

Dear Yorkers. N.Y. July 29 1852

Dear Brother

An awful catastrophe has come upon me and my house is rendered desolate by the loss of my poor dear wife and daughter - Whitty who was with us is safe and I am uninjured in body except a trifling burn on my face - When the fire in the Henry Clay broke out, I left my party by me, letting them then only safety was in keeping perfectly cool, and to stay by the boat as long as possible - This we did until the flames drove us over board - Whitty jumped first, and my wife and daughter frantic at seeing him, jumped also, I was in the water almost as soon and seized my wife by one arm, and my daughter by the other and swam with my feet alone, supporting them until they got near a rope hanging over the side of the boat. I heard my daughter say "I have got it" and saw my wife grasp at it, when a lady behind me seized me with a strangling grasp around the neck and I was forced to sink with her to liberate myself - When I rose the flames were pouring down upon me, and at this time I presume I was burned, I could see nothing of any of my party, nor of any one else - I was nearly exhausted with my preceding efforts, and was driven by the flames to leave the spot where I last saw my dear ones - I soon, for a plank that I happened to see, and then I means if it got near shore, when a man reached me a long pole and pulled me toward the wharf until I got into shallow water - The flames had then overflowed

The whole side of the boat, and were blown far over the surface
of the water, so that all hope of seeing any one on that side was
over - I wandered about in a frantic state for sometime when
at last I heard some one mentioning my name, I found from
him that my little boy was safe having floated on a chair, until
a boat picked him up. - I have identified Maria my
dearly wife - and suppose that I have found Kitty but
I cannot recognise her face, and the clothes have no marks
I have sent up for Nancy who knows all her dresses to
come down - Sent word to Mother, by telegraph
if you can, if not by first mail - I shall send or
go with my wife remains to N. O. to stay - What my family
is to do without a mother's care I know not.

I am with no more

J. N. Bailey



The Disaster

PAID

immediate Lust



William M. Bailey
Providence

The Henry Clay,
account by Whitman R. I.

Dear Sir,
 I thought as Mr. had left for
 Saturday eve
 Mr. Keely.
 I had better send
 your letter to you - I had better send
 word with my husband - I wrote Mary
 yesterday - thinking I might say some-
 thing more than you had heard - you prob-
 ably not -
 I have with much love
 The anti-