

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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THE DANISH QUESTION.

To give our readers an understanding of the Schleswig-Holstein question, we clip the following from the Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph:

"Europe seems to be on the very brink of a great war, owing to a difficulty connected with two petty duchies, not so very much larger than Isaac Funk's farm. The facts of the case seem to be about as follows:

"On the boundary between Denmark and Germany, lie the two little provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, mostly inhabited by Germans, and having representatives in the German legislative assembly called the Diet. In these duchies, the Salic Law prevails, by virtue of which, no woman can ever inherit the throne. In Denmark this law is not in force. The late king of Denmark was also Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, but they were not an integral part of the Danish kingdom. This sovereign, Fredrick VII., died last November. But for the Salic Law, Schleswig and Holstein would revert with Denmark to Christian, the father of Alexandra, Princess of Wales; but as this would be giving him the inheritance by right of his mother's heirship, the Duchies do not revert to him, but to another heir, the German Prince of Augustenborg. However, in order to secure the integrity of the Danish monarchy, England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden, held a conference at London in 1852, and decided to overrule the Salic Law, and make King Christian, of Denmark, the heir.

"On the other hand, the Germans, anxious to establish the national unity, support the claims of the Prince of Augustenborg, and say that the other powers have no business to meddle.

"Late advices state that the Danes have been completely driven out of the Duchies by the victorious Germans. France has lately withdrawn from the compact. It remains to be seen whether England will support her Danish ally or not. Already her people are beginning to grumble at the policy of a marriage with a foreign princess which entails a war upon their nation. British statesmen are watching our seaports with anxiety. How easy it would be to wipe out old scores, by sending out a hundred Alabama, under the German flag, to sweep the last vestige of her commerce from the ocean! We have terrible accounts against our rascally step mother to settle, and this war may hasten the day of reckoning. The question will then be: Will England prefer to pay liberal indemnity, or suffer retaliation in kind? She may yet repent her bitter injustice toward us in the hour of our great calamity."

SEE WHAT CAME OF SWEARING.—Mr. Davis stubbed his toe, and said d—n it. The exclamation so astonished Mr. Davis's oldest boy, William Henry, that he dropped his hoe and rushed into the house. Mrs. D., seeing the boy's wild looks, became frightened and dashed out doors to see if Mr. Davis had fallen into the well. While absent from the kitchen, Master James set fire to his apron. This set fire to a box of shavings, while the box of shavings ignited the house. Being uninsured, Mr. Davis loss is about \$30,000, and all caused by his attempting to make a salve of a little blasphemy.

A carpenter, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!"—catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he further delivered himself, "I know'd it—there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

"Father, ain't opposed to monopoly?" cried a little fellow, as his parent took up the brandy bottle. "Yes, my boy," was the reply. "Then give me a drink, too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and has not tasted liquor since.

A Kentucky schoolmaster wrote and posted up the following: "Notice.—No sparin, cursin, or running a bowt or bolliaz in this schol."

From the Kansas City Journal of Commerce.
OVERLAND ROUTES, &c.—SUPERIORITY OF THE SMOKY HILL.

The extensive discoveries of the precious metals which are being made almost daily, as we might say, all along the great mountain ranges of the western part of the continent, are adding much to our geographical knowledge of what has hitherto been almost an "unexplored country." The researches of explorers for gold, are bringing to light new passes through the mountains, and new routes for travel, and are thus doing much to furnish the materials for an intelligent selection of the route for the Pacific Railroad.

We have given this matter some attention, lately, and have received much valuable information from Lieut. Berthoud, of the Second Colorado Regiment, now on duty in this city, who has made very extensive explorations in the mountain regions, and has very intelligent ideas concerning that whole country.

In regard to the route to the Idaho gold mines—located mainly on Stinking Water, Yellow Stone and Madison, Gallatin and Jefferson Forks of the Missouri river, he thinks that the shortest, easiest and most feasible route will be found one by which the emigrant keeps all the time on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, striking northwest from Fort Laramie, avoiding the South Pass entirely, and crossing the southern branches of the Yellow Stone near where they issue from the mountains. The route from Kansas City, then, will be by way of the Kansas Valley and Republican to Fort Kearney, thence up the Platte and North Platte to Laramie, thence northwest crossing Powder, Big Horn, Clark's Fork, &c., &c., reaching the headwaters of the Missouri, where several flourishing mining towns are situated—making an approximate distance of 1,215 miles. Those who prefer, however, to go by the South Pass, will strike from there north and northwest by either the route of the "Three Titans," or that of Fort Hall, reaching the Salmon River Mines on the west of the mountains, whence, by re-crossing to the east side, they can reach the mines on the headwaters of the Missouri.

