THE HOLY LAND.
FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.
From Our Special Correspondent.
BALDWINSVILLE, Galilee, September, 1867.

The real name of this city is Bethsaida, but I call it Baldwinsville because it sounds better and I can recollect it easier. One of the great drawbacks to this country is its distressing names that you can't get the hang of; you may try it for a month, and when you get through you cannot tell where you have been, to save your life, unless you are a living, breathing geographer. There is no use of pronouncing these names, but they will bring any Christian to grief if he tries to spell them; I have an idea that if I can only simplify the nomenclature of this country, it will be the great thing that will save the Americans who may travel here in the future; it is well enough for me to know that, but I can't accept of Cenereus Philippius—it uses too much alphabet, and there is very little names in the place.

The ruins here are not very interesting. There are the massive walls of a great square building that is surrounded on all sides by the ditches of a wall of ancient fortifications. Among these are that so smothered with debris that they seldom extend above the surface. The bases of a few walls are lined with the weathered stones through which the beautiful brook of which Jordan is born still runs; in the hill-side are the remains of a sort of a costly Greek temple that Herod the Great built here—parches of its handsome columns still rise above the ruins of the structure that was here before Herod's time; may be; scattered everywhere, in the paths and in the woods, are wondrous fragments of ancient sculpture, and little fragments of sculpture, and up and down the precipices where the blocks of stones that are dashed out, are well worn Greek inscriptions over niches in the rock where in ancient times the Greeks, from the Roman emperor, worshiped and served their God Pan. But trees and bushes grow above many of these memorials now; and although the gentle lass of sixty Arabs are perched upon the broken masonry of antiquity, the whole place has a sleepy, beaten look about it. One can hardly believe himself to believe that a busy, substantially-built town was once here, two thousand years ago.

The place was nevertheless the scene of an event whose effects have added a page after page and volume after volume to the world's history. For in this place Christ stood when he said to Peter:

"From that time forth and of a truth, the Son of man has power upon earth to forgive sins.

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, 'Art thou the Christ, the Son of the living God?'

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"