

all who love their country, and desire for it a glorious future, to aid their government in sustaining its credit, and placing that credit upon a stable foundation.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and Designated Depositories, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The Notes will be issued in the denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the original certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15, on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon this receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions may be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

[Written for the Desert News.]

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

Having received a letter from the Editor to visit our subscribers in Galloway, Kirkcubright and Dumfries Shires, I forthwith took passage in a barque bound for Stranraer. The day was warm and sultry and the clouds lay motionless, reflecting their shadows on the lower deep as we passed the Comeries, the Isle of Arran, Ailsa rock, and the Loch Ryan. The vessel arrived late in the night and I got drowsed along with a crowd of passengers in a tavern. Having overslept my time for coach, in the morning I started on foot for Mochrum, some thirty miles distance.

During seven hours travel, two small Inns by the roadside, and a herd's house here and there among the hills, were all that indicated any thing like human existence on this weary route. About noon, tired and footsore, I observed a road leading off to my right round a small hill, where I perceived several persons wending their way, to parts beyond the summit. Instinctively followed them. In the course of an hour I arrived at the top of the hill, and there to my astonishment burst on my view the Bay of Luce, where the dark waters lay as still as a sleeping child, and far beyond it foamed the Irish sea, bearing on its troubled bosom the floating commerce of a world's traffic.

Below me embosomed among the hills, stretched away to the shore a beautiful copse of woodland, and in the midst of this picturesque scenery rose a considerable village. As I neared the scattering houses I heard the sounds of music, and the confused hum of human voices, which contrasted strangely with the monotony of the country I had left but an hour before, composed of heath, heather and hills, all of which appeared the more romantic, contrasted with the tall oaks, elms and orchards of this paradise, in the heart of a desert.

The spire of an old church peered above the trees in mockery of their age and stature, pointing as it were to heaven, lest the inhabitants should forget in this elysium of earthly grandeur, that there was another happier paradise above. Beyond the village a small distance stood a beautiful mansion, surrounded with high walls, large gateways, porter-lodges and avenues leading to a magnificent building. Along the highway marched a large procession of peasantry, bearing flags, banners and other insignia of rejoicing, inspired with a full brass band playing delightful music. The elasticity of natural vigor, suddenly inspired with new life, and in a little time my worn

out body was seated in the bar of the Red Lion inn, with a mug of ale before me, talking as familiarly with the Landlord as if I had been his boon companion for twenty years! In a few sentences I soon learned the nature and cause of the rejoicing, festivity and bustle of the day. There will be, said mine host of the rampant horse racing, foot, sack and barrow races, and any other amusement we can get up, with plenty of whisky for nothing, and prizes for the winners, and all at the expense of my young Lord of the Manor, who has come down from London, to take possession of his deceased father's estates. 'All the farmers, plowmen and laborers with their wives and children, for five miles round the country are invited to eat, drink and be merry, and all at his expense.' My house said he emphatically—is open at his expense, and I hope the people will do him the honor of emptying my barrels, and your clapping me on the shoulder, 'may remain here for a month, and it will cost you nothing, only write every thing that will prove to the world that we respect Lord Henry Edward Buntling as one of the best gentlemen in the south west of Scotland.' Has he done much good for his people, I inquired. 'Good,' said he, looking rather serious, and making a long pause. 'Well, as for the term goodness [shrugging up his shoulders, and giving me a strange odd kind of wink]—if horse racing, drunkenness and debauchery were the rudiments of goodness, and learning, as I said before, he is one of the best.' At this period of our conversation he took a deep draught of the whisky and filled the tumbler. 'There continued he drink towards our young Lord's prosperity and future happiness, and that he may to be as generous as his father was.'