A route recommended strongly by a gentleman now in the mines, is by Julesburg, Pole Creek, Cheyenne Pass, Fort Halleck, Fort Bridger and the "cut-off" to Banook.

We may assume Carson Valley, in the Territory of Nevada, to be a point necessary to be made by the Pacific Railroad by whatever route from this direction that valley is reached, as the only available Pass for a Railroad through the Sierra Nevada Range of Mountains, is the one west of Carson Valley.

In regard to the various routes by which that valley, with its wonderfully rich silver mines, may be reached from this point, whether as contemplated railroad routes, or by ordinary travel, we will let Lieut. Berthoud speak for himself. He says:

"There are two or three different routes by which Carson Valley and the Washoe mines can be reached from this place.

1st. By the Arkansas Route to Denver City, and Bridger's Pass to Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake City.

2. By the Valley of the Kansas to Fort Riley, thence by the Republican Fork and over its divide between the Republican and Platte River to Fort Kearney, thence up the Platte, South Platte and Cache La Poudre Creek to Bridger's Pass, now traveled by the overland mail; Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake City; thence as by the first route to Carson Valley by the way of Camp Floyd and Fort Churchill, Nevada Territory.

3d. By the very circuitous route of the Santa Fe Road to Pueblo, Colorado Ter.; thence to Fort Garland, thence to Abiquiu, New Mexico, thence by the Spanish trail to near Parawan, Utah Territory; thence north to Camp Floyd, Utah Ter.; or to Provo, Utah Ter.; thence west or by the first and second routes, to Carson Valley.

4th. A new route is being opened from Denver City and Golden City, the capital of Colorado Territory, west through the mountains to Provo and Camp Floyd, Utah Territory. This, when opened, will be the very best and shortest route across this continent from the Missouri to the Pacific. More especially will this be the case when the Pacific Railroad up the valley of the Kansas River will make a direct road from Fort Riley, imperatively needed to supply the rich mining region of Colorado Territory and the regions beyond the Rocky Mountains.

I will now give a few necessary points and distances in a tabular form:

FIRST ROUTE.	
	MILES.
Kansas City to Council Grove	125
Council Grove to Fort Larned	175
Fort Larned to Ft. Lyon	221
Ft. Lyon to Denver	225
Denver to Camp Collins	80
Camp Collins to Ft. Bridger	435
Ft. Bridger to G. S. L. City	113
G. S. L. City to Camp Floyd	40
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley	530
Total	1,944
SECOND ROUTE.	
	MILES.
Kansas City to Fort Riley	140
Fort Riley to Ft. Kearney	175
Ft. Kearney to Camp Collins	325
Camp Collins to Ft. Bridger	435
Fort Bridger to G. S. L. City	113
G. S. L. City to Camp Floyd	40
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley	530
Total	1,778

G. S. L. City to Camp Floyd.....40
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley.....530

Total.....1,758
THIRD ROUTE.
MILES.
Kansas City to Fort Larned.....300
Fort Larned to Ft. Lyon.....221
Ft. Lyon to Pueblo.....125
Pueblo to Fort Garland.....90
Ft. Garland to Abiquiu.....110
Abiquiu to Parawan, Utah Ter.....435
Parawan to Filmore.....58
Filmore to Camp Floyd.....127
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley.....530
Total.....1,996

FOURTH ROUTE.
By either the Santa Fe route or by Fort Riley and Fort Kearney to Denver City, G. T.
MILES.
By Santa Fe route to Denver.....746
Denver by New Road through Middle Park to Provo, Utah Ter.—measured accurately.....425
Provo to Camp Floyd—U. S. Surveys.....20
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley.....530
Total.....1,721

MILES.
By Fts. Riley and Kearney to Denver.....670
Denver to Provo.....425
Provo to Camp Floyd.....20
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley.....530
Total.....1,645

If, in the last route, instead of taking the long "detour" by the Santa Fe or Platte routes to Denver, we open a route via the Smoky to the mountains, from Fort Riley or the western terminus of the Pacific Railroad in the valley of the Kansas, we can then go to Denver City, Colorado Territory, by a much reduced distance.

