

Wanderings of a Pilgrim:
In Search of the Picturesque, During Four-and-Twenty Years in the East; With Revelations of Life in the Zenana. Illustrated with Sketches from Nature.



Fanny Parks

VOLUME I

'Famine, Plague and Pestilence'

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1833, January –

The *Bur a Mela* at Prag or Great Fair of Allahabad, is held annually on the sands of the Ganges below the ramparts of the Fort, extending from *the Mahratta Bund* to the extreme point of the sacred junction of the rivers. The booths extend the whole distance, composed of mud walls, covered with mats or thatched. This Fair lasts about two months, and attracts merchants from all parts of India... Very good diamonds, pearls, coral, shawls, cloth, woollens, China and furs are to be purchased. Numerous booths display brass and copper vessels, glittering in the sun with many brazen idols: others are displayed with Benares' toys for children. Bows and arrows are displayed, also native caps made of sable, the crowns of which are of the richest gold and silver embroidery.

The pearl merchants offer long strings of large pearls for sale, amongst which some few are fine, round, and of a good colour. The natives value size, but are not very particular as to colour; they do not care to have them perfectly round, and do not object to an uneven surface. They will allow the purchaser to select the best at pleasure from long strings.

The deep red coral is valued by natives much more than the pink. I bought some very fine pink coral at the Fair: the beads were immense... Some years afterwards the Brija Ba'i, a Mahratta lady, a friend of mine, called on me; she observed the long string of fine pink coral around my neck, and said, "*I am astonished a mem sahib should wear coral; we only decorate horses with it; that is pink coral the colour is not good; look at my horse.*" I went to the verandah; her horse was adorned with a necklace of fine deep red coral. She was quite right, and I made over mine to my grey steed.

At this time of year hundreds of thousands of natives come to bathe at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna; they unite at the extremity of a neck of land, or rather sand, that runs out just below the Fort. On this holy spot the Brahmins and religious mendicants assemble in thousands. Each fakir pitches a bamboo, from the end of which his flag is displayed, to which those of the same persuasion resort. Here they make *pooja*,

shave, give money to the fakir, and bathe at the junction... Two boats, by order of the Government, are in attendance to prevent persons from drowning themselves or their children.

The mere act of bathing in the water of the Ganga removes ten sins, however enormous, committed in ten previous births. How much greater must be the efficacy at this junction of the Ganga and Yamuna, which the Saraswati, the third sacred river, is supposed to join underground. Suicide committed at the junction is meritorious in persons of a certain caste, but a *sin* for a Brahmin! A married woman without children often vows to Ganga to cast her first-born into the river: this in former times was often done at Allahabad, it now rarely occurs. If the infant's life is preserved, the mother cannot take it again.

One man whom I saw this day at the Mela was remarkably picturesque, and attracted my admiration. He was a religious mendicant, a disciple of Shiva. In stature he was short, and dreadfully lean, almost a skeleton. His long black hair, matted with cow dung, was twisted like a turban round his head. On his forehead three horizontal lines were drawn with ashes, and a circlet beneath them marked in red sanders - his sectarial mark. His left arm he had held erect so long that the skin and flesh had withered, and clung round the bones most frightfully: the nails

of the hand which had been kept immovably clenched, had pierced through the palm, and grew out at the back of the hand like the long claws of a bird of prey. His horrible and skeleton-like arm was encircled by a twisted stick, the stem, perhaps of a long creeper, and the end was cut into the shape of a cobra with its hood displayed, and the twisted withy looked like the body of the snake wreathed around his horrible arm.... Acts of severity towards the body, practised by religious mendicants, are not done as penances for sin, but as works of extraordinary merit, promising large rewards in a future state.

1833, August 4th -

I have just received a present of the first number of Colonel Luard's most beautiful views in India; how true they are! His snake-catchers are the very people themselves. Apropos, we caught a young cobra yesterday in my dressing-room; the natives said, "*Do not kill it; it is forbidden to kill the snake with the holy mark on the back of its head,*" - a mark like a horseshoe. However, as it was the most venomous sort of snake, I put it quietly into my "Bottle of Horrors." They say snakes come in pairs; we have searched

the room and cannot find its companion. It is not pleasant to have so venomous a snake twisting on the Venetian blinds of one's dressing room.

