

justinellas, their *sashes* or *girdles*, and their *long gaiters* and *stockings*. Without exception, like the Turks, they shave the entire face, save the upper lip, which is covered with a *moustache*, that is diligently cherished and greatly honoured. This is common, however, to all the men whom one sees in the countries bordering on the Levant, and indeed along the shores of the greater part of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. With the exception of an Englishman and myself, all our *voyageurs*—Turks, Greeks, Austrians and Italians, wore the moustache.

We had a good many Italians, some Maltese, several Bulgarians, Servians, Germans and Jews. As to the last named, there were two or three old and venerable men, with long beards, who interested me much. One was from Damascus, and I doubt very much whether Father Abraham himself was either a finer looking man, or more thoroughly Oriental in dress and manner than he. Indeed, he was a most perfect specimen of the dignity and grace of the highest degree of Eastern refinement and elegance. His face was very striking. Its profile was eminently *Jewish*, and the flash of his fine black eyes indicated that he was a man of more than common intelligence. Learning that I was an American, he came often to converse with me, and said that he blessed God that he had learned that in the United States, the Israelite was protected in his rights and religion. He alluded in the handsomest terms to the letter which our Government addressed to the Turkish authorities at Damascus, a few years ago, during the persecution which his brethren suffered at their hands. The letter was written by Mr. Webster, when he was Secretary of State, and was alike creditable to his head and his heart.

Trieste is a very pleasant city, standing partly on the level ground around the head of a wide bay—which furnishes at best a rather insecure harbour—and on the sides of the elevated hills which surrounded it. It has, therefore, a very *amphitheatric* aspect. The streets are wide, for the most part, and exceedingly well paved with hewn stones, some of which are ten or twelve inches square; whilst others are parallelograms, of some eighteen inches by twelve. The side walks are made of the same materials. The houses are of stone, and the whole appearance of the city is eminently pleasing. There are many delightful *villas* or country residences, occupied by wealthy merchants, in the vicinity, on the sides and summits of the hills which rise up in the rear of the city. At one of these, that of Mr. Moore, an English gentleman of wealth and great respectability, who is married to an American lady, and was for a long time our consul, I spent a considerable portion of my time during the short stay which I made in that place.

You may be interested in learning that there are two Protestant chapels in Trieste, one for the English and Americans, and the other for Swiss and Germans.

The inhabitants of Trieste are mostly Italians, and the Italian language is the prevalent one. There are, however, a good many *Croations*, (or *Croats*, as they are more commonly called) and *Dalmatians*, to be met with, especially among the lower classes. I was exceedingly struck with the general *height* of these Slavonic people. Like the Hungarians, Transylvanians, Bohemians, and other people of the same origin, they are decidedly taller than the Italians, Spaniards, French, Turks, and even Greeks of Southern Greece and the Islands.

By the way, have you ever reflected much on the singular fact that the Slavonic race has penetrated so far towards the very heart and centre of Europe, and to this day remains so distinguishable from all others? Like lava, it seems to have flowed westward from the northern portions of Asia, overrunning all Russia, Poland, Transylvania, Hungary, and the valley of the Danube almost up to the walls of Vienna. It reached to the shores of the Adriatic. It spread into Moravia, Bohemia, the eastern parts of Prussia, and some detached currents even flowed as far as Holstein, where the Ditmarschen to this day clearly make manifest their Slavic origin.

It is a singular fact, that of the population of the Austrian empire—thirty-six millions in all—eighteen millions and more are of Slavonic origin, nearly five millions are Latin, and some twelve millions and a half are Teutonic. What a mixture, or rather agglomeration of discordant materials! How difficult (if not impossible) to assimilate them! Depend upon it, the work will never be done. That empire will be dissolved. The Slavonic portion of it will coalesce one day with the Poles of Russia and Prussia; or if not, (what is more probable) form

a great kingdom of their own in the vast valley of the Danube. The Latin portion will unite with Italy; and the Teutonic will combine with the rest of the great German nation, and form a grand German empire, alike necessary to keep within proper bounds the Gallic and the Slavonic nations. But a truce to prophesying.

