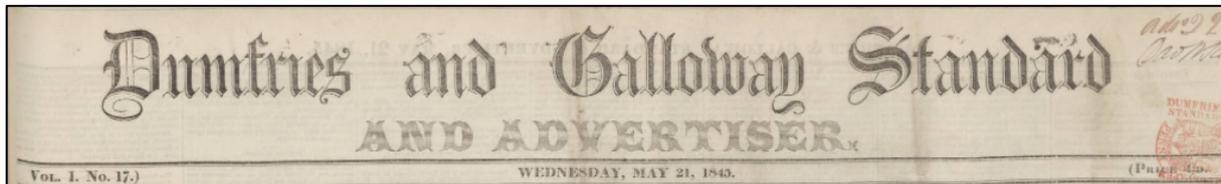


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AFFECTING INCIDENT

ALL the American newspapers we have seen which contain an account of the loss of the *Swallow* on the Hudson River, notice an affecting incident in which many of our readers will feel a peculiar interest, on account of the local associations to which it must give rise, as well as an account of the sympathies excited in the minds of some of them, from their previous perusal of the well-known memoir to which allusion is made. We think it needless to advert again to the particulars of that sad event, which have already appeared in our columns, further than to remind our readers that the vessel in question was on its voyage from Albany to New York, with nearly 400 passengers on board, when the accident happened by which many of them most unexpectedly and suddenly found a watery grave. The incident to which we allude is thus narrated by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, now before us:—

“Today men are employed in fishing up the dead from that part of the main deck to which they have access. The ladies’ cabin, where it is feared the greatest number were drowned, is at present entirely beyond their reach. The bodies of five females and one man have been got up, and are laid upon the deck for recognition. *In the hand of one of these—a young lady—was found an elegantly bound volume which she had grasped firmly in the agonies of death.* It was the memoir of Miss Mary Lundie Duncan, and if the owner and reader of this book indicated her moral preference by such reading, we may hope that she is now communing with the spirit of the Scottish pastor’s wife.

The *Albany Religious Spectator*, another newspaper, a copy of which has been sent us, publishes a discourse by the celebrated Dr. Sprague of Albany, delivered at the funeral of four individuals belonging to his congregation who perished in the wreck, one of whom was *Miss Wood, the young lady already mentioned*, of whom, and of her sister, who was involved in the same calamity, the Rev. Doctor thus touchingly speaks;—

“The two sisters whose remains lie before us, were not only professors of religion, but were apparently distinguished by the culture of Christian graces. They evidently lived in the fear of God all day long—lived under the controlling influence of divine truth—lived, as we have reason to believe, in habitual and intimate communion with heaven; and I never knew of an act, even the smallest, in either of them, that was fitted to dishonour the Christian name. It was a touching incident in respect to one of them, that, when her cold and lifeless remains were found, she had in her hand the memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan—a delightful book, that had been given her by a beloved friend; so that there is reason to believe that her spirit was in communion with that beautiful model of Christian character, the moment before she was called to join the communion of the saints of light. As the two sisters were always together in life, so in death were they not divided.”

It must be a matter of melancholy indeed, but deep gratification, to the author of the interesting and instructive memoir of Mrs. Wallace Duncan, as well as to her bereaved relatives in this country, to hear a voice thus wafted across the broad Atlantic bearing a new and striking testimony to its Christian usefulness.