

LETTER FROM FRED DOUGLASS

He Gives an Interesting Account of His Trip to Paris.

MANNERS, MEN AND MORALITY

Trouble About a Passport—The Gay City Peaceful and Happy—The Republic Will Live—Early Emancipators.

PARIS, Jan. 28.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—My visit to this great city is the realization of a desire and purpose long entertained and long postponed. Many years ago, while in England, I made some effort to this end; but owing to an attempt made upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon III., the strictness with which the passport system was, in consequence, enforced, and my inability to procure a passport, that effort was defeated. At this distance of time, it may seem strange that I could not then obtain a passport as an American citizen, but such was the fact.

My application to Mr. G. M. Dallas, then minister to England, for such a document, was instantly refused, on the alleged ground that I was not an American citizen. Time and events have put an end to this objection, and I am happy to find myself in a disposition to look back upon the injustice then imposed. I am not to-day with nothing in my antecedents, partialities or aversions to warn my impressions or bias my opinions. Though, by the grace of my country and its amended constitution, I am now an American citizen, and have enjoyed this proud distinction for some years, yet this great privilege has not been conferred on conditions calculated to blind me to American imperfections or to prevent me from seeing in a true light the institutions of countries other than my own.

THE FRENCH CAPITAL TO-DAY. With all its faults, Paris stands not less strong, compact and hopeful than at any time during its history. I do not find here that absence of confidence between man and man, that enmity and wickedness arising from sectional and other views, usually ascribed to this people, and which is the sure precursor of the downfall of cities and empires. I notice much drinking, yet little drunkenness; much gambling, but no gambling; other vices, usually ascribed to this people, and which is the sure precursor of the downfall of cities and empires. I notice much drinking, yet little drunkenness; much gambling, but no gambling; other vices, usually ascribed to this people, and which is the sure precursor of the downfall of cities and empires.

No two sections of any city are in stronger contrast than the old and new part of Paris. This appears not only in the differing condition of the inhabitants of each district respectively, but in the architecture, the streets, and the general appearance of the city. Paris is where the workmen generally live, and it is a perfect network of narrow streets, sombre courts, repulsive alleys, lofty and dingy dwellings, crowded with people, and with a roof. Winding his way through the sinuosities of this densely populated section, an American, accustomed to wide streets, broad sidewalks, large rooms and broad sunlight, is struck by the thought of a populace huddled together in such dark, threatening and dangerous proximity. But this feeling is much relieved by the appearance of the people themselves. They are clean, healthy, well clothed, well fed, and are exceedingly cheerful. A proverb says: "Idleness is the devil's workshop." His sabbatic majesty may have many such shops in the streets of Paris, but I have not yet penetrated very far into them, inviting obscurities of this shadowy section; nevertheless, upon the surface not many such dens are visible.

The French people seem to be as busy as bees in a hive. Industry—active, earnest and persistent—is the rule. A striking feature of this industry is found in the fact that nearly all the men and both sexes, grey-haired men and grey-haired women, wrinkled not only by age but by toil, are seen in Paris in a larger proportion than elsewhere, all alike engaged in some kind of avocation. Woman, in the humbler walks of life, seems in France a more general helpmeet than in the United States. Many French women are surprisingly hale and strong. In Paris you will find a woman as much so as a man. If a burden is to be borne, she is there to share the burden. If a handcart is to be drawn, she is harnessed with a man, and supplies her fair share of the strength to draw the vehicle.

This union of men and women in the struggle for honest livelihood has a moral as well as material significance. It not only accounts for the fact that this people usually have cash on hand, but is the cause of results still more important and precious, for out of this mutuality and interdependence in bearing the burdens of existence, the most harmonious and domestic relations. Even among the humblest and poorest classes in Paris, the family is an institution of ideal sacredness. It may be true that the French have no name for home, but it is true that the real thing that constitutes home does not exist in France.

A PRIZED HOME. A French home is a real home—a prized home. This union of men and women in the struggle for honest livelihood has a moral as well as material significance. It not only accounts for the fact that this people usually have cash on hand, but is the cause of results still more important and precious, for out of this mutuality and interdependence in bearing the burdens of existence, the most harmonious and domestic relations. Even among the humblest and poorest classes in Paris, the family is an institution of ideal sacredness. It may be true that the French have no name for home, but it is true that the real thing that constitutes home does not exist in France.

I was greatly impressed by the dignity, decorum and the intellectual appearance of the French senate. In this respect it much resembles the American. The only marked difference is in the style of dress. Every French senator, I noticed, was in the evening wearing a tunic of dress pattern. The French legislator differs from the congressional legislator in that the latter is clothed in the style of a gentleman, while the former is clothed in the style of a statesman. The French senator is clothed in the style of a gentleman, while the former is clothed in the style of a statesman.

