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FACTS FROM HISTORY.

In the height of her glory and renown the republican city of Antioch contained, according to the best authorities, 308,000 inhabitants, classified as follows: 67,000 free citizens, 40,000 free foreigners, enjoying the legal rights of citizens, including the right to hold slaves; and 201,000 slaves. Some authorities give the number of slaves as much larger than this. We take the lowest computation of any authority.

In the early days of the Roman Republic, the number of slaves were very limited. In the year 470 B. C., they formed only a sixteenth part of the population; but so rapidly did the curse extend that two hundred and fifty years thereafter, when on the breaking out of the second Punic War, a census of Roman Italy was taken to determine how many were of suitable age to bear arms, there were found to be over eight millions of inhabitants, of whom one-half were slaves.

The prices current of the human flesh and blood market of Rome presented ordinary much higher quotations than that of Greece. The Roman slave dealers were called Lonicæ, literally Venders. Plutarch quotes field hands as having brought \$250 each in Cato's time. But the Roman, like the Grecian price for feminine beauty, were infinitely higher than for merely abject-working people.

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than common soldiers in his time, one of these birds being sold for 6,000 sestercia (\$300). A curious estimate of value, this and one which makes in comparison to the lot of life so gained, funeral beams pleasant, and the family vault joyful—for there at least the oppressor's hand is stayed, and the tears of poor humanity dried in the common dust.

Secularism relates a joke, played upon Saturnus, who, falling asleep at a sale, the nodding of his head were taken by the auctioneer as a bid on a choice lot of sixteen gladiators who were offered down to him at 6,000,000 sestercia, \$300,000. But to his credit, he it spelt, the Roman price for literary and learned men was above the price, he received of one of this class being worth as at Athens no more than "a good horse," we find him in Rome as valuable as a race.

When gladiatorial shows were first instituted in Rome, the people regarded them with horror; but once accustomed to such bloody sights, they became infatuated with them, and soon the Roman politician and office-holder who found the most favor with the people, was the one who provided for them the largest number of gladiators to be murdered at the public shows. Caesar, when aedile, in the beginning of his career, gave the people such hosts of gladiators to be murdered, that the Senate became afflicted, and limited to him to the number of 320 couples for any one fight.

The hellianthus to her god is ever murmuring the song— The ring-dove, in her faithful mate, repeats the music all day long.

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Demosthenes, a more harrowing tyrant than any every schoolboy and Congressman quotes the praes about, owned 53 slaves as white as himself, of the same blood, fashioned by God in the same Caucasian mould. In Sparta the population was one-third free and two-thirds slaves, being the same proportion exactly as at Athens.

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DEATH IN THE OFFICE.

Darkness rests like a pall upon the streets, which are now deserted. The busy throng which has swept the thoroughfare until late at night, has ceased to flow, and the great metropolis no longer throbs its living tide through the accustomed arteries.

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There is a sign as if life of agony were crushed at once from the heart. And then a spectre poor slowly rises and stalks toward the light. It is a woman, but God, how thin and haggard! A feverish gleam in her eyes, and her low wail dies away, and then, wildly staring at vacancy, takes her seat mechanically upon a box by the light. Her face is thin, and every feature the footprint of unutterable agony.

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ches. Here were shawls which a queen might envy, and equipages of princely splendor. Early this Sabbath morning, a cold-headed landlord goes up the lone highway for promised rest and snacks at the door, which the reader has already entered. He waits but a moment and angrily enters.

"No playing games with me, madam—that money or leave. D'ye hear, woman!" The ruffian was used to scenes of suffering, but he started back at the one before him—That pale haggard woman—spots were still seated by the lamp now burned out, the garment and needle in her hand, and that horrible smile upon her features and that wild eye gazing into vacancy.

That day the officer entered the featureless chamber to remove the dead seamstress. In that dark corner, where the woman was first seen, was the husband. He had been a corpse for more than ten days, and she toiling to escape starvation, and watching with the shroudless, unburied dead.

There will be some honest sorrow— A few will be really sad, as we are diseased for the grave. Fewer probably than we suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over estimate it.

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of chaff and din, and soon one as before will share His favorite phantom. 2. The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the machinery will be ungated when we are gone.

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It is a common belief that the nineteenth century is wiser, better, and more liberal than any which has gone before. Its schools, its libraries, its newspapers and its literature are quoted continually as proofs of its high intellectual and moral culture. Yet in one respect there has been less progress made than there should have been. Secularism, in its broadest sense, has become more numerous, that the diversity of sects is the best safeguard of true religion.

The sectarian animosities have not been diminished. We believe, on the contrary, that the diversity of sects is the best safeguard of true religion. Truth cannot exist without discussion. A dominant Church always becomes imperious. But sectarian bigotedness has nothing to do with piety.

