

*Feelings of a young man after having killed the child of an enemy and customs of war.*

A young man having heard much about the satisfaction of being a brave, he thought as soon as he should kill an enemy he should be very happy. Accordingly when engaged with a war party he attacked a little child who ran into the bushes to get away from the enemy. He pursued after it; the child earnestly entreated him to spare his life, but disregarding its entreaties he struck him with a spear in the breast which the little creature endeavored in vain to remove as long as he could. But instead of feeling very happy as he anticipated after killing the child he was exceedingly wretched, and could not free his mind from the dreadful impression, because the image of the child seemed constantly before him—his pleas for life and trying to extract the spear constantly haunted his imagination. He went and told the chief his feelings and he replied that he well knew how he felt and that it was the shade of the child that troubled him. That on his return home he must run round the town three times, wash himself and then the shade would leave him and he would feel better.

This it is said is the custom of war when they return to camp without the town, go round it three times and then they suppose that the shades of their enemies whom they have killed will leave them.

*Without Natural Affection.*

"In the fall of 1831," said my informant who was an eye-witness, a few lodges of Sacs, &c. were encamped upon the Des Moines about 10 miles from its mouth. At this place there was an Indian who had an aged, infirm and blind mother. He said that she was of no use to him and he had been troubled long enough with her. It was now late in the fall and the weather had become cold. Just before leaving he went out upon the bank of the river, stuck some sticks down in the ground and put up a mat against them so as to break the wind off. Here he put his poor old mother without food or fire and then put off in his canoe