled up all the way for the same reason. She had been painted lead color with a green bottom, and then a deep red all over. These coats of paint showed through in places and gave the general effect of a very rough boat. The guileless natives<sup>6</sup> looked at her, and

reviled the "Yorkers" as follows: "Come here with a boat lookin' like that? Hey, Zeke!" spit, wipe mouth, with back of hand, while a smile that spoke volumes lit up the bucolic countenance. Comet's crew took this in good part, while the young owner was learning all the time and kept his own counsel. In fact, the whole crowd looked as much like lambs as possible.

After a long wrangle, the race was arranged. The scheme put forward by

the natives was "for the New York boat to start five minutes ahead, then there would be a fair show and no gougin'." The Yorkers proposed York ways: toss for choice, and the winner start from the windward position. This was a once rated down as unfair. Then followed some drinks and talk, the steersman of Comet taking none of them, a man of displacement representing him in the wrangle. Finally, the boats were taken to a sloop, and just as the time was called, a jealous retainer of "Hester

<sup>6</sup> i.e. The local Sing Sing sailors

Ann” grabbed the jib sheet of Comet to pull her in closer to the sloop. Comet filled of at once, and the retainer let go the sheet to avoid going overboard, and away went Comet; both boats were called back, and Comet at once returned. Hester Ann refused to come back, and sailed the course over and claimed the stakes. This financial stroke of genius was a once vetoed by their own judge, and it was decided to resail the race.

After the fiasco, as a day had been lost, and everyone wanted to go home, the son of the Superintendent of the Prison came to the owner of Comet and offered him and Comet the hospitality of the yard. This liberal offer was at once accepted, and Comet was taken to the gray prison and at once hauled out by a crowd of men, too glad of a break in the routine. A grim-looking guard with a rifle on his shoulder assured the Comet people that she would be safe there, and the son of the Superintendent said that the crew could come up the day before the race and the boat would be all ready. The owner of Comet was given the freedom to come and go at will, a permission that would be appreciated by some of the inmates.

The day before the race we went back, and there was a crowd of “trusties”, old sailor fellows, who swore allegiance to the boat with much exhortation and profanity. One gentleman voiced the feeling of the “partners of his toil” by saying, “I’d rather stay here another year than see you beat, sir”. Nothing could be added to that remark, and the young owner thanked the “doers of time”. Some of the people worked and acted as if they would like to go in the boat, but the man with the rifle cast a damper on such thoughts. When the word was given, the boat was picked up like a toy and set in the water as if she were made of glass, and she sailed away followed by longing eyes. Truly, Shakespeare tells us: “One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.” Even the grim man with the rifle relaxed for a moment and wished us luck.

This time the race was started, and Comet at once took the lead, and turned the first mark far in advance. The first mark was up the river, and then back to the dock. One trouble with Hester Ann was that to make her look nice they had

limed the sails, and the lime had drawn them up through the center, and she did not move well. On the way down Comet spun out a lead of nearly three miles, when the wind left her. Away in the distance could be seen Hester Ann coming down before it with a “bone in her teeth”, and she carried the wind nearly to Comet so that the latter turned the lower mark only a short distance ahead, but as soon as the boats were on the wind Comet took command again, and obtained a good lead and kept between Hester Ann and the mark at every tack. At last the wind failed entirely. Comet came to a dead stop; Hester Ann seemed to hold the light air, though the fly would be seen hanging limp and motionless.

As one of the rules was worded so that men or ballast could be taken out, we hailed a boat near and let two men out, leaving three in the boat, and emptied the sand out of the bags. Hester Ann slowly came up until she was near enough to see what was done on board, and then stopped<sup>7</sup>. Pies are much sought after for food during races, and the tin plates have been known to be used to propel a boat, but if you are near they can not be utilized. While we lay idly waiting for the wind to come, we saw the clouds across the river making up for a squall. And what would we do with three men in an 18-foot boat with racing sails on. But not much thought was given to this side of it, and arrangements were soon made. The “Clacker” knew all about the river, and we overhauled the sheets clear off to the shroud and coiled up the halyards, and then waited. The mainsheet man was a powerful fellow, no less than the captain of Maria, he had been brought up in sloops on the river, and had come because he could not stay at home. He had a hand like a ham and a grip like a vise. The steersman of Comet had not much experience, but he and Comet seemed to be one, and he had many times thought out what he would do in a tight pinch, and now was a chance to show these men, old enough to be his father, what he was made of and how he longed for the fight to begin.

