

# Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 6.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1862.

NO. 35.

**DRS. BOLING & BIGHAM,**  
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,  
MILLERSBURG, O.

**S. K. CRAWFORD, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Office on Main st., formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine  
March 29, 1861.

**DR. C. W. BUVINGER,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
MIDDLETOWN, O.  
Professional calls promptly attended to.  
Sept. 12, 1861.

**DENTISTRY.**  
J. E. ATKINSON  
In Millersburg Again.

**BRADY, WILLING AND WAITER**  
Returns all operations in his line with constant care  
in the latest style.  
Office over Millersburg's Emporium.  
October 24, 1861—Editor.

**J. P. ALBAN,**  
DENTIST,  
MILLERSBURG, O.

A artificial teeth  
inserted on Gold,  
Silver, Yulacite &  
Porcelain bases.  
Teeth Extracted,  
Cleaned or filled—  
Satisfaction warranted.  
Office a few doors west of Weston's Saloon.  
Nov. 29, 1860—'51.

**BENJAMIN COHN,**  
DEALER IN  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
Of Every Description,  
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.  
MILLERSBURG, O.

**CASKEY & INGLES,**  
DEALERS IN  
**BOOKS & STATIONERY,**  
Millersburg, Ohio.

**PLAIN & FANCY**  
**JOB PRINTING**  
OF ALL KINDS, NEATLY EXECUTED  
AT THIS OFFICE.

**New Tailoring Shop.**  
W. JACOBS,  
REPECTFULLY informs the  
public that he has taken the  
room lately occupied by the Book  
Store, where he intends carrying on  
the Tailoring Business in all its  
branches. Garments of all  
kinds made on short notice, and  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
Cutting done to order.  
All work done under my own  
personal supervision, and customers are  
guaranteed to be satisfied.

**SINGER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**SEWING MACHINES!**  
Singer family manufacturing machine in the world,  
which he will sell at manufacturer's prices.  
April 10, 1862. W. JACOBS.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
A. WAITS, having purchased Wray and  
Julien's improved Sewing Machine, is still on  
hand to walk on the public in his line in the way of a  
general.  
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.  
Above Mrs. Carey's Auction Room.  
Sept. 29, 1860—adm'd. A. WAITS.

**HERZER & SPEIGLE,**  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**E. STEINBACHER & CO.,**  
Produce & Commission  
**MERCHANTS,**  
Dealers in  
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs, Salt Fish, White and Water Limes,  
PURCHASERS OF  
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried  
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.  
MILLERSBURG, O.  
No. 7, 11, 1861—adm'd.

**BAKER & WHOLF,**  
Forwarding and Commission  
**MERCHANTS,**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**LT. FISH, PLASTER, WHITE  
AND WATER LIME.**  
PURCHASERS OF  
**FOUR WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,  
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,**  
also,  
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds  
of Dried Fruits.  
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.  
April 18, 1862—adm'd.

**NEW**  
**LOT & SHOE SHOP!**  
I have just from J. Mulvan's store, in the room  
formerly occupied by Post Office, where the under-  
signed has a full stock of work in his line, and  
also,  
**City Sewed Work.**  
The undersigned is the excellent one of the Alle-  
gheny Sewing Machine, and also on hand  
**BRING done on short**  
notice, and  
Season hand, as usual, a lot of home made  
Fruit and Shagbark for ready sale. If  
you want good quality of work, please  
call on me.  
B. HULL,  
1860—adm'd.

**THE OIL!! OIL!!!**  
I have had considerable experience in the oil  
business, and am prepared to make all  
the oil in the world,  
to move to  
**Chester, Ohio,**  
Chicago, and  
bushels wheat, Toledo,  
do; Buffalo, March  
waukie, March, 21  
March, 21 404,800,000  
Of corn in stocks, if  
423,175; Bu  
000.  
The ARGET  
store  
**CHEAPEST,**  
City of

**Clay-Eaters of South Carolina.**

[A Northern gentleman in *The Continental Monthly*, gives what we have no reason to doubt, is a perfectly truthful account of his adventures "among the pines" in South Carolina. The following is a part of his narrative of a journey from Georgetown to a plantation in the North-eastern part of the State. His companion, the driver of the horse hired for the occasion, "was a very intelligent native African, named Scipio, who "hired his time" of his mistress, and obtained his living by doing odd jobs around the streets and wharves of Georgetown.]