1833, August 8th -

The same terrible weather continues 91° all day; not a drop of rain! They prophesy sickness and famine; the air is unwholesome; the Europeans are suffering with fever and ague and rheumatism. The natives, in a dreadful state, are dying in numbers daily of cholera; two days ago, seventy-six natives in Prag were seized with cholera - of these, forty-eight died that day! The illness is so severe that half an hour after the first attack the man generally dies; if he survives one hour it is reckoned a length of time.

A brickmaker, living near our gates, buried four of his family from cholera in one day! Is not this dreadful? The poor people, terror-stricken, are afraid of eating their food, as they say the disease follows a full meal. Since our arrival in India we have never before experienced such severely hot winds, or such unhealthy rains. The Hindoo women, in the most curious manner, propitiate the goddess who brings all this illness: they go out in the evening about 7pm, sometimes two or three hundred at a time, carrying each a *lota*, or brass vessel, filled with sugar, water and cloves. In the first place they make pooja- then,

stripping off their *chadars*, and binding their sole petticoat around their waists, as high above the knee as it can be pulled up, they perform a most frantic sort of dance, forming themselves into a circle, whilst in the centre of the circle about five or six women dance entirely naked, beating their hands together over their heads, and then applying them behind with a great smack, that keeps time with the music, and with the song they scream out all the time, accompanied by native instruments, played by men who stand at a distance; to the sound of which these women dance and sing, looking like frantic creatures.

1833, August 17th -

The new moon has appeared, but Prag is unblest with rain; if it would but fall! Every night the Hindoos *pooja* their Gods: the Musulmans weary Heaven with prayers - all to no effect. The clouds hang dark and heavily; the thunder rolls at times; you think, "*Now the rain must come,*" but it clears off with scarcely a sprinkling. Amongst the Europeans there is much illness, but no cholera.

1833, August 22nd -

These natives are curious people; they have twice sent the cholera over the river, to get

rid of it. They proceed after this fashion; they take a bull, and after having repeated divers prayers and ceremonies, they drive him across the Ganges into Oude, laden, as they believe, with the cholera. When the people drive the bull into the river, he swims across, and lands or attempts to land on the Lucknow side; the Oude people drive the poor beast back again, when he is generally carried down by the current and drowned, as they will not allow him to land on either side,

1833, September 5th -

The rain fell in torrents all night; it was delightful to listen to it, sounding as it was caught in the great water jars, which are placed all round the house; now and then a badly made jar cracked with a loud report, and out rushed the water, a proof that most of the jars would be full by morning. From the flat clean *pukka* roof of the house the water falls pure and fresh; from the thatch of a bungalow it would be impure. To-day it is so dark, so damp, so English, not a glimpse of the sun, a heavy atmosphere, and rain still failing delightfully. There is but little cholera now left in the city; this rain will carry it all away.

1833, September 19th -

The weather killingly hot! I can do nothing but read novels and take lessons on the sitar. I wish you could see my instructor, a native, who is sitting on the ground before me, playing difficult variations, contorting his face, and twisting his body into the most laughable attitudes, the man in ecstasies at his own performance!

One of the most striking instances of the enterprise of merchants of the present age is the importation of a cargo of ice from the distant shores of America... The ice is cut from the surface of some ponds rented for the purpose in the neighbourhood of Boston, and being properly stowed, is then conveyed to an ice-house in the city. It is always kept packed in non-conducting materials such as tan, hay and pine boards and the vessel in which it is freighted has an ice-house built within, for the purpose of securing it from the effects of the atmosphere.

The expense to the speculators must be very considerable, when they have to meet the charges of rent for the ponds, wages for superintendents and labourers, and agents at the point of sale; erection of ice-houses, transportation of the articles from the pond to the city, thence to the vessel, freight, packing, landing, and the delivery of the article to the ice-house which has been built for it in Calcutta. The

present cargo has arrived without greater wastage than was at first calculated on, and the packing was so well managed to prevent its being affected by the atmosphere, that the temperature on board during the voyage was not perceptibly altered.

