

twenty-seven hours and three-quarters from camp, including the halt of four and a half hours. We had descended nearly four thousand feet, and the heat down here was very much greater than we had yet experienced. We encamped near a well on the dry bed of a river, on the skirts of what looked like a regular park—the country being covered with trees, and the ground with long coarse grass. It was most striking, as on the other bank of the river there was not a vestige of vegetation.

After this long and trying march we (or I at any rate) obtained scarcely a wink of sleep, for the heat was stifling, there was not a breath of air, and I was lying on the ground in a Kabul tent pestered by a plague of sandflies, which found their way into my eyes, nose, and everywhere. That was the most despairing period of my whole journey, and many times that night I bewailed my folly, and swore by all the gods I would never wander about the wild places of the earth again. These periods of depression must occur to every traveller. He cannot help now and then asking himself “What’s the good of it all? Why should I