1871-1872 Caspar Morris journal 1994

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Desert and around us the narrow strip of arable land fertilized by the Nile. 2 Pm finds us lying by the bank 23d.

While at dinner a light northerly breeze sprung up and instantly our Reis summoned his crew who came tumbling down the bank & in a very few minutes our flotilla was drawn on sails spread & poles in hand we pushed out of a little cove in which we had been lying. The Gazelle a small crew boat was just ahead of us. The Marquis of Bath was not able to move so promptly he & his companion were ashore & the Reis had taken down his sail to add to or repair it & the breeze soon falling they were left by dint of much poling in shallow water cove got across the river where the Gazelle joined its larger consort & together we were tracked along the shore. Our boat sails best the Gazelle being lighter & drawing less water occasionally gets ahead It is interesting to watch the crew they laugh & bang a jump into the water or on shore and pole or pull or set sail cheerfully. Yesterday as they were pulling us two women were filling their water jars on the shore when one of the crew left his hold on the rope and ran down to the woman & most gracefully lifted her jars to their heads & ran back to his place. The other jars Cangeas lying taking in cargo when they are obliged to pass the rope around. Some are laden with high stacks of Doura stalks making it a difficult task. The Cangea crews assist merrily. Yesterday the three Dahabeeahs got jammed together in a shallow & narrow place. All was excitement but neither anger nor confusion. We sailed on until late in the evening. The sunset was most glorious Angels wings of gold and white & dove color tinged the pearly vault of heaven, and little clouds caught the crimson & vermilion of the departing sun & hung lovingly above the Earth. The moon stood