

# Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1875.

NUMBER 21

## DENTISTRY

**B. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist**  
OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his  
OFFICE above Captain HAMIL-  
TON'S STORE, on Mer-  
ket Street.  
References—Drs. J. P. PATRICK, B. A.  
MUCKENFUSS, A. P. FELZER, M. D., and  
Messrs. FELZER, RODGERS & Co.

## NOTICE

TO THE  
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**  
OF ORANGEBURG,

MGSEF M. BROWN, the Barber pledges  
himself to keep up with the times in all the  
LATE IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is  
sufficient to guarantee the above. He will  
be found at his old stand, ever ready to  
serve his customers at the shortest notice.  
apl 11 30

## Nine Years' Experience

**DRUGS and MEDICIENS.**  
PAINTS,  
OILS,  
BRUSHES, AND  
PATENT MEDICIENS,  
TOILET ARTICLES,  
CANDIES,  
CUTLERY,  
SEGARS,  
TOBACCO, &c.  
I have on hand also a supply of  
SEEDS AND ONION SETTS.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders  
from the country strictly attended to at the  
Poplar Drug Store of  
**DR. A. C. DUKES.**  
jan 28 1874 1y

## Horses and Mules

AT  
**BAMBERG SLATER'S STABLES**  
IN REAR OF  
**J. GEO. VOSE'S STORE.**  
Where you will find a COMPLETE stock  
of the finest HORSES and MULES that can  
be procured from the BEST MARKETS in  
the United States.  
Our prices range from \$50 to \$235. All  
orders filled at the shortest notice.  
If our stock on hand do not please we

**NOTICE is hereby given of**  
the loss or destruction of Certificate  
of Deposit No. 331, Orangeburg Branch,  
Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina,  
issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, deceased,  
and also of Deposit Book No. 96, of same  
Branch, in the name of the said E. J. Ol-  
iveros, in trust, and that I will apply in  
three months from date for a renewal of the  
same, and for such dividends as may accrue  
thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of  
the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.  
E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS,  
mar 6-1 am 3m Qualified Executor.

**DENTAL NOTICE**  
THE undersigned takes pleasure in  
announcing to his many friends and patrons  
that he has permanently located at Orange-  
burg, C. H. S. C., where he will devote his  
entire time, from every Monday till Saturday  
noon to the  
**PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY**  
in all its Departments. Perfect satisfaction  
guaranteed in all operations, and attended to  
with the most perfect care.  
Office at Dr. Farnsworth's old stand over Will-  
cock's Store.  
**A. M. SNIDER, D. S.**  
**L. S. WOLFE.**

THE  
**ORANGEBURG**  
**HIGH SCHOOL**  
IN THE  
**BASEMENT OF DUKES**  
**HOTEL,**  
For TERMS apply to  
**S. R. MELLICHAMP,**  
Principal.

**FIRE INSURANCE**  
**AGENCY.**  
Having secured the AGENCY of the  
**"City Insurance Company**  
or  
**Providence, R. I."**  
Capital, \$219,051.  
With that of participating Companies,  
The "Fireman's Fund," Cap-  
ital \$500,000.  
And the  
**"Atlantic," of New York.**  
I am prepared to take RISKS of any  
amount, dividing them in several 1st. Class  
COMPANIES, to which I call the attention  
of property holders.  
**SPECIAL RISKS**  
Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and  
BARNES.  
**JOHN A. HAMILTON,**  
Fire Insurance Agent.  
A few tons of  
**GUANAPE PERUVIAN GUANO.**  
Also a supply of the  
**MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.**  
J. A. HAMILTON,  
apl 3 1875 1y

