

to fail if it were possible for me to succeed. In any event I felt that I should have the consciousness of knowing that I had done my best."

"Mr. Dawson, did General Grant ever speak of his regrets at the terrible loss of life which was caused by his campaigns?"

"Yes, once," replied Mr. Dawson. "At this time he told me that the public misunderstood such things, and that the truth was the more rapid the killing in battle the more merciful was the result in the end. He showed me how more men had died in the late war through sickness caused by exposure than by bullets, and that the sooner the war could be ended, no matter at how great cost, the fewer lives would be lost. He said that when campaigns were lengthened out there was an enormous loss by exposure and disease. You know the lives lost in McClellan's campaigns were really greater than those lost in Grant's, when all things are considered."

"Did Grant ever say anything about the accusations that he drank too much?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Grant's secretary, "I asked him about this when we were working upon the chapter concerning Shiloh. He told me that the stories published about him at that time were all lies and that he had never drank to excess. The subject came up because I was a friend of Senator Harlan of Iowa, who had tried to have Grant removed from the service for alleged drunkenness on the field of battle at Shiloh. I asked Grant how the impression that he was drunk then got out and he told me. It is an interesting story and had never been published. A day or so before the battle, late at night, when it was dark and stormy, firing was heard along the picket line. General Grant and his staff left their tents and out to see what it was, for they feared it might be the enemy beginning an engagement. When they reached the pickets they found it was only a party of skirmishers and amounted to nothing. They then started back to the general's tent. It was very dark and the party became separated. General Grant let the reins drop on his horse's neck and trusted him to find the way back. The horse, however, took the wrong turn, and in trying to climb up a bank slipped and fell on the general, spraining his leg. The sprain was so bad that General Grant did not get over it for days. He had to be helped on and off his horse, and this was the case at the battle of Shiloh. The newspaper correspondents who did not know of the sprain published the story that he was drunk, and General Grant was too proud to correct it. I don't believe that General Grant ever drank to excess. I have heard many men say that he did drink and I have tried to trace such reports to their foundation, but I have yet to find the man who will say that he ever saw General Grant under the influence of intoxicating liquor."

Frank G. Carpenter

THE MISSION INDIANS.

There are within the confines of Southern California some thirty government reservations, set aside for and occupied

by as many tribes or bands of what are technically known as "Mission Indians."

When the Catholic Fathers came up along the Pacific Coast from Mexico, nearly two hundred years ago, they were met by large numbers of wild and fierce Indians. Some of them lived in the almost endless mountainous territory, while others roamed over the Colorado desert and occupied the most fertile nooks of those sandy plains.

Unrelenting wars were waged between the mountain and desert Indians, and each tribe today points with pride to the acts of heroism performed and to traditions of conflicts so sanguinary and so stubbornly resisted.

The story of how the Mission Fathers subdued these Indians and brought them from the state of barbarism and unrestrained freedom, to be the peaceful and patient and to a degree civilized burden of this government, has been often told. Yet it is almost impossible to believe, when one looks upon the Indian of today in the pursuit of his peaceful calling, cultivating the soil, making his earthenware or blankets, that less than two centuries ago he was like the wild beast of the west destroying in his mad travel over the plains every human being that came within his reach. But the perseverance of the good fathers taught them the beauty of religion, and from that moment they dooned the garb of civilization.

Notwithstanding the beneficial influence of the Catholic Fathers, these children of nature have retained and to this day practice many of the customs and traditions of the days when they were engaged in scalping any white man or members of offensive tribes who had the misfortune to cross their path.

To a surprising degree do they perform, even at this day, whenever an opportunity offers itself, the old dances, all of which are commemorative or possess some peculiar religious significance.

Principal among these dances is the "Dance for the Dead," a ceremony singularly impressive and almost barbaric in its different features. The characters portrayed by the Indians are the Holy Spirit, the "Devil," the "Shade of the Departed," and twenty-four imps. The costumes worn on these occasions are very scanty, consisting of tunics of different hues feathers and turis of eagle feathers in the hair. The rest of the body is void of clothing but is painted in varied and grotesque colors. The Devil especially is decorated in a most hideous manner. The imps make their entry into the circle on hands and feet, and while they are performing their actions are of the most inspiring character.

The "Fire Dance" is another most wonderful illustration of the superstition and early religious belief of the Indians. In this dance they extinguish a well developed fire of flame and live coals by rolling in it with their bare bodies and dancing on it with their bare feet.

The "Ghost Dance" and the "War Dance," which are now very seldom performed on the account of the excitement and probable ill results, are wild and full of interest. There are other dances, however, where only single characters appear, and again where all the dancers in the tribe take part. During all these performances an orchestra composed of squaws and old men crouch around the fire and furnish music in a monotone song, never rising above ml.

The Indians also have many games played only by themselves and in which they indulged long before the advent of the Mexicans into Southern California. One of these games, on which every Indian will wager his last earthly possession, is called "pionn," and is of much interest even to the uninitiated.

This game is played by eight persons, four on a side, and the opposing sides are divided by a small fire, whether the game takes place by day or night. There are sixteen small sticks, eight white and eight black, to which cords are attached. Each side takes eight sticks, and they toss up for innings. The side that wins the toss put their hands under a blanket and attach a stick to each wrist by the cord, holding the stick concealed in the hand. When all is ready, the Indians, holding the sticks, then fold their arms, and one of the other side guesses whether left or right hand contains white or black stick. If he guesses correctly his side gets the stick, but if he loses his side must give up one. The side which eventually gets all the sticks wins. The participants of each side stand behind and utter all sorts of ejaculations and perform incantations supposed to bring luck. The game grows more interesting and the gestures of the guessers are most ridiculous and almost fantastic.

In the neighborhood of one hundred of these Mission Indians from the desert and mountain tribes will be present at the annual carnival of Southern California, known as La Fiesta de Los Angeles, to be held at that city from the 20th to the 24th of April. The Indians will make their first public appearance on the evening of April the 20th, when they will perform the "Fire Dance" and other peculiar to their tribes and which are never given in the presence of "whites" but are only performed once every five years at their reservations as a religious ceremony. It is expected that three hours will be consumed in the performance of these barbaric customs.

They will also appear at Athletic Park on Thursday afternoon, when among other things they will perform their peculiar sports and show that their reputation for endurance is not unmerited. They will enter into running races and prove their swiftness and great ability in that line.

The most interesting Indians in that parade is the La Jolla family, the head of which is one hundred and three years old. The daughter of Ramona and the slayer of Alessandro will be the principal figures.

F. J. ZEEHANDELAAR.

NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND, N. Z., Feb. 12th, 1897.
Elder F. D. Richards:

My Dear Father.—It has been some time since I have had the pleasure of reading a letter from you, but no doubt you are rushed with business continually of a more important and profitable nature than corresponding with me too often. I also find a little to occupy my time out here; and I would have crowded this letter off one more mail, if I had been sure you would have seen my letter to First Presidency.

I trust these few lines will find you in the enjoyment of health and strength and able to carry on your multiplied duties. Elder Gardner undoubtedly gave you an idea of the work in this