On the occasion of the recent change of ministry, through the intervention of M. Frederic Passy, an eminent member of the assembly, I obtained a seat in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. I could hardly have had a better opportunity of observing the stormy side of French character. The scene was about as wild and tempestuous as that in our own representatives, when James G. Blaine debated with H. C. Work on the question of the exclusion of Jefferson Davis from amnesty.

politens found in the streets among the working classes. There is certainly no more healthy, cheerful, and resolute people about them. On the contrary, they seem to be fully conscious of their own rights, dignity and power. They often occupy more than their needed space in the streets, and they are not ashamed to make room for the passers-by. They look at a stranger sometimes as though he were an intruder, and they proclaim in their features the idea that they are lords of the soil and masters of the situation. I am told that this feature of street manners, which seems to be a little in excess of a just level, is more prominent now than during the empire; and the fact is not strange, for the common people have a power now that was not then conceded.

PEOPLE AND FREEDOM. They now walk in freedom and an unconcerned right where only prisoners walked before. And this fact is an element in the stability of the republic. The beautiful grounds of the Tuilleries, the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, the Musee des Beaux-Arts, the Musee des Archives, the pleasure park of Saint Cloud, the palace and gardens of Versailles and Fontainebleau, the Esplanade of the Invalides, have long been open to the working classes as they did once to counts and nobles.

As to the possible permanency of the republic, I accept the statement of my friends, and I am deeply interested in the slavery cause. Mr. Theodore Tilton. He has resided here several years, quietly pursuing his literary studies, and is a close observer. He is as bright and witty as any man I have met in the republic of France. He tells me that "to be or not to be" of the republic depends upon the continuance of peace; that every day of peace is an additional guarantee of the stability of the republic. He is a man of great intelligence and philosophical attainments, and his views are growing out of the wide divergence of classes and the disparity of conditions.

TO-DAY, at least, Paris seems happy, peaceful and prosperous. Her greatness is evidently not the result of her fortunate situation, or of any sudden triumph of arms or achievement in diplomacy. Her greatness is the result of her long and steady progress under the deep shadow of a terrible disaster, and has borne her share in leveling a mountain of debt imposed by a foreign conqueror. She has at her disposal a broad sea of capital, and her broken fortunes under the deep shadow of a terrible disaster, and has borne her share in leveling a mountain of debt imposed by a foreign conqueror.

Her Bibliotheque Nationale has 3,000,000 volumes, the accumulation of centuries of the industry of human beings to which citizen and foreigner are admitted, and where they are provided with every necessary for reading and study. Since the war with Germany there has been a great increase in the number of the masses beyond anything of the sort prior to the war. Paris teems with schools, and its people have become in larger measure than ever, a close-knit and united people. I realized the truth that an uneducated nation, however brave and patriotic, is at an immense disadvantage in comparison with one that is educated. She has realized the truth that an uneducated nation, however brave and patriotic, is at an immense disadvantage in comparison with one that is educated.

There is no question that Romanism has lost ground in France, since the inauguration of the republic. The common people have become indifferent and the learned sceptical; but the Roman Catholic church is still both a religious and a political force. No doubt that the church has been a powerful factor in the strong motive for increased exertion. Its priests, in their long black gowns, and its sisters of charity with their peculiar costumes, are everywhere seen. I have observed a school where the children are met with in the streets, under the immediate guardianship of priests and nuns, whose ever-continued watchfulness cannot be without its influence upon the rising generation.

I have seen but little of the statesmen of the French republic. It is not an easy matter to obtain admission to the French senate or to the Chamber of Deputies. I think, but much to my regret, that the republic is a little further removed from the times of the empire. At present, spectators are admitted only by ticket, and as the galleries are small, they are few. I have, however, seen the government witness the proceedings of the senate once, and that of the corps legislatif twice. For a part of this privilege was included in the kindness of M. Theodore Stanton, who, as the son of Henry B. and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has inherited in a large measure the high qualities of his gifted parents. He has resided here for the last two years, and is eminent as a journalist and a literary man.

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STANLEY'S SIMPLE SMILE.

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LECTURES SPOILED BY LEOPOLD

Jokes Before the Journey—Henry's Appearance—The Ex-Ambassador in Good Shape—All Aboard for the Congo.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 24.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—During the flying farewell visit which Stanley paid to King Leopold, before leaving for his Emin Pacha expedition, I had the privilege of an hour's interview with him, at the Hotel de Bellevue, the very hotel, strange to say, where poor "Chinese Gordon" put up just before starting for Khartoum and death.

