

SUFFERINGS OF SHIPWRECKED MEN.

From the Portland (Me.) Argus, March 20.

A reporter of the *Argus* saw Capt. Orchard, of the wrecked schooner *J. W. Sawyer*, last night. He is still in his bed, although he is improving. He and the survivors of his crew are filled with gratitude for the kindness shown them by all the good people on Marshal and Swan's Islands. Capt. Orchard had a narrow escape. The vessel struck about 8 o'clock Wednesday night, and it was not until 2 o'clock the next morning that he got upon the ledge. In leaving the vessel he was caught by a sea and swept from the rocks under the vessel's bottom. He came to the surface again and again reached the rock, and was again washed away into the sea. The third time he reached the rock, when a sea struck him, throwing him on his back, and he was being drifted away. He was sinking, but had presence of mind enough to kick his foot out of water, when it was fortunately seized by one of the men on the rock, and he was dragged up. The men got one dory upon the ledge, and it proved their salvation. They succeeded in building a fire, but when they were taken from the island they were all blind from the salt water and smoke which had filled their eyes. The ledge on which they landed was a low piece of rock about 30 yards long. At one end of this was a higher ledge, but to reach this it was necessary to jump across a yawning chasm, through which the water dashed wildly on each returning wave. The chasm was so wide it could not be wholly leaped, but the men would jump, grabbing the rocks on the other side and climbing up. One of the men who were drowned reached the shore without scarcely wetting his feet. He ran along the low rocks and reached the chasm. Here he hesitated to jump, and waited too long. A wave struck him and swept him into the sea. John Bolton had his leg broken soon after the vessel struck. He afterward fell into the hold, but got out and worked his way to the stern of the vessel. He saw a good chance to jump and went over on to the rocks and climbed like a cat over the wet ledge, and coming to the chasm jumped across, and all this with a broken leg. Snow, one of the men drowned, had neither oil clothing nor mittens on. He soon became chilled. They stood him up to the mast, putting his hands on some rings to hold on. Young Orchard was standing near by when he saw Snow sink to the deck. His body washed around for a short time, but no signs of life were shown, and soon after the body was washed into the sea. Thursday afternoon four of the men took the leaky dory and started for Marshal's Island, two miles distant, which they reached in an almost perished condition, and they had to walk three miles to a house. Here they found John Lane, who heroically rowed to Swan's Island, being in the ice all night. He had nearly perished when he reached Swan's Island, where George C. Hall was seen, and, procuring some assistance, they started for the ledge and took the men off after they had suffered intensely there 48 hours. The very next day the waves washed completely over the rock, carrying away their fire and sail and everything else on the ledge.

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