

# The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 6.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1872.

NUMBER 17

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT  
ORANGEBURG  
Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE  
ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00  
" " " Six Months..... 1.00  
Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for ONE YEAR, free of charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
1 Square 1st Insertion..... \$1.50  
" " " 2d "..... 1.00  
A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.  
Administrators' Notices.....\$5 00  
Notices of Dismissal of Guardians, Administrators, Executors, &c.....\$9 00  
Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

MARRIAGE and FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

**Browning & Browning,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Co.  
MALCOLM I. BROWNING.  
A. F. BROWNING.

**AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON**  
(Formerly of the New York Bar.)  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW,  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

**W. L. W. RILEY**  
TRIAL JUSTICE,  
Residence in Fork of Edisto,  
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.  
July 25

**DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Graduate Baltimore College  
Dental Surgery.  
OFFICE MARKET-ST. OVER STORE OF  
J. A. HAMILTON.

**METALLIC CASES.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND all the various Sizes of the above Cases, which can be furnished immediately on application.  
Also manufactures WOOD COFFINS as usual, and at the shortest notice.  
Apply to  
H. RIGGS,  
Mar 5-6m Carriage Manufacturer.

**REEDER & DAVIS,**  
COTTON FACTORS  
AND  
General Commission Merchants,  
Adger's Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**BRODIE & CO.**  
COTTON FACTORS  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**  
BY  
Mrs. M. W. Stratton,  
CORNER  
GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS  
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston Railroads and the Business portion of the City. Rate of Transient Board—Two Dollars per Day.  
Regular Boarders received at Reasonable Rates.  
June 10

## Marguerite.

Whenever I think of Paris, my heart yearns toward the quiet old Latin Quarter, which, as everybody knows, is the rendezvous of students, artists and Bohemians of whatever degree and class. In it I spent three of the happiest, most independent years of my life. There I had the coziest, sunniest rooms in the world, away up in the third story, where Victor brought me every morning a delicious bowl of hot coffee from the crenierie around the corner; where my friends, the German students, went tramping past my room at all hours of the night, home from Mabile or the Closerie de Lilas; where my window looked across the street into the work room of a flock of industrious, tidy grisettes who chatted and laughed all day long as merrily as if their destiny was not first the streets, and then the commune fosse—poor souls! There I got to see somewhat of the life of this vast Paris, so brilliant, so fascinating on the surface—such a mass of festering horror at the bottom. And there, too, I saw Marguerite.

She lived on the third floor, back—she and her old rheumatic mother; and from the earliest red of dawn till the night was far spent, the pretty, patient little creature worked at her trade of making artificial flowers. She was a little thing, just rounding out of her teens—slight, fair as one of her own lilies, curling dark hair cropped close to her pretty head—it was so much less trouble, so she said—and a pair of the loveliest, most wonderful eyes that ever a pure soul shone out of—pellucid, blue and soft—ever smiling—poor child, her life was so hard, but full of that divine tenderness which Raphael paints in the eyes of his Madonnas.

I used to hear her blue little voice singing at her work. She had a canary, too, which sang louder than she, but not half so sweetly, and a pot of mignonette, which she tended with touching faithfulness. And these were her pets—with her old mother, her only friends. No lover—that prime necessity of the French girl—yet. I fancy the garçons of the neighboring cafe, or the rough German students, could not have been much to her taste. And so she was alone—a little, pure white flower in the heart of a great city, where wickedness is so much easier than virtue. When I first came to understand this, I said in my heart, God help poor little Marguerite!

I had been her neighbor six months, at my door, and on opening it, I found this pretty little creature there. Her violet eyes were strained with alarm, and her cheeks paler than the lilies, as she told me, bravely choking back her sobs, that Victor had said that monsieur was a doctor, and her mother was very ill—bien malade—wiping her eyes; and would I, in my great goodness, come and see her?

Of course I would, and did. I found the poor woman suffering severely, her disease having attacked the heart, and before it was effectually relieved, Marguerite and I had become great friends and allies.

The relief was only a reprieve at best. Another attack was imminent and it was not probable she could survive it; I told Marguerite this one day, my own heart aching as I saw her whitening cheeks.

