

more than eight hundred, the lawful number, were on board, and that they were all in good health. A sailor stood at one side of the narrow hatchway, and at the other one of the mates, who counted out in a loud voice, as the Chinamen came pouring up the steep ladder: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—tally! one, two, three," etc.; and each time he said "tally" the doctor made a mark in his book. Thus they were counted by tens, up to the number of six hundred and thirty. They were all dressed for the occasion of landing, in fresh green, yellow, red, and brown clothes, their pigtails newly braided, and their faces, which had been besmeared with dirt during the voyage, were shining yellower and more heathenish than ever. They had not the slightest idea what was being done to them, and it was comical to watch their expressions as they were pushed and pulled up.

The sailor and the officer who counted were not very gentle in handling them. When they came up too slowly they were caught hold of by the arms, clothes, or pigtails, whichever came first, and were carried into daylight with such impetus that they landed on the deck in a heap, and scrambled up the best way they could, some with a broad grin, seeming to consider it a good joke, while others took it more seriously.

Some of them seemed to think their rice-tickets were wanted, and most of them came out with them in their hands. While looking around for some one to give them to, they were hoisted in the above manner, and their tickets scattered to the winds. As they stood crowding around, some of the sailors drove them down to the other end of the deck with ropes, with as little ceremony as if they were a herd of cattle.