

stood by signs, and pointing to my mouth with my finger. They continued pouring water over my face, arms, and hands; at last I was able to swallow a small mouthful. This enabled me to ask, 'Who are you?' When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, 'Fear nothing; far from being robbers, we are your friends;'—and every one mentioned his name. They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water—gave me some to drink—filled some of my leathern bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent by them in this place was precious to them, and could not be repaired.

"The attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden, by an extreme aridity of the skin; the eyes appear to be bloody; the tongue and mouth, both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown-piece: the crust is of a dark colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from the bee-hive. A faintness of languor takes away the power to move; a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and, at last, the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few minutes loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate travellers, and which I experienced myself.

"My Bedoucens, and my faithful Salem, were gone in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards returned, one after another, carrying along with them good or bad water as they had been able to find it. Every one presented me part of what he had brought. I was obliged to taste it, and drank twenty times; but as soon as I swallowed it my mouth became as dry as