From the slaughter of the Albigenses to the presentment of the Mormons, they have been the fruitful authors of brutalities, cruelties and atrocities, from which our common nature revolts. They lighted the fires of Smithfield, they sent Sermons to stake, they burnt Cranmer, they murdered Anne Askew, they persecuted the Covenanters, they hanged the Quakers, they founded the Inquisition. There have been few or no sects free from the stain of persecution.

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THE POWER OF HABIT.

John S. Gough the eloquent temperance advocate, addressed an immense audience in Easton Hall, London, a few weeks ago, and produced a deep impression.

The orator went on to combat the notion that a habit can be broken off at any time, and he did so by a series of illustrations, one of which produced intense excitement. "I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, 'What river is that sir?' 'That,' he said, 'is Niagara river.' 'Well, it is a beautiful stream, said I; 'bright, fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?' 'Only a mile or two,' was the reply. 'Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which I must show when near the falls?' 'You will find it, sir.' 'And so I found it; and that first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on the Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment.—Down the stream you glide, boat, sails and helm in proper trim, you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank. 'Young men, ahoy! 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Hail hail! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too far, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the most in the socket, hoist the sails, and speed to land. Then on, boys! don't be alarmed boys, there's no danger.' 'Young men, ahoy there? 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Hail hail! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing with the current too swiftly.' 'Young men, ahoy! 'What is it?' 'Beware, beware; the waters foaming around. Now you see the rapids are below you.' 'Now you see you pass that point! Up with the helm! Pull haul! quick! quick! pull for your lives—the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whips upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sails! Ah, ah! it is to late. Striking, striking, howling, blaspheming, over they go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while. 'When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up.'"

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FROM THE N. Y. PHOENIX.

PROF. JULIUS CÉSAR WANNIBAL'S Scientific Lectures.

Sum obsequy may be "branded" as I take up a bundle of numbers you see scientific work—but my policy and, do dare's memory fragments of the first principles of art. I do not refer to folk's Turkey, nor to talk in America, but I mean to stress my obsequy from men and angels, but more "discreetly" men.

Now Siemens and Brudner, do more common fault ob all, is do dare's memory ob you tank when you've got suffer to say. Die kumpant long mostly to you an hold off. Dares Dinah Heelandt, who's Præsident of the Dorking Society for de poor dus cotton all day but tank 'bout her secret-ry's affairs, 'bout de great good day spes to do, and how self-sacrificin she am, darey messin she am a grate deal better den oder niggers. Now Sister Dinah labn't really got annyting to say wif speaking 'bout—Her time to tank sm after she has dun sumfin. But she kant wait dat long, for it may never mun, fur papail in de habit ob tankin much, sin't glisterly in de habit ob doin much.

Den dare's sum ob de mail ginerahshun cat am jin as bad. If you want to fid how much tank dare's in a full-grown nigger ob de mase-kulure spes, jin pit him on a kommittee to git a nob ble fur de church, or to hab guany fut in de windows ob it, or to take munny pot de pastor. Its a nobel failin experiment. Do less he non, do more he'll tank to hide his ignurance.

He'll be like a gries-mil, dat always makes more noise den de hopsst all empty, den we dare's plenty ob borz fur he take in it. You may be shure dat a gints tanker on publik 'caisions am a No-Nothing. Tankin's easy, but doin's hard, darefore dar's sure ob de fus dun.

But dare's as much ob dis again on in private life, as in publik, fur I nose papil, not wise papil, but nigger ob de koozemashun, dare allers a tankin ob 'fessity, dat'll on gbin you 99 klams for a hundred of den dare's not watch em. An dare's elders dat naber folks to spoke 'bout liberality and all sich waz de pasture's by, but only frows, treet-pipe den in de annex when his back's turned, a prayin in de pool-pit.

But dare am more tings say. Dares sum folks who lick dey kin only show dere nobility by chawin up de dickensary, and split it out in little bits, like de boys dare papil bullets in chole. Dey makes munny silly-bles instead ob gbin you sense, and dey tink dat they'll 'pore' sm de ob letters, dare chye' man ob munny sounds dar larnin am all in dare long, and dare nollige boxes ben empty, make more noise den de dey were fall. Dere ideas is few, and old, and dry rates 'bout in dere nollige like pass in a dribe (teebok)'s crop.

Dare's one more set ob tanker's dat I like to be a gittin at—namely, dem as is allers workin a sum in addition when annytings tole to spe, especially wen its not much to de kwantage ob dare nabors. But time, and a fellow feelin fur brudder Ladderplate, makes me close an 'vate fur adder favorable opportunity ob strinin up de praesentors ob slender wif de sharp stick of religion, aided by de mallet ob slance. Bradder Tatite will please tote 'round de caseer, an keep an eye on deseize an wally ob de kontrihushun. An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian, who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him where he was wounded, and suggested to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. 'Arkansas' placed him on behind the saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap, while they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took 'Illinois' head off; but 'Arkansas' thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horse's man releasing his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed: "Well! these Illinoisians are the d— at last. Here is a racial with his head off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word these fellows say."