"And then, my poor child, what will you do? You will be all alone then?" "You too, monsieur! Are you going also?"

"Ah, Marguerite! My studies will soon be ended, and there is a dark-eyed maiden in my own land who is waiting for me."

If I had any fancy—but I had not—that I had touched Marguerite's innocent heart, it died there and then. Her delicate cheeks flushed with a tender rose.

"Oh, monsieur! You never told me that. Ah, ciel! But how beautiful that is!"

Dear heart! She made me tell her all about our wooing, and our hoped-for wedding; and I believe the small cottage where we expected to set up household-keeping was as visible to her mind's eye as to mine.

We got on amicably after his conference. The old mother got better as the warm spring came on, and when I had a slight illness, Marguerite was able to come and sit in my room, with her roses and violets and daisies about her, and

chat as she worked. We got it all arranged that I was to rend for her some day, if she should be left alone in the world—and she was to set up her flower-making in New York.

By and by the sweet days grew longer and sweeter; and not only by Marguerite's pot of mignonette, but by a thousand signs in earth and sky, we knew that the gracious summer was about to visit the earth with blessing.

I had made a hard winter of it working at my professional studies, and I was tired and worn. So, as the summer drew nigh, I entered into an alliance with a big, blond-haired Teuton, who lived on the next floor, for the purpose of a pedestrian tour through the Berne Oberland. I was to be gone three months. Tears came to Marguerite's eyes when I told her. Nevertheless, when, on the morning of our departure, I ran in to bid her good-by, she was a little paler than usual, but quite cheerful.

"Take good care of your heart, little Marguerite!" I said, playfully.

"Monsieur!" with a demure smile. "It takes care of itself!"

"Oh! But I am afraid of the new stranger. He looked at you twice, yesterday, and when you sang the Marseillaise, he stood in the vestibule to listen."

She laughed softly, and the faint pink tinged her cheeks. I bade the old mother good-by, and got a courtly French blessing—for these people were well-born and refined—and then, as the voice of the garcon sang for me, I looked down into Marguerite's face, from whence all the color had fled now, and saw her dear, beautiful eyes swimming in tears. I took her in my arms, kissed her tenderly, and ran away, not daring to look behind me. For the little creature had grown around my heart in the most wonderful way.

As we gathered up our traps, Ludwig consoled me.

"Marguerite will solace herself with the new English gentleman. You'll find the bloom all gone from your white flower, when you return."

He meant no harm, but I could have cursed him for the evil prophecy.

As we went out at the door, we passed the new English gentleman, standing near the entrance, leisurely smoking his after-breakfast cigar. His name, I had learned, was Guy Beauchamp. Probably he was, on one side or the other, of French descent. He had that illimitable air of polish about him which marks the members of the most refined nation in the world.

As he lifted his hat and courteously wished us bon voyage, it struck me that he might prove an easy conqueror of any woman's heart. For a moment I felt a real fear for little Marguerite, but Ludwig hurried me on so effectually that she was for the nonce put out of my head. That night I slept a hundred miles from the Latin Quarter, and the next day our novel Swiss experience began.

Up to this point I have written of Marguerite from my own personal knowledge; but from this, what remains of her history is made up from fragments of her papers, and the narration of the old woman who kept the crenierie opposite.

It seems that Guy Beauchamp, seeing the fair, innocent beauty of the young girl, longed for her with that strange perversity of the human mind which nobody can explain. A hundred poor days of easy virtue passed him every day, but he was indifferent to them. It was Marguerite whom he desired.

At first the girl was shy of him. He could put on the airs of a grand siegneur, it seemed, and perhaps the child was afraid of him. Then suddenly her mother fell fearfully ill. This continued during four long weeks of the hot, weary summer. No more making mock lilies and roses now. Marguerite stood all day in the small, stifling room, trying to ease the poor, invalid. There came to her, flowers, fruits, an easy chair, delicate wines. Marguerite knew who sent them, and her heart grew tender toward him. Her mother died, and the poor child paid her last franc to secure her beloved from the common grave. Living may be cheap in Paris, but it is dreadfully expensive to die. When Marguerite came back from the funeral, she had not a sou till she earned it.

