

that she never went out, because she did not care to go "covered up," and that such had been the seclusion of her existence, that she scarcely knew any animals by sight, except from pictures, and had no pets, except, as she said, "pet books." She showed me the books gained as prizes at college by her two nephews, with evident appreciation of their contents, one being Prescott's "History of America," and the other a translation of Homer's "Iliad." I parted with her after receiving the usual garland of honour on leaving, feeling grateful that Providence had not placed *me* behind a purdah, but had allowed me to go about and see the world for myself, instead of having to look at it through other people's eyes.

The midday heat was so great that we gladly rested at the Residency until it became time to go to tea with Khurseed Jah, whose house is only a little distance off. We were received at the entrance to the garden by our host and his son, who led us to a marble platform by the side of a tank on which three boats were floating. One of these had the name of "Sunbeam" painted upon it; but the compliment must have been paid some time ago, for both boats and paint looked decidedly shabby. On a marble platform in the centre of the tank a band was playing. My little girls embarked for a row in the boat, discarding the services of the four boatmen who, apparently disliking, like Othello, to find "their occupation gone," jumped into the water and swam after them. Their black heads and copper-coloured shoulders looked so funny following the erratic movements of the boat!

The Nawab earnestly pressed us to fix a day on which he might be allowed to entertain us; but want of time made this hospitable plan impossible. On parting he presented us each with a bouquet, as well as with the usual bottles of scent. The drive home, through the cool air beneath the bright stars, amid the twinkling lights, and the cries and chatter of birds going to bed, as well as the flutter of flying-foxes skimming overhead as they hurried forth on their nocturnal predatory expeditions, was really the pleasantest part of the day.

In the evening there was a dinner-party at the Residency. Sir Salar is of gigantic physical proportions, and well merits his sobriquet of "mountain-man." He has been a great deal in England, and is well acquainted with European manners and customs. There are many private cabals and intrigues among the nobles, as well as among the relatives of the Nizam, and little interest is taken in the administration of public affairs. Many amusing stories are related of the inevitable rivalry between the nobles, and I was told that, one of them having assumed the title