MILES.
By R. R. Survey to Ft. Riley.....131
Ft. Riley by direct route to Denver.....500
Denver to Camp Floyd.....445
Camp Floyd to Carson Valley.....530
Total.....1,606

The shortest route between the Atlantic and Pacific States is bound to be between the parallels of 39° and 41° north latitude. The configuration of the mountain system of the Rocky, Park, Wabatch and Salt Lake Mountains, and of the Sierra Nevada settles this point. The only railroad route that is efficiently practicable is the Pass over the Sierra Nevada, west of Carson Valley, Nevada Territory, where the California Pacific Railroad Company are now at work—in the Salt Lake Mountains. The only way which offers the least difficulty, by which we can pass from the waters of the Great Basin to the valley of Green River, for either wagon road or railroad, is over the Wabatch, south of round prairie. By this route we avoid the 100 miles of rugged, steep and almost impassable canons and mountains between Great Salt Lake City and Fort Bridger, the difficulty of which can only be realized by one who has been there and examined the country north and south of the South Pass or Bridger's Pass, roads for emigrants to Washoe. A great many have gone, in times past, by the South Pass and Fort Laramie, but now the overland stage goes by Denver, Camp Collins and Bridger's Pass. A great many are directed to that road, by which they gain increased facilities, shorter route and more efficient protection from roving and predatory bands of Indians.

In speaking of the configuration of the mountain system of the Sierra Nevada, Wabatch, Park and Rocky Mountains, I neglected to add that after we have crossed over the Wabatch and reached the valley of the Niuta River, coming east we have a valley 75 miles long by which we reach Green River, crossing this we follow White River about 150 miles until we reach its head waters, then we approach the Park range through a magnificent country; we reach its low range of densely timbered hills into Middle Park, cross this in a southeast course, where at a Pass over its main Rocky mountains only 2 miles long we descended by a fine road from its summit into the rich mining regions of Colorado Territory, where from the summit can be seen the giant quartz mills stamping beneath their never resting iron feet, the gold bearing rocks of the "everlasting hills." This route is the one numbered, Route No. 4, by far the shortest of all, and which partially opened, will, this coming summer, be opened to Salt Lake, and upon which the Telegraph and Mail route will be immediately located.

A gentleman, in Kirkaldy, Scotland, has trained a couple of mice, and invented a machine, enabling them to spin cotton yarn. They have been employed about twelve months. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make a statement to society for past offenses, by twisting, twining, and reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrian has to run 10 1/2 miles. A half penny's worth of oat meal at 15¢ per week, serves one of these treadmill culprits for a long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 9¢ every five weeks, which is 7¢ 5¢ per annum. Take 6¢ off for board, and 1¢ for machinery, there will arise six shillings clear profit from every mouse annually.

A BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

We have all heard of Sir Byle Roche's blunders. Dickens gives us an account of some of those which happily are preserved. In one of his speeches he said: "Sir, I would give up half—nay, the whole of the Constitution to preserve the remainder." This, however, was parliamentary. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked, somewhat pleasantly, that the Admiral would "sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth." By-and-by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this discouraging view of his position: "You may judge," he says, "of our state, when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

On another occasion, when the famous letters to the Public Advertiser were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks "of a certain anonymous writer called Junius." He it was who recounted that marvelous performance in gymnastics, when, in a tumult of loyalty, he "stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the apostate politician who "turned back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of the rat. "Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air; but mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

There was the famous speech which confounded generations. "I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?" He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning. "By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them." His invitation to the gentleman on his travels was hospitable and well-meant—but equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night." He it was who stood for the proper dimensions of the wine bottle, and proposed to Parliament that it should be made compulsory that "every pint bottle should contain a quart." Very pleasant, and yet perfectly intelligible was his meaning—though it unhappily took the fatal bovine shape—in his rebuke to the shoe-maker when getting shoes for his gouty limbs:—"I told you to make one longer than the other, and instead of that you have made one smaller than the other—the opposite."

GEN. ROSECRANS AN INVENTOR.