<sup>7</sup> Apparently, the crew of Hester Ann stopped using the pie tins to illegally paddle her forward.

The steersman took a death grip with his left hand on the coaming and hung outside the boat, while he steered with the right. The mainsheet man, tough old Bus Morrill, lay out overboard, and held the sheet in his hands, no cleats this time. The Clacker forward lay out to windward with one leg overboard, and held the end of the lee sheet in his hands. Now was the crucial moment. To get the sheets in enough and not upset the boat. Bang! Came the first blast, blowing the mainsail out against the shroud, while the jib fluttered like a bird in a cage. She started ahead like something alive; in came the sheets inch by inch, while the boat was kept just going; the luff of the sails shook and fluttered; then we had it up and down. Hear the Clacker talk to himself as he flowed and trimmed the jib. “Ah! You thought you had me that time, didn’t you, eh? Well, I only took as much as I want that time”. Meanwhile Gus looked astern and yelled in the steersman’s ear “Go it, Cap, we got ‘em; but don’t be too brash’ we ain’t there yit.” The Cap just kept her shaking along, and both jib and mainsail were worked as only men can work who are wrapped up in the sport, with grim set faces and eyes that glared with the joy of battle, and each one felt that sublime faith in the other that only comes to men at such moments.

At last we begin to see the dock as in a dream; there is no time to look. Now the wind is more steady and we give her a better full, down she goes, and out flies the jib, to be trimmed down at once, while Morrill lets a bit of mainsheet go and then jerks it in again. Now we get a wink of a look and see the dock and a mass of people on it. As we range up, not a sound is heard, but the screaming of the wind and the boiling of the water under the bow. The sails flutter in the puffs and the spray flies in sheets across the boat. We range by the dock, and after we had gone well by heard a voice fairly scream, “Gone in”, followed by a roar of voices, shrill screams of triumph, for there were men that backed Comet with big wads of money. Up in the wind went the boat and down went the mainsail; it was no small job, either to get it in, round she spun, and down went the jib. A perfect Babel greeted us at the dock. Shrill cries of “I win fifty dollars”. “I win a

## Shattemuc Yacht Club History

hundred dollars”, “I win a dollar”, “Three cheers for the Comet”. Willing hands fended off when we touched the dock, and what a slap on the shoulder the “stick” man got from Morrill; it nearly knocked him down. Clacker was beside himself. Then up came the other boat; they had kept the men in and hoped to see Comet upset, but their wish was not to be gratified; Comet could lay down flatter and go faster than any boat of her day.

Then there was pandemonium. It was then the custom to beat the man who sailed the boat with felt hats and the way they were laid on was worse than the squall. But Byron’s line was verified, “Men may lead the worst by ever striving to be first” and it must be said that those rough men treated the winner as if he were a king. A man who could build such a boat and then sail her could ask for anything he wanted. After a while, when the fun was past, and there was talk of another match a man came up behind the owner of Comet and put a big roll of bills in his hand with a whisper “Don’t let ‘em back you down”; the man had never seen him before.

The next morning we sailed away with about all the loose money in Sing Sing, and the son of the Superintendent of the Prison, Mr. Beardsley, lent us a long whip, which we carried from the peak. The clacker remarked as he looked up at it “What a long tail our cat has”. As we passed the next town we were greeted with loud yells and hails of “Come ashore”: of course, we had to go. Were not these men “Comet Rooters”? Everything eatable and drinkable was force on us, and we left for home loaded down with good wishes.

Years after, as the owner of Comet was walking about the lawn, a tall fellow came to the fence and peered anxiously in and at last said, “Say! Did you ever own the Comet?” The reply was favorable, and the big fist was thrust out with “I was the boy who took the men off the Comet at that Sing Sing race. I am glad to see you, sir.” He went away in great glee and no doubt spun a yarn when he went home. It is sad to relate, but a policeman who had been on duty at Sing Sing told the owner of the Comet that he stood on the parapet and saw the men on Hester Ann paddle with something, could see their hands

working at something. The writer has since that day sailed with tough men from the foot of Jackson Street, East, but for a slick job would favor guileless inhabitants of Sing Sing.

