

An Indian never makes a present without expecting one in return, consequently among themselves these interchanges of civility do not frequently occur. It would be unnecessary to say, in his tastes, the Indian figures in the lowest sphere of depravity. His life, naturally, creates such a tendency. His love of strong drink is inordinate, and a very small quantity will arouse the most diabolical exhibitions of frenzied and untrameled passion. He seems, under such influences, to be entirely lost to reason, and dances and shouts like an emissary of the infernal regions. Personal encounters are almost certain, and blood is the only propitiatory sacrifice before the heated brain of the drunken savage.*

*Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders: A Winter Campaign on the Plains, by De B. Randolph Keim. Philadelphia, 1870. pp. 213-214.
