

**WINTER DAYS**  
**IN**  
**INDIA AND ELSEWHERE**

**BY**  
**WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK**

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The household was thoroughly well ordered, and we got better cooked food and much more appetising than in any hotel in India. The life seems an ideal one for a strong healthy man with all his wits about him and his gun always ready at his hand. As we were only three-quarters of a mile from the station, one never knew when a guest might arrive, for in Assam all passers-by must call. Assam is quite unlike any other part of India we visited, and the people are as different from the Thibetans as the Thibetans are unlike the Bengali, or the Bengali unlike the warlike Rajpoots or fierce Afghans. At Titabur we were some 70 miles from China.

Wild elephants are a serious nuisance in Assam, but we only saw one elephant here, and that belonged to the Forest officer. Tigers, jackals, and elephants and leopards are plentiful, and rhinoceros is shot lower down the Brahmaputra.

One day a conjuror performed in front of the verandah. As one of Robert's house servants afterwards said, "it was true magic." To learn such magic one goes to the country of Gora, where there are no men, only women; men who go there become sheep during the day, and at night they learn magic. They cannot get away, because if they start in the night they always find in the