

The Mary Ellen and H. V. Crandall

St. Croix Courier

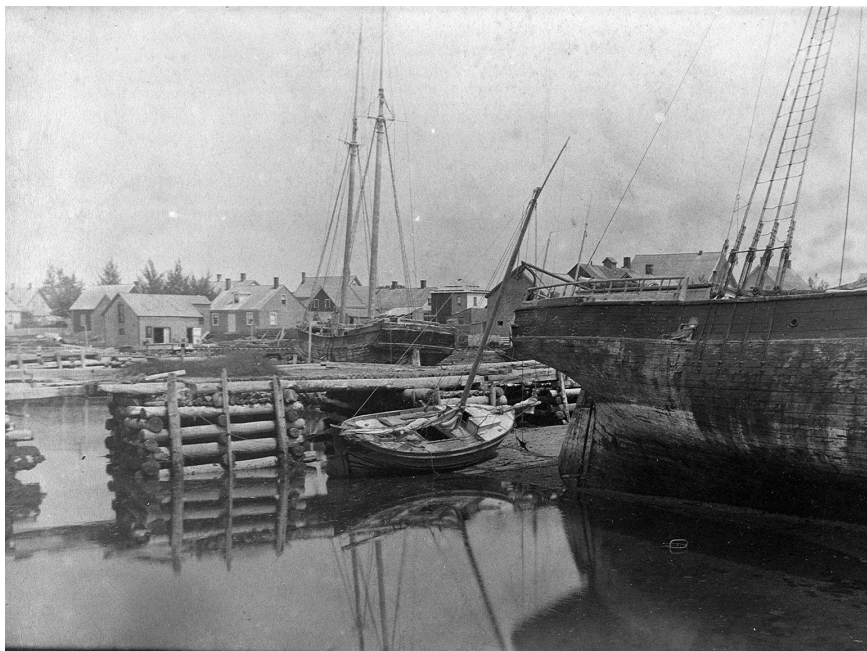
March 4, 1943

"Shiretown Items"

This photograph of a bit of waterfront in St. Andrews was taken by the late D. W. MacKay about 1890, of which a copy was made by Archie Shirley to serve the present purpose. Many the happy hour I have spent playing around those two old schooners. Having come from inland I was of necessity always obliged to serve before the mast as a greenhorn. More experienced boys my own age or younger composed the officers. Frank Guernsey always wanted to be captain. A tough captain he was, ordering us aloft in all kinds of weather. Leo Armstrong was usually the cook, and his unvaried menu of raw clams at times becoming monotonous, we were forced to supplement it with soda crackers filched from our mothers' pantries. In our imaginations we sailed the distant seas to far-off unknown lands.

The two schooners in the picture, which no doubt had been built many years before in the shipyards of St. Andrews and given long and faithful service, in the time of which I write all lay high and dry on the beach in their last days in peace and repose. The one on the right is the *Crandall*, *H. V. Crandall* I think; and the other is the *Mary Ellen*. On the extreme left is the home of Mr. Starkie, ship carpenter, and on the beach in the foreground the schooner yacht *Crusoe* which he was then building. The square partly finished house on the left in the background was being built by Theodore Holmes. The small house in the center foreground was occupied by James Ross and family. Behind it to the left is the stove foundry, then operated by Michael McMonagle, called Mike Mulligan.

Behind Ross's to the right is the home of Bat Donaghue, then conductor on the railway. And the large house further back was the home of Patsy Sheehan. I have forgotten who lived in the house



showing just over the stern of the *Crandall*, unless it was Thomas Pendlebury, the present occupant, who has been there for a long time.

Also I notice the railway running up the waterfront, which was “the extension.” The wharf in the center was later extended by B. F. DeWolfe and is now known as the upper C. P. R. wharf, and has rails running out to its end. Where the *Crandall* rests is now occupied by a thriving industry.

Mary Ellen and H. V. Crandall, with James Starkie's yacht Crusoe between, 1890.

Charlotte
County
Archives
p184.9

Standard

Oct. 6, 1869

Great Storm and Destruction of Property

...

Mary Ellen, J. Bratt, loaded for New York, rode out the gale.

*Standard***Feb. 23, 1877****Ship News**

Cleared

Feb. 13, *H. V. Crandall*, Wren, Barbadoes, boards, planks, etc. - Robinson and Glenn and others.

*Pilot***March 23, 1880**

The schooner *H. V. Crandall* is loading ice at Chamcook for New York, on owners' account. They expect to ship 5,000 tons. The schooner is owned by Mr. Robert Ross and others. The facilities for shipping ice from Chamcook Lake cannot be surpassed.

