

cerned would dislike such publicity, however friendly, I wrote instantly to stop the use of my letter. It appeared, nevertheless, ere long in a Boston paper; and the gentleman who had sent it for publication (after confessing that he had received my prohibition in good time) added, with ineffable coolness, that my letter was "too good to be lost."

That anybody, young or old, male or female, should entertain an objection to being "interviewed," and described at length as to height, weight, complexion, features, dress, voice, manners, and habits, for the benefit of the world at large, or that he or she should shrink from seeing his or her parents, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, or daughter exposed in a similar pillory, is an idea which seems never to occur to the contemporary American mind. On the contrary, an impression obviously prevails that to draw a man's portrait in pen and ink, even if it be a caricature, is a tribute of respect which ought to be accepted with gratitude.

Another evidence of the same state of feeling is to be found in the evidently honest belief of travelling Americans of the second and third orders, that any English man or woman must be flattered to be told loudly and publicly, and perhaps across a *table d'hôte*, that the speaker has "heard" of him, or her, in America. The love of notoriety, it is obviously felt, cannot fail to be gratified by such an announcement. While an Englishman shyly approaches an artist, politician, or author, especially an old one, by gentle steps, speaking first of indifferent subjects, and at last, in *tête-à-tête*, conveys the fact that he knows and sympathizes with or perhaps admires the work of the person he addresses, every chit of a girl hailing from the States thinks she is behaving prettily in addressing one who might be her grandfather, telling him out straight and *pro bono publico*, that she has known all about him in America, and that though she does not, of course, agree with his politics, or his principles of art, or the purpose of his books, she thinks well of them, notwithstanding, and is pleased to make his acquaintance.

At this point, however, we come across another modern passion the gratification of which works in with the love of notoriety from the opposite side. Not only does the person concerned love to be notorious, but the public love to be informed about the notorious person. So far as I see, a taste for the study of individual character, not exclusively of interesting persons, but of every man, woman and child, is singularly developed in America. Judging by the careful stippling-in of character-drawing by Mr. Henry James, Mr. Howells, and many lesser American novelists, and by the letters and conversation of American acquaintances, there exists in the great Republic an all-pervading hunger for elaborate descriptions of human beings, great, small, and mediocre, which has no counterpart in the British soul. Curiosity seems to be boundless and insatiable concerning people in general; such a curiosity as Robinson Crusoe might legitimately have felt for the owner of the foot which left its track on his desert shore, but which in our old, overcrowded land we altogether fail to keep burning. Unless a man be very great or very gifted, or unless he be mixed up in some exciting business or brought into close relationship with himself, the average Englishman feels only the most languid curiosity about his neighbour's height and weight, fortune, and general idiosyncrasy. Perhaps we might draw the contrast so far as to say that we in England interest ourselves in people oftenest for the sake of the movements in which they are concerned, whereas Americans take interest in movements for the sake of the people concerned in them. For example, they would aid home rule for the sake of Mr. Gladstone. To hear that a gentleman with whom we never expect to have any intercourse or dealings is stopping at a house five hundred miles away; that he is five feet seven inches in height, weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, and is called John Smith; that he has five thousand dollars a year, and is married to Mary Smith, and they have four children, is the sort of information which we never dream of communicating to an English friend, knowing it will simply bore him. But, with slight variations, it is the sort of colourless gossip which pervades American books and letters to an enormous extent, and it can do so only because the writers are aware that it will be read with interest by their countrymen. Mr. Motley, in his charming letters to his wife, apologizes for writing small vignettes of description, saying he knows she will be interested in them—an apology, by the way, which rather conveys the impression that the letters were intended for posthumous publication, else why the apology? But Mr. Motley wrote of statesmen and politicians before whom Europe trembled, and concerning whom, as the subjects of future history, curiosity is inevitable and legitimate. It is the interest in nobodies, in men, women, and children whose achievements, if any, are of a wholly insignificant kind, which is so remarkable among Americans. Talk of political or religious opinions, or of the advance or failure of causes, wise or foolish as the case may be, and our American friends exhibit, perhaps not unnaturally, little beyond a second-hand interest in them, for our sakes as participators therein; but touch on the personal character, looks, conduct, circumstances of the men concerned, and in a moment the most animated curiosity is awake.