In this dire necessity her lover came. He was kind to her—nobody else in the wide world was. He took her out into the Tuilleries, to the Bois de Boulogne,

where the birds sang, and the air was cool and sweet after that of the Latin Quarter. It was summer, and Marguerite was young. The whole world, full of sensations, was before her. She loved, too, and was beloved. Let me do Beauchamp that justice. Why, even the chiffonniers turned to bless her sweet beauty as she passed.

One day he took her to the Louvre. Up and down the miles of pictures they walked, the happy girl blushing and smiling. She was very lovely now, they said—blooming out under these sweet influences like a rose under the sun's kisses.

They paused once before a weird canvas, that somehow lured and held a good many eyes. An innocent young girl, with hair hanging down in broad lustrous plaits—pale, clear eyes and tender outlines of cheek and brow. Before her a young man—her lover—handsome—and debauched. So far Marguerite could understand it. But what did that creature mean that leered behind the young man's back—the creature in the semblance of a man, but with ugly, devilish visage just touched with the triumph of assured success?

Who is it? What is it? Beauchamp would fain have drawn her on, but Marguerite lingered, fascinated. He was forced to tell her the story. It was Goethe's Margaret, and the young man was Faust, and the old satyr was Mephistopheles, and—yes, Faust was tempting Margaret!

Our little Marguerite listened with pain and wonder. She clung to Beauchamp, shivering.

"Take me away! Please take me away!" she implored.

He took her out, readily enough, and the sweet air and the sunshine cheered her, and then to the Bois de Boulogne; and, by and by, the girl seemed to have forgotten the picture and was as gay as a lark. And they wandered all the sunny afternoon under those grand old oaks, and one gasped with innocent happiness in Marguerite's heart.

And, by and by, when they shades were falling, and there was no one near to hear, Beauchamp took her in his arms and told her that he loved her. And Marguerite clung to his neck, with tears and kisses, and blessed him in such terms that I think some stirrings of shame and remorse began in his breast. For he put her away a little, and said, gravely:—

"My dear, what is it that you think I have asked for you?"

Her sweet, tender eyes met his, and slowly as his meaning dawned on her, the red-tints faded from her soft cheeks.

"What can I think? What could I think?" she faltered, "but that you wanted me to be your wife!"

Let us hope he had the grace to bow his head before those pure eyes. But, little by little, he pulled the fond illusion away. He had a wife at home, he told her; but he loved her—little Marguerite—and he would always be true to her and all her hard life was over now if she would cling to him.

"Oh!" she cried with bitterness from his arm. "I know what the picture means now. I am that poor Margaret, and"—she looked behind her, as if she really expected to see the fiend himself. "Oh, you have broken my heart!" she sobbed slipping down at his feet.

He was very patient, he was so sure of ultimate success, and he could afford to wait. He took her home, parted from her at the door with a kiss, and left her. He sent her supper up to her room that night, and a note telling her again of his undying love.

And the next morning he tapped at her door. No one came. Again, but all was silent as the grave. Becoming alarmed, he called Victor, and together they forced the lock.

No Marguerite was there! The tray stood untouched, the dainty white roll-cake, and the chocolate cold in the cup, saw, soon, a new face and figure. Another lodger came; a few papers and odd trifles were saved for me by Victor, and the rest of the furniture was sold to pay the rent.

Beauchamp lingered a while, and then departed. Perhaps he forgot her. Perhaps he remembered her too well, and was glad to shake off the haunting association.

The first day of October, I came back and a great pain smote my heart at the black news. A little thread of hope was

left, however, and with what small clews I had I followed up the search. It led me through various poor lodging-houses and at last to the hospital. And here, standing in the long ward, I asked of a saintly sister of Mercy for Marguerite. She pointed to a little white bed, freshly made and clean. "Oh, Marguerite!" "When was it?" I inquired, after a time.

"Only yesterday. She sank slowly. I think the hope of seeing you kept her here many days after the call came to go."

