

so widely different from the architectural materials of the past, to be found in the tropical regions of our own Central America and Yucatan? The burning sands of the almost boundless deserts have abstracted, from the atmosphere of Egypt, the great physical agent in the decomposition of matter,—moisture. Hence but little corrosion of the monuments, but little obliteration of the paintings, is found. When injury has been sustained from natural causes, it has been produced by other physical agencies than those of moisture: the sand has sometimes done its work of destruction. Thus, among the ruins of Alexandria, an edifice is still standing, which on its north and east faces, retains much of the freshness and sharpness of its original chiselling; while on the other two sides, the sands of the desert, which have been beating against them for several hundred years, have partially effaced the inscriptions. In any other country in Egypt, the whole would, probably, long since have been destroyed. A few years ago, the French transported an obelisk from Luxor, and raised it in Paris, and though the material is granite, and though for many centuries it had stood uncoloured in its original position, yet it has already been found necessary to cover it with a liquid preparation of camellia-oil, to protect it from the corrosive effects of the atmosphere in Paris.

There are temples in Egypt which have been roofless for 2,000 years; their walls are covered with paintings. The colors are still distinctly perceptible, and in many instances, retain all their original freshness. It is not strange, then, that the sculptured stone should remain, often with the polish undimmed that it received from the hands of the workman, many hundred years ago. Such is at this moment the case with fragments of temples, the demolition of which falls within the historic period, as it is known they were destroyed by Cambyses, 500 years before the Christian era. The same freshness, the same strange union of soiling youth with acknowledged age, is also to be seen in some of the cavern temples and tombs, excavated in the sides of the mountains. At Abou-simbel, in Nubia, the white of the walls is unstained by any touch of time's finger; the outlines of the figures never could have been sharper, the colors of the paintings never more vivid, than they are now. Indeed, it is said, that when one comes to that part where the tracings and outlines show that this great work was never finished, he is almost cheated into the illusion that it is still in progress, and that the workman have but temporarily suspended their labors; so fresh is the appearance of the portion that is completed. But for the peculiarities of climate, we should probably at this day have few or no memorials of Egypt, to which we could turn, for the study of her history and progress in the arts of civilized and social life. For the last 1600 years these venerable and interesting ruins have been extended to prevent the wantonness of destruction, or stay the ravages of dilapidation. The marvel is, that any thing remains to be destroyed. Egypt has passed through strange vicissitudes since the erection of the pyramids of Ghizeh. An ancient monarchy has crumbled into ruins, repeated conquests have placed over her many foreign masters, civil wars have thinned her population, few of her ancient stock are left. In the circumstances that must have attended national calamities like these, it had not been strange, had almost every architectural or pictorial vestige of the past been lost to the world for ever. It is superstitious to suppose that there have been a Providence in their preservation! It is a presumptuous interpretation of the purpose of God in his providence, to observe that an enquiring, searching spirit, demanding the proof of every thing, predominates in the minds of men at the present day; and from thence to infer the importance of this opening a new and hitherto unexplored field of inquiry, and the value of a powerful array of unanswerable evidence in favor of the Scriptures, which doubtless will be obtained from it! May it not be, that the real and true "philosophy of this age will be the instrument in God's hands wherewith he will oppose its infidelity."—*Egypt and its Monuments.*

NAPLES—THE HOME OF POPY.

The priests have everything to their desire in Naples. The king, queen, government—the system of religious instructions, and of education, are entirely in their hands. And so it has been for ages. Naples, with all its institutions, is in the hands of the priests, as the clay is in the hands of the potter; and here is the place where, without let or hindrance, Popery has had the greatest opportunity of showing its tendencies, and producing its fruits. And what are its influences and fruits, as seen in the religious and moral state of the people?

The moment you place your foot on the quay of Naples, you feel at once that you have landed in a city of beggars. You meet them on landing; they dog you to the custom-house; to your carriage; to your hotel. They meet you in the streets, and if you give away a few copiers, they swarm around you. You see them in groups upon all the quays, around all the churches, in all the public squares, and in all kinds of mutilation and rage. They sleep in the markets, or on the steps, or in the porches of the churches; and in the city of Naples there are said to be thirty thousand and upwards of the most beggarly-looking beggars to be seen in the world. And yet, every thing you see in the shape or dress of a priest, save the wretched-looking mendicant monks, are clothed in fine black cloth, and fine linen, and silk stockings, and shining shoe-buckles, and look as if they fared sumptuously every day. The priests of Naples are the most sleek, rotund, joyous, well-fed, self-satisfied set of looking men I ever saw. They look and act as if they were in clover. Somehow or other, priests and beggars swarm together. Where is an exception?

