In Memory of Martin Begnaud.

In the midst, of life we are in death.

Scott La. April 29th, 1863.

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 superb specimen of physical strength. So young, so noble, so brave, in fact he was everything we are apt to admire and love in a man.

There is one poor, sad one left behind whose anguish of soul assails the understanding of man. The soul of that sad, venerable mother 77 years of age, today, is seared and scorched by the bloody work of the ruthless assassin’s hands over the body of her darling son. In the depths and in the unbroken solitude of her sheltered heart, this dear old mother now longs 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, are, 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, as the friend of the poor, by dint of tireless energy and economy this man of rectitude had amassed a handsome sum...
petence of this world's goods, and now red-handed friends have come and gone with his life blood and all. Several loving sisters and devoted brothers, their hearts bowed down in woe, survive to mourn over his cruel fate.

The funeral march started from the home of his childhood, a long imposing train of carriages, filled with sorrowing friends and acquaintances, followed the remains to their last home. A model of knightly courtesy, his sincerity, his integrity of purpose, and his superiority to all unfair consideration of this life, were the grand and ennobling attributes of Martin Begnaud.

We feel now on this occasion, how painfully inadequate is language in conveying our profound sorrow. The sympathies of the entire community go out to the family in their sad bereavement!

To the beloved brother of the deceased the writers own, ever kind and generous friend Simeon, our hand goes out to him in wails of compassion, and we bid him bear up bravely and forget not the cheering words of his Redeemer when He says, “So I am with you always, even unto the End.”

A. Friend.