

people of a half a dozen religions jostle each other as they wade through the streets. The strangest sights to me at first entrance were the nomadic Mongolians, who rode into the city on great camels or dromedaries, which were covered with wool from six to twelve inches long. These come from the cold regions of Mongolia or Siberia, and during my visit to the Chinese wall I passed caravans of these camels marching in single file and fastened together by sticks thrust through the thick flesh of their noses. They were loaded with great bundles of furs which they had brought down from the north for the dilettante mandarins of Peking, and were carrying back brick tea and coal to the Tartars and Russians. Many of these were ridden by Mongol women, who, in coats, pantaloons and fur caps, rode astride, and in other cases by men, who were clad in sheepskins with fur caps pulled well down over their fierce Tartar eyes. I saw hundreds of Tibetan llamas in their gorgeous robes, and I met many Mohammedans from the west part of China.

I wish you could see one of the Pekingese streets, and the queer sights upon it. They are filled with a stream of yellow humanity of all classes, ages and sexes. You pass gorgeous officials on Mongolian ponies, the backs of some of which are decorated with arrows, and you know they are on their way to the shooting matches outside of Peking. You go by silk-gowned mandarins in carts, who scowl at you as you peep into the little glass windows in the walls of their vehicles. You see scholars with spectacles as big as trade dollars, and everywhere you go you are assaulted by beggars. I remember one boy who followed me day after day. The weather was bitterly cold, and I shivered in my fur ulster. This boy was naked to the waist, and his arms had been cut off at the shoulders. He held a pan in his mouth and followed me, switching his body this way and that to show me his mutilation. I was glad to give him two or three cents to be freed of the sight. Another beggar, who has long been in Peking, is a man who has an iron skewer thrust through his cheek. This skewer is a foot long, and is about as big around as your little finger. He twists it this way and that and keeps the flesh ragged and sore. He beats on a gong as he goes through the streets, and you are glad to pay him to keep out of your way. There is one gate in Peking which is always crowded with beggars, and one of the finest bridges of the city, a structure of marble, has been given up entirely to beggars. It is full of the lame, the halt and the blind, and men with festering sores, women without eyes, and persons possessing all sorts of horrible diseases crowd together upon it. They push their way from it into the city and threaten to cut themselves if you don't give them alms. Side by side with these beggars walk the gorgeous officials, and poverty and wealth march together in pairs. There is no place in the world where the contrasts are so great, and for nine-tenths of the people it would seem to me their condition could not be worse. These Chinese are as industrious as any race on the globe. They are peaceable and easily governed, and if the celestial officials, including the emperor and all his court, could be wiped from the face of

the earth, the people would quickly grow rich and China would be one of the most favored spots on the face of the globe.

Frank G. Carpenter

IN THE SIERRAS.

ST. GEORGE, Utah, Sept. 24th, 1894.—On the 29th of August, 1847, we began to penetrate the great Sierras at a point where they were covered with a heavy growth of oak and pine. At 2 p. m. we halted and made camp for the night. That evening we had a prayer meeting. On Sept. 1st we camped in Bear Valley. There we found pleabines as high as a man's head and very plentiful. There were great roads through them made by the bears. I took my gun and left camp to hunt, but soon was obliged to give it up because of the hard traveling over and among the rocks. The high mountains all around us were densely covered with fine timber. The trunks of many trees measured ten feet in diameter and they were more than two hundred feet in height. That day we passed a broken down wagon, and near our camp were two abandoned wagons, left by emigrants. We were told at Sutter's Fort that a company of ninety emigrants were overtaken in a snow storm the previous fall while crossing these mountains. The snow fell ten feet deep and fifty of the company perished.

On Sept. 3rd we passed over a lofty mountain. At 2 p. m. we camped on a creek where we found a grave. On the head board was the name, "Smith, died Oct. 7th, 1846." We passed a lone wagon. In the box were tin pans and some clothing. This seemed to tell there were no Indians around. Our camp here was surrounded by very high mountains covered with a heavy forest of pine, balsam and redwood timber, so dense and luxuriant as to cause the whole surrounding to have a dark and dismal appearance, and I thought that if there was any truth in the existence of hobgoblins they surely lived in these mountains.

On the 4th we passed several small lakes or ponds, near the top of the mountains, with no outlet. In those ponds were plenty of fish. We camped by one of the coldest springs I ever saw. There was plenty of green grass, while at no great distance, on the sides of the mountains, were great banks of snow. The next day we reached the summit of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada, where we found a windlass that emigrants had made to haul their wagons up over a very steep ascent from the east side. Passing down towards the Truckee river we passed a broken down wagon containing boxes, trunks and clothing, some of which were lying promiscuously about on the ground. A little farther on we passed a cabin. In and about it were the skeletons of human beings and among them what we took to be a woman's hand, nearly whole, though it was partly burned. The little finger was not hurt but the flesh on it was completely dried. The shanty was partly destroyed by fire. Some of our men thought Indians were the cause of this disaster, but the most of us did not think so, from the fact we had passed several broken down wagons containing boxes and trunks of

clothing, which would not have been left had Indians perpetrated this horrible deed. About this cabin stood stumps of timber ten and fifteen feet high, showing how deep the snow had been when the timber was cut, no doubt for fuel to keep the occupants of the cabin warm.

On Sept. 6th, soon after breaking camp, we met Sam. Brannan. He told us that Captain Brown was just behind with his detachment, on their way to Monterey, California, to get their discharge, and that the Captain had a package of letters and also a letter of counsel from President Young and the Twelve to the boys of the Battalion. As there was poor camp ground at hand we at once returned to the camp ground we had just left, and there awaited the arrival of the company we had left at Sutter's Fort and of Captain Brown, who would arrive about the same time, and all would be together to share the news. Brannan halted an hour to let his animal feed and to take a little refreshment himself. He was alone. He and Capt. Brown had left Salt Lake together, but from some cause he and the captain that morning had a falling out and sharp words had passed between them—so sharp that Brannan had left the captain and company and was journeying alone. Brannan spoke highly of the Salt Lake country, but thought it no place to live, as according to all accounts by mountaineers it was too cold and nothing would grow there and the Church would have to come to California.

While waiting for Captain Brown and the other part of our company to come up, some of our boys went out to hunt, and reported having found a shanty and several dead bodies. Some of them had been cut up—men and women with their legs cut off, their ribs sawed from their bodies and their skulls sawn open and the brains taken out. From the best information we had these were Missourians emigrating to California, about ninety in number. They had disagreed among themselves and split up into different companies. The strongest moved forward, leaving the weak behind with but little provisions. A bed of snow fell so deep as to prevent travel, and when help from the settlements reached them, those who were alive had been living off the dead. Children, it was said, ate and lived on the dead bodies of their parents.

In the afternoon one company behind got up and Captain Brown already had arrived when nearly every man received a letter from his family or a friend. Truly we had a time of rejoicing, although a few had news of sadness. They had either lost a dear wife or child or an affectionate parent.

After reading our letters Captain Brown read the letter from President Young and the Twelve to the Battalion, which was to the effect that for all who had not families and others who had and did not expect them to come to Salt Lake before another season unless they had plenty of provisions with them, it would be wise to return to California and go to work and fit themselves out and then come on to Salt Lake the next spring; for at Salt Lake there was but little provisions; they had already sent out a hunting party to kill buffaloes and provisions were scarce at Fort Hall and very high.

I got a letter from Brother George A. Smith. From it I learned that my sister