

the Indian Government cannot afford to neglect, however unenviable it may often be. So I was not surprised to find my welcomers loud in their praises of Mr. Macartney.

The garden of the Beg in which my camp had been pitched was a large and well-secluded place, and consequently I enjoyed a quiet evening after my long ride. The Hindus, true to their native custom, brought a 'Dali' of fruit and sweets, and would not rest satisfied until I accepted some pomegranates and almonds for myself and melons and sugar-balls for my people. The spokesman of the guild was Parmanand, the wealthy banker from Aksu, who had left his distant place of business to look after some debtors in this neighbourhood. He assured me in advance that I should find no difficulty in getting my cheques cashed in Aksu!

On the following day my march lay to Achchik, the last village of Khanarik southwards in the direction of Ordam-Padshah. The distance was only about twelve miles, but a deep-cut river-bed about half-way proved a serious obstacle for the camels. The rickety bridge that spans this branch of the Yamanyar, was scarcely safe even for the ponies; it was certain that camels could not be taken across it. So we had to wait patiently in the scanty shade of some willows until the slowly-moving animals arrived; then to arrange for the unloading of the baggage, which had to be carried over piece by piece. Finally a suitable spot was found nearly a mile higher up, where the banks sloped down less steeply. It was a troublesome affair to drag the shaggy quadrupeds into the water one by one. But once in it they swam better than I had expected, and guided by two villagers swimming in front managed to reach the opposite bank safely. The sum of money invested in them amounted to over seven hundred rupees. So it was with a feeling of relief that I saw, after a delay of nearly three hours, the whole caravan on the march again.

Defective cultivation and patches of barren land on the