

Farland, captain of a flat boat from Pittsburg, who, in spite of wind and waves, crossed the Mississippi in a small canoe, and exploring the willows, shallows and deep water, saved 15 of them by two or three at a time, which was all his canoe could hold. Among those who had been saved was a person who had a piece of lighted candle in his hand, which by the exertions of J. W. Jones, was providentially the means of preserving the lives of those who had been rescued from the water. Mr Jones contrived to pile up cord wood and other logs, with an activity of which he alone was capable at the time, and raising a large wood pile upon a shallow of about 6 inches deep of water, set fire to a cotton tree with the candle, and thus, after much difficulty, made a large fire, about 40 yards from the willow where Mr. Vimont rested, until about two hours before day, as Mr. Vimont could not be taken from it until all those who were in more immediate danger had been saved by the yawl and carried to the fire; by that light he could see below or about him 50 or 60 of his fellow sufferers, either struggling in the water or clinging to the willows and logs, until they were either taken up or sunk to rise no more.

Capt. McFarland carried those whom he had saved to the opposite shore, where he had a large fire made for them; he paid them the greatest attention, and took down to Natchez those who chose to go, and could not be prevailed upon to receive any pay, even from those who had any means left. Mr. Vimont says, that in saving some who were clinging to a log, Mr. McFarland thought he saw something like a knot at one end of it; however, he and others called out in order to ascertain it; no answer being made, they concluded it to be a knot: the next day it proved to be Mr. G. Sanders, with his arm thrown round the log, dead, when he was taken ashore and buried. As to Mr. Nouvel, the last time Mr. Vimont saw him, he and Mr. Logan had climbed to the top of the engine house; he threw his arms around Mr. Logan and said, "we are lost!" it was but a moment, during which the boat was sinking on the fore part. Mr. Vimont can give no further account of him. Mr. Logan, after many efforts, succeeded in catching several planks, which served him as a raft, upon which he drifted several miles down, when he was joined by Mr. B. Keizer, who having turned over and thrown overboard a work bench, drifted soon after Mr. Logan—having thus gone down about eight miles, where seeing a dark shadow upon the bank, they called out for help; but the inhabitants of those parts, used to the noise of boatmen, did not regard them; however, on hearing repeated cries, a boy came out with a candle, and in an almost rotten skiff, the open joints of which had only been stopped by layers of sleet and ice, they were taken on shore and saved. A Mr. Cogan drifted 14 miles and at last got on land. None of the passengers could give any account of Mr. Nouvel, and as during the nine days that many of them spent at Mrs. Blanton's, no traces of him could be found, no more than of many others; it seems probable that having sunk immediately, the under eddies and whirlpools kept him from rising, and the sands of the river covered his body forever.

About 8 o'clock in the morning of the ninth, Mr. Vimont went to the shore opposite the wreck, to the house of Mrs. Blanton, a person whose name will always be dear to him and many others of his fellow sufferers, as Messrs. Swanson, Logan, Keizer, &c. can vouch. Mrs. Blanton had only moved there the preceding week, and was alone with a sister in the house; soiled as the sufferers were with mud, beds, blankets, counterpanes, and sheets as white as snow, were spread on the floor for their accommodation, large fires made, and all the provisions which the house contained lavished upon them. Never did the unfortunate experience such tender cares, such reviving attentions, as were bestowed on them by Mrs. Blanton during nine days, without seeming to regard either trouble, expense or fatigue. She even carried her cares so far as to have their linen washed several times during that period. Mrs. Blanton would not receive that compensation which it was yet in the power of some to offer. She exemplified that the only true reward of a good action is in the consciousness of having fulfilled the most extensive duties of humanity. But should Mrs. Blanton read this, she will no doubt find another reward in the gratitude of those whom she assisted.—Those who had taken shelter in other families, used to collect at her house, and they seemed to look upon her as the chief of their distressed family. Mrs. Blanton was not, however, the only person who exerted the duties of humanity towards the sufferers; capt. Jefferys is the more entitled to their gratitude, as he is not wealthy. Messrs. Wickliffe, Jones and others bestow the highest praises on his humanity and his generous assistance. Though poor he would receive nothing from them; and such has been in general the conduct of many other families on the right shore, among whom the survivors had dispersed themselves. The fate of Mr. Mansker and family is truly affecting even in that scene of distress. His wife, himself, and two children, lived in extreme poverty in a rail pen on the banks of the Mississippi; they were so poor, that they were taken on board the Tennessee out of charity, a few hours before the accident. Mansker took one of his children and saved himself. As he returned for his wife and the other child, they disappeared forever: it is believed the child that was saved by the father died a few hours afterwards.

