

saw, about one hundred and eighty feet perpendicularly over our heads, a projecting wooden building, to which a basket, which was on the ground close to us, was attached by a cord, and which basket appeared to be used as a means of conveyance for provisions, &c. from the spot where we stood to the monks residing in the regions above. We had thus arrived at the back of the rock on the summit of which the Agios Stephanos stands: its height above us being one hundred and eighty feet, whilst its height above the plain on its front and two side faces must be three or four hundred feet. On hailing the monks to admit us, they told us to mount by a series of strong but very disagreeable and rickety ladders, in joints, which ran up one sloping side of the rock, and entered a covered kind of gallery about one hundred feet above the ground where we stood, but two hundred feet perpendicularly above the nearest point of the ground immediately below it. We considered this mode of ascent as impracticable to any but a sailor, and so declined attempting it.

They then called to us to wait; and in a few minutes we saw descending from the building above a sort of strong cabbage-net with very large meshes, and capable of holding two persons at a time. The net is spread open upon the ground, and one or two persons sit down upon it cross-legged; the upper meshes of the net are then collected together over his or their heads, and hung on an iron hook attached to the rope. The monks above then turn a capstan, and in two minutes and a half the traveller finds himself in their exalted abode, about one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the ground from which he started.

The usual mode of ascent, however, appeared to be by the ladders; and the monks seemed a good deal surprised at our asking for the net.

ALBANIAN IDEAS OF LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

On my way through Tempe, I chanced to enter a good deal into conversation with our surrigger; who seemed very much disposed to be communicative. Seeing a small town on my right, which I guessed from its situation must be Ambelakia, I observed incidentally, "That is Ambelakia, is it not?" He looked round at me very slyly, and replied, "I see you know this road; you are no stranger here." "I was never here in my life till this moment," said I. He insinuated that I might not wish it to be known that I had been there before, but that, unless I had, I could not possibly have pointed out Ambelakia as I had done. I assured him I was a perfect stranger. "Then how could you," he replied, looking archly, as much as to say he had found me out, "how could you know that that was Ambelakia?" "I guessed it," said I. I have a paper (map) in my pocket, from which I learn the names and situations of places." I could not, however, succeed in persuading him that I was telling the truth, nor in making him comprehend what a map meant. He would persist in maintaining that I must have been there that way before, or I could not have pointed out the situation of Ambelakia; and seemed to hint that, as I appeared not to wish it known that I knew my way, I might depend upon his discretion.

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 [From an American Paper.
 MOUNT AUBURN.]

I cannot quit the privileged and improved county of Middlesex, without adverting to this beautiful retreat, which owes all its natural and local attractions to its rural

embellishments. I confess I am drawn to it by still stronger ties, for there sleep under its green banks and its waving boughs, those who were as dear to me as anything this side Heaven; and there, too, side by side with them, it is my consolation to think, I shall, myself, repose, when my days' humble work is done, and I fall like the leaf by the autumnal blast.

This cemetery, embracing now more than a hundred acres of land, of most varied surface and aspect, was originally intended, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for an experimental garden as well as a burying-place; but it is now exclusively devoted to the last object. It abounds with elegant monuments of taste and touching testimonials of affection; and with singular beauty intermingles the charms of floral culture with the untrained wildness of nature. Its silent walks, its shaded retreats, its calm waters are all sacred to tender and reverential sentiments; its monuments, from the simple rough stone to the marble, chiselled by the touches of exquisite art, are eloquent; and it exhibits everywhere the affectionate offering of the heart to that idol, which Heaven, in its mercy to our weakness, permits us to cherish, the precious memory of the beloved and revered.

It shows, too, most emphatically, that strong passion of rural beauty, which the Creator seems to have made instinctive in the heart; and that spontaneous acknowledgement of the charm of the country, which the deep absorption of business or the dissipations of city life cannot extinguish, nor even so far abate, but that the mind reverts to them as the most favoured elements in man's earthly condition, and vainly thinks that after the turmoil life is over, the sleep of death will be more peaceful in the midst of them. They love to see the sweetest flowers blooming upon the graves of those fairer flowers, which perished without maturing their fruit; or shedding their fragrance over those whose virtues still breathe a divine perfume to the heart. They love that the birds should salute the humble sleepers here with their thrilling morning hymn; that the gentle breezes of a summer's evening as they whistle through the trees, should sing the requiem of the departed in Æolian strains; and that the unsullied snow should spread its mantle over virtues unsullied. They combine all the beautiful embellishments of the country, as though out of nature's own unrivalled materials they would build the palaces of the dead.

What an eloquent tribute is this to the strong attractions and the matchless glories of rural scenery and life! How happy would it be for thousands in our cities if they would yield earlier to those impulses, and seek the country early for the living as they now seek it late for the dead. How happy would it be for thousands, whom success has blessed with the means, if after acquiring more than enough, they would quit the slavery and drudgery of business, so often debasing to the mind and sometimes almost the extinction of the man, and find a rich enjoyment in the embellishment of the country for the common and grateful delight of all who see it; and improving the culture of the earth, for the sustenance and comfort of some portion of the vast multitude, who are fed at this common table.—[*Culman's Fourth Report.*]

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 A WEDDING PRESENT IN TURKEY.—A letter from Constantinople, dated June 28, says—"The betrothal of Ahmed