1833, September 23rd -

Yesterday at 5pm, whilst we were at dinner, a flight of locusts came across the Jumna, from below the Fort. The greater part alighted on our compound: those that did not settle on the ground flew round and round in the upper air, while thousands of them descending in streams gave the appearance of a very severe storm of snow falling in large dingy flakes. The air was really darkened; they settled on the thatched roofs of the outhouses, covering them entirely. They were so numerous the whole ground was thickly spread with them. A *chaprassie* went out with my butterfly net, and running against the stream of descending locusts, at one attempt caught from twenty to thirty in the net; you may therefore imagine how numerous they were. The bearers ran out, beating brass *chilamchees* (wash hand basins), while others, with frying pans and pokers, increased the din in order to drive them away, which was not accomplished for half an hour. All the servants Mussalman and Hindoo, were eager to catch them; the two *dhobees*

(washermen) showed the greatest cleverness in the business; holding a sheet spread out between them, they ran against the flight of locusts, caught great numbers, folded the sheet quickly up to secure their prizes, and having deposited them in ajar, spread the sheet for more.

My little terrier, Fury, caught twenty or thirty, if not more, and ate them raw; it was amusing to see her run at the locusts and catch them so cleverly.

The *khansaman* Suddhu Khan said, "*In curry they are very good, like prawns, but roasted whole the moment they are caught, they are delicious!*" I desired him to bring some to table, but we had not the resolution enough to taste them. Little Fury ate them all most greedily, barking and jumping until she had finished them. Going forth for our evening drive, such a smell of roasted locusts issued forth as we passed the stables!

The *khansaman* preserved many of the bodies with arsenic soap, and filled them with cotton. An enormous Death's Head moth flew in at the same moment, and experienced the same fate.

They say that red locusts predict war, the others famine. The latter prediction is likely to prove true; the little rain that fell made the crops spring up, since which time the sun has killed the greater part of the young plants. All grain is very dear, and the people are exclaiming. *"We shall die, if the rain does not fall."* Famine, plague and pestilence! What do these portend?

1833, December 5th -

People talk of wonderful storms of hail. I have just witnessed one so very severe, that had I not seen it, I think I should scarcely have believed it. At ten at night a storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came on, the hail fell as thick as flakes of snow, - I can scarcely call it hail, the pieces were ice-bolts. I brought in some which measured four inches and a half in circumference, and the ground was covered some inches deep: it appeared as if spread with a white sheet, when by the aid of the lightning one could see through the darkness around. The old peepul-tree groaned most bitterly, the glass windows were all broken, the tobacco plants cut down, the great leaves from the young banyan tree were cut off, and the small twigs from the mango and neem trees covered the ground like a green carpet. It was a fearful storm. The next morning for miles around you saw the effect of the hail,

and in the bazaar at Sam the children were playing marbles with the hailstones.

1833, December 31st -

I trust now that we have now become *acclimatised*, for we have nearly passed through this year, - the most fruitful in illness and death I recollect, both among citizens and soldiers, - without much sickness. I have had fever and ague. My husband has suffered from acute rheumatism, and the little pet terrier, Fury, has been delicate, but we are now re-established. I am on horseback every morning rejoicing in the cold breezes, feeling as strong and full of spirit as the long tailed grey that carries me; and Fury is chasing squirrels and ferrets, and putting the farm-yard to the rout.

VOLUME II

"The Mahratta Camp & Zenana"

Baiza Ba'i (1-9) - Journey to Allahabad (22-3) - Sati Statue (25) - Mutiny (32-3) - Baiza Ba'i's Visit to "Seagull" (34-5) - Camel Dressing (36-8) - Storm: Wrecking of the "Seagull" (59)

1835, April 6th

I arrived at Fathigar, at the house of a relative in the Civil Service, the Judge of the Station, and agent to the Governor-general. After a hot and dusty *dak* trip, how delightful was the coolness of the rooms, in which thermantidotes and *tattis* were in full force! As may be naturally supposed I could talk of nothing but Khasgunge, and favoured the party with some Hindustani airs on the sitar, which I could not persuade them to admire; to silence my sitar a dital harp was presented to me; nevertheless, I still retain a secret fondness for the native instrument.

Having seen Musulman lady followers of the Prophet, how great was my delight at finding native ladies were, at Fathigar, worshippers of Ganesh and Krishna-jee!

