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CELESTIAL AMERICA.

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SPPEEDING westward by a Central Pacific express train, the passenger gradually accustoms his eye to the appearance of John Chinaman, whose stolid face and peculiar raiment first attract attention as he stands upon the platforms at railway stations beyond Salt Lake. He is next observed as a navy working upon the track among a gang of his fellow-countrymen, and meekly steps aside, with pick or shovel over his shoulder, to allow the Silver Palace cars to thunder by. As the train swings along, after it has climbed the Rocky Mountains, passed the cloud-capped Wasatch Range, and crossed the great arid alkali desert—the Sahara of our continent—to where

“The dim Sierras far beyond uplift  
Their minarets of snow”

in the Golden State itself, the countenance and dress of “John” become more and more familiar. He waits upon you in the railway dining-room, and, as a waiter, he is clad for the most part in a garment which

looks like a tidy white shirt, worn as a surtout, with turned up wooden shoes everlastingly clattering underneath. If a bit of ground is fenced in, and made to blossom as the rose upon the bleak mountain-side, you will see John somewhere about. At the mushroom towns and cities springing up near railway stations, his residence is surely marked by a long strip of red paper nailed upon the door, covered with black Chinese letters in perpendicular lines, and interpreted on an adjoining piece of white paper in horizontal caligraphy thus:—“Chung Foo, Washing and Ironing.” To wash and to mangle, to starch and to wield the flat-iron, are the first foreign accomplishments that a Chinaman learns; and he has succeeded in obtaining almost a monopoly in the supply of “boiled shirts” for the California miners.

San Francisco is a considerable city, but not populous enough to absorb its Asiatics so as to keep them from appearing on the surface. There are in that place to-day over