Comet carried nearly twice the ballast of the other boats of her size, and always beat other boats when laid down as far as the coaming. In a race, when a bad flaw would strike her, she would heel more than the other boats; but during the puffs she would go much faster than the rest, and when the wind was moderated they would all be alike. Fifteen years after Comet was built a close measurement of her was made, and a 24-foot boat called Meteor was built for the late Cornelius Roosevelt. She sailed in a race at Oyster Bay and won by a large margin. Meteor held her ground against all comers for nearly ten years. This shows how much improvement had been made by builders in that length of time. The remarkable peculiarity of Comet was her instability while at rest. The writer has seen a man step on the coaming from another boat, when the boat had her sand ballast in, and heel her down until the water was up to the coaming; and yet, when at speed, she was a wonderfully stable boat, and all you had to do was to hold and keep her full; she would do the rest. The writer has designed many a boat since, of all kinds and descriptions, but is frank enough to say that he never built another Comet. This seems a sad reflection, but nevertheless it is true. There are so many things that make a boat sail fast, and so few people who know what they are, that the mystery of a boat is still far away. Even boats built from the same moulds do not perform alike.

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*The Rudder*

*Vol. 17 No 3 (1906)*

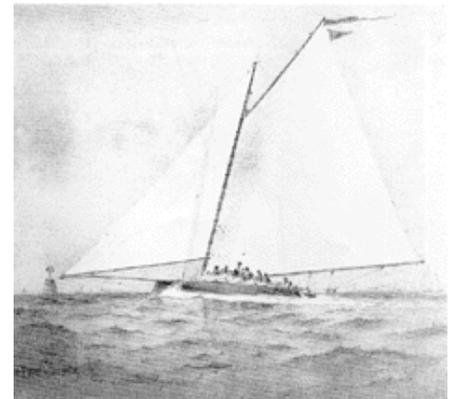
*By William E Simmons*

**The Sandbagger** The sandbagger is now only a memory but it is a memory full of excitement and not without instruction. The day of the sandbagger was long and crowded with incident. While not well defined in limits, it covered a period of at least thirty-five years, beginning with 1850 and ending with 1885. It reached its fullness in the seventies. Then the waters about New York swarmed with craft that no doubt seemed beautiful at the time but would

be pronounced odd by the Herreshoffised taste of the present day. From twenty to forty of them were to be seen in almost every regatta hereabout.

Big money prizes, amounting on some occasions to \$1500 were offered for their attraction and extraordinary regattas were held year in and year out on the lower bay, on the Sound about New Rochelle, and at Newberg on the Hudson. The New York was the only club that did not openly encourage them but many of its members, some notable ones, too, owned and raced them under the burgees of other clubs. For example, William Edgar, the second commodore of the New York Yacht Club, owned the Eleanor for years and raced her persistently at New Rochelle. The Iselins also did not hold themselves too high for the sandbagger. Several were owned in the family, and C Oliver of cup-defense fame, not only learned the alphabet of sailing from them, but also first came into yachting notice as a sandbag racer.

Although the sandbagger has disappeared from the racing lists it has not altogether gone out of existence. I know that one member of the family, the Walter F Davids, long a well known New Rochelle racer is, under cat rig, still afloat and doing duty as a fisherman on Barnegat Bay. In evidence of their staunchness notwithstanding her age, I can testify to having ridden out in her, about four years ago, one of the worst three days’ gale every known on this coast. Several of the most successful racers were sold South after the popularity of the type began to wane here, and no doubt others with changed rig are still in service as pleasure boats along the coast.