Her Highness the Baiza Ba'i, the widow of the late Maharaj Daolut Rao Scindia, was in camp at this place under the care of Captain Ross Daolut Rao contested with the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, the

memorable field of Assaye. On his death the Baiza Ba'i, having become Queen of Gwalior, ruled the kingdom for nine years. Having no male issue, her Highness adopted a youth, called Jankee Rao, a distant relative, who was to be placed on the throne after her decease. A Rajkot is of age at eighteen years: but when Jankee Rao was only fourteen years old, the subjects of the Ba'i revolted, and placed the boy at the head of the rebellion. Had her Highness remained at Gwalior she would have been murdered; she was forced to flee to Fathigar, where she put herself under the protection of the Government.

The Ba'i, although nominally free, is in fact a prisoner; she is extremely anxious to return to Gwalior, but is prevented by the refusal of the Government to allow her to do so; this renders her very unhappy.

The Brija Ba'i, one of her ladies, called to invite the lady with whom I am staying to visit the Baiza Ba'i in camp; and gave me an invitation to accompany her. When the appointed day arrived, the attendants of her Highness were at our house at 4am, to escort us to the camp.

We found her Highness seated on her *gaddi* (throne) of embroidered cloth, with her

grand-daughter the Gaja Raja Sahib at her side; the ladies, her attendants, were standing around her; and the sword of Scindia was on the *gaddi*, at her feet. She rose to receive and embrace us, and desired us to be seated near her. The Baiza Ba'i is rather an old woman with grey hair, she must have been pretty in her youth; her smile is remarkably sweet, and her manners pleasing. Her sweet voice reminded me of the proverb, "*A pleasant voice brings a snake out of a hole.*" She was dressed in the plainest red silk, wore no ornaments, with the exception of a pair of small plain bars of gold as bracelets. Being a widow, she is obliged to put jewellery aside, and to submit to numerous privations and hardships. Her countenance is very mild and open; there is a freedom and independence in her air that I greatly admire, - so unlike that of the sleeping, languid, opium-eating Musalmani ladies.

Her granddaughter, the Gaja Raja Sahib, was dressed in purple Benares silk, with a deep gold border woven into it; when she walked she looked very graceful; on her forehead was a mark like a spearhead, in red paint; her hair was plaited, and bound into a knot at the back of her head, and low down; her eyes were edged with *surma* (collyrium), and her hands and feet dyed with henna. On her feet and ankles were curious silver ornaments; toe-rings of peculiar form,

sometimes of gold, sometimes of red coral. In her nostril was a very large and brilliant *n'hut* (nose-ring) of diamonds, pearls and precious stones. From her throat to her waist she was covered with strings of magnificent pearls and jewels; her hands and arms were ornamented with the same.

The lady who introduced me said I was as fond of horses as a Mahratta. The Baiza Ba'i was a great equestrian in her youthful days and delights in horses. The ladies relate, with great pride, that, in one battle her Highness rode at the head of her troops, with a lance in one hand, and her infant in her arms!

Her Highness said she would like to see an English lady on horseback; she could not comprehend how they could sit all crooked, all on one side, in the side-saddle, I said I should be too happy to ride into camp and show her the style of horsemanship practised by ladies in England. One of the attendants presented us *with pan*, whilst another sprinkled us most copiously with rose-water: the more you inundate your visitor, the greater the compliment.

This being the signal for departure, we rose, made our *bahut bahut adab salaam* and departed, highly gratified with our visit to her Highness, the ex-Queen of Gwalior.

1835, April 14th -

My relative had a remarkably beautiful Arab, and as I wished to show the Baiza Ba'i a good horse, she being an excellent judge, I requested him to allow me to ride his Arab; and that he might be fresh, I sent him on to await my arrival at the Zenana gates. A number of Mahratta horsemen having been despatched by her Highness to escort me to the camp, I cantered over with them and found the beautiful Arab adorned with a garland of freshly-gathered white double jasmine flowers, pawing impatiently at the gates. I mounted him, and entering the precincts of the Zenana, found myself in a large court, where all the ladies of the ex-Queen were assembled, and anxiously looking for the English lady, who would ride crooked! The Baiza Ba'i was seated in the open air; I rode up, and, dismounting, paid my respects. She remarked on the beauty of the Arab, felt the hollow under his jaw, admired his eye, and, desiring one of the ladies to take up his foot, examined it, and said he had the small, black, hard foot of the pure Arab, she examined and laughed at my saddle.

