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TEA PLANTER'S LIFE  
IN ASSAM.

BY GEORGE M. BARKER.

WITH SCIENTIFIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

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of the jungle, when suddenly, with a heavy rush through the dense cover, a rhinoceros charged out, making a furious attack on the elephant, and succeeded in dashing his horn between her ribs. A more unprovoked assault was never committed. The poor old animal had been lying down on her side for three days, with some ribs broken, when I left; nor have I heard whether she ever got over it.

Rhinos are fairly plentiful in some out-of-the-way districts, and in their erratic course through a garden (a place that under usual circumstances they steer clear of) play fearful havoc with their unwieldy carcasses amongst the tea.

Tigers there are also in quantities in most districts of Assam. To be suddenly aroused in the middle of the night by squeals issuing from the direction of the stables, followed by a sudden irruption into your bed-chamber of the chowkeydar and his black satellites, groan with fear, and yelling in chorus, "Barg, barg" (tiger), is not the most pleasant awakening. There is not a moment to be lost if the horses are to be saved. A light is secured, rifles, together with all the odd firearms that can be speedily collected together, are distributed, and the procession starts for the stables in the following order. First the sahib, behind him the light-bearer, succeeded a few yards off by the chowkeydar with a gun; then, some considerable distance in the rear, the establishment, armed with anything handy, slowly come after. Each and all—always, of