

THE WRECK OF THE JOSEPH H. SCAMMELL.

A messenger has arrived from the wreck of the Joseph H. Scammell, which went ashore during the gale on Friday night, at Spring Creek (states the "Herald") with the intelligence that the vessel went to pieces at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, and that along the shore for miles are cases of cargo. About the hour mentioned a terrific gale broke over the creek, and those on the beach heard a crash, and the falling of spars into the water. When daylight broke it was seen that the vessel was a total wreck. Her masts had gone over the side, a clean breach was made through the hull, and the seas swept over her with great violence.

The crew of the ill fated vessel have just arrived in Geelong, and will go on to Melbourne by the midday train en route to the Sailors' Home. They speak in the highest terms of the captain's coolness and courage when the vessel struck.

The "Argus" has the following particulars regarding the wreck:—The Canadian ship Joseph H. Scammell went ashore late on Thursday night on the outlying reefs of Angel Point, a small headland near Spring Creek, 16 miles south west of Geelong. The crew of 20, together with the captain's wife and child, were on the ship until daylight the next morning, and in great peril, as the vessel was bumping heavily and liable to go to pieces at any moment. All behaved, however, with admirable coolness, and shortly after daylight all hands were got off safely, though they ran considerable danger in getting through a heavy surf. The vessel was built on very perfect lines, and was a first class ship in admirable condition. She was valued at £10,000, and her 2,200 tons of general cargo is said to be worth £60,000, so that the loss is a heavy one.

The "Age" gives the statement of the captain, in which he says:—I never dreamed for a moment that we were near land, because I was convinced that we were fully seven miles away from the coast. But the next moment I heard the mate cry out, "There's the breakers." I looked over the side of the vessel and saw what I believed was a dense black squall. I said to the mate, "That's a black looking squall," so certain was I that we were a long way off the land. I had only uttered the words when she struck. lightly at first, but the second time with a terrible shock, that made her tremble from stem to

a terrible shock, that made her tremble from stem to stern, and heel over in a fearful manner. I was completely thunderstruck, and was never so taken aback in all my life. A few minutes elapsed between the time of the first and second blows, and I had the helm put hard over and the sails brought close up to the wind with the object of wearing her off the land, but unfortunately the wind died away at the moment, and we were powerless to head her to sea. She then struck the second time upon a rock jutting out from a headland, and immediately swung round to the waves, which began to break over the stern and midships with great force. There must have been a terrible current to sweep us so quickly into the bay. I was allowing for the current and leeway, because I knew the tide was setting in. If I had 1,000,000 dol. at the time I would bet that we were at least seven miles away from the coast. When she first struck we were sailing with a good working canvas. She struck the rock with her bow, and is lying with her stern on the sand. I am glad it is all over. I never thought of myself, nor would any man who had his wife and child on board. It was the most anxious night I ever put in, but when I got my wife and child ashore I was content. At the same time it was a hard thing for me to lock the cabin doors of a vessel that has been my home for 110 days, with the knowledge that there was 8 feet of water in the hold of the old ship, and that she was certain to break up. I have lost everything I've saved during 24 years' hard work, and must start life afresh. If the pilots at the Heads did their duty they would have boarded my vessel at 11 o'clock yesterday, and I would be now safely at anchor in Hobson's Bay. I have travelled to nearly every port in the world, but I never met such nasty weather as I have off the Australian coast. For that very reason your pilots, instead of hanging about the Heads, should go out to sea and pick up vessels making for the port. The New York pilots, in properly equipped steamers, cruise hundreds of miles out to sea and pick up vessels safely into port. The British pilot system is also a good one, but your system is the worst I ever experienced.
