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D. T. HARGROVE,

Managing Editor, SCOTCHMAN AND OBSERVER
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A SLANDERER REBUKED.

BY MARY B. LEE.

'You know the old proverb, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' Fred Wilbur will never be worth anything. He is constantly removing from one place to another. Never succeeding in anything,' remarked in a pompous dictatorial style, a visitor at Mr. Fessenden's dinner table.

'Do you make allowance for Wilbur's bringing up? A rich man's son, he never supposed it would be necessary to work for a living, and did not learn either trade or profession. It is hard for him now to find suitable employment,' replied Mr. Fessenden.

'He could find employment if he were willing to work. He is looking for a position in which he will have little to do. No, he is a worthless young man. I never thought much of him; he was too gay, and fond of amusement, nothing serious about him.'

'Indeed! I always supposed there was sense and principle beneath the gaiety.'

'I never could discover either, and I know him well. Depend upon it, Fred Wilbur is only fit for the drawing-room. He can dance, and sing, and talk nonsense. Why, even his troubles have not sobered him; he talks and laughs as gaily as ever; proof positive to me, that he has no depth.'

Ella Fessenden's eyes sparkled with indignation, but she could not trust herself to speak. She only glanced significantly at her sister, and both girls smiled. The visitor read their faces aright.

'Ah! young ladies, I see you don't believe me. Of course, Wilbur is popular with the ladies; but you don't know him as well as I do.'

Mable Fessenden answered warmly: 'Mr. Wilbur's manner deceives many, but those who know him best, like him most, and have discovered that he has both sense and principle.'

'Ah! Miss Mable, you young ladies think you understand the young gentlemen, but I assure you I know Fred Wilbur better than you do. However, he has a warm advocate in you.'

Mable looked indignant and was going to speak in her impulsive manner, but a glance from her father prevented her. Afterwards when the visitor had departed, Mr. Fessenden spoke to his daughters.

'My friend has satisfied me that Wilbur is, to say the least, a worthless fellow. You know I have had doubts of him before: now that one who has such opportunities of judging tells me

his real character, you will not be surprised if I discourage his visits here. Ella, I must thank you for your silence to-day, I wish Mabel to follow your example, should Wilbur be spoken of again.

Ella's cheeks flushed, and tears started to her eyes. Mabel exclaimed, eagerly:

'Father, you forget Fred and Ella are engaged!

'Engaged! Nonsense! I told Ella when Wilbur's position in life was changed that I could not consent to her waiting and waiting until he could retrieve his fortunes.

You were satisfied with him when he was well-off.

I supposed he was all he ought to be; now I know he is not. Fortunately, he is so unsettled, he can come here but seldom, and probably he will soon forget that we are in existence.

'Oh! Father, you wrong him. Please have confidence in him. He is doing all he can. He has traveled from place to place, trying to save, out of the wreck of his father's estate, something for his mother and sisters. He provided for his family, even keeping his younger brother at school, so that he must gather more moss than Mr. Wilson supposes, exclaimed, Ella earnestly.

'Don't argue the question with me. You and Mabel are too young to understand young men. When Mr. Wilbur comes here again, I shall intimate that his visits are undesirable, so put him out of your thoughts as speedily as possible.'

Ella cried, and Mabel endeavored to console her by saying: 'Don't fret Ella, Fred will live down all these evil reports. He is not a rolling stone that gathers no moss, but a steady rock of sense and principle.--We must be patient for a time and all will come right.'

'Poor Fred.--just because he makes light of his troubles, he is accused of want of sense and principle. Yes, he will live down all calumnies; but it is so hard to misjudge him now, when he needs sympathy so much. Here, too, where he has always been sure of a welcome--how will he feel, when he is forbidden the house? Ella's tears started afresh, and Mabel too, cried a little while endeavoring to console her.

A few days after Wilbur called when Mr. Fessenden was out and Mrs. Fessenden and her daughters were in the parlor Mrs. Fessenden was somewhat embarrassed. She knew her husband's intentions, but had not the courage to be cold to the young man who had been so long intimate at the house, especially when he came in so pleasantly, evidently supposing all were as glad to see him as he was to see them. So she found herself shaking hands and speaking in her usual manner, and Ella and Mabel, really liking him and trusting him, were divided between the pleasure of having him there, and the fear of their father coming home, and offending him.

The conversation was at first principally sustained by Mr. Wilbur and Mrs. Fessenden. He had traveled a great deal since he had seen them before, and had many little incidents to relate. After some time, however, he sat by Ella and commenced talking to her in low tone.

