

But as the sun rose higher and higher into the cloudless sky, and the blanched surface of the Desert glared under his fiery beams, and the reflection from the glittering and heated waste dazzled the eye and seemed to pierce to the very brain, it was another matter. The camels now groan with distress; the Arabs are silent, slipping from time to time along-side the water-skins, and, with their mouths to the orifice, catching a few gulps without stopping; then, burying their heads in the ample bernous, pace on again quietly—hour after hour. The water, which smacks of the leathern bottle, or Zemzemia, in which it is contained, warm, insipid, and even nauseous, seems but to increase the parching thirst; the brain is clouded and paralysed by the intolerable sultriness; and, with the eyes protected by a handkerchief from the reflected glare of the sand, and swaying listlessly to and fro, the same horrible pace along

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