Obituary

The character of John Murdoch, who died recently at Cane Mount Claiborne County, Miss. requires no eulogy, to those who knew him best.

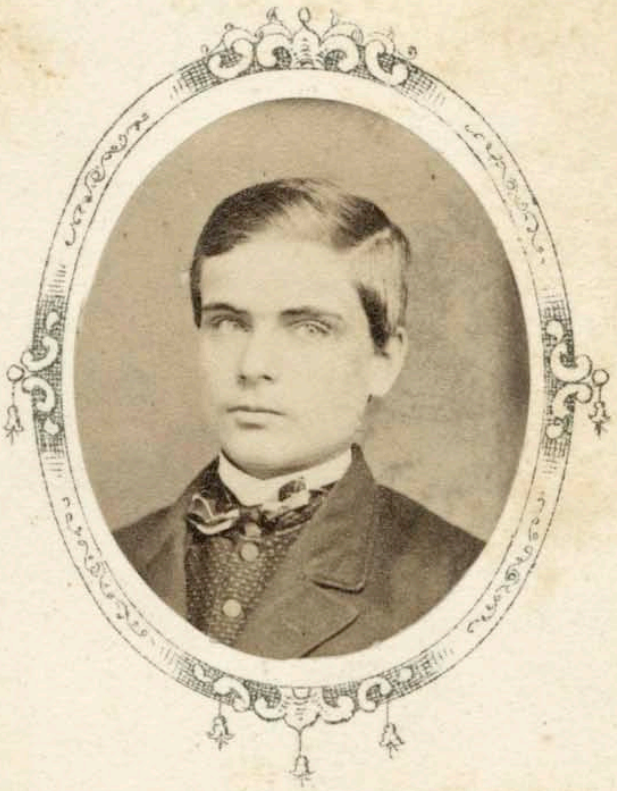
The hearth stone has its heroes, as well as the battle-field; and it may be that the heroism of domestic life is more difficult to practise, than that which is attended by the applause of admiring multitudes or accompanies the stirring events of an ambitious career.

Ill-health, acting upon a frail constitution, deprived the deceased of the opportunity of participating in public life, and guiding the political

events of the era; for which, otherwise, his ~~thro~~ thorough education, strict integrity, and clear mental standing admirably fitted him. But even this insidious foe, could not diminish the lustre of his example of purity, in private life, - of intelligence, wit, and gayety -; whose hues of brightness out-flushed, even in his later hours, the hectic of decay. — — —

Though eminently conservative as a citizen and humane as a slave-owner, he had long since perceived the inevitable tract which would occur between the sections of the Union; and disconnected from the selfish struggle of party; had devoted his thoughts and hopes, to ~~the~~ Southern independence. A heart so gentle - a spirit so pure, a soul so true, a mind so accomplished; are not often vouch safed, by the Creator, to mortal man.

The pages of his country's history may not register his name; but there is a tablet on high, on which Omnipotence has already inscribed the record of his merits; and placed the seal which opens to him, forever the gates of a city "Eternal as the Heavens."



For what shall I praise thee, my God
& my King
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude
bring
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health
& for ease
For the spring of delight & the sunshine of peace

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed
on my breast
For joys in perspective & pleasures possessed
For the spirits that heightened my day of
delight
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow
by night? —

For this should I praise thee! but if only
for this
I should leave half untold the donation
of bliss
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for
care
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish
I bear

For the nights of anxiety, watching & tears
A present of pain, a perspective of fears
I praise thee, I bless thee my King & my
God
For the good & the evil thy love hath
bestowed —

My toast is "Success" — if you wish add "Luck."

Mr. Mumford —

Mr. Thomas Hope

Mr. Hope