

AN INLAND VOYAGE

None too soon for the *Arethusa*. I doubt if he had been half-an-hour imprisoned ; but by the watch in a man's brain (which was the only watch he carried) he should have been eight times longer ; and he passed forth with ecstacy up the cellar stairs into the healing warmth of the afternoon sun ; and the breath of the earth came as sweet as a cow's into his nostril ; and he heard again (and could have laughed for pleasure) the concord of delicate noises that we call the hum of life.

And here it might be thought that my history ended ; but not so, this was an act-drop and not the curtain. Upon what followed in front of the barrack, since there was a lady in the case, I scruple to expatiate. The wife of the *Mar ch al-des-logis* was a handsome woman, and yet the *Arethusa* was not sorry to be gone from her society. Something of her image, cool as a peach on that hot afternoon, still lingers in his memory : yet more of her conversation. " You have there a very fine parlour," said the poor gentleman.—" Ah," said Madame