I then mounted, and putting the Arab on his mettle, showed her how English ladies manage their horses. When this was over, three of

the Baiza Ba'i's own riding horses were brought out by female attendants; for we were in the Zenana, where no man is allowed to enter. The horses were in full caparison, the saddles covered in velvet and *kimkwhab* (silk brocade) and gold embroidery, their heads and necks ornamented with jewels and chains of gold. The Gaja Raja, in her Mahratta riding dress, mounted one of the horses, and the ladies the others; they cantered and pranced about, showing off the Mahratta style of riding. On dismounting, the young Gaja Raja threw her horses bridle over my arm, and said, laughingly,

"Are you afraid? Or will you, try my horse?"

"I shall be delighted," was my reply.

"You cannot ride like a Mahratta in that dress," said the princess; *"put on proper attire."*

I retired to obey her commands, returning in Mahratta costume, mounted her horse, put my feet into the great iron stirrups, and started away for a gallop round the enclosure. I thought of Queen Elizabeth, and her stupidity in changing the style of riding for women. *En cavalier*, it appeared so safe, as if I could have jumped over the moon.

"Now," said I to the Gaja Raja, *"having obeyed your commands, will you allow one of your ladies to ride on my side-saddle?"*

My habit was put on one of them; how ugly she looked. The moment I got the lady into the saddle, I took the rein in my hand, and riding by her side, started her horse off in a canter; she hung on one side, and could not manage it at all; suddenly checking her horse, I put him into a sharp trot. The poor lady hung half off the animal, clinging to the pommel, and screaming at me to stop; but I took her on most unmercifully, until we reached the spot where the Baiza Ba'i was seated; the walls rang with laughter; the lady dismounted, and vowed she would never again attempt to sit on such a vile crooked thing as a side-saddle.

The Baiza Ba'i did me the honour to express herself pleased, and gave me a title, "The Great-aunt of my Grand-daughter," which was very complementary, since it entitled me to rank as the adopted sister of her Highness. I visited her many times and liked her better than any native lady I ever met with.

Speaking of the privations endured by Hindoo widows, her Highness mentioned that all luxurious food was denied them, she is not allowed to wear gay attire or jewels, and her mourning is eternal. The Hindoo widow, however young, must not marry again. The Baiza Ba'i

always slept on the ground, according to the custom for a widow, until she became very ill with rheumatic pains; after which she allowed herself a hard mattress. She asked me how an English widow fared?

I told her, "*An English lady enjoyed all the luxury of her husband's house during his life; but, on his death, she was turned out of the family mansion to make room for the heir, and pensioned off; whilst the old horse was allowed the run of the park, and permitted to finish his days amidst the pastures he loved in his prime.*"

The fate of women and of melons is alike. "*Whether the melon falls on the knife or the knife on the melon, the melon is the sufferer.*"

We spoke of the severity of the laws of England with respect to married women, how completely *by law* they are the slaves of their husbands, and how little hope there is of redress.

You might as well "*Twist a rope of sand,*" or "*Beg a husband of a widow*" as urge the men to emancipate the white slaves of England.

"*Who made the laws?*" said her Highness. I looked at her with surprise, knowing she could not be ignorant on the subject.

“The men,” said I; “why did the Maharaj ask the question?”

“I doubted it,” said the Ba’i, with an arch smile, “since they only allow themselves one wife.”

“England is so small,” I replied, “in comparison with your Highness's Gwalior; if every man were allowed four wives, and obliged to keep them separate, the little island could never contain them; they would be obliged to keep women in vessels off the shore, after the fashion in which Chinese keep their floating farmyards of ducks and geese at anchor.”

1835, September 8th -

A deputation arrived from her Highness claiming protection from the Agent to the Government, on account of a mutiny in her camp. She was fearful of being murdered, as her house was surrounded by three hundred and fifty mutinous soldiers, armed with matchlocks and their *palitas* already lighted. The mutineers demanded seven months' pay; and finding it was not in her power to give it to them, they determined to have recourse to force, and seized her treasurer, her paymaster, and four other officers. These unfortunate men they had made prisoners for seven days, keeping them secured to posts and exposed the whole day to the sun, only

giving them a little sherbet to drink. The Agent called out the troops, and marched down to the Mahratta camp. At daybreak they charged the Zenana compound, killed eight mutineers and wounded nine; after which the men laid down their arms, and tranquillity was restored. The moment the mutineers had been charged they murdered their prisoners, the treasurer and the paymaster; the other four officers escaped in the tumult.