Night overtook us at the end of the second day's travel in the midst of a forest, uncertain where we were, and half dead from exposure to the storm; but after several hours of hard riding, we found ourselves drenched to the skin and benumbed with cold, before the door of a one story log cabin, tenanted by a family of poor whites. The rain was falling in torrents, and the night was as dark as the darkest corner of the dark place below. We were in the midst of what seemed an endless forest of turpentine pines, and had seen no human habitation for hours. Not knowing where the road might lead us, and feeling totally unable to proceed, we determined to ask shelter at the shanty for the night.

In answer to our summons a wretched looking, half clad, dirty bedragged woman thrust her head from the doorway, with the inquiry "Who are ye?"

"We're only massa and me, and de boss and we're half dead wid de cold," said Scipio; "can't we cum in out of de rain?"

"Strangers," replied the woman, eyeing us as closely as the darkness would permit, "you'd fud mighty poor fixins bar, but I reckon ye can come in."

Entering the house, we saw by the light of a blazing pile of pine knots, which roared and crackled on the hearth, that it contained only a single apartment about twenty feet square. In front of the fireplace, which occupied the better half of the room, the floor was the bare earth, littered over with pine chips, dead cinders live coals, broken pots, and a lazy spang led. Opposite to this, at the other end of the room, were two low beds, which looked as if they had been "slept in forever and never made up." Against the wall and fireplace, stood a small pine table, and on it was a large wooden bowl, from whose mouth protruded the handles of several unwashed spoons. On the right of the fireplace was a rickety wooden chair, evidently the peculiar property of the mistress of the mansion, and three blocks of pine logs, sawn off smoothly, and made to serve as seats. Over against it towered a high backed settee, something like that of an Ohioan.

"Set Hoidy all alone, When Zake peeped thru the window" and on, partly on the end of the settee, one small bare foot pressing the ground, the other, with the part of the person which is supposed to require stockings, in a horizontal direction—reclined, not Hurdy, but his Southern cousin, who, I will wager, was decidedly the prettier and dirtier of the two. Our entrance did not seem to disconcert her in the least, for she lay there unmoved as a marble statue, her large black eye riveted on my face, as if seeing some nondescript animal for the first time. I stood for a moment transfixed with admiration. In a somewhat extensive observation of her sex, in both hemispheres, I have never witnessed such a form, such eyes, such featureless features, and such wavy, black, luxuriant hair. A glance at her dress—a soiled grey, grayish louse woolsey gown, apparently her only garment—and a second look at the face, which on closer inspection, had precisely the hue of a tallow candle, recalled me to myself and allowed me to complete the survey of the premises.

The house was built of unbewn logs, separated by wide interstices, through which the air came in decidedly fresh if not health giving currents, while a large rent in the roof the rain gave the inmates an excellent opportunity for indulging in a shower bath, of which they seemingly needed. The chimney, which had intruded a couple of feet into the room, as if to keep out the cold, and threatened momentarily to tumble down, was or sticks, built up in clay, while the windows were of the ck unplastered boards.

Two pretty girls, one of perhaps ten, and the other of fourteen years, evidently sisters of the unadorned beauty, the middle aged woman who had admitted us, and the dog—the only male member of the household—composed the family. I had seen negro cabins, but these people were whites, and these whites were South Carolinians. Who will say the days of chivalry are over, when such counterparts of feudal serfs still exist?

After I had seated myself by the fire and the driver had gone out to stow the horse away under the tumble down shed at the back of the house, the elder woman said to me:

"Reckon yer wet. Ben in de rain?"

"Yes, madame, we've been out most of the day, and got in de river below here."

"Did you? Ye mean de run. I reckon it's high now."

