

22,000 male, and 700 female Chinese, who occupy a large district called "Chinatown." Here they swarm like bees in a hive, as busy, as buzzing, but not so fragrant of sweet flowers as are those pleasing insects. In their quarter I was pointed out several good square houses, with stores below, and three or four flats of lodgings above, that were rented to Chinamen for from \$500 to \$700 per month. These were sub-let to single gentlemen in great numbers, and at very large profits. One house in particular was said to be always full, because the business-like landlord had it continually inspected by a medical man, and any Celestial who was found to be at all ailing was incontinently ejected. This prevented any deaths from taking place in the house, and it was explained that there was a strong prejudice against occupying a house where any one had died, and that none would live in the chamber of death itself for two years afterwards. Therefore lodgings, wherein men are at liberty to die, have often been unprofitable to the owners.

It is well known that all Chinamen are returned, dead or alive, to their native land. The process may be sufficiently unpleasant anterior to dissolution, but after that event it becomes complicated and costly. The greater proportion of emigrants from China are exported by wealthy companies, who make some profit on the passage money, and more on farming out the labour upon its arrival. To return the body of each emigrant is a legal, as well as a moral, religious, and patriotic obligation. A large and profitable part of the trade of trans-Pacific steamers is the freight upon Celestial remains. They cannot be called "ashes," as neither the ancient nor the modern systems of cremation are in vogue. They are simply and literally boiled bones. The outside barbarians do not, I fear, invariably show a proper consideration for these valued relics. The Captain of the steamer *Prince Alfred*, that plied between San Francisco and Victoria, B. C., (until she was wrecked this summer,) told

me that he charged just the same fare, \$15 steerage, for a box of bones containing the framework of a Chinaman, as he did for John alive. The bodies are interred for a time in ordinary cemeteries, until a batch are ready for resurrection. Among well-informed people on the Pacific Slope the rumour is generally discredited which connects the subsequent treatment of the remains with either soap or glue factories.

That the preparations for the disinterment are conducted with system and publicity is shown by the following advertisement, which I cut out of a San Francisco newspaper on the day of its date :

"~~NOTICE~~ Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that the Fook Ting Tong Co. is about to disinter from the Laurel Hill Cemetery the bodies of the following deceased Chinese, late members of the said Company, for the purpose of sending them back for burial in their native land, viz. :—Ah Sing, Ah Ho, Lee Ngok, Lee Yin, Lee Ping, Chou Soon, Wong Chun, Yung Yin, Lee Kou, and Lee Ho. Done by order of the Fook Ting Tong Company, this 26th day of May, 1874.—" CHUN LUCK, *Inspector.*"

The investigation of the habits of the Chinese in their new home within the Golden Gate, was one thing I determined upon when I found myself in San Francisco. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booker, the excellent representative of Her Britannic Majesty at that port, I made my wishes known to the chief of police, and was politely told that the detective who had charge of Chinatown would wait upon me at my hotel the same evening and take me to see the whole thing. Accordingly, about eight o'clock detective W. and I started together from the Grand Hotel, and soon reached the heart of Chinatown, in the vicinity of Dupont and Jackson streets. My companion was a man of powerful stature, and elbowed his way among the pagan crowd that filled the streets with a thorough disregard of the consequences of a collision. Indeed he was so well known that John submitted to be jostled good-humouredly enough, merely laughing, and