## The English Language.

A pretty deer is dear to me,  
A hare with dewy hair,  
A hart I love with all my heart,  
But barely bear a bear.  
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane  
To have a pair of pears;  
A rake, though, often takes a rake.  
And tears away the tares.  
A writ in writing "right," may write,  
If "right," and still be wrong,  
For "write," and "rite" are neither "right,"  
And don't to wright belong.  
Beer often brings a bier to man,  
Coughing a coffin brings,  
And too much ale will make us ail,  
As well as some other things.  
The person lies who says he lies  
When he is not reclining,  
And when consumptive folks decline  
They all decline declining.  
A quail don't quail before a storm;  
A bough will bow before it;  
We cannot reign the rain at all;  
No earthly power reign o'er it.  
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;  
To dye he's always trying,  
Until upon his dying bed,  
He thinks no more of dying.  
A son of Mars mars many a son;  
All deys must have their days,  
And every knight should pray each night  
To Him who weighs his ways.  
'Tis mete that man should mete our meet  
To feed misfortune's son.  
The fair should fare on love alone,  
Else one cannot be won.  
A lass, alas! is sometimes false;  
Of faults a maid is made;  
Here waist is but a barren waste—  
Though stay'd she is not staid.  
The springs spring forth, in Spring, and  
shoot,  
Shout forward, one and all;  
Though Summer, kills the flowers, it leaves  
The leaves to fall in Fall.  
I would a story here commence,  
But you might find it stale;  
So let's suppose that we have reached  
The tail end of our tale.

## THE BOORN AFFAIR.

A STRANGE STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

On the morning of the 26th of Novem-  
ber, 1819, I read in the Rutland  
(Vt.) Herald the following notice:  
"MURDER!"  
"Printers of newspapers throughout  
the United States are desired to pub-  
lish that Stephen Boorn, of Man-  
chester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be  
executed for the murder of Russell  
Colvin, who has been absent about  
seven years. Any person who can  
give information of said Colvin may  
save the life of the innocent, by mak-  
ing immediate communication. Colvin  
is about five feet five inches high,  
light complexion, light hair, blue eyes,  
and about 40 years old. Manchester,  
Vt., Nov. 26, 1819."  
This communication was copied  
very generally by newspapers, and  
created a great deal of interest. Be-  
fore describing events that followed,  
let us go back to the year 1812 and  
to the little town of Manchester, Ver-  
mont.  
Barney Boorn, an old man, had two  
sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a  
daughter, Sarah, wife of Russell Col-  
vin, a half-crazed, half-witted day  
laborer. They were a bad lot, poor,  
ignorant, and in doubtful repute for  
honesty. Two miserable hovels ser-  
ved them for shelter, and a few acres  
of pine barrens constituted all their  
possessions. They raised a few pota-  
toes and garden vegetables, and eked  
out a scanty livelihood by days work  
for the neighboring farmers.  
In May, 1812, Colvin was at home.  
In June he was missing. At first this  
occasioned no remark. He was always  
a truant, absent from home sometimes  
for weeks together. But this time he  
did not come back. As weeks grew  
into months inquiries began to be  
made among the neighbors about the  
missing man. There are no tongues  
for gossip like those which wag in a  
Yanp village. One spoke to another.  
Excitement grew. Wonder, like a  
contagious disease, affected every-  
body.  
It was known that there had long  
existed between the old man and boys  
a grudge against Colvin; it was in  
proof that the last time the missing  
man was seen he was at work with the  
Boorns clearing stones from a field,  
and that a dispute was going on; and  
Lew Colvin, a boy, son of Russell,  
had stated that his father had struck