A voyage in a steamer, of some twelve hours, brought me from Trieste to Venice. Here I have spent two or three days, revisiting the scenes which I had seen in 1837.

And what scenes! Who can visit Venice, and not feel deeply interested? Rising up out of the sea, as it were, its white walls, its towers and domes strike your eye from afar, as you approach it by water. Not less beautiful is the vision, when you approach it from the west. Seen from the coast, distant some three miles, in a summer's afternoon, when the sun is reflected from its walls and its roofs, it seems to rest on the water like a swan! And when you enter it, days would not be sufficient to cause you to grow weary of surveying its narrow but admirably paved streets, its canals, its bridges, its gondolas, its Piazza of St. Mark, its churches, its Doge's Palace, its towers, its porticos, its shops, its collections of paintings and sculpture, its monuments of the illustrious dead, its prison, its Bridge of Sighs, etc. etc. And who can fail to read the history of that wonderful city, with intensest interest, on the spot? No man ought to visit Venice without doing this, if he can possibly find the time to accomplish it. History becomes a reality to our feelings as well as our minds, when read under such circumstances.

Yesterday was Christmas. And what wonderful music I heard in the church of St. Mark, as well as in several others in the course of the day! And what was better, I heard an evangelical sermon, in German, preached in the Protestant church on the *Piazza*, or *Campo*, rather, di S. S. Apostoli. In that pleasant little church, which will hold about 200 people, and is well filled every Sabbath by a well dressed and intelligent congregation, my friend, the Rev. Mr. Wittchen, has preached the gospel for more than fifteen years.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

(New York Correspondence of the Montreal Witness.)

I attended the 13th anniversary of this society at the Tabernacle, on the 11th inst. The services commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, by M. L. Garrison, the President, taking the chair. Mr. Garrison's appearance is more prepossessing than most persons would imagine from the accounts published of his character and doings, he has a fine intellectual face and forehead, with nothing of the fierce and rampant in his countenance; his manner, while speaking, is also smooth, calm, yet firm and pleasant; any one knowing nothing of him, would at once be prepossessed in his favour.

The Secretary read the report, which stated that their chief operations had been in the State of New York, and that a large portion of the funds had been spent in supporting lecturing agents. 600 meetings had been held in 31 counties and 250 towns, &c. &c. The report denounced (and justly too), the Mexican war as a slavery extension war; it also denounced the Whigs for proposing Gen. Taylor for the Presidency. It stated that their measures were designedly and wickedly misrepresented, and that they were not clearly and generally understood. That they were accused of being what they were not, that it might be kept from being known *what they were*. They were accused of being opposed to all religion, because they were opposed to the false pro-slavery religion of this country; that the true church of Christ was founded on the everlasting rock, and could not perish; that they loved the religion of the Bible, but hated the false religion of the land which keeps the slave in bondage. They were accused of being opposed to all government, because they were opposed to the bad pro-slavery government of this Union, and were seeking its destruction, not that there might be no government, but that a just and righteous government might arise from its ruins. That they rejoiced in the failure of the American delegates to the Evangelical Alliance in London, to throw over the cause of slavery the mantle of the church, and described the American Church and the American Union as the great barriers to the freedom of the slave. The Treasurer then read a statement of the cash transactions, from which it appeared that the income for the past year was \$8797, and the expenditure \$8597.—Wendell Phillips, of Boston, one of their great speakers, then rose and offered a resolution, declaring it to be the duty of every one to support the anti-slavery cause; to use their best efforts to destroy the American Constitution, which promises to raise up a military despotism subversive to all liberty, with the view of raising up a new state, based upon the original principles of the Declaration of Independence, (mingled applause and hisses from the audience). Mr. Phillips said he was per-