The conduct of captain Campbell was that of a man of the greatest feeling; his ex-

ertions to save the people were unfeeling until he saw no more to save. They went down to Natchez to procure for the better assistance, that might forward them on their way home; but he left his means with the passengers, and as he went along discovered that several trunks had been drifted ashore, and secured by families on the banks, about 20 miles distant from the wreck; after having taken an inventory of their contents, he left them to be reclaimed by the different owners who might be among the survivors; it is not known, as yet to whom they belong.

It is to be lamented that a few persons plundered what they could find from the drifted wreck, and thus added to the distresses of the sufferers. The loss suffered from the wreck of the Tennessee cannot be fully ascertained. Mr. Vimont thinks, that besides a valuable cargo, in great part belonging to Messrs. Logan and Nouvel, there cannot be less than 36 or 40,000 dollars in paper and remittances. Mr. Pool of Baltimore, alone, had between fourtee and seventeen thousand dollars. Many of the deck passengers deposited their specie in the captain's hands on the morning of the accident; and when the boat began to sink many of the deck passengers in their fright and confusion, threw their silver on deck which was in a manner covered with it.

Nine days after the wreck, the steamer Expedition, coming up the Mississippi, fired a cannon to collect all the surviving passengers of the Tennessee, who went aboard of her and were treated by the captain and crew with that attention and tenderness which is claimed by misfortune, but sometimes without effect. C. M.

From the Lexington Reporter.
Steam Boat Tennessee.

I have thought that the conversation I had with Mr. JOHN S. VIMONT, the surviving passenger of the steam Tennessee, might be interesting to the public; I hasten, therefore, to communicate it. His character for veracity, his clearness and presence of mind, as he did not sink himself in any immediate danger, and his narrative peculiarly interesting, on the 8th of February, 20 minutes before 10 o'clock at night, the man on the fore part of the boat cried 'snag ahead!' the engine was stopped and the boat struck the snag. The passengers were not immediately alarmed, because a few nights before they had such a shock on the boat near the shore.—Capt. Campbell ran out, and she was filling, & ordered her to the engine. The engine was again put in motion, but was soon stopped by the water striking its wheels and putting out its fire. The passenger sought for safety, in the water, as he could; Mr. Vimont was the first to save himself by getting on the cord wood, and directing himself upon a log upon which he climbed. In the mean time the boat was sinking on her fore part, and struck upon a snag, which made her rebound back into the stream, where she drifted about three fourths of a mile or more, and sunk altogether in about 48 feet. There is no doubt that many more would have been saved if she had not struck where she first began to sink, at the willows. Many perished like Mr. Vimont, who was saved by getting on the cord wood, at which floated free passed & closed upon them, and kept them under the water by catching at one another. In the morning, Capt. Campbell took the yawl, and but one pair, (the others and the rest) having been taken by another yawl, he and his mate and men went first to the wreck and there took a load of passengers.—That little boat then went and picked up those who had lodged among the bushes and logs. Mr. Vimont witnessed the scene of desolation from his own boat, and says that the dreadful cries of the suffering passengers imploring assistance never be effaced from his memory. Benjamin, on the same tree, was another passenger, & under them, on the surface of the water, was Mr. Nathaniel Wickliffe, who, having had the presence of mind to seize several pieces of cord wood, kept them from separating and drifting off, by lying all length on them, with his arms and legs extended, so as to keep them under his grasp until morning, when he was relieved from danger and fatigue by the yawl.

In the mean time, the cries of the sufferers drew from the opposite shore Mr. M.