The little room where we were seated, soon became crowded and a desultory parish gossip left me unnoticed for a considerable time. The procession had perambulated the streets and lanes of the place, and had arranged their respective parties before the inn, where a stage and booths were erected for the young Lord and his attendants, and the other dignitaries of the Borough, of whom I was informed there were, the minister, sessions' clerk, parochial schoolmaster, ruling elder, sexton and beadle of the parish. A little time elapsed before his Lordship and retinue arrived, forming a long cavalcade of country gentlemen who were soon seated on the busses erected for their accommodation. The noise of the peasantry was beyond all description in vociferous expressions of vulgar congratulation, aroused within them by the strong stimulant of which they had partaken so freely throughout the day.

My Lord, the observed of all observers, arose amid the acclamations of the crowd, and in an enivling haughty manner, expressed his unfeigned thanks for the honor conferred on him, by their presence and approbation, stating, that as his deceased father had retained his farmers and laborers, he hoped to continue and retain them, as his fathers had done before him. This was the climax of his speech. The bustings were nearly thrown down, by the fond, boisterous enthusiasm of his adherents.

The parish Minister followed next, in the solemnity of his office, as spiritual guardian of this drunken crowd, who after a few preliminaries respecting the generosity, philanthropy and goodness of his deceased patron, eulogized his heir and successor as a virtuous, intelligent young man, possessed of all his father's good qualities and learning, and that they doubtless would be no less prosperous and happy under the direction of his Lordship, than they had been with his father. Others of the nobility followed in rotation, all of which savoured so strongly of the slaver of flattery and sycophancy, interrupted as the speech-makers were with the incessant cheering and confusion, responded by the crowd, that his Lordship in a short period wound up the affair, by reminding them of his hospitality on the occasion, and invited them not to be sparing of the expense, as he had left Mr. Higglebottom his Steward and Mr. Braintree of the Red Lion, with full instructions as to this matter. The bustings were soon vacated, during which the band struck up "Auld-lang-syne," and "Home sweet home," "God save the King," etc. His Lordship and retinue rode off to his mansion; the parish priest, clerk, and the more wealthy farmers to the Manse, and the omnivorous filled the tents and inn, and I followed "mine host," to his little room of the bar.

I learned from a programme of the amusements, that the racing would commence at four. I was not a little amused to meet my old friend reporter Puffy, who had just arrived from Glasgow, employed by the *Argus*, to take notes of his Lordship's installation and reception. "This is glorious, benificent, honorable, highly praise-worthy of his Lordship," and on he went, with a long string of common place epithets denoting an adjective of some quality newly coined in his own brain, to express what he saw around him.

His pockets were amply crammed with copy, and in his ear stuck a long pencil. Abruptly holding me by both hands, and ejaculating, "how glad to see you Mr. King, d—d glad, how pleased I would have been to have met our friend Tim Snizzle (an old starved acquaintance in the same line.)"

When did you hear of him? poor soul discharged from "the Witness," clever fellow! unfortunate; keeping school, I've learned. How is old Jinks, your publisher? and Bottoms the Editor? Let me see, yes, that other fellow the foreman, I forget his name, and that slab sided typo, Bumbleba, ha. Old name is'nt it? giving me a poke in the ribs, queer

lot, all of your establishment, d—d smart though, eh! To get rid of this monstrosity of interrogatories, I slipped out of the room, while Mr. Braintree invited him to a glass of brandy. From the noise and running of the people outside, I learned that the sports had commenced, and the select elite of the village passed me as I stepped from the inn door to greet McDermid of "the Dumfries currier," and Captain Burns, (son of the world-famed poet,) who had come to spend a few days with his Lordship.

Spending an hour or two among the crowd of spectators, and drawing a faithful account of their proceedings, I returned to regale myself with the Landlord, who had kindly invited me to dinner. By this time Puffy was gone, and I had the pleasure of conversing freely with Mr. Braintree who had become exceedingly communicative, having emptied his glass several times. The present festivity was the all engrossing topic of conversation, and on this subject I found, that by the nods and winks which the Landlord gave me that I had great cause to suspect, that some hidden mystery remained to be resolved in the ambiguous expressions thrown out respecting his Lordship.