*St. Croix Courier***Aug. 25, 1881**

The schooner *H. V. Crandall* is in town discharging a cargo of Sydney coal, consigned to R. Ross.

*Pilot***Oct. 13, 1881**

The schooner *Mary Ellen*, of St. Andrews, bound to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, has been abandoned at sea, 100 miles east of Cape Ann. The crew were rescued by the schooner *Zedic* and taken to Liverpool, Nova Scotia. The *Mary Ellen* was 113 tons, built at Saint George in 1865, registered at St. John, with Mr. Robert Ross, of St. Andrews, as managing owner. Mr. Robert Ross received a telegram on Monday stating that the *Mary Ellen* was taken into Portland, Maine, full of water.

*Pilot***Aug. 20, 1885**

The schooner *H. V. Crandall* from Moncton to Boston, with a cargo of sleepers got ashore Thursday last at Black River during the fog, but came off again and was towed to Saint John for repairs.

*Beacon***April 13, 1893**

Robert Starkie, while playing around the derelict schooner *Mary Ellen* one day last week, fell off her deck and struck very heavily on the ice in her hold. When picked up he was in a semi-conscious state, and blood was flowing from one of his ears. Dr. Harry Gove was summoned. The boy is out again.

*Beacon***Nov. 15, 1894**

Schooner *H. V. Crandall*, whose bones have been whitening on the beach near the steamboat wharf for seven or eight years past, is being dismantled and will probably be broken up.

*Beacon***Oct. 25, 1906****Hulk Removed**

There was no moaning when the hulk of the old derelict *H. V. Crandall* put out to sea on Saturday last, but there was considerable groaning and grinding before the tug *Lord Roberts* could persuade her to leave the sandy bed where she had been sleeping for the past seventeen years. With assistance of some airtight puncheons she was towed across to a secluded spot alongside the Island where she may spend the evening of her days in peace. Her removal from the beach will improve the appearance of the slip, even though it will deprive the artist of a favorite subject for his pencil or camera.

*St. Croix Courier***March 30, 1944****"Shiretown Items"****Old Stuff**

Readers of the *Courier* may recall a picture of the derelict schooner *Mary Ellen* appearing in the paper a year or so ago. Here is a story which started with trip on that old schooner and ended on the Klondike trail. The *Mary Ellen* sailed from St. Andrews one day about sixty years ago for Saint John where she took on a cargo for New York. Capt. Clarke was master, Harry Maloney mate, and one

member of the crew was Arthur Mowat. While in Saint John the mate collected a lot of junk to take along to sell in New York for his own personal profit. When they reached New York, Mowat and another member of the crew wanted to go ashore but had no money. They appealed to the Captain but “nothing doing” said he till the end of the trip home when they all would be paid off. But next day while the Captain and Mate were at dinner a small boat manned by a couple of Jews pulled alongside and inquired if they had any junk to sell. Mowat and his companion thought this was their chance for a ticket ashore. While his companion passed down the junk Mowat balanced a large piece of pig-iron on the rail threatening to sink the Jews if they did not pay. At length the stuff was all aboard and the dickering began. The Jews offered \$10 and the men wanted \$20. As the time was limited and the Mate likely to appear at any minute they were obliged to compromise at \$15. Just how the money was spent was not mentioned by the narrator. Many years later, Mowat, who had gone west shortly after this trip on the *Mary Ellen*, was returning from the Klondike pretty well-heeled and came upon a man resting by the side of the trail who looked to be down and out. On making inquiries he learned that the man had no food and no money and was about all in. Mowat gave him some food and as he watched him eat he thought the man’s face looked familiar. He asked him his name and the chap in distress said he was Harry Maloney from St. Andrews, New Brunswick. “Well, well,” said Mowat, “I owe you \$20.” “And who might you be?” asked Maloney. “Nobody owes me any money.” “My name is Arthur Mowat,” was the reply. “Don’t you remember that junk that disappeared off the *Mary Ellen* in New York? I sold it and blew in the money.” Harry recalled the mystery of the junk and was glad to accept the \$20 which took him to Vancouver from which point the in time worked his way home a sadder, poorer but wiser man, who rarely spoke of his experience on the “Trail of ’98.” Mowat, who is now 83 years of age, has recently arrived from the west after many years’ absence, and plans to spend the summer with his sister, Miss Lillian Mowat, at his old home in Chamcook.