

THURSDAY, - OCT. 21, 1880.

THE BATTLE OF THE WABASH!

The Americo-Mongolian Conflict; or, The Chinese Invasion.

A Letter From the Invisible Police."

[From October Californian.]

TAMALPAIS, July 18th, 2080.

MY DEAR SIR: As you are now approaching the close of your course of comparative history, I deem it proper to give you, as appropos of this course, an account of the second great human inundation—the Americo-Mongolian conflict. The first instance of this kind, of sufficient magnitude to rank in our classification, was the over-running of Southern Europe by the armed nations of the Northern Hive, which resulted in the intermingling, between conqueror and conquered, of national traits, customs, language, laws and modes of thought, and which for centuries furnished the scientific searcher of historic truth the most inviting and fertile fields. This letter is devoted to the second incursion of the kind, and which, alike in result, differs in method as widely as the customs and genius of another and far more enlightened age. The only problem not yet solved by man, and which, from necessity, reaches out still further into future ages, is that of race assimilation; for while many instances may appear of crossing, still, in no proper sense, is the end foreshadowed by the accomplished facts. I could, of course, give you this result as well as not, but I prefer to ground you well in the facts of the epoch closing with to-day, and leave your prepared and strengthened prescience to peer unaided into that following. I write from this date because, as past, present and future are to us the same—as we can, in fact, live in the future as well as the present—it is but a chapter of history written before, but as accurate as if written with all the events fully accomplished by men.

You remember that while the Goths, Huns, and Vandals from the Northern Hive, and again, the Normans in England, at a latter day, enforced their rule upon the countries they overran, the intellectual similitude of conqueror and conquered made possible a homogeneous amalgamation, which has not yet, and perhaps will never occur in America. The reasons for this may be apparent to you at the conclusion of this letter, after you have followed with me the successive steps by which the present result has been wrought out. Unlike in this respect, all other events of similar character, we are to seek the cause of what we find, and what will probably be, in the peculiar character of the participants in this real drama. The Spanish conquests in America were unlike this, because accomplished by the old system of pure force, in which the modern and gigantic system of gradually undermining was entirely absent.

Those were accomplished under the eyes of men who, impatient and frantic, believed all things of like character should be done at once, and broken heads the only proper reply to protest, and who, short-sighted and unphilosophic, forgot that two or three centuries are but so many days or years in the life of a nation. They obeyed the systems of their age, while it has been reserved for this more advanced epoch to accomplish more substantial results by those peaceful means, which, though they delay, gather a more abundant harvest. I tell you—which you should note and remember well—that only during the two centuries immediately preceding this date have any people completely thrown aside that low and petty exercise of impatient passion, and adopted that broader method by which whole races are now actuated, and the results of aggregated life accomplished on a grander scale. Up to this period, and still yet among the lower classes, the individual man has been a petty schemer, but only within this last epoch has the science of life and government been so well understood and carried out as to make of millions of men one great machine, well ordered and effective, working upon a general plan, and to a given end. In this attainment we are forced to accord to China the lead, not only in point of time, but also in the efficiency of execution.

We will now enter upon the discussion of the transition era—that period of time that constitutes the link connecting the old, and, we confess, the more narrow system with the new and more comprehensive one—an era the like of which no human has witnessed. Discarding as arbitrary the reasons of other and similar human phenomena, and, as philosophic students of history, rising to an acceptance of the broader considerations of life, we find in the period of American history elapsing between the years 1870 and 2080, the most fruitful field of all past ages, the magnitude of which bristles with issues secondary, in their universal effect on men, only to those immutable and jealous laws ordained by God.

The Spaniards of America engrafted upon the country, and were soon lost in the preponderance of aboriginal blood. To-day those people are more Indian than Spanish. But this Mongolian question presents no such conditions. Being superior in numbers and prevented, by pecuniary considerations, from a free amalgamation with the white race—the negro beoming, in the clash of these Titans, nearly extinct—they have presented to us rather a pure problem of race contests. That conflict is now settled as to the industrial and political features of the country, leaving open and to be deduced as a corollary only those of social significance, and those which invest, a contest of races for existence with considerations of future importance to universal history—that history that cares for no people, clime or

issue, which is cold, bloodless, pulseless, in its chronicle of the wrecks of time.

No better method occurs to me than to give you an account of my investigation of this problem. By the chronological reckoning common to our people, I transferred myself to the year 2078, and visited the haunts of man. At first, when I moved among the changed scenes of two centuries, I could scarcely make out what was presented before me. Cities had grown till their broad and far-reaching streets stretched away for miles; villages had become cities; rivers had, in many places, assumed the straightness of canals; while the whole face of the country, from San Francisco to Boston was threaded by a network of railroad lines. The people had become numerous as the leaves of the forest or the sands of the shores; the wastes of Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Arizona were populous with cities, blooming with fields that smiled like gardens. The deserts of the alkali and sage brush had disappeared, and in their stead broad fields of yellow grain waved in the sunlight to the rippling notes of the lark and the whistling of the quail. This way and that, toward every point of the compass, trains, laden with the treasures of commerce, thundered at the rate of one hundred miles per hour. The gas-light had disappeared from the streets while the electric glow soft as moonbeams, but brighter, flooded the nights; but upon the streets, as I gazed upon them, a million lights moved in a fire-fly dance, through the artificial gloaming, more numerous than the stars of the sky. Upon close inspection I found them to be bright little electric lights carried upon each hat—or whatever they used as a head-gear—that gave a far better light than the best street lamps of 1870, and which made an attractive scene when the thousands thronged the streets. Many changes had been produced since that year in the personnel of the citizens. The capital was at St. Louis, which city had no less than six millions of inhabitants. The population was still more motley than before, while the pig-tails were everywhere, and numbered about three of them to one white of all nationalities. The Pacific Coast had become one vast workshop of them, while a few negroes listlessly looked on at the thousands that held the cotton and rice fields of the South. Pig-tails were the style in San Francisco, while only an occasional white was met strolling along the long and busy streets. Most of the latest buildings were of Asiatic architecture, with the queer gables and pagoda-shaped tops, while blue and vermilion paints were over all. I was almost startled at the transformation. Crossing from Oakland by ferry to San Francisco, I observed that nine-tenths of the passengers and all the officers were Chinese, and that the only whites employed aboard were deck-hands. When I reached the wharf Chinese hackmen met me, chattering, and

