

young Khedive, lay bathed in the white light of the moon—a picture long to be remembered. By daylight the view from this lofty platform embraces the far-winding Nile, the tawny-coloured pyramids, the feathery fringe of palms in the gardens and environs of the city, the slumbering necropolis of buried Memphis, the yellow sands and pale-violet-coloured distant Libyan hills.

Yet this fortress has its grim memories. On the first of March, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited the Mameluke Beys, 470 in number, to a conference in the citadal. Caught like rats in a trap they were treacherously butchered by Mohammed Ali's soldiers, the old Turk calmly sitting on his divan in his palace while this massacre was going on beneath its walls. The place is still shown where the sole survivor of this devoted band leaped his horse over the wall and so made his escape. For over three hundred years



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, CAIRO.

the Mamelukes were sovereigns of Egypt, and left their mark imperishably on some of its most exquisite Saracenic architecture. It stirred our patriotic pulses to see the Royal Staffordshire Regiment of red coats occupying this stronghold of ancient tyranny, and to hear the familiar English speech as we went through barracks and parade ground. The "Well of Joseph" is a square shaft, 280 feet deep, constructed in the twelfth century, to supply the garrison. We saw the disused sakeyehs, where oxen, one set at the top and another half way down the shaft, used to raise the water.

It is a short ride through an ancient, gloomy, arched gateway to the tombs of the Mamelukes without the walls. They are situated in a dreary desert and surrounded by a vast Moslem cemetery. Many of them are quite dilapidated, but in the warm