

## GOLDEN STATE CORRESPONDENCE.

### The Chinese in America.

EDITORS HERALD:—My last was devoted to observations upon "John" in his native home. This shall treat of him, his "cousins, etc." on our American soil. The data, as before, will be taken from reliable sources, hither, whither and yonder, from too many persons to give due credit to the reputed authors. The citizens of this coast well know in what high repute the Celestials are held east of the rockies. Probably nothing short of a practical demonstration could convince the great majority of Americans who have not lived among the Coolies that their presence is anything but a benign blessing sent like a shower on the just and unjust, to teach the Caucasians, Negroes and Indians many important lessons of domestic, rural and political economy. But it is now almost the universal opinion with those who have had to deal with them and live among them for a quarter of a century that an Indian—even a Digger Indian—is an arch angel compared with this leprous personage, and as for a negro—he in comparison is God Almighty himself.

Nearly thirty years ago the first installment of Mongolians arrived on our western shores. Since then, over one hundred and fifty thousand of the Asiatic horde have passed through the Golden gate and anchored in the finest of bays. In all these years they have made no steps of progress, socially, morally, or intellectually. "John" is the same stoical idolater of a quarter of a century ago; adhering to all his pagan superstitions, destitute of all love for the human race, even those of his own nationality and kin; casting his own race and kindred, when sick and disabled upon the streets, to die like dogs, caring only to avoid the expense of attending his sick and burying his dead. Not one of these one hundred and fifty thousand Chinamen owns a homestead or contributes to the good morals of society or good government; not one could be relied upon for the defense of our country in time of trouble; not one of them ever felt one spark of love for or one patriotic pulsation in his pagan heart for free government. Hundreds of years hence, he will still cling to his prejudices, his ignorance and pagan superstition, antagonistic to our theory of government, our laws, and our religion. Among all the numbers who have landed in our eastern, southern and western ports, less than a score have been naturalized.

"John's" ambition in this country is to accumulate sufficient money to enable him to return home and have from three to seven wives; or one wife and a half a dozen concubines to let out for the purpose of prostitution. The price of a Chinese woman is as well known as that of a cow or a mule, both in China and California. "The un-mitted Chinaman who has been so fortunate in his gambling or other speculations as to accumulate from \$300 to \$500 usually invests his money in a Chinese woman and lives the life of a Chinese gentleman upon the proceeds of her prostitution. With others less fortunate it is no uncommon thing for six, eight or ten of them to club together, make one common purse, purchase a China woman who becomes the subject of their lust, prostituted to their kindred, and debased wretches of all races, the proceeds of this debasement divided among them, to be usually expended in gambling and debauchery."

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Their habits of life are the most filthy—surpassing in many respects those of the lowest Indian. Frequently from fifteen to twenty live in a room not more than eight by ten feet and seven feet high. With them roast rat, snake stew and bird nest soup are dishes fit to set before a king. And yet they bathe themselves daily and not only scrub their teeth regular but also scrape their tongues each morning with a piece of ivory prepared for the purpose. Fully 30,000 Chinese reside in seven or eight blocks in San Francisco.

Half a dozen or so profess Christianity, but the leading men of California put no faith in their pretensions. For one cent a day "John" will be a Catholic, for two he will turn a Methodist; for three he will worship with the Campbellites, and so on *ad infinitum*; his creed and belief will be changed half a dozen times a day according to the anty and the pile in the pot. Confucius is their star of Bethlehem.

"Confucius! Confucius! how great is Confucius!  
Before Confucius there never was a Confucius!  
Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius!  
Confucius! Confucius! how great is Confucius!"

**JAMES FAULKNER.**

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