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 practice, than that which is attested by the applause of admiring multitude or companies 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 thorough education, strict integrity, and clear understanding, admirable fitted him. But even this indulgent foe could not diminish the lustre of his examples of purity, in private life, of intelligence, wit, and gaiety; whose hues of brightness out-flushed, even in his later years, the diction of decay.

Though eminently conservative as a citizen and humane as a slave-owner, he had long since perceived the merit to treat 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 pined away 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 Omniscience has already inscribed the record of his merit; and placed the seal which opens to him, forever the gates of a city "eternal as the heavens."
In what shall I praise thee, my God
and my King
For what holding the tribute of gratitude
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health,
and for ease,
For the spring of delight, the fountain of peace.

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed
on my breast
For joys in perspective, pleasures possessed
For the spirit that heightened any day of
delight
And that remember that sat on my bellows
by night?

For this should I praise thee! but if only
for this
I should lean half unto the donation
of thee
I thank thee for riches, for sorrow, for
care
For the strength I have gathered, the anguish
I bear

In the night of anxiety, watching there
A present of being, a perspective of tears
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King, thou
God
In the good & the evil, they love both;
beseech
My trust is "Sweep," if you wish and "dusk."