

the Residency this morning for our inspection, and they made a glittering display in the marble portico. Among them were swords with watered blades, worth several hundred pounds; besides innumerable scimitars of every shape, rapiers, blunderbusses, and exquisitely ornamented but treacherous-looking daggers and other stabbing instruments.

It has amused us much during our stay here to watch the elephants taking their baths. The Nizam owns three hundred of these big beasts, and all the nobles possess elephants in proportion to their rank and wealth. The huge creatures are driven down to the river night and morning, and it was most curious to see the unwieldy animals lay themselves flat down on their sides in the shallow water, while an occasional lazy switch of tail or wave of trunk indicated the languid feeling of pleasure and contentment enjoyed by the bathers. Their keepers, helped by a small boy who clambered up their steep sides, assisted the cleansing process by scrubbing them vigorously with a sort of stable-broom. As soon as one side was thoroughly cleaned the boy jumped off, and at the word of command, with a tremendous upheaval, the huge beast flopped down again on its cleansed side, uttering a prodigious grunt of satisfaction, and quite ready for the same process to be repeated.

*Saturday, February 12th.*—Our early expeditions of the last two mornings have been so tiring, that I determined to remain quietly at home to-day until it was time to go to breakfast with the Nizam at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten his Highness' beautiful coaches came for us; and—Mr. Cordery and I leading the way—we drove through the Chowk, one of the broadest streets of the city, to the palace. This is reached through the stables; and the horses, evidently waiting inspection, were standing with their heads out of the doors of their boxes; their grooms, in yellow tunics, blue trousers, and red waist-bands much trimmed with silver, being stationed at the animals' heads. We passed through this to a third courtyard (said to cover as much ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields), and there alighted, at the bottom of a fine flight of marble steps, overlooking a charming garden with the usual tank in the centre. The effect was, however, rather marred to European eyes by a very ill-cast bronze figure, holding in its hand a large coloured air-ball, such as are sold in the streets of London for a penny each. The Nizam (now about twenty-one years of age), is so delighted with these balls that he has ordered two hundred of them, so that when one explodes it may be replaced immediately.

From the entrance-hall, marble corridors, from which hung