In Memory of Martin Begnaud.

In the midst, of life we are in death.

Scott La. April 30th 1869.

During the night of Wednesday the 22nd inst. the soul of Martin Begnaud was wrenched from its "mortal coil," and sent before the judgment seat of God, and without one moment’s notice, by the assassin’s hand.

What sadness, this day, fills the heart of every man, woman and child who knew Martin Begnaud cut off in the prime of manhood, in perfect health, a most typical specimen of physical strength. So young so noble, so brave, in fact he was every thing we are apt to admire and love in a man.

There is one poor, fond one heart behind whose anguish of soul asseth the understanding of man. The soul of that sad, venerable mother, 79 years of age, to-day, is scathed and scorched by the bloody work of the ruthless assassin’s hands over the body of her darling son. In the depth and unbroken solitude of her quivered heart, this dear old mother no longer to join her beloved Martin beyond the tomb.

If the curtain were lifted, and one could look into the past lives of many of us, would be revealed. The trials, the sufferings, the temptations, the strife and the heroic sacrifices of this life, for many of us may never be known until the day when the leaves of the judgment book are unfolded.

For a period of 12 years, in the world of the poor, by dint of tireless energy and economy this man and reciduit had amassed a handsome sum...