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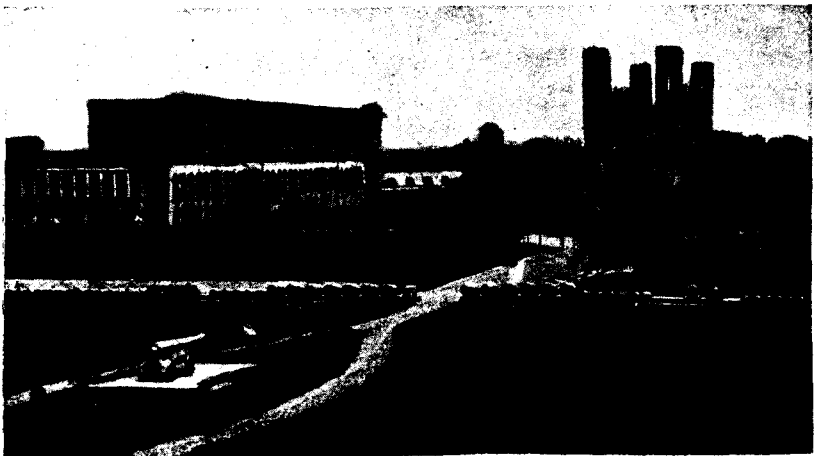
BY CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS.

Retired, H. M. 1st Border Regiment.

BUDDOO was my first bearer; I chose him from a host of others for the super-excellence of his testimonials which warranted him a "prince of bearers."

Buddoo's mild look, guileless manner, huge turban and spotless raiment, quite won my confidence and respect. He spoke English in a way that could be understood, and when he declared his willingness to follow me to Calcutta I thought myself fortunate in finding such a paragon; one, who as interpreter, mentor and guide, would help my inexperience in the country. I was told to beware of imposters in Deolalie, and to hold the testimonials of servants engaged there, as a guarantee of good faith, for sometimes

they robbed and deserted their masters on the journey. When Buddoo found I intended to keep his papers, he loudly demurred, saying: "Sahib lose papers, me ruined man, no more master got it." I assured him the papers would be returned in Calcutta, or otherwise I should have to look for another bearer, but no, he wanted to follow the sahib, and begged leave to say "good-bye to brother caste man in bazaar." When he returned in the evening he came staggering into my room, his turban all awry, the spotless garments of the morning soiled and bedraggled. Steadying himself by the door post, he salaamed profoundly, and trying to look very wise, said: "Sahib, *hum bahut matwala!*" (sir, I am very



INTERIOR OF FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.