Ella, do you know I think I shall be able to claim you sooner than I expected. After a great deal of trouble I have secured a competence for my mother and sisters. Brother will live with them till he has finished his schooling, then I hope to be able to put him in a way to support himself creditably. Now I have only myself to think of; and I have commenced business for myself on a small scale, of course, but I hope to build up a lucrative trade. I begin to like business, you remember how hard I found it at first, and by the time I am a millionaire, I do believe I shall love to buy and sell.

He laughed pleasantly in his merry way, as did Ella and Mabel--but Ella's face grew serious as she replied sadly:

'Fred, I--I think I ought to tell you--indeed you must not be offended with me, it is very unpleasant, but it will be easier to hear it from me first.'

What is it? Do not be afraid of offending me. I am not easily offended, except I think it is me, and I am sure you would not offend me willingly.

No, neither willingly or unwillingly; then you will try not to be annoyed.

Yes, let me hear his wonderful mystery, before my patience is quite exhausted.

He was looking at her with merriment in his handsome eyes, and reassured, she told him what Mr. Wilson had said and her father's determination.

'Oh! Mr. Wilson was one of my father's double-faced friends--but I am wrong to speak against him, even if he has slandered me. I suppose he means well, but he never understands me and really knows little about me. It is a good opportunity of exercising Christian charity. He little knows how I have searched for employment, even the humblest, till I saw I could save something with which to begin myself. Well perhaps I shall be able to prove to Mr. Wilson that I am a stone that does gather moss.'

Do Fred, said Mabel, warmly. Show him and every one that you can and will succeed.

But I hope to show those who have no liking for me what I can do. While those I love, appreciate me, I am indifferent to the opinion of others. I must try and convince your father that I am in a fair way to do well. But Ella it is asking a great deal of you to wait until I am in a suitable position.

He stopped, looked at her a few moments and continued:

Only you will not be very unhappy because we understand and trust each other; and it may not be so long--I will try to make it short.

O, Fred, if you can satisfy father; he will not permit any engagement.

At this point in the conversation Mr. Fessenden returned. After a few minutes general conversation Mr. Fessenden invited Mr. Wilbur in the library, saying he wished to speak to him privately.

The young girls' faces flushed. Even Mrs. Fessenden could not raise her eyes, but Mr. Wilbur rose at once and, with a reassuring smile, and followed his host into the adjoining apartment.

In about an hour the gentlemen returned. Mr. Wilbur's face wore a grave expression unusual to it.

Mr. Fessenden looked stern and determined, as he took a chair near his wife. Sitting by Ella, Mr. Wilbur spoke rather sadly:

Ella--or Miss Fessenden, I suppose ought to say--your father is hard on me. He accuses me of what never entered my mind. I find I have more need of charity than I supposed. I think it is a good law that believes a man innocent till he is proven guilty. My unfortunate disposition, too--the tendency to make light of minor troubles--is considered a proof that I have no stability. What am I to do? Sometimes I have been thankful for being given a disposition to make the best of circumstances.

Ella answered in low tones: Your gaiety and cheerfulness are a blessing. They keep you from despair when so many turn against you.

I suppose I have been too gay, too fond of jesting and foolish conversation. I have been struggling against it, especially since last month, when--I tell you this to make you feel there is a bond between us, when separated by distance and your father's wish--I was admitted into the church. Whether I

live to overcome this harsh judgment or not, you and I will be fighting the same battle, looking for the same reward. And now I must go. Mr. Fessenden kindly granted me a few minutes with you, on condition I would not endeavor to make any engagement. Farewell!

He shook hands silently with all, and was gone--leaving the young girls crying bitterly, and Mrs. Fessenden with tears in her eyes. Even Mr. Fessenden felt doubtful for a short time till he remembered Mr. Wilson's positive manner of accusing him of wrong doing.

A few years passed away, changing Ella from the pretty girl of eighteen to the woman of twenty three. She was still unmarried, waiting till Fred Wilbur was able to overcome her father's prejudice. Mabel was married, and occasionally entertained at her house her sister's lover. Ella never met him there. She was too honorable for clandestine meetings. She satisfied herself, as well as she could, with hearing of him from her sister. A few times, in the course of those years, she had met him at church, or in the street, when, as there was no prohibition to the contrary, she stopped and had a few words of greeting and friendly conversation--hardly lover like, but each read in the other's eye that the old love was strong still.