drove me away to a hotel. There the clerk was a Celestial, as were most of the guests. The dishes were of Chinese make, while their contents, at dinner, were equally Asiatic in quality, quantity, and service. Thousands of guests, in pig-tails, were in the corridors and halls. Going to the theatre, at evening, I found the play in Pigeon English, to suit the cosmopolitan audience, but the boxes were all occupied by Celestials, glittering in silks and jewels. A Chinese maddarin occupied the bench in the City Hall, flanked by almond-eyed under-officials. I almost began to believe myself in China, till an American was brought in, and put on trial for shying a rock at the son of Honorable Ching Choo Fou Lee of Nob Hill; and I heard the venue of the complaint stated as San Francisco. The jury were Celestials, and the chicken's head was severed in the administration of the oath, as in the Flowery Kingdom. At the Exchange I found more of them; indeed, they had usurped every avenue held by the Americans two hundred years before, and had celestialized California.

That I might have an idea how these changes had been effected from a human standpoint, I concluded to refer to some noted historian, and get from him what were the views of men thereon. Upon inquiry of the clerk of the hotel, I was promptly referred to Professor Hap Lee, No. 1910 Canton street. I set out, and soon found this was what had once been California street, and that the professor's residence was an elegant stone mansion situated in the vicinity of where J. C. Flood, in 1880, contemplated erecting a residence—or, rather, as compared to this of the professor, a cottage. Fortunately, I found the professor at home, and was received in great state—not that he considered it was due me, but to himself, as the leader of social and literary ton in the city. Making known to him my wish that I desired a short resume of the last two hundred years of American history, and that I had been referred to him as the most learned of living historians, he gave me, in substance, the following account, which, from its general accuracy, I incorporate in this letter:

"It has now been over two hundred years since our ancestors came across from the Flowery Kingdom on a whaling expedition, and arrived upon these shores to find this most beautiful land sparsely inhabited by aborigines of the race to which I presume you belong, I add with regret, to your shame. These people were very arrogant, and, for the times, wealthy; indeed, their wealth was barbaric, like themselves. They spoke a villainous jargon, that happily now is modified by contact with our superior tongue, and were egotistic to a painful degree. Our ancestors were poor, but noble, and finding here fair opportunities to better their fortunes applied themselves to the task. Would you believe it, our ancient historian, Colonel Bee, who flour-

ished about that period, writes that those benighted people looked upon rat fricassee, bird-nest soup, and domestic chowder as objectionable dishes, and preferred their own odors to those of the Celestials? They were at first, indulgent, merely laughing at the sacred Cuem, and vowed that "John" as they facetiously spoke of our sainted ancestors, wore their shirts outside their pantaloons. It is, my dear sir, difficult at this distance of time to perceive how such perversion of taste could ever have existed. These people, your ancestors, were sprung from a small tribe known originally as Diggers, as we learn from Colonel Bee, because they were all given to digging in the hills and mountains for precious metals. Our ancestors (may Buddha keep their eternal stomachs well regulated!) soon discovered that the aborigines, the ancestors of the present Melicans of this land, were loose and careless in their business, were scornful of small sums, and were never half satisfied with any enterprise that did not promise a million dollars in a few months; but they oftener lost than won. While all classes of Melicans were thus pursuing big sums, the despised "John" set about procuring those occupations securing moderate but permanent incomes. Indeed, he not only made cigars, which were at first derisively called 'stinkers,' and did a great many other things, but even became servants in the houses of the wealthy. He was kicked, reviled, and metaphorically spit upon, but the sequel for the hundredth time proved to the world that persecutions of that character ultimately bless their objects as nothing else can. It is the healthy food of nature.

"It did not take 'John' long to get a footing, and no sooner was this realized than the barbarians became very jealous of him, and to such an extent was the jealousy developed into opposition, that an agitator arose, one General Ker Nee, who incited a great deal of bitter feeling against our slowly thriving ancestors. Indeed, he urged his followers on to kick the shins and pull the queues of our people, and even threatened to hang, burn, and torture them. Another of this city wrote many windy things against us, by which, it is said, his name was, about the time of his death, blown away in a fierce gale and lost. He even went so far as to advise the followers of General Ker Nee to burn a ship just arriving with more of the pilgrims from China; but as all those heroes knew this was intended only as wind, answered it in the same commodity, as it was cheap and plenty, but they did nothing beyond that he advised. General Ker Nee, however, raised a more serious gale at one time, and fiercely attacked some wash-houses, burned them, and kicked the inmates into the street. He created an altar to his barbarous principles at a place called 'Sand Lot,' which, according to the best authority extant, was situated across the bay, in the province of Marin, whence he made frequent incursions into the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED]