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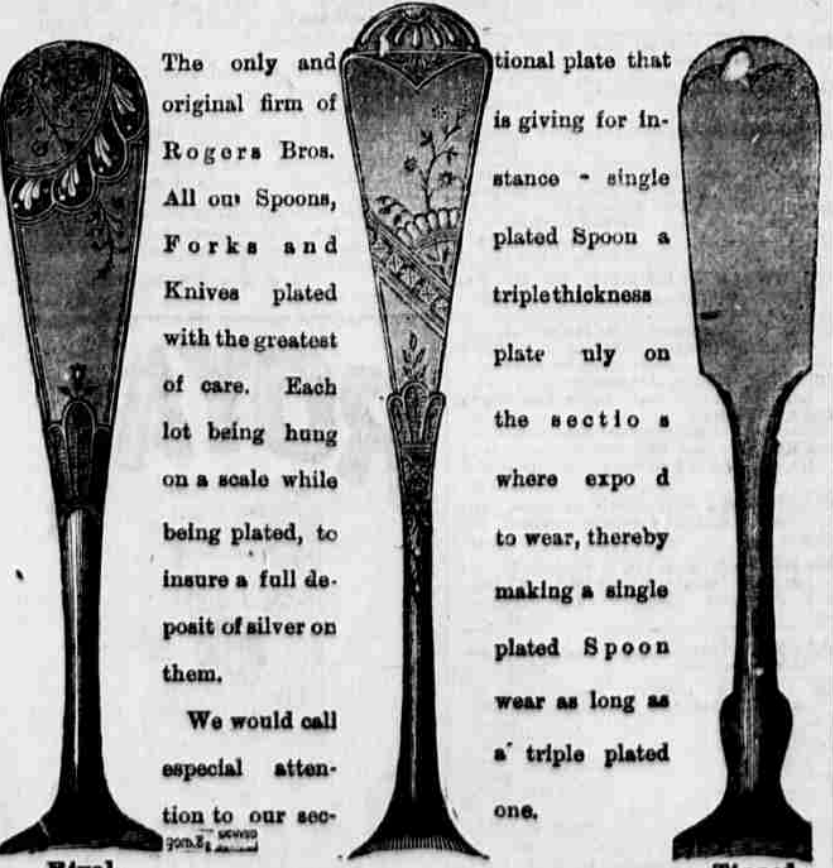
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Celestial Sleeping Apartments in San Francisco.

Disgusting Sights in the Mongolian Quarter.

San Francisco Call, April 7th.

Yesterday morning, shortly after 1 o'clock, Sergeant Harmon, accompanied by a posse of his men, left the Old City Hall for the purpose of discovering individuals who were guilty of violating the pure air law. They wended their way to a large three-story and basement brick structure on the north side of Jackson street, below Stockton, which they had been informed was filled with Chinese sleepers. The upper stories are reached by a narrow flight of stairs, the steps of which are covered with dirt half an inch thick, while the walls of the staircase and the ceiling are covered with smoke and soot from numerous fires and Chinese tallow candles burned in the hallways as offerings to the heathen gods. The basement, which is ten feet wide, is approached by a rickety, not over-secure stairs, which leads to a narrow private alley running the entire length of the house, and from which entrance is obtained into the basement rooms. One of the first rooms at which the sergeant knocked at was one in the basement nearest the street. Not receiving any response to repeated knocks, the sergeant used his No. 10 brazier in place of a knocker, and brought into requisition the only Chinese word with which he is acquainted, that was, "Himonah," which means "open."

After a number of vigorous kicks, sufficient to arouse a few sleepy Mongolians on the opposite side of the alley, and cause them to open the doors of their rooms ajar, and peer out, and "himonah" had been repeated time and again, some one in the room exclaimed in a voice indicating clearly that the owner thereof had been awakened from a sound sleep, "Wassa matta!"

"Open the door, and be quick about it!" said the sergeant. "All right," came the response, which was followed by the turning of a key in the lock, the drawing of a spring catch and the shooting back of several bolts, and the swinging open of the door. As the sergeant and his men filed into the room, an elderly Chinaman, with wrinkled features, short gray queue, and attired in baggy pataoons and not over-clean blouse, stood holding the door with one hand, while with the other he rubbed his eyes, and as the last officer crossed the threshold he muttered in a tone full of astonishment, "Nee chun nut yeah see coon!" "What's all that gibberish?" asked the sergeant, gazing the while at the speaker. "Him say, 'Wassa matta, wha foah?'" volunteered a young Celestial who had followed the officers, moved by curiosity to learn the object of the early morning raid.

