

Toronto Telegram, July 9, 1932
Schooner Days LIV (54)
by C.H.J. Snider

Bones

Last week we had Capt. Jas. Peacock's reminder that his old schooner, Arthur, of Toronto, in 1917 (the forty-third year of her age), began making ocean voyages, and was very successful thereat. She carried, as he pointed out, lumber between Halifax and South Africa. But this was not the Arthur's first venture overseas. Forty years before she had had a thorough baptism of salt. She was not christened the Arthur originally, but was the Trump of Toledo—and well named, too.

WHEN the *Trump of Toledo* was launched into the Maumee River in 1874, the Chicago stock yards were rising on the ruins of the Chicago fire, and there began a great accumulation of bones from the abattoirs and packing plants. Enterprising salesmen placed orders for them in Britain for use as fertilizer, bonemeal, glue, and the Lord knows what. The *Trump of Toledo* was chartered to take a load over to Liverpool; and from Chicago to Liverpool she sailed with her fragrant cargo. She came back bearing the odor of service if not sanctity. Perhaps that is why she changed her name; it was too much like Skunk.

Capt. James Ewart, of Cobourg, father of three captain sons and owner of several smart schooners, also got a bone charter for his new schooner, *Pacific*, just off the ways in south Marysburg; a fine three-master, plumb stemmed, of the old Welland Canal type.

Warned by fragrance of the *Trump*, Capt. Ewart thriftily lined the ceiling or inside planking of his new schooner with inch pine lumber. Then he took her to Chicago and loaded the odoriferous cargo in comfort. It was all right once the hatches were on, and he knew that neither the bones nor the maggots he feared they would breed would never touch the real "innards" of the *Pacific*. Taking Capt. Mays along as navigator he made the passage down the lakes and across the big pond to Liverpool, and cleared a reasonable sum for his voyage. Then he ripped out the pine sheathing from his hold and sold it for building material at a profit greater than what he had made in the bone charter! In addition he had a sweet, clean schooner, with her ceiling so unstained you could eat a meal off it.

The *Pacific* never got home to the lakes. Capt. Peacock did not give the reason why, but it is said to be this:

After selling the sheathing the enterprising Capt. Ewart coolly took on a charter to South America for his schooner to load coffee for New York. In the South American port, reached without mishap, the cargo had to be lightered out to her and loaded by hand, a hot, tedious, tiresome job. The crew did not exactly mutiny, but they went on strike. Capt. Ewart appealed to the local magistrate, who threw the strikers out of the ship and into the calaboose.

But that did not help the *Pacific* get her load or get away. To avoid rotting at his anchors, as many foreign-going ships have done, Capt. Ewart shipped a crew of blacks, loaded his coffee and sailed for New York.

It was a tedious passage, but the *Pacific* got there. Some of her ex-crew got there about the same time by steamer, having been released from the tropic jail, and sea lawyers soon talked them into prosecuting their late captain on charges of cruelty and abandonment. Capt. Ewart had

to give bail. On the advice of counsel he came home to Cobourg, and sent back his son, Capt. James Ewart, jr., to bring the schooner home as soon as she was unloaded. Young Capt. Jim got a charter for Newfoundland and sailed down the New York Narrows, leaving the sea lawyers to gnash their teeth. But in heavy weather and a snowstorm the *Pacific* struck a rock on the Newfoundland coast and went to pieces. Her crew were saved. Capt. Jim Ewart lived to sail some of the largest and finest lake carriers in the modern days of steam.

Capt. James Ewart, sr., who owned, among other vessels, the schooners *Albacore*, *Vienna*, *Caroline Marsh*, *Speedwell*, *Pacific* and *W. T. Greenwood*, died in Cobourg in 1895, and all the flags in the Ewart fleet flew at half-mast for him.

Recalls Old Elevators___And Schooners That Lay There in the Late '70s.

Dear Sir, —I have been going to write to you for a long time to say how much I have enjoyed your writings about ships and in the days of long ago; and so I have been wondering if you have ever heard of a schooner (as I call it) called the "Sweepstakes," which for several seasons, probably from 1876 or 77 to maybe 1882 or 83, used to winter at the wharf of the late Ald. Wm. Adamson immediately east of Church street and quite close to West Market street. As quite a youth I used to be intensely interested in the captain, who was a powerfully built man and who had lost part of one of his fingers, his brother used to lay his ship right next to the Sweepstakes and they lived all winter on the boats. He was also a big powerful man. The name of his boat I have forgotten, although (unless my memory is at fault) I seem to think or imagine that it was Belle something. I have often wondered just what the fate of these two men and their ships might have been and I am wondering if it might be possible for you to have some information about them.

I might say that at the time I was an apprentice with the firm of C. Wilson & Son, scale manufacturers, whose factory was built right in front of Wm. Adamson's small elevator. By the way, one of the funniest things I ever saw happen was a schooner coming into the slip immediately east of Sylvester Bros. & Hickman's elevator, and it had too much way on and its bowsprit punched a hole 8 inches or 10 inches diameter in one of the bins of the elevator and backed out and some hundreds of bushels of barley ran into the bay.

With all good wishes and sincerely trusting that you will continue your "Schooner Days."
" Very truly yours, —WM. HUTCHINS.

167 Pearson avenue.

(The master of the Sweepstakes mentioned by Mr. Hutchins was probably Capt. Ted Thomas of Oakville. He was sailing her in the 70's. The Sweepstakes ended her days in the "Big Tub" at Tobermory. About the time Mr. Hutchins speaks of the Belle Sheridan was in commission. She was lost in 1880. There was also a smaller schooner Belle, then owned

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