The time came when the proud Mr. Fessenden found trouble coming upon him. Property on which he depended lay idle on his hands; money was owing to him which he could not collect; business debts were due, and he could not pay. He must borrow from a friend. Soon he would be able to repay. No friend could, or would, lend. Mr. Fessenden passed sleepless nights, wondering what he should do to avert ruin. A small sum would sustain his credit till he could sell part of his property; but that sum he could not command.

One evening when Mr. Fessenden was lying on the sofa, his head aching with anxiety and want of sleep, Mr. Wilbur was announced--his first visit for five years.

Mr. Fessenden, in spite of your prohibition I have ventured to renew my suit, hoping that you may now judge me in a clearer light. I am no longer a rolling stone, gathering no moss--having been in business five and a half years in one city. I can now offer a comfortable home to your daughter--a home where she can command all the luxuries she has here. Has your opinion of me changed?

Yes. I have heard you well-spoken of among merchants: but I supposed your fancy for Ella had passed away, and hers for you, as she has never spoken of you, and you did not come here.

How could I come here after what you said?

Well, you have come now. True--my patience was quite exhausted. I found I could wait no longer. I must learn my fate.

Ella is in the next room, ask her to settle it. You must have principle and steadiness, to entertain one passion so long.

After several hours Fred, Wilbur rose to say good-night.

Ella, I have something to say to you. I heard rumors of your father being in trouble. What I heard decided my coming. I cannot offer to assist him; but if you can intimate, without offending him, that ten thousand dollars are at his disposal; for as long as he needs them, pray, do so. I wish he liked me well enough to let me help him. It would afford me much pleasure. Tomorrow you will be troubled with me again, till then, farewell.

Mr. Fessenden fought a battle with himself; or rather two kinds of pride fought with each other: pride of maintaining his position before the world--pride of refusing a favor from one whom he had despised and misjudged. The first conquered, and from "the rolling stone" Mr. Fessenden received the moss that saved

his credit, and enabled him to carry on his business.

One day--a short time before the one fixed for the wedding--Mr. Wilson happened to call on the Fessendens. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Wilson suddenly remarked:

'Ah! by-the-by, what has become of young Wilbur? I have lost sight of him; but by this time I suppose he has quite gone to the bad. Not quite, yet. I do not know how it will be when he is married. We must wait and see. Mr. Fessenden said, quietly.

Married! Is he going to marry? Yes--this day week. Will you be present, Mr. Wilson looked at the faces of the group around him, and from Ella's crimson cheeks, surmised the truth. He began to apologize.

Forgive me. I did not know--I had no intention of offending.

A word about Mr. Wilbur--soon to be my son--then we will let the subject rest. Five years ago you misrepresented him to me. I'll treat him on that account. Now I know his worth, his steadiness.

POETRY.

BY R. M. M.

In waking dreams I pass each day,
 The darkness brings no rest;
 At night I wish the night away,
 In day love night the best.
 The sunshine gives no pleasure now,
 No joy the song of birds;
 My absent love, 'tis only thou
 Cants cheer me with thy words

The sparkling dew-drop wows the rose,
 And lies upon her breast;
 The nightingale, in warbling, throws
 Love spells around his nest.
 I still must live, alone,
 Forgotten I may be;
 But yet, my love, though thou art gone,
 My heart will cling to thee.

A Western paper advertises as follows: Wanted at this office, an able-bodied, hard-featured, bad-tempered, not-to-be-backed-down, freckled-faced young man to collect for this paper; must furnish his own horse, saddle-bags, pistol, whiskey, bowie knife and cowhide. To such we promise constant employment.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.--A celebrated doctor--celebrated almost as much for his love of good living as for his professional skill, called upon a certain eccentric nobleman whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time, the doctor receiving no invitation to partake of it, said, My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!--A thousand pardons for the omission, replied his lordship. Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing--go home and eat your own dinner!

LOFTY CAREER.--A boy fell, the other day, through a hatchway, a distance of three stories; and instead of being killed, as he naturally ought to have been, he was able to get up and walk off. He is only ten years old now, and his father thinks that in a couple of years he will be able to fall off a four story house with ease, while he cherishes a hope that before he attains his majority he can tumble down a shot tower, or out of a balloon. So life seems to open up bright and beautiful to that boy; and for him the future is full of lofty hopes and high aspirations, and exalted shot towers and purposes, and soaring ambitions and balloons.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.--Thank God some of us have an old-fashioned mother--not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls bottines, whose white jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet voiced mother, with eyes in whose depth the love light shone, an l brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smoothly upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil which guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own.