

steerage hold, could be more densely packed. They sprawled and smoked on shelves reaching up to the very ceiling on both sides of "seven by nine" rooms. Their cooking was going on in pots and pans over fires built on the floor of the courtyard. Here it was the old story of the restaurant over again—grease and nut-oil, nut-oil and grease—yet for all that the courtyard itself and the outer walls presented a comparatively clean appearance. The detective took credit to himself for this, as he insisted for sanitary reasons upon having a hose, with a large nozzle, turned on every day. I had the honour of being presented to the Chinese landlord of the courtyard. He possessed the most diabolical countenance, aggravated, poor devil, by having had one cheek blown off in a gas explosion. He politely offered me permission to touch the scar, and since I was going in for tasting all the horrors, I did so. I can only remark that an extreme effort was required to prevent me from a nervous start. The sensation will be understood by those who have reflected profoundly upon what Trinculo must have felt when he crawled under Caliban's gaberdine and came in contact with that moon-calf. It is possible that the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan may have felt it necessary to conceal his countenance to preserve his influence, but I am not without a suspicion that this worthy landlord exposed his from the same motive. We read that to strike terror into their enemies the Chinese warriors wear hideous masks, and may not his tenants, the chicken thieves and forgers, have been forcibly impressed with the additional claims to his rent established by this man's fiendish face?

It is probable that every one of the Ten Commandments, except perhaps the sixth, is violated by each of these fellows once a week. Gambling, forgery, embezzlement, and stabbing may not be technically mentioned in the decalogue, yet they are also practised with equal regularity. At first, my detective told me, great difficulty was

experienced by the police in the management of the Chinese. They require a strong hand and a "stiff upper lip" to keep them in order. He said that some years ago he went with another police officer to arrest a man on the stage at the theatre. When he stepped up he was fired at from the pit. His comrade saw the man who fired, and shot him dead. The pit rose against them, they sounded an alarm, and held their own till the arrival of a dozen men of the force to their aid. I was told, and fully believe, that the police remained there until they had knocked down or driven out every Chinaman originally in the building. From that time forth detective W. has never received, nor has he had occasion to administer such treatment. In case of having to arrest more than one prisoner, he simply ties their pig-tails together and marches them to the cells, driving them before him two deep through the most populous parts of Chinatown.

A heathen temple in the midst of American civilization is startling. We worship Mammon and the Rising Sun all over the continent, but try to disguise our idolatry by euphemisms. John Chinaman seeks no disguise, but sets up a solid piece of carved and gilded wood, calls it his god, and worships it honestly. North America may be considered evenly balanced in its production of moral phenomena. In the east are the Free Lovers, in the centre the Mormons, and the west contains the old-time image worshippers. Of an afternoon in May I found myself climbing the stairs of a three-story brick building in Chinatown, to view the fane of a *bona fide* heathen god. A large room, occupying the whole of the third flat, is dedicated to this worship, and is called in English a Joss House. About the door several Chinamen were lounging in ordinary dress, and a few were loafing through the room with hats on, of course, and with no apparent feeling of awe or veneration, but examining the finery with much curiosity. An aromatic odour of burning incense filled the air, and