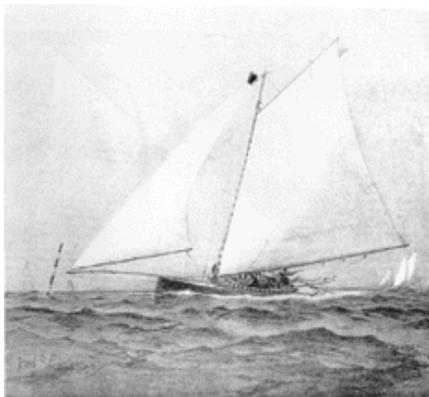


## Shattemuc Yacht Club History

I have referred to the seaworthiness of the Davids after 35 years of hard service. Nearly all of the sandbaggers were strongly built. It was essential to build them strong because of the great sail-spread they carried, and properly handled they were able to live through almost any weather. Yet they were not a safe type of boat, since, depending for stability on beam and moveable ballast, they were easily capsizable. True, they seldom, if ever, sank after capsizing for, as the sandbags generally went out as they went over, there was nothing left aboard to carry them down. Capsizing, therefore, was rarely attended with loss of life. The skill required to keep them right side up also developed a class of able seamen. But after all is said in their favor it must be acknowledged they were not a healthy type.

But some of my shipmates have perhaps been asking all this while, what is a sandbagger. How many of the present generation of yachtsmen have ever seen one? I would not venture to answer the question. Of course frosted monuments, like the skipper and myself, do not belong to the present generation. The sandbagger was, bear in mind it no longer is, like some of the so-called flying machines, a thing of small body and great wings. With plumb stem, angular stern, low freeboard, scantling shaped, downward curved bowsprit, a ladder-like outrigger aft, it carried an immense mainsail and jib, and not infrequently, a sprit topsail and jib topsail. It was, without exception, an open boat, varying in length from 16 to 29 feet, and from 8 to 13 feet in breadth. There were some up to 30 feet in length and some under 16 feet, but they did not count. The most successful boats were about 28 feet long and all of the famous racers were within the limits given. The Susie S, for example was 27 feet long and 9 feet broad. According to size they carried from 30 to 90 sandbags, each of 50 pounds weights, and a crew of from half a dozen to fifteen men. The Dare Devil, of New Rochelle, owned by C Olive Iselin, carried 90 sandbags and was accredited with the largest sail-spread for her inches of any boat afloat. When the boat was on the wind the sandbags were piled up to windward outside the cockpit coaming and the crew, except the skipper and the sheet tenders, piled upon the sandbags. When

the boat went about the sandbags and the crew were shifted, which involved some lively hustling. When quick work was not done some sandbags went over board, not infrequently a man or two, and sometimes also, all hands and the skipper.



With the single exception of Charlie Barr, all of the famous yacht skippers learned the trick in the sandbagger. Joe Ellsworth, Hank Haff<sup>8</sup>, Aubrey Crocker, all first attracted attention as sandbag skippers. But there were others, not destined to become internationally known, even more famous than those, as skippers of this particular craft. The most famous of the company was Capt. Ira Smith, a Fulton ferry pilot, who probably won more races than any two other skippers. Next in rank stood Jake Schmidt, of Staten Island, who distinguished himself as a builder as well as a skipper. Jake has been stowed away in Davy Jones' locker for some years, but Capt Ira though over 70 years old, is still sitting upon the lid. Other notable skippers were Harry Smedley, likewise a boat builder, Sam Greenwood, Joe Morris, Charlie Thatford and Jim Sweeney. No important regatta was complete without the presence of some or all of these noted skippers, each of whom had a host of admirers ready to back with money their estimate of his skill.

Of the builders of sandbaggers by long odds the most famous was Pat McGieghan, an Irishman or American of Irish descent, who about the beginning of the seventies, I have not the exact date, opened a shop on the Jersey shore of the upper bay, at a place