The room in which the officers found themselves measured ten feet in height with a depth of thirteen feet, and a width of fifteen, and contained 1,000 cubic feet of space, or within fifty feet of the amount required in a room to be occupied by four sleepers. Ranged around three sides of the room are wide shelves, on which is spread matting, and above this is a platform across the width of the room. On this, as on the shelves below, are spread pieces of matting and wooden blocks, which Chinese use as head rests or pillows. The atmosphere of this room was heavy, the stench of opium was detected the moment the door was opened, and breathing was difficult to those who were unaccustomed to inhaling the air of a Chinese lodging place. Prior to the advent of the officers this atmosphere was inhaled and exhaled by seven adult Mongolians, who were sleeping on the shelves and platform described. The sleepers, who were more or less stupid from the effects of the poisonous drug the Chinese love so well, were after some difficulty aroused and made to dress themselves, the sergeant having concluded to arrest them, as there were three more in the room than the law allows. They were then marched to the central station under escort of two policemen.

A DISGUSTING SIGHT. The sergeant then tried the doors all along the alley, and one near the rear of the basement yielded to the touch. As it was pushed back, a sight was presented to view which, had it been seen by those ardent supporters of the Rocky mountains, and whose only knowledge of the Chinese and their habits is based upon the rose-colored pictures presented by the paid agents of the coolie importers, it would have done more to change opinions on the subject than all the arguments that could be made by the ablest senator or representative from the Pacific Coast in the course of a month. The room into which this door opened is not more than twelve feet wide, and on each side are two rows of wide shelves, one above the other. These run along a depth of eighteen feet, the height of the room is not more than ten feet. Between the rows of shelves is a narrow passage which leads to a small room, not more than 5x12, which is divided by a rude partition extending about two feet and a half from the rear wall. In one-half of this is an open fire-place, constructed in the rudest possible manner, and on which the occupants of the room, or the majority of them, do their cooking. The fire-place has no chimney, and the smoke arising from the few bits of kindling with which the Chinese cook their rice and boil their tea escapes as it may until it reaches the front door. In its passage it floats to the ceiling and walls, begriming them with soot, which renders the place almost as black as if painted with coal tar. Immediately adjoining this open fire-place and fully open, is a closet, from which arises a stench that is almost unbearable. The shelves on the side of the room to which allusion has already been made, are concealed from view by curtains, or more properly speaking, pieces of dirty soot-covered cloth, extending from ceiling to floor, and have been, for want of a better name, termed "OPIMUM COUCHES."

and covered with matting, once of a light straw color, but now soiled and almost unrecognizable from the amount of accumulated dirt, an incrustation of mud, soot and dust, should be termed a couch. Behind these filthy hangings were discovered ten Chinamen, alongside of each an opium lay out and pipe, some smoking, others stretched out at full length on their backs, stupid from the intoxication produced by opium, with their mouths agape. Some were utterly unconscious, but their eyes wide open, as well as their mouths, and their sunken, pallid cheeks gave them the appearance of corpses. The atmosphere in this room, as in the one previously visited by the officers, was impregnated by the fumes of opium, but was far more dense, and rendered breathing still more difficult. The poisoning exhalation coming from various sources, when breathed by the officers, who but a short time before had been inhaling pure air, made some of them sick, and caused them to leave the filthy den. But in addition to what has already been described, there was one sight which was still more revolting. Adjoining the entrance, sat on a high stool a wrinkled Chinaman, not less than fifty years of age. He was attired in a suit of Chinese clothing—gray and filthy. The arrival of the officers did not seem to disconcert him, for he never moved from the position in which he was in until he was forcibly removed from his seat. He was seated at a small, narrow table, the top of which was as dirty as the rest of the articles around him. On this he had before him a bowl, in which there was a mixture of rice, lights and greens, which he was conveying to his mouth by means of a couple of chopsticks. Directly in front of this was a small coal oil lamp and an open fire in a coal oil can, the blaze of each casting a faint light to enable him to see what he was doing. About twenty inches from and directly in front of him was a candle box on end, and in this was burning punk, tallow candles and a lamp filled with nut oil. It was one of those altars which are to be found in almost every Chinese house, but it differed from any ever seen by the writer in this, that it was inhabited by insects. On the sides, top and back were hundreds of cockroaches, from the size of a pin head to an inch and a half in length, and innumerable black beetles, running up and down, and from side to side, as if exercising in the warmth of the burning oil. Every now and then a few of the larger and bolder roaches left the shrine of Confucius and wandered to the place where the old man sat, and some were so bold that they walked up the sides of the bowl out of which he was taking his after-midnight meal and inserted their antennae in his food. These pests did not appear to annoy him, for he did not remove them except when they advanced a little too far in the bowl, then he removed them with his chop sticks and continued his meal.

The whole gang was arrested and taken to the central station. Across the Garden Wall. I looked across the garden wall. And saw her there—I see her yet! A little thing that played at ball. What mattered fright? what mattered fall? I climbed—I broke the peach tree's net—I looked across the garden wall. And, curls and pinafore and all, I felt her—never to forget. A little thing that played at ball. Grave as she grown, discreet and tall, Since, when the morning dews were wet I looked across the garden wall. Since she was five years old, and small, With slipper on all crooked feet, A little thing that played at ball. But still, sweet wife, when I recall How first we loved, how first we met, I watch across the garden wall. A little thing that plays at ball. MA' PROBYN.

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