In the long-past years of my youth it was a canon of good style in literature to write as little in the first person, and in argument to touch on persons as rarely as might be consistent with lucidity and force. The rule early impressed on me still remains, in my humble judgment, a good one, but it is not to be observed compatibly with the

gratification of American popular taste. Several years ago the editor of a leading American periodical did me the honor to invite me to contribute a paper on the state of religious parties in England. I had recently published a little work, "Broken Lights," wherein I had endeavoured to define the theological standpoint of the High, Low, and Broad Churches, and of the other religious bodies in the Kingdom, and I naturally understood that it was something of this kind which was required. Inquiring further, however, I received the astonishing hint that what was wanted was nothing of this sort at all, but descriptions and anecdotes of certain eminent divines whose friendship I had the honor to share, and of as many more as I could depict for the entertainment of the readers of the *Review*.

It would lead us too far to attempt to fathom the sources of these two correlated sentiments, the indifference to privacy, and the excessive interest in people, which together combine to make the love of notoriety more prominent in America than it is, as yet, in England. A great deal of kindness and genuine human sympathy must assuredly be at the bottom of both sentiments. We attach much importance to privacy only when we have a certain shy mistrust of our fellow-creatures *en masse*. And, on the other hand, we can scarcely interest ourselves in ordinary people, unless we are richly endowed with sympathy and warm with the sense of human brotherhood. The manifestations of these feelings may be foolish or absurd or vulgar, but at the root they must be better and more wholesome than exclusiveness or indifference.

In conclusion, it seems to result that either the love of fame or the love of notoriety is an inevitable part of human nature in the present and future, as in the past. We cannot really cease to care for the opinion, the sympathy rather, of large numbers of our fellow-men. When we pretend to drop the desire of fame, it is only to fall into the love of notoriety; and of the two there can be no question but that the former is the nobler. It has, indeed, received a tinge of absurdity from the follies which have been incrusting on it; and the sneering and detracting habits of the modern club and of society talk have forever made it impossible to re-install the old goddess, fallen and broken like Dagon. But it ought, I think, to be recognized that the desire of notoriety, if it is to be a good and not wholly an evil public influence, must be the desire of notoriety for some excellence or bravery; not, for example, for being the "wickedest man in the world," or for having run away in battle faster than man ever ran before. A longing for the approval of our fellow-men, and for their memory of our names hereafter with honour and benediction, is, indeed, a less pure and exalted passion than the ambition to be perfect in the eyes of the all-knowing Searcher of Hearts; but, just in as far as it is of good men, of those whose consciences echo the voice in our own souls, that we desire the approval, it is a wholesome and generous sentiment, and one in which it is hard to conceive that any genuine lover of his kind can be altogether lacking.

On the other hand, the thirst for the applause of fools and scoundrels, the desire of notoriety irrespective of approval, is a weakness deserving, not of the indulgence it commonly receives, but of contempt. There is nothing in it either good or sound; and the stimulation it offers must all be in base directions, such as the accumulation of monstrous wealth, or habits of senseless eccentricity, or perhaps even of superlative and exorbitant vice. Better, after all, revert to Fame and her trumpet, than proceed to organized *cliques*, and modern newspaper puffery. Better to say frankly, with Ovid:

If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,
One-half of round eternity is mine.

than to enjoy the proud notoriety, throughout the Far West, of being the "wickedest man in the world."—*The Forum*.

THE OCEAN.

THE sleepless spirit of thine ancient depths
In fretful mood throbs at thy deep-set heart,
Whose pulsing waves in slow succession dwell
A moment on the shore and then depart.

And as thy mystic tide, sobbing, retires
To the recesses of thy caverns deep,
Lo! o'er thine eastern plains of azure speeds
The fleet of night, laden with rest and sleep.

And when Aurora, rob'd in rosy dawn,
From the gray East embarks upon thy tide,
This herald of approaching day beholds
The sleepless vigil of thy wilds abide,

Thou canst not sleep. Nor may the mind of man
Be always slumbering like thy spirit deep,
Fancy, Reason's magician knows no rest—
In sleep, at night's high noon, we see and weep!
St. Andrew's, N.B., 1889. D. R. MOORE.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

