

in two at the base; the total length is 100 miles, and the cost was about seventeen million pounds sterling. Port Said has at present about 8,000 inhabitants; and it being a port of the Mediterranean, there is a good deal more life in the streets and more business transacted here than at either Suez or Is-malia.

We have not heard from home for four weeks, but hope to find a large batch of mail matter at Jaffa on our arrival there to-morrow morning. We are all in usual health.

PAUL A. SCHETTLER.

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LETTER LIV.

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Near Jaffa—The Martyrs' Tower—Plains of Sharon—Battle Ground of David and Goliath—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—St. Stephen's Gate—Valley of Jehoshaphat—Sacred Relics—Centre of the Earth.

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CAMP NEAR JAFFA GATE, Jerusalem,  
February 26th, 1873.

ELDER ROBERT L. CAMPBELL:

Your favor No. 7, of December 28, and January 7, was received in our noon halt in a ruin containing the Martyrs' Tower, near Ramleh, February 24. I thank you for your correspondence, and hope you will continue it. Others of the party got letters fourteen days later than mine. I stand riding an Arab horse better than I had anticipated. Our arrival in Jaffa was on Sunday morning, 23rd, the sea smooth, and the day very fine. I presume all the party were disappointed in the fertile character of the Plains of

Sharon, and the extent to which they are cultivated. The mountains of Judea are rocky and barren, but flocks of fat sheep were grazing on the brook Elah, where King David and Goliath had their encounter. We were tired by our horseback ride when we arrived here last evening.

We have three large circular wall tents, lined, carpeted, and furnished with iron bedsteads, tables and camp stools. We have a Syrian dragoman, who is a Roman Catholic, named Antonio Macloof. Our cook supplies us with three excellent meals each day. To-day we have visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or more properly, the Church of the Holy Places, for the mother of Constantine was so exceedingly fortunate in grouping the localities of several mammoth events as to enclose them all in one building, which contains chapels and churches for Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians and Copts. These are enriched with many very costly presents, of various descriptions, from nations and individuals.

We met Mr. Cook near Zagazig and passed him by rail without being able to speak to him, his train having been detained by drifting sand, or we should have met him at Zagazig, Egypt. Two of his "round the world" party are now with us; they joined him at Chicago, and speak highly of their tour; they left him at Cairo to do Palestine, etc.

Sister Eliza R. Snow proves to be a first-class horsewoman, and endures the labors of the journey very well. Brother Carrington found it severe on his rheumatic ankles in riding down hill. My grey Tartar has not stumbled with me; the worst thing I dread is the sun on my head, to mitigate which I wear a cork hat, with an inside rim, the whole wrapped with a white and then a straw-colored scarf, and also have a light colored umbrella, lined with green. I think I shall be able to stand it, though the sun is pretty sharp here.

Standing just outside of St. Stephen's gate, and looking into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where the Brook Kedron once

ran, I read Zachariah 14, 4, and my impressions of the spot and situation were far more pleasing than any I have had since coming to Jerusalem. I do not wonder at Mark Twain burlesquing the ancient sites, when our guide, Isaac, told us gravely that there was the rock cleft at the crucifixion, from which was taken the skull of Adam, and took us into an adjoining room, called the Greek Church, and there showed us a small pedestal which he said was the centre of the world, and under it was buried the skull of our father Adam, which they had moved some thirty feet from where it was claimed to be found, for the sake of laying it in the exact centre; it even made me smile, and when Sister Snow gravely enquired how they identified the skull to be Adam's, he honestly replied he did not know.

God bless you.

Yours, &c.,

GEORGE A. SMITH.

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LETTER LV.

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View of Jerusalem—Solomon's City Wall—Hole "Made by the Saviour's Elbow"—Crowds of Beggars—Mourning Women.

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CAMP NEAR JAFFA GATE, Jerusalem,

February 26th, 1873,

MY DEAR SON:

My first view of Jerusalem was from the northwest, the worst view from which to form an impression, being mostly the wall which must have been chiefly built by the Mahomedans since the days of the Crusaders. Some English archæologists, led by Captain Warren, sank a shaft 140 feet, near St. Stephen's Gate, and found the city wall of Solomon,