"Yes, the horse had to swim for it," I replied.

"Ye orter strip and put on dry clothes to oust."

"Thank you, madame, I will."

Going to my portmanteau, which the darkey had placed near the door, I found it dripping wet, and on opening it I discovered that every article in it had undergone the right of total immersion.

"Everything is thoroughly soaked madame. I shall have to dry myself by your fire. Can you set me a cup of tea?"

"Right sorry, stranger, but I can't. Haint a mersel to eat or drink in de house."

Remembering that our excellent hostess of the night before had insisted on filling our wagon box with a quantity of "chickens fixens" to serve us in an emergency, and

that my brandy flask was in my India rubber coat, I sent Scipio out for them.

Our stores disclosed boiled chicken, bacon, sandwiches, sweet potatoes, short cake, buttered waffles, and "common doin'" too numerous to mention, enough to last a family of one for a fortnight, but all completely saturated with water. Wet or dry, however, the provisions were a God-send to the half-starved family, and their hearts seemed to open to me with amazing rapidity. The dog got up and wagged his tail, and even the marble like beauty arose from her recumbent posture, and invited me to a seat with her on the bench.

The kettle was soon steaming over the fire, and the boiling water, mixed with a little brandy, served as a capital substitute for tea. After the chicken was re-cooked, and the other edibles "warmed up," the little pine table was brought out, and I learned—that I had before suspected—that the big wooden bowl and the half dozen pewter spoons were the only "crocery" the family possessed.

I declined the proffered seat at the table the cooking utensils being anything but inviting, and contented myself with the brandy and water; but forgetting for a moment his color, I motioned to the darkey—who was wet and jaded and much more hungry than I was—to take the place offered to me. The negro did not seem inclined to do so, but the woman, observing my gesture, yelled out, her eyes flashing with anger:

"No sar! No darkeys eats with us. Hope yer don't reckon yerself no better than a good-for-nothin', no account nigger!"

"I beg your pardon, madam; I intended no offence. Scipio has served me very faithfully for days, and is very tired and hungry. I forgot myself."

This mollified the lady and she replied: "Niggers is good enough in their place, but warn't meant to 'sociate with white folks."

There may have been some ground for a distinction in that case; there certainly was a difference in the specimens of the two races then before me; but, not being one of the chivalry, it struck me that the odds were on the side of the black man.

The whites were shiftless, ragged and starving; the black well clad, cleanly, energetic, and as much above the others in intellect as Jupiter is above a church steple. To be sure color was against him, and he was, after all, a servant in the land of chivalry and of servant owners. Of course the woman was right after all.

She soon resumed the conversation with this remark:

"Reckon yer a stranger in these parts; whar'd ye come from?"

"From New York, madam."

"New York! whar's that?"

"It's a city at de North."

"Oh! yas; I've learn tell on it; that's whar the Cannel sell his turpentine. —Quite a place, ain't it?"

"Yes, quite a place. Something larger than all South Carolina."

"Whar'd ye say? Larger nor South Carolina. Kinder reckon tain't, is it?"

"Yes, madam, it is."

"Du tell! Tain't so large as Charles'n, is it?"

"Yes, twenty times larger than Charles'n live there?"

"Live quite as well as they do here."

"Ye don't have no niggers there, does ye?"

"Yes, but none that are slaves."

"Have Ablishmenters thar, don't ye?—Them people that go agin de South."

"Yes, some of them."

"What do they go agin de South for?"

"They go for freeing all de slaves.—Some of them think a black man as good as a white one."

"Quar, that; yer an Ablishment, ain't ye?"

"No, I'm an old-fashioned whig."

"Whar's that? I never heard on them afore."

"An old fashioned whig, madam, is a man whose political principles are perfect, and who is as perfect as his principles."

That was a "stumper" for the poor woman, who evidently did not understand one-half of the sentence.

"Right sort of folks, them," she said; in a half inquiring tone.

"Yes, but they're all dead now."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead beyond the hope of resurrection."