<sup>8</sup> Owned and sailed the 20 foot cat boat LuLu at Sing Sing in 1888

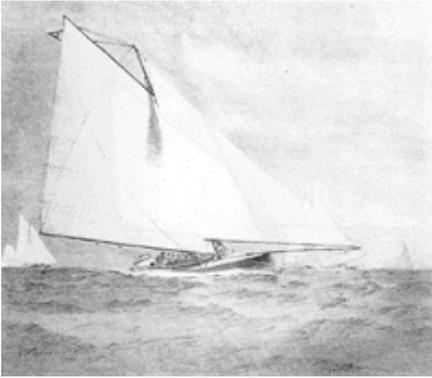
## Early Sailing at Ossining 8

then called Saltersville, afterwards Pamrapo, now a part of Bayonne. McGieghan soon became known throughout the country as a builder of extraordinarily fast boats and, in a limited way, achieved an international reputation, for his models were copied in Canada. The most uniformly successful boat he ever turned out was the Susie S, which he built in 1871 under the name of Bella. The Susie S will be spoken of more particularly below in connection with other boats of McGieghan build. Though eminently successful in building small boats, McGieghan never turned out anything large. I am not aware that he ever attempted to build a large yacht, but the task was essayed for him by others. Both of the Canadian aspirants for the America's Cup, the schooner Countess of Dufferin, which came in 1876, and the sloop Atalanta, which came in 1881, were copies of McGieghan's models, and both were sorry failures.

Next in prominence stood Jake Schmidt. Jake, in the Pluck and Luck, achieved one success as great in its way as the Susie S, but the two boats were seldom pitted against each other, as they belonged to different classes. The Susie S ranked in the first class and the Pluck and Luck in the second class. Each held the first place in its own class. While Schmidt did not achieve as great a success as McGieghan as a builder, he was even more famous in other ways. He was celebrated as a skipper and one of the most picturesque characters and best known men in yachting circles about New York. He kept a house of entertainment on Bay View Avenue, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, about halfway down to Stapleton, where a flaring sign invited old salts to come to anchor. And where such as did come to anchor they shivered their timbers over many a good yarn spun by the host. On New York Yacht Club race days he and his huge dog Sailor were familiar figures for years in the mark boat, first off Owls Head and afterward off Buoy 12 in the lower Bay.

Other less well known builders were Henry Smedley of South Brooklyn, who was also prominent as a skipper; David Kirby of Rye, who was better known as the designer and builder of the famous big sloop Arrow; and Driscoll of

Greenpoint. Another well known builder was James Lenox, who will be remembered by all of the old timers.



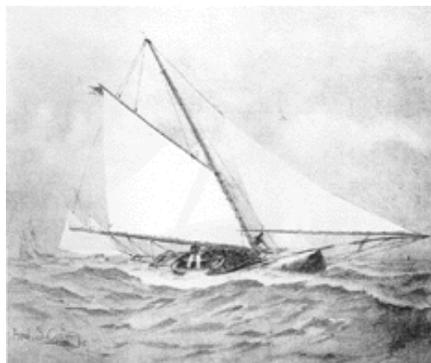
The sandbaggers were divided into four classes as follows: First Class, 26 to 30 feet in length; Second Class, 23 to 26 feet; Third class, 20 to 23 feet; Fourth class, under 20 feet. The most successful of the first-class boats was, as has already been said, the Susie S, and her most formidable competitors were the Meteor, W R Brown, Silence, Walter F Davids, Dare Devil, Eleanor and Josephine. In the second class the leader was Pluck and Luck, with the Martha Munn, H H Holmes, Let Her Be, Clara S, Thistle, Coquette and C F Ammon, constant though generally unsuccessful competitors. The third class comprised Sophia Emma, Mary Emma, Truant and Frou Frou, while among the best known fourth-class boats were the Victoria, Flyaway, Fidget, Thomas Paine, Corni and Carrie. It must be borne in mind, however, that these divisions were not invariable, for we find both the Sophia Emma and the Marry Emma frequently sailing in the second class, while on the other hand the Eleanor, after being outbuilt in the first class, was relegated by degrees until she finally dropped into the fourth class.

No better evidence of the popularity of the sandbagger in its day can be offered than the fact that some of the smallest of them were owned and raced by wealthy men who either then or afterwards were prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. For example, the fourth-class boats Fidget, Flyaway and Victoria were owned respectively by Irving Grinnell, Van Buren Livingston and James A Roosevelt. Wm. Edgar also continued to own and race the Eleanor after she had been relegated to the

fourth class. I have already mentioned the Iselins as owners of more than one and it may be added that Charles Pryer owned Truant for many years. On the lists of the regatta committees and judges who handled the races I find the names of Oliver E Cromwell, Delancy Kane, Theodosius Bartow, Newberry D Thorne, Frederick De Puyster, James H Elliott and Edward E Chase. The recognition of the sandbagger was not therefore confined to yachtsmen of moderate means and obscure associations. They were not very cheap boats for the time. The average cost was about \$1,000 and the cost of maintenance, on account of the large crews required was considerable.

