

Elizabeth Bugh

(- 15 Sep 1832)

The National Intelligencer, September 24, 1832

On Saturday, 15th Sept. in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Bugh. This estimable lady fell a victim under the withering hand of the ruthless destroyer now marching with such gigantic steps over our devoted city. Unwearied in her attentions to the sick and distressed, actuated by the pure spirit of benevolence and of piety, and fearlessly devoting herself to the discharge of those duties enjoined upon her by our great and immortal Master, of whom she was an humble follower--she has fallen like the sweet lily of the valley, silently, but not forgotten, into the tomb.

"Thou, didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrench'd away,
Just when those ties were strongest.

A lot like thine may justly make
The sanguine doubt tomorrow
And in the heart of others wake
Alternate fear and sorrow.

Well may we fear, for who can think
On thee so lately living,
Loving and loved, and yet not shrink
With somewhat of misgiving.

Well may we mourn, for cold indeed
As those since death has found thee,
Must be the heart that does not bleed
For thee and those around thee,"

Mrs. B. was a lady much respected and beloved by her friends and acquaintances, and deeply lamented by her afflicted relatives. She has left an only son, Mr. Charles Pryse, a worthy and reputable artist, with whom she resided at the time of her decease.