I was too much overcome to speak. "She never went back to the Quartier, said the nurse, presently. "She said to me, one day, that she dared not. She was sorely tempted many times, when she fell ill. "But," she said, "I loved him. There was nothing else so strong in me as my love. I could only keep away. Poor little lamb!"

"And her body?"

"Oh," said the sister, with a look of distress, "monsieur knows. There was no one to claim her. Oh, Monsieur!"

I remembered then, with a cold horror, that it is a custom, in the hospitals, to give the bodies of those poor people who have no friends to the medical colleges for dissection. There was no sleep for me that night. As soon as the darkness fell, I called my Teutonic ally, and we began our tour of search. I spare my reader the story of the night.

We went presently to Clamart, and there, in what with horrid facetiousness the student call the "Salle de Reception," I found my poor little-Marguerite. Her beauty, which was still most touching, had kept sacrilegious hands away from her, and the poor delicate little body was laid away, unharmed, under the violets at Mont Parnasse. It was all I could do for her.

## Lift Up The Banner.

The defection of Mr. Greeley, and his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, has brought surprise and uncertainty, for the moment, upon the public mind; but it ought not for an instant to throw doubt upon the path of duty. The Philadelphia Convention is now bound, even if it were not its duty before, to raise up the old Republican banner under which have been gained such illustrious victories, and to print upon it the name of GENERAL GRANT!

It is not now a question whether General Grant has been a little too firm or too lax, too fast or too slow. By the conduct of those who have abandoned the Republican party, he has been placed in a position where order, public safety, and honor, require his re-election. We believe the public peace, order, and safety require the continued ascendancy of the Republican party, and that no other man can now so well lead the party as General Grant.

It is not the fault of the Republican party that personal piques and private ambitions, mingled in a few cases with some worthy aspirations for reform, have broken out into revolt and political revolution. But it will be its fault if it shrinks from the conflict forced upon it, or loses victory through discouragement or indifference.

If the danger which lies before us be once appreciated, we do not believe that our citizens will step off from firm and stable ground into the morass or quicksand of experiments.

It is a time for making plain the old landmarks—for arousing again that staunch courage by which the Republican party has often carried the country safely through perils more threatening than those which environ it now.

What are we to gain by a new party—made up in haste, without common principles, jumbled together not to correct grave public evils, but to avenge private griefs, or to reward violent and irregular ambition?

Every great interest in the land is flourishing. Even in the South, enfeebled by war, and bewildered by the total revolution of its industrial economy, there has been a slow but steady recuperation, except in the cases of one or two States, where local causes thwarted the honest endeavor of Government for their peace and security. Is it prudent to abandon a ship that has been tried and proved in a hundred storms, for a new crew, made up of deserters, of malcontents, of raw landsmen, and of suspicious men come from we know not where?

left, however, and with what small clews I had I followed up the search. It led me through various poor lodging-houses and at last to the hospital. And here, standing in the long ward, I asked of a saintly sister of Mercy for Marguerite. She pointed to a little white bed, freshly made and clean. "Oh, Marguerite!" "When was it?" I inquired, after a time.

"Only yesterday. She sank slowly. I think the hope of seeing you kept her here many days after the call came to go."

I was too much overcome to speak. "She never went back to the Quartier, said the nurse, presently. "She said to me, one day, that she dared not. She was sorely tempted many times, when she fell ill. "But," she said, "I loved him. There was nothing else so strong in me as my love. I could only keep away. Poor little lamb!"

"And her body?"

"Oh," said the sister, with a look of distress, "monsieur knows. There was no one to claim her. Oh, Monsieur!"

I remembered then, with a cold horror, that it is a custom, in the hospitals, to give the bodies of those poor people who have no friends to the medical colleges for dissection. There was no sleep for me that night. As soon as the darkness fell, I called my Teutonic ally, and we began our tour of search. I spare my reader the story of the night.

We went presently to Clamart, and there, in what with horrid facetiousness the student call the "Salle de Reception," I found my poor little-Marguerite. Her beauty, which was still most touching, had kept sacrilegious hands away from her, and the poor delicate little body was laid away, unharmed, under the violets at Mont Parnasse. It was all I could do for her.

