

Oct 22nd The day has been very windy, and it has rained very dry lately. This morn at 1/2 past ten the funeral procession left South Hotel for the cemetery. The Band with Muffled drum went in advance playing. I rec'd the hearse & then the casket that was carried to the casket above the town where the hearse stood waiting to receive it, on the right of the coffin which was covered with the American colors, was Capt. Babcock Smith and the American Consul, on the left, Capt. May, Davis, and Stickney, then the two Ministers, this color draped, and the officers of the highest Office were also dressed with caps, the Pall Bearer were dressed in black, with a broad band of Cape around their hats, all walked to where the hearse stood. Seven entries carriages or such horses provided for them. Oh what a solemn sight it was. I never can forget it, only forty eight hours before he was starting with them up the same road, full of life and animation, the gayest of the gayest men. Carried to his grave by his companions of that hour, Oh how mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence! It is all right or it would not be so. yet to us poor frail mortals, how hard it seems, As I looked on the corpse and thought how anxious my beloved husband was to go on Westward, yet because I objected, he kindly listened to my request and went in the passage, if he had gone as he wished to he would have been with them and he was just as liable to accident as any other, and as I gazed on the bier, the thought would come suppose it were my husband that was lying here to his resting place, how could I live without him, and I also thought where would his soul now be, and a prayer from my heart arose to our Heavenly Father that I might be spared that

affliction, that when his Redeemer should come I might be near to catch the last words that should fall from his lips, and that he might go down to his grave, like a sheaf of corn fully ripe for the harvest. While I thought of these things to me in sparing my husband I thought of the sorrow that would rend the hearts of the wife and daughter when it should be told them that husband and father had so suddenly been called from earth, my father blessing last & then them and may this affliction make out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I know not whether he was a Christian or not, but hope he was these verses were sung at the grave by a company of children.

Massena Dirge,
What sounds of grief, in sadness, tell
A brother's death doom -
No more in life's fair scenes to dwell -
A tenant of the tomb.

No more the friend, loved one present,
No gentle whispering word;
The friends a long, unbroken rest,
When calls his heavenly Lord.

All earthly joys and sorrows cease
Each changing hope or fear
He sees the light of that fair shore
Without a sigh or tear.

Then bring to him whose holy care
That better temple guards;

One wish that all may gather there
Beyond life's coming tears,
Beside him absent from the funeral. Capt. Chapin had his picture taken only two days before he died. Capt. Smith has just bought in two of them, they are excellent. Lucille has passed the day with Emma at Lucy Russell's.

The fall leaves were invited to the Consul to dine after the funeral. They arrived about five o'clock. Capt. Smith's head felt his cable and went to sea last night he put off about eleven o'clock last night & then met his last a brief time all day, so far as yet got back, he was the first one of the fall leaves. Capt. Smith took his place, I

an easy for him to take his place. One wish that all may gather there and part beyond life's coming tears, of the cable