his uncle Stephen, and that the other  
returned the blow, and that then he,  
the boy, becoming frightened, ran  
away. Again, a Mr. Baldwin had  
heard Stephen Boorn, in answer to  
the inquiry as to where Colvin was,  
say, "He's gone to hell, I hope."  
"Is he dead, Stephen?" pursued  
Mr. Baldwin.  
"I tell you again," replied the man,  
"that Colvin has gone where potatoes  
won't freeze."  
For seven years the wonder grew.  
Colvin's ghost haunted every house in  
Bennington county. There was no  
known proof that the Boorns were  
guilty, and yet everybody believed it.  
A button and jack-knife were found,  
which Mrs. C. believed to have be-  
longed to Russell; dreams, thrice re-  
peated, were had by old women and  
kitchen girls—and ten thousand  
stories were in circulation.  
Five years after Colvin was missed,  
Stephen Boorn, removed to Denmark,  
N. Y., while Jesse remained at home.  
After the former had left some bones  
were accidentally found in the decay-  
ed trunk of a tree in his house, and,  
though all surgeons said to the con-  
trary, it was universally believed that  
they were part of a human skeleton.  
Of course, then they must be Colvin's  
bones. Jesse was arrested, Stephen  
was brought back from Denmark and  
both were held for examination. Al-  
though all the testimony when sifted  
was found to be worthless, yet two  
brothers were remanded back to jail,  
and Jesse was worked upon to make  
him turn State's evidence. The jailer  
tormented him with suggestions, which  
his wife followed up with womanly  
adroitness. Neighbors helped. Bese-  
t with preaching and prayers, tracts,  
and sermons, religious conversation  
and pious directions—that there was  
no doubt in any one's mind but that  
Stephen confessed the murder, and  
to make a clean breast of it and thus  
save his body and soul, what wonder  
that the man confessed, or was alleged  
to have confessed, that Stephen Boorn  
did murder Russell Colvin?  
On Sept. 3, 1819, the grand jury  
found a bill of indictment against  
Stephen and Jesse Boorn for the  
murder of Russell Colvin. Williams  
Farnsworth testified that Stephen con-  
fessed that he did it, and that Jesse  
helped him; that they hid the body in  
the bushes, then buried it, then dug it  
up and burned it, and then scraped  
the few remains and hid them in a  
stump. Upon this unsupported evi-  
dence the jury returned a verdict of  
guilty against both prisoners, and they  
were sentenced to be hung on Jan.  
28, 1820.  
And now the men came to their  
senses. They asserted their innocence.  
They said that they had confessed as  
their last hope. Some compassion  
began to be felt for them. They  
might, after all, be innocent. A peti-  
tion for their pardon was presented to  
the Legislature. But it availed only  
to obtain commutation of Jesse's sen-  
tence to imprisonment for life. No  
more. Stephen was to be hanged.  
Let the reader now turn to another  
chapter of this strange history.  
In April, 1813, there lived in Dover,  
Monmouth county, N. J., a Mr. James  
Polhamus. During that month a way-  
farer, begging food, stopped at the  
door. Being handy, good-natured,  
quiet and obedient, homeless, and  
weak of intellect, too, he was allowed  
to stay. He said his name was Russell  
Colvin, and that he came from Man-  
chester, Vt.  
Not far from Dover lies the little  
town of Shrewsbury, then a quiet  
hamlet, now invaded by the cottages  
and villas of Long Branch pleasure-  
seekers. Here lived Taber Chadwick,  
brother-in-law to Mr. Polhamus, and  
intimate with the family. Accidentally  
reading the New York Evening Post,  
he met, not with the notice of the  
Rutland Herald, but with an account  
of the trial of the Boorns. Convinced  
that the Russell Colvin, alleged to  
have been murdered, was the very  
man living with Mr. Polhamus, he  
wrote to the Evening Post a letter,  
which was published Dec. 9, 1819.  
Upon the arrival of this paper at

Manchester it excited but little at-  
tention. The letter was believed to  
be a forgery or a fraud. Had not the  
best people in the town long believed  
the Boorns to be guilty? Had not  
one, perhaps both, of them, made full  
confession? The bones of the mur-  
dered man, a portion of his coat, his  
jack-knife—had they not all been  
found? Had not an upright Judge  
made solemn charge that the evidence  
was conclusive, and an intelligent  
jury found them guilty, and the Leg-  
islature sanctioned the findings? There  
was no doubt of their guilt—none  
whatever, and therefore no befit of a  
doubt had been given by jury, Chief  
Justice or Court of Appeal.  
Mr. Chadwick's letter was neverthe-  
less taken to Stephen's cell and read  
aloud. The news was so overwhelming  
that nature could scarcely survive the  
shock. The poor fellow dropped in a  
fainting fit to the floor, and had to be  
recovered by dashes of cold water.  
Intelligence came next day from a  
Mr. Whelpley, formerly a resident of  
Manchester, that he himself had been  
to New Jersey and seen Russell Col-  
vin. The members of the jury which  
had convicted the Boorns, however,  
hesitated to accept anything short of  
the man's presence, and Judge Chase,  
who had sentenced them, pointed to  
Stephen Boorn's confession.  
The third day came another letter.  
"I have Russell Colvin with me,"  
wrote Mr. Whelpley. "I personally  
know Russell Colvin," swore John  
Kempton; "he now stands before me."  
"It is the same Russell Colvin who  
married Ann Boorn, of Manchester,  
Vt.," made affidavit Mrs. Jones, of  
Brookline. But it would not answer.  
Pride of opinion is stubborn. Doubt  
of opinion dies hard. Manchester in-  
telligence not to say piety, was on  
trial, and it behoved all good resi-  
dents to stand against conviction  
to the last.  
However, Colvin, or Colvin's double,  
was on his way. As he passed through  
Foughkeepsie the streets were thronged  
to see him. His story was printed  
in every newspaper and told at every  
fire-side. At Hudson cannons were  
fired; in Albany he was shown to the  
crowd from the platform; and all  
along the road to Troy bands of music  
were playing and banners were flaunt-  
ing and cheers were given as Colvin  
passed by. Some men became famous  
from having been murdered. Russell  
Colvin was famous because he was  
alive.  
Toward evening of Friday, Decem-  
ber 22, 1819, a double sleigh was  
driven furiously down the main street  
of Manchester to the tavern door. It  
contained Whelpley, Kempton, Chad-  
wick, and the bewildered Russell Col-  
vin. Immediately a crowd of men,  
women and children gathered around,  
and as the sleigh unloaded its occu-  
pants and they took their place on the  
piazza, exhibiting the last man to view,  
"That's Russell Colvin, sure enough!"  
"There's no doubt about it!" came  
from the lips of scores of gazers. He  
embraced his two children, asked  
after the Boorn, and started for the  
jail.  
The prison doors were unbolted and  
the news told to Stephen Boorn.  
"Colvin has come, Stephen," said  
the Rev. Lemuel Haynes.  
"Has he?" asked the prisoner.  
"Where is he?"  
"Here I am, Stephen," said his  
brother-in-law. "What's that on your  
legs?"  
"Shackles!" replied Boorn.  
"What for?"  
"Because they said I murdered  
you."  
"You never hurt me in your life,"  
replied Colvin.  
The sequel is soon told. Stephen  
Boorn was released from prison, as  
was Jesse also. Russell Colvin re-  
turned to New Jersey. But the Judge  
who suffered an innocent man to be  
convicted of murder by the admission  
of extra-judicial confessions—the  
members of the jury, who deliberated  
but one hour before agreeing upon a  
verdict of guilty upon evidence that  
should not hang a dog—the deacon  
and church members who urged con-