The evening and night passed away, leaving most of the people sunk in the lethargy of forgetfulness and dissipation, and the day dawned, but to give light to a renewal of the former day's debauchery, and sports. The inn was one continuous roar all the time, and I found that my intimacy but increased the confidence reposed in me. On the third day from my arrival, I had so far ingratiated myself into the esteem of "mine host" that he revealed to me, the following strange revelation upon promise, that I should keep it a profound secret until the parties concerned would be out of danger. To this I conceded, and the Landlord in low whispers told me the following strange, though not unlikely story. "In the year 1782, my father resided in Newton, Wigtonshire. He had been married some seven or eight years prior to this date, and had three children born to him. He was what is termed a day laborer and consequently poor, but honest and industrious. My mother, if not blessed with ample means to live, had nevertheless a frugal sustenance and contrived to keep her family respectable. About this time, however she brought home to my father another addition to his family of twins, and I was one of them. On the second evening after her accouchment a coach drove up to our door and two very grand ladies entered my mother's dwelling. They carried a basket with them, from which they took some clothing as a present for the babies, and after remaining some little time and having them in their arms, they placed them in bed beside my mother, to whom they gave two gold sovereigns, and left. They were not but a short time gone, when one of the babies began to cry, the sound seemed strange to my mother, and she doubting something was wrong had a light brought to her bed, when to her amazement one of them was a mulatto. Instantly the search and inquiry commenced. Some persons had seen the coach drive rapidly off, but where it went to, no one could tell. The news of the exchange spread far and wide, and the newspapers were not silent on the subject of this strange affair, giving in detail every circumstance connected with the dress of the ladies, the appearance of the driver, and description of the coach. Only one toll gate keeper could recollect any thing of the kind having driven past his gate at a late hour. A strict scrutiny, and search was made for months, and ultimately the event died away leaving my mother with a heart all but broken, and in the possession of her replaced baby; that grew a stout child along side of its fair companion.

Time rolled on, and my father in a few years died of decline, which was brought upon his body by hard labor and the care of a large family to provide for.

My mother had no other resource for her children than to hire them out among the farmers. I had been in the habit of watching for the arrival of the mail at the crown inn, and in this way I procured a few pence in packing boxes and carpet bags for the passengers. After spending some years at this precarious employment, I was hired as a stable boy, and ultimately became head hostler, in the same inn. About this time my mother died. My should-have-been twin brother was errand boy and made generally useful for a gentleman, who had retired from the mercantile business. In this place he learned to serve the table, when the family had company, and to drive out as coachman. He held this place some years, and after his mother's decease, through the recommendation of his master's son, obtained a place as Butler to a landed gentleman in Westmorland on the borders of England, where he died of apoplexy, some twelve years ago. No clue could ever be obtained of his unnatural parents up till within six years back. At that period I was still in my old place, when providence brought about a complete discovery of the whole affair. One day in the midst of my business I was called upon to visit an old lady in the suburbs of D—, some three miles from Newton. As soon as I could possibly get away I rode off to the place, and found by the direction, the person requesting my visit. She was an old lady, seemingly in a dying state. I felt from the first moment I received her note, that this was concerning my brother. She hesitated to speak, yet after a little, she again attempted, and in broken sentences said, that what she had to communicate would be of little service to me, as my companion was dead. 'Indeed,' she continued,

if he had been living I must have left this world, and taken the secret with me, but now, I am certain that death will be on me shortly, and as my revelation can do you no earthly benefit, I desire that you solemnly promise to keep my secret until after the death of Lord Buntling. Then it will be of no use to reveal it publicly, as you will not be believed even though you should; but for my own peace and your satisfaction, on your solemn promise I will.