The lists of entries for the fourth annual regatta given by the citizens of Newburgh, sailed August 1, 1877, affords at once evidence of the number of sandbaggers then in existence and their popularity among all classes of yachtsmen. [see table below].

There were thirteen absentees, among them the Susie S and Walter F Davids, so the starters numbered thirty-two. The winners were, in the first class, the Brown and the Dare Devil second; in the second class, Pluck and Luck, with Let Her Be second; in the third class, Sophia Emma, with Addie Taylor second; in the fourth class Victoria, with Flyaway second. The Brown was also the winner of the special prize of \$150 for the fastest time over the course, but the little Pluck and Luck gave her a hard tussle and came in only 2 minutes and 48 ½ seconds behind.



The Susie S was not only the most uniformly successful of all the first-class sandbaggers, but her reign of supremacy was also very much the longest. She was built by Pat. McGieghan in 1870 or

71, statements as to the date vary, for Nick. Duryea, a gambler called by abuse of courtesy Commodore Duryea. A gambler is generally regarded as a crook, but the opinion is not altogether warranted. I have known many an honest gambler. Duryea, however, was undoubtedly a crook, and he was finally shot and killed in a New York street by another gambler who claimed he had swindled him. The claim was probably well founded if Duryea may be judged by some of his well known acts. His principle business was policy dealing, which is as barefaced robbery as modern life insurance methods. Duryea, by pulling a race, was responsible for the first disruption of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, in 1865. Yet he managed to cut a figure in the sport for many years afterward. .

The Susie S made her appearance as the Bella and at once attracted attention. After she had established a reputation for speed Duryea felt warranted in offering to match her against anything of her size for \$1,000 to \$900, with a \$50 bonus to the tar who made the match. The gauntlet was taken up by the Ellsworths, who declining both the odds and the bonus pitted the Meteor against her for \$1,000 a side. The Meteor was owned by Allen C Bush, a Wall Street broker, and she was sailed by Capt. Joe. Ellsworth. The Bella was sailed by David Snedeker. The race, sailed early in August 1872 was ten miles to windward and return from Owls Head to Buoy 5 off the point of Sandy Hook. The Meteor had the Bella beaten long before the outer mark was reached, but it was a case of heads I win, tails you lose. There were two judges and a referee. Duryea had one of the judges and the referee. The other judge was Capt. H Van Buskirk of Bayonne, who afterward became well known as a successful skipper of the sloop Fanita. Duryea was undoubtedly afraid of Joe Ellsworth, for he tried to clam the stakes before the start, on the pretext that Mr. Bush had not named his judge within the stipulated time. The fact was that Bush had been prevented by business from meeting Duryea on the day named, but had sent a representative whom Duryea refused to recognize. The claim having been disallowed, Duryea tried to bluff by refusing to let the Bella start, but Bush promptly

announced that the Meteor would sail over the course and claim the stakes. The Duryea concluded to let the Bella sail and the question arose which owner should have the choice of referee. It was customary in those days to stickle for everything and toss a coin for a choice. Each owner had a tug on hand for the conveyance of the guests., Duryea had the Commodore Duryea, of which he was part or principal owner, while Bush had the Virginia Seymour, a noted yacht tender of the day. Duryea insisted that the judges and referee should go on the Duryea and Bush unwisely consented. Here is what Capt. Van Buskirk said in a published statement signed with his name a day or two after the race, about the toss of the coin:

“The cent was tossed by Mr. Duryea, Mr. Bush calling head. The cent landed upon the deck near my feet, and I distinctly saw it head up. Mr. Duryea picked the cent from the deck, and in doing so turned it over and claimed that he had won the choice, to which I demurred, knowing that Mr. Bush had won it. Mr. Bush finally consented to allow Duryea the choice of referee” Capt. Van Buskirk did not give the names of Duryea’s judge and referee and Duryea did not deem it prudent to do so. The Meteor being the larger boat had to allow two minutes, and she therefore gave the Bella one minute start. Five miles after the start the meteor passed her adversary to windward and took the lead. In the lower bay the Bella was hopelessly behind and the Duryea taking position at Buoy 4, half a mile to leeward of Buoy 5, the proper mark where the Seymour was lying, signaled her to come alongside. Duryea then told Snedeker, the skipper of the Bella, to turn Buoy 4 and make for home. Eight minutes later the Meteor rounded the designated mark. Duryea had the effrontery to claim the race and his pliant judge and referee turned the stakes over to him despite the protest of Capt. Van Buskirk, in whose face, it was said at the time, they flourished a revolver. The Bayonne Yacht Club very properly expelled Duryea at the next meeting. Bush brought suit for his money, but the action had not been tried when Duryea was killed.

Shortly after that match the Bella passed from the hands of Duryea into those of Capt. Ira Smith who made her reputation. She was usually entered in the name of E P Miller, a Wall Street broker. After winning a number of races and a notable match against the Tiger, of Bridgeport, Conn., he changed her name to the Susie S, under which she became famous. Among her most remarkable triumphs were a match with the Martha and the Mattie: a sweepstakes against the Wm. T Lee, Maud and Jeannette; the diploma and medals for the fastest time over the course, against forty-eight sail in the Centennial Regatta of 1876; a match against the Greenpoint for \$1,000 a side; a match against the W R Brown, at Newburgh in 1877, for \$750 a side. For three years in succession she took first prize in her class at the annual regattas both of the Brooklyn and New Rochelle Yacht Clubs.

After a practically unbeaten career in these waters the Susie S was purchased by A Brewster of the Southern Yacht Club, and taken to New Orleans, where her name was changed to Albertina. However, she did not meet with as uninterrupted success there as here. About the same time the W R Brown and the Pluck and Luck were also purchased by New Orleans yachtsmen named Israel. The name of the Brown was changed to Lady Emma. Under less skillful hands than those of Capt. Ira Smith the Albertina was frequently beaten by the Lady Emma and sometimes also by the Pluck and Luck. After selling the Susie S Capt Smith had the Silence, a boat of about the same size, built by James Lenox of South Brooklyn, and in the summer of 1881, the Southern Yacht Club having offered a prize of \$1,500 for yachts of that class, took her to New Orleans. The Silence did not win the prize but Capt. Smith had a very good excuse as he carried away his topmast and yet was beaten by only a few seconds. A match race for \$1,000 a side was then arranged to be sailed at Mississippi City between the Silence and the Albertina. The Silence had the lead going out, but the Albertina turned the wrong mark and came home ahead. Although the latter was clearly beaten the committee decided that the race should be resailed. Next time the

Silence got her anchor fouled on the old steamboat pier at Mississippi City and could not free it until the Albertina has secured a lead that was not to be overcome. However, Mr. Brewster chivalrously divided the stakes with Capt Smith. He also swapped the Albertina for the Silence and gave \$500 to boot. So Capt Smith brought the Albertina back to New York, gave her back her old name Susie S, and sailed her to new triumphs.



At one time there was a red-hot controversy as to the relative speed of the Susie S and the Dare Devil. The latter was half an inch shorter but she carried more sail. She was built by Jake Schmidt, at Staten Island, about the middle of the seventies for C Oliver Iselin, who raced her for several years and then sold her to Thomas O’Dell. O’Dell afterward sold her to W H Dilworth. She made her reputation under Iselin’s ownership and it was then the controversy arose. It began with a proposition from Iselin to race the boats ten miles to windward and return and the discussion of the terms reveals some queer yacht racing practices then in vogue. In a statement published over his signature, after failing to agree, Capt. Ira Smith declares that Mr. Iselin wanted to have the privilege of throwing overboard half of the Dare Devil’s ballast after turning the windward mark. The Dare Devil, it will be remembered carried 90 sand bags of 50 pounds each. Capt. Smith then proceeds to make five propositions, to allow the Dare Devil to throw overboard ten bags of not more than 50 pounds each; to sail without any dead weight and limit the crews to 15 men each; to use only working sails and allow the Dare Devil one more square foot of canvas; to sail 20 miles to windward, each boat having the liberty

to throw overboard half of her ballast; total six races ten miles to windward, on the six successive days, for \$250 a side, on each race, play or pay, all the money to be put up before the first race, the Dare Devil to be allowed to throw ten bags overboard. I find no record that the match was ever sailed.