cession and preached repentance—and  
the ninety-seven members of the  
Legislature, sitting as a Court of Ap-  
peals, who refused re-hearing of evi-  
dence—what became of them?  
A Terrible Problem.  
A recent number of a scientific  
journal, speaking of the relative pro-  
portion of the sexes in the human race,  
says Max Adler, declares that for  
every 150 men that came into the  
world, 100 72-100 women are born. I  
do not dispute these figures. I only  
ask for light. It appears, according  
to this, that there are some women who  
are only 72-100 of women. What the  
remaining 28-100 are I cannot im-  
agine. Now, what I want to know is  
this: If a woman of this kind marries  
a 1-100 man and has a daughter, will  
the daughter be an 84-100 woman or  
a 96-100 woman? And what will be  
the exact relation between such a  
daughter and a 76-100 aunt and her  
87-100 daughters, especially if the 87-  
100 girls marry the brothers of the  
96-100 girl, and so become her 98-100  
first cousin, but also her 95-100 sister-  
in-law, the aforesaid 76-100 aunt be-  
coming also the 89-100 mother-in-law  
of the 88-100 nephews, will the—  
the— Let me see, where am I? It  
is an awful subject to grapple with.  
Oh, yes! I say if the 76-100 aunt  
— But no. The question can't  
be solved in any such way as this. I  
give it up. The only way to get at  
it will be to do the sum in algebra  
somehow, making the daughter x, the  
aunt y, the first cousin a, and the  
mother-in-law b. Then it seems to me,  
if you multiply the aunt by the daugh-  
ter and divide the first cousin by the  
mother-in-law, in some way or other,  
or extract the square root of the cousin  
and subtract the result from the  
aunt, keeping the daughter a common  
denominator, and at the same time  
make decimal fraction of the mother-  
in-law, perhaps the result might be  
satisfactory. But I am not certain. I  
am poor in mathematics. I wish that  
Professor Tyndall would subject it to  
a chemical analysis.  
Facts not Generally Known.  
Melons were found originally in  
Asia.  
The cantalope is a native of Amer-  
ica, and is so called from the name of  
a place near Rome, where it was first  
cultivated in Europe.  
The nectarine is said to have re-  
ceived its name from nectar, the par-  
ticular drink of the gods.  
Pears were originally brought from  
the East by the Romans.  
The greengage is called after the  
Gage family, who first took it into  
England from a monastery in Paris.  
Filberts originally came from  
Greece.  
The walnut is a native of Persia, the  
Caucasus and China.  
The Greeks called butter bouturos  
—"cow cheese."  
Before the middle of the seven-  
teenth century, tea was not used in  
England, and was entirely unknown  
to the Greeks and Romans.  
The bean is said to be a native of  
Europe.  
Spinach is a Persian plant.  
The tomato is a native of South  
America, and takes its name from an  
Indian word.  
The turnip came originally from  
Rome.  
Sweet majoram is a native of Portu-  
gal.  
Coriander seed came originally from  
the East.  
The clove is a native of the Moluc-  
ca Islands, also is the nutmeg.  
Capers originally grew wild in  
Greece and Northern Africa.  
This is the way the young men of  
Farmington come back on the young  
ladies who resolved not to counten-  
ance the use of tobacco by association  
with those addicted to the habit:  
Resolved, That hereafter we will not  
associate with or countenance any fe-  
male who wears false hair or false  
teeth (under twenty years of age), or  
who use corsets or paints, and who  
allows her trail to drabble in the  
streets.