The Baiza Ba'i had despatched a lady several times to say she wished me to visit her. The Agent would not allow me to go, lest the mutineers should seize and keep me a prisoner with the Ba'i's officers.

1835, October -

The Governor-General's Agent allowed me to accompany him to the camp. He took some armed horsemen from the police as an escort in case of disturbance. The Baiza Ba'i received me most kindly, as if I was an old friend. I paid my respects, and almost immediately quitted the room, as affairs of state were to be discussed. The Gaja Raja took me into a pretty little room, which she had just built on the top of the house as a sleeping-room for herself. Her *charpai* swung from the ceiling; the feet were of gold, and the

ropes by which it swung were covered with red velvet and silver bands, The mattress, stuffed with cotton, was covered with red and blue velvet: the cases of three large pillows were of gold and red *kimkhwab*; and there were a number of small flat round pillows covered in velvet. The counterpane was of gold and red brocade. In this bed she sleeps, and is constantly swung during her repose.

"I am told you dress a camel beautifully," said the young Princess; *"and I was anxious to see you this morning, to ask you to instruct my people how to attire a sawari camel."*

This was flattering me on a very weak point: there is but one thing in the world I *perfectly* understand, and that is, how to dress a camel.

I promised to attend to the wishes of the Gaja Raja; and, returning home, summoned twelve *mochis*, the saddlers of India, of the *Chamar* caste, to perform the work. Whilst one of the men smokes the *narjil* (cocoa-nut pipe), the remainder will work; but it is absolutely necessary that each should have his turn every half-hour; no smoke - no work.

Five hundred small brass bells of melodious sound; two hundred larger ditto, in harmony like hounds well matched, each under

each; and one large bell, to crown the whole; one hundred large beads of imitative turquoise; two snow-white tails of the cow of Tibet; some thousands of cowrie shells, many yards of black and of crimson cloth, and a number of very long tassels of red and black worsted. The *mochis* embroidered the attire for three days, and it was remarkably handsome. The camel's clothing being ready, and the Gaja Raja having appointed an hour, I rode over, taking it with me at 4am.

A very vicious, but large and handsome camel was then brought in by the female attendants; he knelt down, and they began by putting the gay trappings upon him; his nose was tied to his knee, to prevent his injuring the girls around him, whom he attempted to catch hold of, showing his great white teeth; if once the jaw of a camel closes upon you, he will not relinquish his hold. You would have supposed that they were murdering, not dressing the animal; he groaned and shouted as if in great pain, it was piteous to hear the beast; they always moan when any load is placed on their backs, however light. When the camel's toilet was completed, a Mahratta girl jumped on his back, and made him go round the enclosure at a capital rate; the trappings were admired, and the bells pronounced very musical.

They were eager I should mount the camel: I thought of Theodore Hook. The hostess said, "*Mr. Hook, will you venture upon an orange?*" "*No, thank you, Ma'am, I'm afraid I should tumble off.*" I declined the elevated position offered me, for the same reason.

I paid a farewell visit to the camp on three days later. Mahratta never transact business on an unlucky day. This was Tuesday, an inauspicious day, and the Ba'i, who was to have held a *darbar*, had put it off as a consequence. I found, her looking grave and thoughtful, and her sweet smile was very sad. She told me that the Court of Directors had just sent orders that she was to go and live at Banares; that she was to quit Fathigar in one month's time, and should she refuse to do so, she was to be taken by force, under escort of troops that had been sent to Fathigar for that purpose. The Ba'i was greatly distressed, but spoke on the subject with a command of temper, and a dignity that I greatly admired.

"What must the Maharaj do? Cannot this evil fate be averted? Must she go to Benares? Tell us, memsahiba, what must we do?" said one of the ladies in attendance.

Thus called upon, I was obliged to give my opinion; it was an awkward thing to tell an exiled Queen she must submit. I hesitated; the Ba'i looked at me for an answer.

Dropping the eyes of perplexity on the folded hands of despondency, I replied, "*He who has the stick, his is the buffalo!*"

The effect was electric, and I believe the odd and absurd application of the proverb half reconciled the Maharaja to her fate. I remained with her Highness some time, and took leave of her with great sorrow; the time I had spent before in the camp had been days of amusement and gaiety; the last day, the unlucky Tuesday, was indeed ill-starred, and foil of misery for the unfortunate and amiable ex-Queen of Gwalior.