

LITERATURE.

Reviews of New Books.
FRESH IDEAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Andrew De Vere. New York: The Centennial Book Co.
The publication of an American edition of the poetic works of De Vere is a requirement for some time back, and the book before us fills well the demand.

THE INDIAN TREATY SWINDLE.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1869.
The record of Congress yesterday shows that the most intelligent and able members of the House of Representatives are accustomed to read the HERALD, in order to learn with accuracy what is going on in Senate secret sessions, and that they are "indebted to that paper for giving the country information which they could not otherwise have."

RED KNIFE.

A HERO.
BY MARY E. MACKINTOSH.
Perhaps you think a hero
A man of giant might,
A warrior in armor bright,

RED KNIFE.

ing up the glass Mr. Dane had left fall, and looking through it.
The light he beheld convulsed him with terror. Not a man was there, but a dark coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted savages.

RED KNIFE.

pression on the minds of his hearers. A general gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direction of the cavern.
Not a man was there, but a dark coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted savages.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.—On Wednesday evening, March 24, at 10 o'clock, at his residence, No. 24 West 27th street, JOHN W. RAYMOND, aged 64 years.

IMMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.

[From the Richmond Whig, March 22.]
We have hitherto made mention of a projected colony of several hundred Americans for the purchase of land in Virginia.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE OF GLOAMING STARK.
Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon foot horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West.

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS AND STRANGE MYSTERY.
Skirting the Black Hills, forty miles west of Fort Laramie, a party of horsemen were riding eastward.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEAR LITTLE SOUL.
"Where is she now?" he murmured aloud.
"Where she is now?" with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being with a happiness akin to pain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HUNTER'S HORSE.
The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direction the sound had just come.