How the Jury Stood.  
A New York reporter made ex-  
haustive efforts to get the exact state  
of the several members of the Beech-  
er-Tilton jury, and believes that he  
has ascertained how each juror has  
stood on the issue of Beecher's guilt  
during their protracted consultation.  
It is possible that he has made one or  
two immaterial mistakes in classifying  
the jurors, but the following is given  
us the way they stood last evening.  
It will be seen that two of them are  
supposed to agree exactly, and that  
their differences take the widest pos-  
sible range. Without assuming to  
indorse the report, we give it as it has  
reached us:  
1 Not guilty—believed so from the  
start.  
2 Not guilty, but must marry the  
woman.  
3 Not guilty, but must do so no  
more.  
4 Guilty, but entitled to another  
chance.  
5 Beecher innocent, but Mrs. Til-  
ton guilty.  
6 Not guilty, but should stop  
preaching.  
7 Guilty, without qualifications.  
8 Not guilty, out married the wrong  
woman.  
9 Guilty, but not proven.  
10 Not guilty, but should have a  
male congregation.  
11 Guilty generally.  
12 Not guilty, but has doubtful vari-  
ations.  
WASH FOR FENCES AND OUTBUILD-  
INGS.—The following is a most excel-  
lent, cheap and durable wash for  
wooden fences and buildings. It owes  
its durability to the white vitriol which  
hardens and fixes the wash:  
Take a barrel and slack one bushel  
of freshly burned lime in it, by cover-  
ing the lime with boiling water.  
After it is slackened, add cold water  
enough to bring it to the consistency  
of good white-wash. Then dissolve in  
water, and add one pound of white  
vitriol (sulphate of zinc) and one  
quart of fine salt.  
To give this wash a cream color,  
add one-half a pound of yellow ochre  
(in powder). To give it a fawn look,  
add a pound of yellow ochre, and one-  
fourth of a pound of Indian red.  
To make the wash a handsome gray,  
stone color, add one-half a pound of  
French blu, and one-fourth pound of  
Indian red; a drab will be made by  
adding one-half of a pound of burnt  
sienna, and one-fourth pound Venetian  
red.  
For brick or stone, instead of one  
bushel of lime, use half a bushel of  
lime, and half a bushel of hydraulic  
cement.  
A HINT TO FARMERS.—In some  
sections—and it would be a decided  
advance in the thoughtfulness and  
kindness in all sections—farmers give  
each of their boys, and girls, too, a  
strip of land to raise whatever they  
choose on it, and dispose of the pro-  
duct for their own benefits. It is a  
favor that they all appreciate, and it  
is a pleasant and serviceable employ-  
ment for them in their leisure hours.  
They will vie with each other in their  
skill at raising their little crops, and  
the proceeds applied to their own use  
are frequently of some value; and the  
whole arrangement while it instructs  
them in the cultivation of the soil,  
early implants in the children the idea  
of thrift and economy.  
Copy was out. The devil picked  
up a paper and said, "Here's some-  
thing 'About a Woman'—must I out  
it out?" "No!" thundered the editor;  
"the first disturbance ever created in  
the world was occasioned by the devil  
fooling about a woman."  
"Do you know who I am?" asked a  
policeman of a fellow whom he had  
seized by the throat. "Not exactly,  
sir; but I fancy you are the malignant  
collarer."  
"Time softens all things," except  
the young man who parts his hair in  
the middle and whistles on the street  
cars. Nothing can make him any  
softer than he is.