Naples is a city of ignorance. There are humane and charitable institutions there, but there is no system of education, that has its seat in the masses. None of those swarming beggars can read. There is a college for the sons of the aristocracy, where students wear a military uniform; there are schools where, at great expense, the children of the wealthy may be instructed; but nothing is done for the instruction of the people. There are neither "schools" nor "colleges" in the city. Hence, Naples is an ignorant city. Numbers of other, priests and mendicants are always found together. Where the priests wield the influence, the masses are in ignorance. Where is an exception?

Naples is a wicked city. We collected statistics in proof of this, but we cannot bear state them. But the evidence of this wickedness you meet everywhere. So numerous are the scenes, visions, pictures of Christ, lighted candles, and other Papal emblems, and so much of a ritual reverence is paid to these things, that a stranger might fancy that he were in some goodness there. But when you are seen bowing to the Virgin, and swearing at the same time—gawdling over a picture of Christ in agony on the cross—drinking, dancing and carousing in the presence of a box with a glass door, containing an image of Mary and bambino; with a candle burning before it; when you see priests in black, and monks with ropes around their loins playing cards in the open streets, what further evidence do you need of a wicked and corrupt city? If the priests do so, what must be the conduct of the sinful and the common people? And the true state of the case is such as to sustain any inference we may draw. Where the priests wield the influence, the masses of the people are wicked.—Where is an exception?

Of the gross superstition of Naples, what can we say? You see the proof of it everywhere. You see it in the processions of the dead to the chambers of the living; in their general processions; in the multiple action of emblems of worship; in the marvellous miraculous juggle as to the blood of St. Januarius, a cheat practised by the priests on the people three or four times a year! I was in the cathedral church of that saint on "St. John's day," which is a high day in Italy. There was high mass going on at the altar, at which three cardinals were serving. A servant handed his censor to another, and stepping down from the altar offered his services. We went to the tomb of the saint under the altar—to the little chapel where the blood liquefies, and as the man in livery explained it with an air more of incredulity than of belief, I could not help muttering, *shame, shame!* If the priests here will strive to explain the sentence of the Madini in Tuscany so as to turn away its sharp point from Popery and its priests, what explanation will they attempt of the cheat as to the blood of St. Januarius? If they say it is a true miracle, the country will be in a broad laugh; if they admit it to be what it is, a most gross imposition, what follows? Priests and gross superstition go together. Where is an exception? Surely not where they have all things to their liking.

Naples is most despotically governed.

The king is a despot, and the priests are his tools and his spies. The prisons are filled with prisoners, among whom are the noblest and truest men of the country. The old Bourbon "lettres de cachet," in all their terrible and concealed despotism, are revived; and with the charge, trial, or notice, the very salt of the people are torn from their families, and confined in the most noisome and deadly dungeons. The awful revelations of Gladstone, in his "Two letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," will not soon be forgotten by the world. The present fearful despot granted a constitution—then revoked it—and then cast into prison, and into a felons' grave, the persons that formed it, and sustained it by his command. Cardinals and bishops have written political catechisms, and they are taught by the priests in the schools of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which teach that all liberally-minded persons are eternally lost; that the people can establish no fundamental laws, as all such laws must flow from the sovereign; that the people, who are made for submission, can impose no laws upon a sovereign; that a sovereign is not bound to keep his oath, when he thinks it good to violate it, and that the pope can absolve, when necessary, from the obligation of an oath, and from the crime of violating it. With a catechism like this, written by cardinals and bishops, taught by the priests in all the schools, and fully believed by a Bourbon prince, we leave it to our readers to infer what must be the freedom enjoyed, or the despotism felt, by the people of Naples. Priests and despotism go together.

And yet, in view of the Pope and priests, the king of Naples is the model king, and his kingdom the model kingdom of the world. He is the monarch of the earth, whom Pio Nono most delights to honor. Nor is there a model after which the Pope and his priests would more gladly mould our own happy republic, were it in their power, than the kingdom of Naples. The apologists for the Duke of Tuscany, in the case of the Madini, would be the advocates of Ferdinand.

O, the blessings, civil, social and religious, in reserve for our country, when priests are in power here as they are in Naples!—*Kiron in the New York Observer.*

THE MEN OF GENEVA.

(Correspondence of the Presbyterian)

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, June 20, 1853.

In a previous letter, I spoke to you of those who, more than twenty years ago, formed the nucleus of the Evangelical Church of Geneva. The eminent servants of Christ to whom I allude are yet alive, and la-