

## CHAPTER IX.

### HELIOPOLIS—GARDEN OF SHOOBRA—SLAVE-MARKET

Egypt's tall obelisk, still defying Time,  
While cities have been crumbled into sand,  
Scattered by winds beyond the Arab's desert,  
Or melted down into the mud of Nile.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Thence through a garden I was drawn,  
A realm of pleasure—many a mound,  
And many a shadow-chequered lawn  
Full of the city's stilly sound;  
And deep myrrh thickets blowing round  
The stately cedars, tamarisks,  
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks  
Graven with emblems of the time.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE objects of interest in the neighborhood of Cairo are very numerous. Leaving for the present the Pyramids, let us canter off to Heliopolis, the On of Scripture. It is only five miles of a pathway, shaded by sycamore and plane-trees, from which we emerge occasionally into green savannahs, or luxuriant corn-fields, over which the beautiful white ibis are hovering in flocks.

In Heliopolis, the Oxford of old Egypt, stood the great Temple of the Sun. Here the beautiful and the wise studied love and logic 4000 years ago. Here Joseph was married to the fair Asenath. Here Plato and Herodotus pursued philosophy and history; and here the darkness which veiled the Great Sacrifice on Calvary was observed by a heathen astronomer.\* We found nothing, however, on the site of this ancient city, except a small garden of orange trees, with a magnificent obelisk in the centre.

These obelisks seem never to have been isolated in the posi-

\* Dionysius, the Areopagite.