

In 1851 the first world's exhibit ever held was opened at Crystal Palace in London, and as a sort of culmination of the ceremonies attending the opening there was a great international assemblage of yachts at Cowes. Many races were on the program, chief of which was an international race open to the yachts of all nations for a cup offered by the British Royal Yacht Squadron, the course to be around the Isle of Wight, 81 miles. Commodore Stevens sent the *America* over for this race, the first ever participated in by American and British yachts. From the moment of the *America's* arrival at Cowes she was an object of curiosity and apprehension and on one pretext or another the British yacht owners hesitated to accept the challenge that Commodore Stevens issued to the world. Finally the challenge was accepted and the race was sailed on Friday, August 22, 1851. The New York Herald correspondent on the spot described it as follows:

Shortly after nine o'clock on Friday morning the yachts were at their stations off the club house, the *America* lying considerably astern. She was a strange-looking craft enough with her long, low, black hull, her breadth of beam, and her thick, stiff-looking, rakish masts. Pitted against her were fourteen yachts, of which six were schooners and eight cutters. Among these were the flower of the English sporting navy, the choicest products of shipbuilding skill. At ten o'clock the signal was fired from the club house. Before the smoke had cleared away, the fleet was under way, moving steadily to the east with the tide and gentle breeze. The only laggard was the *America*, which did not move for a second or so after the others. Steamers, shore boats, and yachts of all sizes buzzed along on each side of the course and spread away for miles.

If the British heart leaped with momentary exultation over the slowness of the *America* in getting under way, it was only momentary. She began to creep up on her opponents, passing some of the cutters to windward. In a quarter of an hour she had left them all behind, save only the *Constance*, the *Beatrice* and the *Fairy Queen*, which were well together and went along smartly with the light breeze. In another quarter of an hour the *America* was clear of them all. Off Sandown Bay, the wind freshening, her jibboom was carried away, but she was well handled and the mishap produced no ill effect, her competitors gaining a trifle, but not approaching her. From the moment she rounded St. Catherine's Point the race was practically over. When the *America* finally reached the starting vessel at twenty-five minutes to nine p. m., there was no competitor in sight.

The news reached Her Majesty the Queen on board of her yacht. "Who is second?" asked the Queen. "Your Majesty there is no second,"