

Shreveport Daily News.

VOL. 1.

SHREVEPORT, LA., TUESDAY, APRIL 23. 1861.

NO. 9.

The Shreveport Daily News,

Published every morning (Monday excepted.)
Office corner Texas & Spring sts.
Over Baer's Store—Entrance on Spring street.

TERMS:
Daily, per year in advance, \$8.00
" Delivered by carrier, 20 cents
per week.
Weekly (Monday) in advance, 2.50

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15 squares,	40	50	55	60	64	68	90	100		
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New Orleans.
n1-1y

The First and Last Sacrifice.

Selected Expressly for the News.

AN ADVENTURE AT MURDER CREEK.

[A Tale of the Wilderness.]
[CONCLUDED.]
mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes—the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple sylvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the activity. Presently I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a height of nearly two hundred feet into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream belled and whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place, the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trees might be seen tossing and writhing about like things of life tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings,—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke.

"Do you mark that cedar, shooting out midway from the rock? Hither I brought the white man, who doomed me to be born on a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slew my father!' He shook, as my mother had done; for the fear of death was upon him. My father's blood has left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters." He would have led to the woods, like a wounded hunter; but I grasped him thus, (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me,) and cried, "Come with me to the Spirit World and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with a robe, in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I point to the blood of his slayer!"

"How he shrieked when I sprang with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below, but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent, for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest. Why was I kept from my father? I could not go to him. The branches clung to me; and from the depths of the forest there came a voice on the wind, saying, 'Return!' I planted my foot on the rock; at one bound I clatched you to my topmost bough; I swung myself on that jutting crag, and reached the spot where now I stand."

As he spoke these words he quitted his hold of me, to my infinite relief. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might say almost convulsed, from the recollection of his consummating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement should precipitate us both into the frightful chasm, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be,

while holding me so firmly. In either case, I should have had no faith in the Great Spirit spreading the cedar to catch me in my descent; while if I had found myself in its "green arms," I felt morally certain I must have remained there till doomsday, provided I had only my own agility to trust to for swinging myself out of them.—But in what a situation was I actually placed! In such a spot, and with a being whose motives I was not only still unable to fathom, but whose wild caprice perhaps might urge him to, I knew not what, if I spoke one unguarded word. After a short pause, however, I ventured to address him; but while I cautiously gave expression to an opinion from which, if confirmed, I looked, to extract consolation for myself, I took especial care to shape what I said as much to his taste as I could possibly make it.

"And thus the oath of your childhood was satisfied. You had not only avenged your father's death upon the race of white men, but you had offered up his murderer, as a last sacrifice to his memory, and your vengeance."
"A last sacrifice!" he exclaimed, his features brightening with exultation. "Why was I bid to return, if the great purpose for which I had lived was completed? In my cabin, I can count five scalps of white men struck by this arm since the murderer sunk beneath these waters. 'But,' he continued with a stern solemnity of manner, 'this day sees the last. I have lived long enough; else—'" and he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, "you had not lived to hear me say so. I tracked you last night from the going down of the sun.—Twice my gun was levelled; twice I drew my arrow's head to its point; once my hatchet glittered in the moon. But my arm failed me, and there was sadness over my spirits. I watched you as you slept. Not even the thought that so my father slept, could make me strike. I left you; and in the deep forest cast myself to the earth, to ask the Great Spirit what he would have me do, if it was to be that I could not shed your blood. A voice like that which said 'Return,' came again on the wind. I heard it, I obeyed it. Follow, and behold my last sacrifice!"

We now descended the eminence on which we were standing, and again proceeded along the intricate path which conducted us back to the cabin. When we entered it, he invited me to eat, by pointing to the repast which was still spread upon the ground; but I declined. He then motioned me that I should sit; and taking the hint from his own inflexible silence, I did so without uttering a word, but watching with intense anxiety all his movements. Divesting himself of his robe and turban, he put on a splendid dress of ceremony; after which taking down the fifteen scalps, which were all strung upon a twisted cord, made from the bark of a tree, he suspended them round his neck. The one from which hung those long glossy tresses of auburn was in front, and spread itself with mournful luxuriance over his breast. Thus accoutred, and with his musket in one hand, and his hatchet in the other, besides the tomahawk, shot-pouch, powder-horn, and scalping-knife, which were stuck in his belt, he turned to me and said, "Follow; bring with you the buffalo-hide on which you sit."

I did so, though with some difficulty; for the hide was both heavy and cumbersome to carry. We were now once more in the forest, and in the same track as when we set forth for the whirlpool. The Indian instead of striding along with a quick elastic step, walked at a slow measured pace, but with great dignity of carriage.—We had proceeded about a hundred yards when he began a wild melancholy chant, in his native tongue; and it was then, for the first time the horrid idea flashed across my mind, that he was about to immolate himself. Good God! and was I to witness the appalling ceremony, in the wilderness, from which it seemed im-

possible, utterly impossible, I could ever extricate myself! What, then, might be my own fate? To perish in these woods, perhaps, by the slow torture of famine, or fall a prey to some savage animal or noxious reptile.