"I've heard all de dead war on 'em resurrected. Didn't ye say ye war one on 'em? Ye ain't dead yet," said the woman, chuckling at having cornered me.

"But I'm more than half dead just now."

"Ah," replied the woman, still laughing "yer a chicken."

"A chicken! whar's that?"

"A thing that goes on tu legs and karkles," was the ready reply.

"Ah, my dear madam, you can out talk me."

"Yes, I reckon I kin outrun ye, tu. Ye ain't over ragged." Then, after a pause, she added: "Whar'd ye lect that darkey Linkum for President for?"

"I didn't elect him. I voted for Douglas. But Lincoln is not a darkey."

"He's a mulattar, then; I've heard de war," she replied.

"No, he's not a mulattar; he's a rail splitter."

"Rail splitter! Then he's a nigger, shure."

"No, madam, white men at de North split rails."

"An' white wimmint tu, p'raps," said the woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"No, they don't," I replied; "but white women work thar."

"White wimmint work thar!" chimed in the hickory speechless beauty, showing a set of teeth of the exact color of her skin.

"galler. 'Whar du de du?'"

"Some of them attend in stores, some set types, some teach school, and some work in factories."

"Du tell! Dress nice, and make money!"

"Yes," I replied, "they make money and dress like fine ladies; in fact are fine ladies."

I know one young woman of about your age that had to get her own education, who earns a thousand dollars a year by teaching; and I have heard of many factory girls who support their parents, and lay up a great deal of money by working in the mills."

"Wal," replied the young woman, with a contemptuous curl of her matchless upper lip, "schule marns ain't fine ladies; fine ladies don't work; only niggers does that bar. I reckon I'd ruther be 'spectable than work for a livin'."

I could not think how magnificently the lips of some of our glorious Yankee girls would have curled had they heard the remark, and seen the poor girl that made it, with her torn, worn, greasy dress, bare, dirty legs and feet, and her arms, neck and face so thickly encrusted with a layer of clay-mud that there was danger of hydrophobia if she went near a wash tub. Retaining my involuntary disgust, I replied:

"We at de North think work is respectable. We do not look down on a man or woman for earning their daily bread. We all work."

"Yes, and that's the whar ye're all such cowards," said the old woman.

"Cowards!" I said, "who tells you that?"

"My old man; he says one on our man can lick five of your Yankee men."

"Perhaps so. Is your husband away from home?"

"Yes, him and our Cal. are down to Charleston."

"Cal is your son, is he?"

"Yes, he's my oldest, and a likely lad he ar tu. He's twenty-one, and his name ar John Calhoun Mills. He's gone a troopin' it with his fadar."

"Whar, both gone and left you ladies here alone?"

"Yes, the Cannel sed every man orter go, and they warn't to be abind the rest. The Cannel—Cannel J.—looks arter us while they is away."

"But I should think the Colonel looked arter you poorly—giving you nothing to eat."

"Oh! it's ben such a storm to-day, the gains couldn't go for the vittles, though it tain't a great whar. We'r on his plantation; this house is his'n."

This last was agreeable news, and it occurred to me that if we were so near the Colonels we might push on, and get there that night in spite of the storm; so I said:

"Indeed; I'm going to the Colonels.—How far is the house from here?"

"A right smart six miles; it's at the cross roads. Ye know the Cannel, du ye?"

"Oh yes, I know him well. If his house is not more than six miles off, I think we had better go on to night. What do you say, Scip?"

"I reckon we'd better go, massa," replied the darkey, who had spread my traveling shawl in the chimney corner, and was seated on it drying his clothes.

"Ye'd better not," replied the woman; "ye better stay thar; thar's a right smart run 'twixt here and the Cannel's, and tain't safe to cross arter dark."

"If that's so we'd better stay Scip; don't you think so?" I said to the darkey.

"Juss as you like, massa. We got truv wid de orter one, and I reckon tain't no worse nor dat."

"The bridge are carried away, and ye'll have to swim shore," said the woman.—"Ye'd better stay."