The defection of Mr. Greeley, and his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, has brought surprise and uncertainty, for the moment, upon the public mind; but it ought not for an instant to throw doubt upon the path of duty. The Philadelphia Convention is now bound, even if it were not its duty before, to raise up the old Republican banner under which have been gained such illustrious victories, and to print upon it the name of GENERAL GRANT!

It is not now a question whether General Grant has been a little too firm or too lax, too fast or too slow. By the conduct of those who have abandoned the Republican party, he has been placed in a position where order, public safety, and honor, require his re-election. We believe the public peace, order, and safety require the continued ascendancy of the Republican party, and that no other man can now so well lead the party as General Grant.

It is not the fault of the Republican party that personal piques and private ambitions, mingled in a few cases with some worthy aspirations for reform, have broken out into revolt and political revolution. But it will be its fault if it shrinks from the conflict forced upon it, or loses victory through discouragement or indifference.

If the danger which lies before us be once appreciated, we do not believe that our citizens will step off from firm and stable ground into the morass or quicksand of experiments.

A HEAVY DISCOUNT.—One pleasant morning, some two or three years ago, a party of gentlemen were standing on the steps of the Tremont house, in Boston, enjoying their cigars, when they noticed a country-looking chap riding a slim, mangy horse up and down the street in front of the hotel, apparently trying to attract the attention of the group. One of them says: "I'll bet that fellow has a horse for sale. We'll see." Presently along he came, showing his beast, and was accosted with: "I say, is that animal for sale?" "Well—y-a-a—I might be induced to part with him; but he's a mighty likely critter." "Is he sound?" "Sound as a bullet." "Can he trot?" "Trot! Well, he can just mock a trotter." "How fast can he go?" "How fast? Well, he can go in four minutes; and would go faster if he could. He'd love to!" "What is your price for him?" "Five hundred." "Well, I don't want a horse, but I'll give you \$5 for him." "Stranger, he's yours; but that's a ounce of discount."

In Indiana a husband, after a spree, was led home by one of his friends, who, after depositing him safely on the doorstep, rang the bell and retreated, somewhat dubiously, to the other side, to see if it would be answered. Promptly the "port" was "overted," and the fond spouse, who had waited for her truant husband, beheld him in all his tiddiness.

"Why, waiter, is this you?" "Yes, my dear."

"What in the world has kept you so late?"

"Been out on a little turn with my boys, my d-d-darling."

"What on earth made you get so drunk? And why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up."

A scrub-headed boy having been brought before the court as a witness, the following amusing colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" inquired the judge.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the judge, getting very red, as an audible titter goes round the court room.

"They live at home."

"Where in thunder is their home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the judge.

Two practical jokers in a Virginia town, who were left in charge of numerous babies on a social occasion, while the mamma's enjoyed a dance, changed the clothes of the little darlings, and arrayed each one in strange habiliments. The mothers, after an hour or so of devotion to Terpischorean delights took their baby vestments and the dear little forms therein contained, and retired to their respective and once happy homes. On preparing the little oases for the crib, sexes had changed—girls were boys and boys were girls—and with one universal yell the outraged maternal set out on a baby hunt. At last accounts almost all had succeeded in recovering the lost heirs; but the wags keep out of the way of those matrons as much as possible.

Henry Claws, the well-known bald-headed New York banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with a Mr. Travers, had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "W-w-what d did you s-say, Mr. Claws?" asked Mr. Travers. "Isay, with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself—"

"Hold, H-h-henry," interrupted Mr. Travers, w-while you were m-making y-yourself, why d-did-didn't you p-put more h-hair on the top of y-your h-head?"

A wretch broke off an engagement for the following cogent reason: "You know a segar case is a fearful nuisance, and I always carry my segars loose in my pocket. The necessary amount of affection toward Molly was awful pough on 'em. Never came away from that house but every one of 'em was smashed. Could expect a fellow to waste good tobacco, that way, could you.—Exchange.

There are only 400 Potawatomi's extant. That's enough.