

threshing-machine and cut fine by a modern chaff-cutter. This fact is a warning to those who would introduce too sudden reforms among men and animals in a newly-acquired country; but if Mr. Hamilton Lang had sprinkled salt over his chaff I think the refractory appetites of the oxen might have been overcome. A pair of oxen are supposed to plough one "donum" daily of fifty paces square, or about half an acre.

Having watched the various teams, and conversed with the ploughmen by the medium of the cook Christo, who spoke English and was an intelligent interpreter, I ordered the vans to move on while I walked over the country with the dogs. There was no game except a wild-duck which I shot in the thick weeds of a neighbouring swamp. Larks were in great quantities, and for want of larger birds I shot enough for a pilaff, and secured a breakfast. The route, which could be hardly called a road, had been worn by the wheels of native carts. These were narrower than our vans, and one of our wheels was generally upon a higher level, threatening on some occasions to overturn. The country around us was desolate in its aridity. We passed through the ruins of an ancient city over which the plough had triumphed, and literally not one stone was left upon another. A few stone columns of a rough description, some of which were broken, were lying in various directions, and I noticed a lower millstone formed of an exceedingly hard conglomerate rock; these pieces were too heavy to move without great exertions, therefore they had remained *in situ*.

After a short march of three miles we arrived at the steep banks of the river a mile above the village of Arpera. The bed of this river was about forty feet below the level of the country, and here our first real