FAR AWAY UP THE NILE

By

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
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AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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country some day. One of the big men of Sudan said to me: 'Now Schuster has taken over, I think we can dispense with the Auditor-General.' Schuster is a man who inspires confidence because he is sure of himself. An indefatigable worker, he never spares himself, so Sudan can look forward to the great day when his pet schemes with regard to the industry that will enrich the colony will prove themselves, and we can hope to see the great import of American cotton, now forced upon us at abnormal prices, reduced by half or completely stopped.

By great good fortune, an excellent ship, the Llanstephan Castle, arrived at Port Sudan on March 26, and we were lucky enough to secure berths for the home voyage. Our passage to Genoa was pleasant and uneventful. Several Sussex friends, Colonel S. Clarke, Colonel C. Godman, and Dame Alice Godman and her two daughters, were on the way home from Uganda, where they had had a very successful trip, and Colonel Clarke had secured trophies of Uganda kob, white rhinoceros, and other good things for his fine collection of African mammals. My old friend, Lord Egerton, got off at Port Sudan, and went in to hunt on the Dinder, taking with him our late excellent cook, Mohamed. The ship was crowded with South and East Africans, all on the way to London and Wembley, and they gave us all the recent news of how things were progressing in those colonies. Stromboli was doing a little mild erupting as we passed up the Straits of Messina, and the air was cold in the laggard spring—at least it seemed so after the hothouse of Africa.

Lions are not dangerous in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, for in this part of Africa they are generally non-existent.