

THE PEOPLES PRESS

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DEFERRED ARTICLES.

A band of Gipsies lately landed at New York, among the immigrants brought from Europe by an immigrant ship. They are now encamped, with their covered wagons, in the neighborhood of Hoboken, and report themselves from the vicinity of Durham and Newcastle, England.

JULY.

July has been called the Mouth of Revolutions. It took its name from Julius Caesar, who was born on its 11th day. He was a worker of revolutions, though his birth and not his death.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal tells a pretty story of a negro raffle which came off some where in Mississippi. The owner of a black boy named Bill put him up to be raffled for.

Putnam told a story of an Indian upon the Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it.

Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye; just tell me that—for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that father O'Flannigan sent me home to yer case.

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the sages, Who in the days of yore, In combat met the women, And drove them from our shore.

Popular Tales.

AN ADVENTURE OF KIT CARSON.

A TALE OF THE SACRAMENTO.

The broad and fertile valley of the Sacramento, that natural garden of a newly discovered world, whose limits daily unfold to the wanderer's gaze.

The river is broad and deep; it flows here and there, serious and calm, through chasms frightful in their savage grandeur.

Down in the valley the white tops of wagons are visible—showing the resting place of a party of tired emigrants.

With a muttered imprecation upon the head of the intruder, whoever he might be, that had thus interfered with his pastime, the trapper sprang down the side of the precipice, broken by innumerable fissures.

Now by all that's devilish! exclaimed the new comer, with a glare of disappointment, occasioned by his failure; "one might almost imagine the old one had popped a copper bullet into my rifle."

The Cheyenne looked up, and recognizing Carson, replied coolly and in good English. "The White Fox has forgotten his own totem-pole."

As he spoke, he laid his sinewy hand upon the coarse grey cloth, so thickly patched and darned that it retained, at the moment of his introduction to the reader, very few features of the original garment.

"You have got the advantage of me, Cheyenne, I confess; you handle the gift of speech too well for a thoroughbred, and yet I don't remember a single feature, since that little affair of ours on the Colorado."

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