MANY travellers on a "trip round the world" find themselves, going or coming, in that curious, cosmopolitan City of San Francisco, in itself well worth seeing, with its fine buildings, beautiful park, and drive beyond along the seashore, from which you can watch the famous Seal Rock, whereon repose numbers of these lazy creatures, who have got to look on that especial rock as their own, and for years have reigned in undisturbed possession. On one occasion, however, a man who must have been deeply

imbued with the British idea of "Let us kill something!" made up his mind to have a shot at these tantalizing seals, whose melancholy cries come now and again to the watcher's ears. Without telling of his intention, probably knowing it would be heard of with horror, the sportsman, save the mark! fired, hoping to hit *something*; if he succeeded, no one knew, but in an incredibly short time, all the seals had disappeared, and great was the wrath of mine host at the inn, when the great attraction for his visitors was gone; months passed, and the rock was still bare; no lazy forms lay about in the sun, or waddled majestically to the edge, and then slipped into the blue waters of the Pacific, no baby-like cries came to disturb the sleepers on shore, who probably had grown so accustomed to them that they missed them; and the drive was shorn of half its attractions, when one bright day, behold! one of the largest seals was discovered stretched at its full length on the rock. Not being molested, in a short time others made their appearance, and soon the famous rock was swarming with its former occupants, and we can imagine that no penalty would be too much for anyone else who should dare to try experiments on these harmless creatures, who seem so thoroughly satisfied with the home they have made for themselves. Chinatown also attracts many visitors, and one hears of wonderful bargains in many a bit of fine china or carved wood; its opium dens, for those who like the horrible, are to be seen under proper supervision at night time; and the many laundries with the yellow-skinned, impassive Chinaman, clothed in white, with his long queue down to his heels, squirting the water from his mouth (having previously filled it from a bowl at his side) all over the linen, in order to insure the necessary "damping" before using the huge iron, heated with charcoal inside it, are curious sights to us who are, as yet, accustomed to the cleanly process of washing by women.

Being in San Francisco for a short visit, we were earnestly advised not to go away without seeing Monterey, a type of the fast-disappearing old Spanish town, once common in Southern California. So one bright morning we started, intending to stop on our way to see the famous Menlo Park Stables, from whence so many of the famous horses of America have come. On the outskirts of San Francisco are multitudes of nursery and market gardens, all worked by Chinamen who are always busily watering, cultivating, ploughing, and otherwise bringing to a high pitch of perfection every available acre of ground; the produce is daily taken into the city, and there disposed of to the best advantage, one may be sure, for it is rarely that a white man gets the best of a bargain with the heathen Chinese. The Chinamen themselves with their loose, blue-cotton clothes, bared to their knee, and curious, broad-brimmed, straw hats, more like stiff, low baskets than head gear, tied down with any old rag of a handkerchief, go about their work with unfailing industry, from sunrise to darkness; their gardens models of industry; but their houses, or habitations rather, are the most appalling looking places, tumble-down huts put together with old rails, odd windows, broken steps, any lumber which can be picked up for nothing—all go to make the average Chinaman's home. As long as John can have a bunk to sleep in, and a huge iron pot wherein to boil his rice, he is happy, and every penny he makes is laid up towards taking him back, dead or alive, to his flowery home. It is computed that the Chinamen add \$50,000,000 to the State of California annually.

Gliding on our way southward we passed many pretty country houses made of the beautiful Californian woods, surrounded by evergreens and live oak. We arrived at Menlo Park Station at midday, and there got off for luncheon at a quaint hotel, close to the station itself, which was kept by a most polite and kindly Englishman, who took pride in showing us the elaborate Beir Garten, furnished with arbours and band stands, which he assured us were extensively patronized during the "season;" now, being December, all looked as gloomy as places of the kind generally do, except that the brilliant sun, and warm, soft air made us continually forget that it was winter. After luncheon we mounted into a "rockaway," and drove off to see the famous stables of Governor Stanford (when a man is once a Governor, he is always a Governor, in the U.S.). We passed through his private grounds, glancing at the large house with huge verandahs, and looked with interest at an enormous mausoleum erected close to the house, in memory of the only son, who had died abroad; and I might say that the bereaved father, as a memorial of his only child, had just given a sum of \$2,000,000 to be expended on a college for the State.

The range of stables for trotting horses was some little distance from the park, and seemed quite formidable in size and number. A civil hostler presently took us in charge, no doubt accustomed to daily visitors, and piloted us through one after another, showing us the splendid animals whose records are quoted with loving admiration, peeping into loose boxes, and finally bringing us to the "school," where several youngsters were being trotted round the tan ring to the music of a huge whip wielded by a man who stood in the middle. Our attention was drawn by our guide to the natural trotting gait of even the smallest colt, and which of course everything is done to further and improve. All about, up and down the smooth roads which intersected the place, were trainers driving their charges in the tiny, one-seated buggies or "sulkies" with huge wheels, some slowly, others flying along at a terrific pace.

We left Menlo Park late in the afternoon, and towards sunset got glimpses of the sea, but it was quite dark when