"Thank you, madam, I think we will," I replied, after a moment's thought; "our horse has swum one of your creeks to-night, and I dare not try another."

I had taken off my coat, and had been standing during the greater part of this conversation in my shirt sleeves before the fire, turning round occasionally to facilitate the drying process, and taking every now and then a sip from the gourd containing our brandy and water; aided in the latter exercise by the old woman and the eldest girl, who indulged quite as freely as I did.

"Mighty good brandy, that," at last said the woman. "Ye like brandy, don't ye?"

"Not very much, madam. I take it to-night because I've been exposed to the storm, and it stimulates de circulation.—But Scip, here, don't like spirits. He'll get de rheumatism because he don't."

"Don't like dem sort of spirits, massa; but rumatics neber trouble me."

"But I've got it mighty bad," said the woman, "and I take 'em whenever I can get 'em."

I rather thought she did, but I "reckoned" her principle beverage was whisky.

"Ye have the rheumatism madame, because your house is open; a draught of air is always unwholesome."

"I ollers reckoned 'twar healthy," she replied. "Ye Yankee folks have queer notions."

I looked at my watch, and found it was nearly ten o'clock, and feeling very tired, said to the hostess:

"Where do you mean we shall sleep?"

"Ye can take thar ar bed," pointing to the one nearest the wall, "and de darkey can sleep bar," motioning to the settee on which she was seated.

"But whar will you and your daughters sleep? I don't wish to turn you out of your beds."

"Oh! don't ye kear for us; we can all bunk together; dose it afore. Like to turn in now!"

"Yes, thank you, I would," and without more ceremony I adjourned to the part of the room and commenced disrobing. Doffing my boots, waistcoat and cravat, and placing my watch and purse under the pillow. I gave a moment's thought to what a certain not very old lady, when I had left at home, might say when she heard of my lodging with a grass-widow and three young girls, and sprung into bed. There I removed my unwholesome articles, which were still damp to sleep in, and in about two minutes and thirty seconds I was sunk into oblivion.

A few streaks of grayish light were beginning to creep through the crevices of the logs, when a movement at the foot of the bed awakened me, and glancing downward I beheld the youngest girl emerging from under the clothes at my feet. She had slept there "cross-wise all night. A

str in the adjoining bed soon warned me that the other females were preparing to follow her example; so, turning my face to the wall, I feigned to be asleep. Their toilet was soon made, and they then quietly left Scip and myself in full possession of the premises.

The darkey rose as soon as they were gone, and coming to me said:

"Massa, we'd better be gwine. I've got your clothes all dry, and you can rig up and breakfast at de Cannel's."

The storm had cleared away, and the sun was struggling to get through the distant pines, when Scip brought the horse to the door, and we prepared to start.—Turning to the old woman, I said:

"I feel greatly obliged to you Madame, for the shelter you have given us, and would like to make you some recompense for your trouble. Please to tell me what I shall pay you?"

"Wal, stranger, we don't generally take in lodgers, but seen' as how there are two on ye, and ye've had a good night on it, I don't care if you pay me two dollars."

That struck me as "rather steep" for common doins, particularly as we had furnished the food and "the drinks;" yet saying nothing I handed her a two dollar bank note. She took it, and held it up curiously to the sun, then in a moment handed it back, saying "I don't know nothin' 'bout money; hain't you got no silver?"

I fumbled in my pocket a moment, and found a quarter eagle which I gave her.

"I hain't got nary a fip 'change," she said as she took it.

"Oh! never mind the change, madame; I shall want to stop and look at you when come back; I returned good humoredly."

"Ha! ha! yer a chicken," said the woman at the same time giving me a gentle poke in the ribs. Fearing she might, in the exuberance of her joy at the sight of the money, proceed to some more decided demonstration of affection, I hastily stepped into the wagon, bade her good bye and was off.