I assented to her requirements, according to the words of her obligation, when she told me in a few words, uttered with much difficulty, that the present Lord Buntling was my own natural brother. The circumstance, she said, of how he was taken away you know. Her ladyship, and her person and myself planned the fraud upon your mother. Her Ladyship had been childless for several years after her marriage, which was a source of great grief to my Lord, however, she became pregnant, and when the time was at hand for her confinement, she privately swore me on oath, to keep secret what she felt must be revealed to some one, in order to carry out the fraud imposed on her husband. She then told me that the fruit of her present misfortune, was the product of her negro footman; and that she wished me, and the Governess, who was in the secret and bound under obligation like myself, to set about immediately and procure a white infant, at any expense, rather than be exposed. After having a few consultations with the Governess, we left for Newton, privately, where having learned of your mother's recent accouchment, being on the day of our arrival. On the following day lady Buntling was sick, and that evening we carried off your brother all of which you know. The fraud was never found out, and being a considerable distance from Newton, the circumstances of your family were never inquired after, nor known, except by myself. Now I am about to leave this world, and as this matter lay heavy upon my mind, after your father's death, I thought I would reveal to you the whole transaction, and as I have no relations, and being in the possession of five hundred pounds Sterling, I thought of making you my heir. I have no will or deed, neither will I have any; but here, said she, take my purse, it will in some measure recompense for the disquietude I have been instrumental in causing your family. Say nothing of the matter and all is well. Your brother, the present Lord of B— is not expected to live; his supposed son, your nephew is now in London, and he will succeed his father.

At the conclusion of this strange interview, I left the place, and returned to "the crown inn," full of thought as to how I would act in reference to the rest of our family. Having maturely considered the matter, I concluded to leave Newton, and having heard of this inn being put to auction, I purchased "the Red Lion," and here I am, uncle to my Lord Buntling! "What a rare, fickle jade is fortune, said I," to think of your father, a day laborer, being the father of a Lord, and you by the same shift of fortune, placed in affluent circumstances," and under the auspices of, "hold there" said "mine host," were he not a Lord I would kick his — for his nasty tricks.

Had he been my brother's son the hostler, I would have been ashamed of him, and he would have been long since banished for his seduction; but as it is, wealth and titles, guild the covering of guilt, and he is my Lord!

In the evening I supped with the family, where the conversation turned upon many of the incidents which had transpired during the three days rejoicing. I learned that professor Puffy had left the day before, but not until he had crushed himself into the presence of my Lord, and read for his approval, a sketch of the festival, and also the appearance of his Lordship and attendants on the occasion, written in florid bombast, and sycophantic phraseology.

On the following morning I left this romantic village per coach to my destination, full of respect for Mr. Braintree, and giving a thousand promises that I would return again to "the Red Lion" on some future occasion, when time and circumstances would not sever the cord of reciprocal friendship. I saw him wave his handkerchief as I rounded the summit, where the bay and sea and village first met my wondering gaze. I returned the compliment and was once more among the hills and heath, hale and hearty, noting the scenery and preparing for another sheet in my book of observation; when one of the gentlemen in the coach, who had left Newton that morning, inquired if I was acquainted with Mr. Braintree, to which I answered in the negative. 'I thought not' said he, 'else you would not have paid so much attention to him.' Why! I inquired interestedly, being struck by the manner in which he uttered the sentence. Why! said he, 'because he is mad.' He imagines himself uncle to my present Lord, and tells a very plausible tale connected with his family. Here my mind reverted to many circumstances which corroborated the declaration of my traveling companion, and here my tale of secrecy, of abduction and fraud, flattered out of my novelty-loving cranium, out of which I had planned three volumes, illustrated with plates! There was an end to my intended authorship, and the anticipated fame, of out-rivaling my contemporaries in the penny-a-lining business and taking the cognomen of Forest King, author of "Sketches by the way," "the secret abduction," poetry, etc. Heceforward I devoted myself to more truthful investigations, and learned in my happy experience, that I was not an inventor and propagator of falsehood, to amuse the taste of a corrupt and vitiated literature-loving public.