A few facts about some of the other well known sandbaggers will fittingly close this sketch already somewhat in excess of the space limits. The Sophia Emma was built early in the seventies by Pat. McGieghan for Jacob Varian, The Mary Emma was also built by McGieghan for Varian and afterward

sold to one of the Iselins. The Pluck and Luck was built by Jake Schmidt, who raced her himself for a while and then sold her to the Iselins, The Martha Munn was built by Driscoll for Jim Sweeney. She was afterward owned by J O'Brien. Just So was but by McGieghan for the Ellsworths. The Truant and Frou Frou were built at New Rochelle by J W Thorne, the former for Charles Pryer, the latter for himself. The Eleanor was built prior to the seventies by David Kirby of Rye. She was owned first by William Edgar and afterward by a man named Morris. The Walter F Davids was built by Kissam, at New Rochelle, about the beginning of

the seventies for George Davids and was afterward owned by William Layton. The Josephine was built by Webber, of New Rochelle, for R B Hartshorne. The W R Brown was built by Henry Smedley of South Brooklyn, early in the seventies for Judge Charles F Brown, of Newburgh.

Yacht	Length	Owner	Port	Yacht	Length	Owner	Port
FIRST CLASS				Kate E	20.09	Wm H Devoe	Rondout
Susie S	27.04	E P Miller	New York	Jane A	16.00	J J Reid	New York
W R Brwon	27.03	Chalres F Brown	Newwburgh	Cora D	17.11	W A Wright	New York
Dare Devil	27.04	Oliver Iselin	New York	Gracie	20.10	J S Clark	Yonkers
W F Davids	27.07	William Layton	New Rochelle	Addie Taylor	21.10	William Taylor	Jersey City
SECOND CLASS				Lawrence	18.00	R L Carpenter	Fishkill
Pluck and Luck	24.08	E D Spahn	New York	Petrel	20.10	R R Ellison	New Windsor
Clara S	24.01	Joseph Stilger	New York	Sylvia	15.00	E Smedberg	New Windsor
H H Holms	24.03	J L Kregmeyer	Jesey City	Restless	18.10	C Weiant	Haverstaw
Freak	24.04	Joseph H Weddie	Newburgh	Etta	19.00	S Brinkerhoff	Fishkill
Bertha	25.00	E Molyneux	Tarrytown	A Smith Ring	17.06	Geo. W. Shaw	Newburgh
Let Her Be	24.10	Harry Smedley	New York	Faith	21.10	Henry Weeks	Brooklyn
Coquette	22.00	C Olmstead	Tarrytown	Emily	18.06	R McClauseland	Roundout
THIRD CLASS				Little Fidget	20.00	G Penfield	New Rochelle
Onward	18.00	S R Van Tassel	New York	FOURTH CLASS			
Zig Zag	18.00	Fred E Lewis	Tarrytown	Figet	28.00	Irving Grinnell	New Hamburg
Nettie Hunting	21.00	H F Hunting	New York	Flyaway	32.06	Van B Livingston	Ulster Park
Willie	17.03	Mort. Sampson	Jesey City	Victoria	27.05	J A Roosevelt	Hyde Park
Alice	17.03	Has. D P Gibson	Jesey City	Corni	32.06	A S Riley	Newburgh
Kate Jerolemon	18.06	John Krieg	Jesey City	Anna	27.09	E W Knapp	Roundout
Mary Jane	19.00	A Monroe	Jesey City	Thomas Paine	27.09	George W Lloyd	New Rochelle
Sophia Emma	21.09	Jacob Varian	New York	Carrie	25.00	J R Hoffman	Nyack
Spinaway	21.03	La Montague Bros.	New York	Eleanor	26.05	W Edgar	New Rochelle
Peter O'Brien	19.10	Fred Werseke	New York	Laura	30.00	D N Munger	Brooklyn