We were still among the pines which towered giganticly all around us but we no longer alone. Every tree was scarified for turpentine, and the forest was alive with negro men and women gathering the "last dipping," on clearing away the stumps and underbrush preparatory to the spring work. It was Christmas week; but as I afterwards learned, the Colonels' negroes were accustomed to doing "half tasks" at that season, being paid for their labors as if they were free. They stopped their work as we rode by, and stared at us with a sort of stupid half frightened curiosity, very much like the look of a cow when a railway train is passing. It needed but little observation to calculate that their status was but one step above the level of the brutes.

As we rode along I said to the driver: "Scip! what do you think of our lodging?"

"Mighty pore, Massa. Niggers live better 'n dat."

"Yes," I replied, "but these folks despise you blacks; they seem to be both poor and proud."

"Yes, massa, dey'm poor 'cause dey won't work and dey'm proud 'cause dey whar dey work 'cause they see de darkey slaves doin' it, and think it am de white folks to do all de darkey do. Dis habin' slaves keeps dis whole country poor."

"Who told you that?" I asked, astonished at hearing a remark showing so much reflection from a negro.

"Nobody, massa. I see it myself."

"Are there many of these poor whites around Georgetown?"

"Not many 'round Georgetown, sar, but great many in de up-country har, and dey'll all alike—pore and no account; none ob 'em kin read, and dey all eat clay."

"Eat clay?" I said "what do you mean by that?"

"Didn't you see massa, how yaller all dem wimmint war! Dat's 'cause dey eat clay. De little children begin 'fere dey can walk, and chew at it till they die; dey chew it like 'backer. It makes all de darkey slaves big, like you seed—ben and galler dere 'gession. It am mighty unhealthy."

"Can it be possible that human beings do such things! The brutes wouldn't do that."

"No, Massa, but dey do it; dey'm poor trash. Dat's whar de big folks call 'em, and it am true; dey'm along away lower than de darkey."

By this time we had arrived at the ran. We found the bridge carried away, as the woman had told us; but its abutments were still standing, and over these planks had been laid, which offered a safe crossing for foot passengers. To reach these planks, however, it was necessary to wade into the stream for full fifty yards, the ran having overflowed its banks for that distance on either side of the bridge. The water was evidently rising, but as we could not wait, like the man in the fable, for it all to run by, we slithered and conspired as to the best mode of making the passage.

Scipio proposed that he should wade into the stream, and then if it was not found too deep for the horses to ford to that point, we could drive that far, get out, and walk to the end of the plank, leading the horse, and then again mount the wagon at the further end of the bridge. We were sure the horses would have to swim in the middle of the current, and perhaps for a considerable distance beyond; but having witnessed his proficiency in aquatic performances, we had no doubt his getting safely across.

The darkey's plan was decided on, and divesting himself of his trousers, he waded into the ran to take the soundings.

While he was in the water my attention was attracted to a printed paper, posted on one of the pines near the roadside.—Going up to it I read as follows:

**REWARD.**  
Ran away from the subscribers, on Monday November 12th, his milks to man Sam. Said boy is stout-built, five feet nine inches high, 31 years old, weighs 170 lbs., and walks very erect, and with a quick rapid gait. The American flag is tattooed

on his right arm above the elbow. There is a knife cut over the bridge of his nose, a fresh bullet wound in his left thigh, and his back bears marks of a recent whipping. He is supposed to have made his way back to Dinwiddie county, Va., where he was raised, or to be lurking in the swamps in this vicinity.

The above reward will be paid for his confinement in any jail in North or South Carolina, or Virginia, or his delivery to the subscriber on his plantation at—

Dec. 2, 1860. D. W. J.—  
The name signed to that hand bill was that of the planter I was about to visit. Scipio having returned, reporting the stream fordable to the bridge, I said to him pointing to the notice:

"Read that Scip."

He read it, but made no remark.

"What does it mean—that fresh bullet wound, and the marks of a recent whipping?" I asked.

"It means massa, dat de darkey den run away, and ben took; and dat den dey shot him, and flogged him arter that. Now he hab run away again. De Cannel's mighty hard on his niggers."

"Is he? I can scarcely believe that."

"He am, massa; but ain't so much to blame, nuther; they'm awful bad set, most ob '