Among the interesting facts of General Rosecrans' life we find the following: He entered upon the manufacture of coal oil, at Cincinnati, with a partner professing to be skilled. They began the erection of a small factory, but before its completion associated with them two other partners, and put up enlarged works, to produce 500 gallons per day. The efforts of the first partner failing, Rosecrans himself commenced experiment in the laboratory, to manufacture an odorless and pure oil. Having toiled for the object sixteen days, he seemed about successful, when a so-called "patent-safety lamp" exploded, igniting some benzole gas, burning him dreadfully, and threatening the destruction of his works. His presence of mind and firmness averted the calamity, and then he walked a mile and a half to his home, took to his bed and was confined to it eighteen months. For a time his recovery was regarded as quite doubtful. The scars inflicted by this accident have not entirely vanished, one of them in the forehead being visible in his portraits. The illness nearly extinguished his business, for his partners, though honorable, were unskilled in chemistry, and so were unsuccessful. On recovering, he resumed his enterprise with renewed ardor, and was congratulating himself that at last he had his establishment in good producing order, when the secession cloud began to gather over the country. His chemical labors had resulted in some important discoveries. He was first to successfully use the round wick in coal oil lamps, to obtain odorless oil from petroleum, to invent a lamp on which short chimneys could be satisfactorily used, and to find a cheap and certain mode of manufacturing a soap with chloroform properties. Interesting and attractive enterprises were opening before him peculiarly suited to his inventive and practical and philosophical genius, when the drama of rebellion seemed about to open.

TRUTH.—Says a Swiss proverb, "it takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth." For bury it as deep as men may, it will have a resurrection notwithstanding. They may roll a great stone, and seal the sepulchre on which it is laid, and set a watch upon it, yet still like its Lord, it comes forth again at its appointed hour. It cannot die, being of an immortal race; for as the Spanish proverb nobly declares, "The Truth is the daughter of God."

A telegraphic dispatch from Washington announces a Government sale of condemned horses. As Count Garowski might ask, when will the Government in like manner get rid of its condemned asses?

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal and Spain. The coins were scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it—if he wished for a barrel of molasses he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Muskets balls were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debt by the first settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensible felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings and six-pences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Lieutenant, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain Hull. The battered silver cans and takards, I suppose, and silver buckles and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at Court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greatest part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the Buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, six pences and three pences. Each had the date of 1832 on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, was entitled to put one shilling in his pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box was overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and as he worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable one to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine-hearted damsel, by no means as slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian pudding, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his blunt way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were six-pences; and the knees of his small cloths were buttoned with silver three pences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold lace waistcoat with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow them to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids, and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use now for weighing a commodity bulky.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

dutiful child, without any question of why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound oak chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide and seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the room.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold it was full to the brim of bright pinetree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell thought that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, handful after handful were thrown in, till plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her, for its not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

The Hilton Head correspondent of the New York Times furnishes that paper with the following singular incident:

One of the most singular incidents to which my notice has been called, occurred not long since at Hilton Head. A private of the Sixth Connecticut regiment, while standing on guard at the pier, was suddenly accosted by an aged man, who asked him to reach out his left hand. The soldier complied with the request, and by so doing, showed he had lost a portion of his thumb. His right thumb had been severed so as to make the two of equal length. For some seconds the men stood gazing at each other, the soldier in a state of perplexity, and the old man in one that expressed extatic delight.

The spell was broken by the latter asking the soldier if he knew his father, and then making himself known. The son, as if by intuition, instantly recognized his parent, and both fell into a mutual embrace. A lively conversation ensued, which did not terminate until a large crowd of spectators had gathered around, having been attracted thither by the singular conduct of the principal actors of the scene. An explanation soon after made revealed the fact that on account of disagreement, the father separated from his wife when the son was in infancy, leaving it in charge of its mother. That the boy might be recognized in after life, in case the two should ever meet again the father took a hatchet and deliberately chopped off a portion of each thumb. From moment to the day they met on the pier, twenty-two years had elapsed. The father is employed as a laborer in the Medical Department, and I have reason to believe, bears a good reputation for sobriety and industry. The mother is still living in Connecticut. The son remained with her until his patriotism induced him to enter the service.

Who knows but that the accidental meeting on the pier may be the means selected by Providence to restore the relations of domestic peace in a disrupted household?

A CLASSIC TOILET.

According to testimony, which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shown upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Cæsars, when she opened her eyes in the morning—or, rather, let us say, as she appeared in the morning, for before she had opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest, her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass's milk, which had dried during the night, and consequently presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass's milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs; and so strong was the belief of the efficacy of the specific, that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a day. As for Poppæ, the favorite wife of Nero, she never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of sheasses, that she might bathe when she pleased so to do. The plaster of Paris bath having weakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it to perfect beauty. To clear the field for farther operations, the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm ass's milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face to be colored by more recondite artist. The slave whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks, delicately laid on the white and red, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The apparent nastiness of this operation was diminished by the consumption of a certain number of scented lozenges, which if the slave neglected to take, she suffered corporal punishment.