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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1975/6/1

Remembering Rum-Running Days Samuel Hardy Milton MacKenzie A keg of seized rum Samuel Hardy, North Sydney: You could be out there and it didn't make any difference • the cutters could be coming right on you for four weeks • it didn't make any difference to you. You were there because you had a load of rum to unload and there was no body was going to come onto you when the cutter was there. That's for sure. You were the raother ship • the schooners. She would be outside the limit and you could be in that cutter and lay on that ship a raonth if you want to • there's nobody go aboard her while you were there. Cause they knew you were a revenue boat • that's what the cutters were. Say you were in a big vessel, you might go 100 miles out of you way; then after dark corae back. Of course you know there wasn't too much power then. It was all sail. You had to get weather. That's what I say, that takes time, you see? You raight plan on it's going to be nice tonight • by the time you get there it'll corae up dirty weather and you'll have to heave off and jog the sea again • and when it came up you could manage a boat again, you came back so close to land as you could get. You'd come back as far as the limits. Most of the mother ships would go to Demerara (British Guiana, now Guyana, South America) • and then they'd go from there up off the states. And the small boats would know you were coming. You'd have that made up before you'd go but at it. And you'd know what kind of an order they wanted. You'd have an order for so many cases of whiskey, so many kegs of rum, so many cases of brandy, gin, wine • whatever it might T?e. You'd have it aboard. They used to have to go to St. Pierre to get whiskey. If somebody was going to Demerara, you'd have them get Demerara rum if you were going to work around Cape Breton. St. Pierre rum was no good around Cape Breton, and rum was no good above New York. No, no, no, you'd starve to death up there before you'd sell 10 kegs of rum. You see, up there you had to have malt, whiskey and malt • the malt they'd make their whiskey. My first time to Rum Row, I was about 18. We went up to St. John, New Brunsw'ick for a load of whiskey and took it up to New York. The schooner we were on • they didn't go in the harbour. All these small boats would come out. They'd come at night and pick you up. You didn't know who was coming but you did know that you were expecting boat. It could be police but they wouldn't very likely come aboard a rum runner • sometimes if they thought they could get away with it • but aw, no, you'd know who was coming. They'd come alongside of you; they'd ask the vessel's name. They might not know the raan exactly but they'd know his name, vdisoever was in charge of the ves? sel\* And they'd have an order, probably, from ashore\* You'd load her up and she'd go on her way\* I thoi:'ht it was a good job. Well, there wasn't too much work to it, you know. You weren't skipper of the vessel and you wouldn't know where it was going. You were only just passing it out to them. You didn't want to know. You just wanted to get back to land, to get in for a week or so. Go on the slip and get cleaned off and painted and corae out again. Then coming out you'd see the cutters\* You'd have to CAEB BRETON'S MAGAZINE, NUMBER ELEVEN WRECK COVB, CAEB BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA ' SECOND CLASS 14AIL • REGISmAXIC??}



NUMBER 3014 PinkEortliUctMa