We arrived at a small stage on which lay the body of the Indian's mother. Here he stopped—ascended it—laid down his gun and hatchet, took from me the buffalo hide, spread it carefully by his mother, and placed on the other side the earthen vessel containing the bones of his father, and the handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of his wife and children. He next seated himself between them on the buffalo skin; and surely, whatever else I may forget in this world, while I remember any thing, I can never forget either the sublime expression of his countenance at that moment, or the horror of his appearance, with the scalps round his neck! For, now, by the light which fell upon them, as I stood beneath, I could distinguish the black clotted blood that stiffened the hair at the roots. Longer silence became insupportable—impossible; that which had hitherto kept me silent—my own safety—now with an equally irresistible impulse stirring me to speech.

"It is not your own death," I exclaimed, "that you call your last sacrifice!"
He smiled; but made no answer.

"In mercy, then," I added, half frantically, "destroy me first; for here in this wilderness, I must perish when you are dead!"

He shook his head and pointed upwards. "No!" said he. "Watch the green leaves, and walk with the wind. Speak no more. But when I am in the spirit World, cover me with the buffalo robe and go."
I stood agast, motionless, and scarcely able to breathe, while the Indian was as calm and unperturbed as if he were only laying down to sleep. He now began again his funeral chant or death song, in a low wailing tone, so full of mournful expression, that though there was something monotonous in its character, it brought tears into my eyes; but, as it grew louder and bolder, from the animating theme—the deeds of prowess he had performed, and the white men he had slain,—till at last, it swelled into a terrific yell, as he recounted the death of his father's murderer, which echoed through the surrounding solitude like frightful howlings, my blood seemed to chill and curdle. Hitherto he had spoken in a language unknown to me, and I only judged of import from the expressive sympathy of his features. But suddenly he stopped; and then, in a gentle, murmuring voice, resumed his dirge in English.

"I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race! The life-stream that fills my veins is like the river that goes to the ocean and is lost! I had a father, I had a mother; I had a wife, I had children. I have no father, I have no mother; I have no wife, I have no children. I am the last of my race. I have no kindred. The white man came, who slew my father, and the fathers of my father. The white man came, he burned my cabin on the Lake of the Thousand Islands! I brought the wild deer home from the chase but my wife and children could be gathered in the palm of my hand. I had no tear to mingle with those of my mother which fell upon their ashes! I fled to the wilderness, and carried with me the bones and dust of those that were.—My father's blood was on my lips when I came from the womb; the white man's blood is on my hatchet which goes with me to the grave. I have done well; for the Great Spirit has called me: I shall not die like the tree that perishes, or be cut down like the corn that is ripe. I am the last of my race, and there is no hand but my own to send me to the Spirit World!"

At these words he took his scalping-knife from his belt, and, with a firm unflinching hand, drew it slowly across the abdomen! The blood gushed—the bowels fell out. I could

see no more. Staggering towards a tree, I hid my face in its luxuriant branches. But still I heard his voice—faintly and more faintly—repeating the words, "I go to my father—I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race!"—till guttural, indistinct gaspings,—a sudden fall, and a dreadful silence,—proclaimed that he was a corpse!

And I was alone, with that dead man before me—and in the solitude of mighty forests and not a sound disturbing that solitude but the dripping of his warm blood upon the dry leaves beneath! And where was now the living guide to lead me through their labyrinths, to chase from drooping spirits the ghastly horror which reared itself before them, that, perchance, I might never tell the tale of all I had witnessed? While I stood lost in these agonizing fears, feeble and irresolute under these horrid forebodings, I heard the fresh breeze careering through the leaves above my head.—The rustling noise seemed like aerial voices calling upon me to depart. I remembered the words of the Indian, and looked up with grateful hope to my viewless pilots, who were to conduct me on my pathless way. Summoning all the energy I could command, I ascended the platform, covered the bleeding body of the warrior with his buffalo shroud, and then left him, in his mausoleum of the desert, to rot as nobly as Egyptian monarchs in their colossal pyramids.

I found little difficulty in regaining the cabin of the Indian, having thrice trod the path that led to it. I entered it for a moment, and thought how soon the hand of desolation would crumble it down. His bow and quiver with its sheaf of arrows lay upon the ground. These I possessed myself of and mounting my horse, set forth with an anxious mind, upon my journey. I watched the gigantic trees that seemed to frown upon me, marked the direction in which their leaves were slanted by the wind, and followed it. It was so dark when I traversed this route in the first grey of the morning, that I was unable to satisfy myself, by any one object, as to being in the right path. Still, wherever there was a turning that corresponded with the apparent course of the wind, I unhesitatingly took it; and it was with no ordinary emotions of delight, after riding about an hour, that I found my attention directed, by the sudden starting of my horse, to an object which I instantly recognised as the carcass of the wolf which the Indian had destroyed. This gave me confidence; and before noon I was once more at Murder Creek, that deep dark glen where I had encamped on the preceding night. Here I halted for a time, rejoicing in what I consider as no other than a miraculous escape, while seated on the blackened stump where I first beheld the Indian like a vision of disturbed sleep.—What my reflections were, I will not attempt to describe; nor would it suit with the character of this narrative, to relate the comparatively ordinary occurrences which befell me on the rest of my journey to Savannah.

QUERY.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch forty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

SOLUTION.—Add together the legs of the rabbits and the tails of the dogs, and divide the amount by three big dogs; this leaves four bushels of barks and thirteen pounds of hair. Take the fractions of the rabbits, add six inches of snow, and multiply by a dog fight. Then divide by a man with a double-barrel shot gun, and add a side of fresh beef. Multiply by half as many legs as three times a less number of rabbits would have had, and divide by one-third of the time it would take for the rabbits to get away from the dogs, less seven-teen and a half minutes. The result depends upon the size of the dogs.