

but above, the sun was moving slowly & majestically  
towards us & the moon, whose disc was now plainly  
to be seen several degrees above the horizon.

~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> rapped in an extra habit, belonging to Mr. W.  
& myself clad in an over coat belonging to me  
less a personage than Mr. W., well prepared  
for our journey, saluted out, parting salutes  
exchanged, a last adieu, & into our saddles sprang  
& gaily cantered down the road, across the flat;  
& pulled up into a walk up the hill side.

We went on walking & cantering as the road permitted,  
talking of the past, present & happy future,  
when we met Mr. W. Parton, we pulled up & had  
a short chat of course, but time pressed, & night  
came on apace, so adieu! adieu! & on we go again  
heartily enjoying the ride, up Percival's gulch, we were  
sheltered from the breeze & thought it dying, but on  
reaching the pass, it still blew in strong  
gusts, but plainly showing that its force was  
spending.

Further on we saw a reflection high in the sky  
a reflection of what, - is it? - can it be? - yes! it is -  
a fire, - where! - in Chile! - so we thought as a -

remorseful feeling shot through our bosoms, where is it?  
was a natural suggestion & the uncertainty made us  
dull, to the sight of all but that, to think of only that.  
Sometimes it appeared far off, some times near, sometimes  
high, as on a hill, at another as it were in ~~the~~<sup>the</sup>  
middle, <sup>Chile</sup> we hurried on, silent & thoughtful, for uncertainty  
made imagination busy. On reaching the plain we  
broke into a canter which brought rapidly Mr. Chel  
before entering the suburbs, - the fire had gone out & we  
were busy talking, when, all at once her horse stumbled  
& fell into his knees, <sup>but</sup> was soon up; how admirably  
she kept her seat, - fearless, only anxious to know  
if the horse had hurt its knee, we arrived at Mr  
Wollett about eight, & our minds were soon set finally  
at rest by learning that the fire was not in that way  
news of a fire had reached town.

I took the horses on to Old Wagon, & was soon back  
by the side of my ~~bed~~ & stayed for about an hour  
& half, when feeling wearied we parted, & I was soon  
rapped in sound repose in a place with a the  
found title "Home."

March 31. Saturday, V. C. fine. Trade little, week  
above the average, for all the Holiday.