

## A STARTLING WRECK.

The Towboat James Blakemore Literally Torn to Pieces  
by the Ohio's Current.

Boat a Total Loss and Narrow Escape of the Crew.

### A THRILLING SCENE.

There was a thrilling sensation on the river in front of this city about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The towboat James Blakemore, of Pittsburg, passed over the falls about 9 o'clock yesterday morning with a tow of coal, which she carried to West Louisville, at Paddy's run, and tied up. The boat was in command of Capt. James Hays, with A. J. Crow and John Crow, father and son, at the wheel, Nathan Byron and Stephen Rogers engineers, Thomas Brady, steward, and Carrie Cornelius, chambermaid. In addition there were ten deck hands, fireman and coal heavers in the crew. The Blakemore was owned by Capt. Williams, of Pittsburg.

After disposing of her tow the Blakemore started on her return to Pittsburg. With a full head of steam and powerful machinery, she was fairly flying up the river, and had reached near the head of Sand Island, in the Kentucky channel, at the foot of the canal, when she was struck by the impetuous current that sweeps around the head of the Island. She literally "run under" – that is, her bow struck downward so that the water completely covered it. Seeing the danger the pilot rang to back her and the engines were reversed; but the irresistible current caught the boat alongside and whirled her over as though she had been a sheet of a few pounds weight.

Then commenced a most wonderful struggle and series of remarkable movements. Several of the crew were thrown overboard by the first over-tilt of the boat, and with the rapid rockings and swayings of the vessel others were thrown into the water, until finally the entire crew, except Capt. Hays, were in the mad current, battling for life. Most of the men swam to the boat and clung on to its sides and the fragments of the cabin that had been thrown off into the river, while others were rescued by parties in skiffs, who went out from Portland to their assistance, attracted by the screaming of the whistle, the rope to which was fouled by the first careen and kept the whistle throttle open to the last.

The struggle of the men in the water was most exciting, the news of the wreck and their condition flying like lightning through the Portland suburb and speedily attracting a large crowd to the shore. About the same time the steamer Fulton and the ferryboat Music arrived at the scene, and all the crew of the unfortunate boat were saved. Mr. Robert

Loyd and Mr. John Welch, of the Music, seized one man just as he was going under for the third time in a state of utter exhaustion.

As the boat swayed back from her first careen and dipped into the waves on the opposite side, a sheet of flame shot up as the water poured into the furnaces. She went clear under at this moment, when the steam pipes burst, with a loud noise; but they were under water and all thus luckily escaped scalding. The thrilling excitement of the wreck will never be forgotten by those on the unfortunate boat and those who witnessed it from the shore. The shouts of the crew for help and the screaming of the whistle blended wildly and terrifically, and that no one was drowned is indeed miraculous. All escaped injury, however, except James Brady, the colored steward. He went to the rescue of Carrie Cornelius, the chambermaid, and was thrown overboard, striking his forehead upon the rudder, receiving a deep gash but not a serious injury.

The Music and Fulton landed the wreck opposite the foot of East Third street, this city, on the Kentucky shore, where it was made fast.

The boat is a total wreck, being literally broken up. She was purchased by Capt. Joseph B. Williams last October for \$10,000, and was only partially insured. She was a powerful boat, and of the best of her class on the river.

The lamp cleaner on the Blakemore, who has been employed on the boat for a long time, says that a few nights before the Blakemore left Pittsburg on the trip that proved the end of her, his mother dreamed that the boat would turn over on the trip. So deeply impressed was the mother by this singular dream, that she did all in her power to induce her son not to make the trip upon her. The son says his mother, at parting with him, expressed the fear she would never see him again. The son was thrown into the river by the accident and had a narrow escape from drowning.

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