Having only two or three hours to spend here, including breakfast time, Stanley had instructed the hotel porters to meet any callers with a stern "Not at home." I never had reason to congratulate myself so much upon my previous acquaintance with Stanley and his special link which my translation of his last book on the Congo had formed between us; for, thanks to these circumstances, the watchword "Not at home" was exceptionally withdrawn, and I had the good fortune of being the last continental journalist who spoke with the "great little man" before his departure for that dark continent where he has spent, on and off, nearly eighteen years of his life, and from which he may never return.

In the large but simply furnished room where he had taken up his quarters, I found Stanley standing, his back to the fire, in a black, like a duck, and a good light hair trowsers. "This was the very uncount like attire in which he had just spent two hours with King Leopold. He has always shown something like contempt for the smaller details of European clothing, and it is not surprising that a French publisher telling me how, after Stanley's return from discovering Livingstone, he met the famous explorer in a London dressing room, in corduroy clothes and an Irish coat, to the evident disgust of the gorgeously dressed lookers on.

FROM THE BACKWOODS. "Just like those Americans from the backwoods," said the publisher, with a look of indignation. "And exploring the dark continent is just like those Americans from the backwoods, too," Stanley smilingly replied, "and afterward repeated the remark to him." On the present occasion, the king of the Belgians, who doesn't happen to be a French publisher nor even a masher, had just said some words to Stanley, and at another time, Stanley's comparative negligence. As the great explorer told me, his majesty was wonderfully cordial, showed "a great deal of sentiment," congratulated Stanley on his having discovered Livingstone, his American lecturer took to his noble and dangerous attempt to rescue Emin Pacha, and had the twinkling of a tear in his eye on parting with the plainly dressed hero.

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"Well, don't you think people in a hurry are the only interesting ones, and are you not doing a very good thing in your present press to general and your former self in particular, by intimating that they are the very people American journalists take care to leave alone?" "Do not mind me," he said, with a sly smile, "all things considered, I do admit that if I had been anybody else to-day in Brussels, I should have interviewed Stanley, or tried to, at least. But then, you know, I am not a journalist, and when the interviewer appears I grumble."

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FROM THE BACKWOODS. "Just like those Americans from the backwoods," said the publisher, with a look of indignation. "And exploring the dark continent is just like those Americans from the backwoods, too," Stanley smilingly replied, "and afterward repeated the remark to him." On the present occasion, the king of the Belgians, who doesn't happen to be a French publisher nor even a masher, had just said some words to Stanley, and at another time, Stanley's comparative negligence. As the great explorer told me, his majesty was wonderfully cordial, showed "a great deal of sentiment," congratulated Stanley on his having discovered Livingstone, his American lecturer took to his noble and dangerous attempt to rescue Emin Pacha, and had the twinkling of a tear in his eye on parting with the plainly dressed hero.

It was in the latter part of our conversation that Stanley imparted these facts. At first he did not seem inclined to unburden himself. "Do you know," he inquired, "in the capacity of a friend to bid farewell, or as a journalist to cross-examine me?" "Both," I replied. "I put the question," he retorted with a quizzical and sneering look, "was a journalist in the United States? I never interviewed people in a hurry."

"Well, don't you think people in a hurry are the only interesting ones, and are you not doing a very good thing in your present press to general and your former self in particular, by intimating that they are the very people American journalists take care to leave alone?" "Do not mind me," he said, with a sly smile, "all things considered, I do admit that if I had been anybody else to-day in Brussels, I should have interviewed Stanley, or tried to, at least. But then, you know, I am not a journalist, and when the interviewer appears I grumble."

ATTACKED BY THE INTERVIEWER. Then we sat down in two-arm chairs facing each other, and Stanley, assuming a bright look, began to talk. "I do not begin to mind," he said, "the fact that I have been interviewed by you, but I do mind the fact that you have interviewed me. I have known Stanley personally for several years, had long conversations with him in Brussels, and I have seen him in London, and from him many marks of kindness and sympathy, and yet have never seen him otherwise than in the beginning of a talk. There is something very peculiar in this, and I am sure you will find it so, if you stand at you with a kind of dreamy look, closed lips, and a general stiffness of the body, just like a man who might be expecting and preparing for an assault in a railway car, from some angry customer, following the same line on the opposite side. But then, only a journalist completely unacquainted with him could be frightened away by this unpromising display of men you have known and received brief, dry and unresponsive answers, and you begin to think that there is nothing to be got out of the cold and distant man, the ice runs all of a sudden, Stanley smiles a kindly smile, lights up his eyes, and he spontaneously lets loose all you have been unavailingly trying to extract from him, and then you are only to sit and listen, and become conversant with the most interesting and enthusiastic gestures and the picturesque words of the brave and eloquent explorer, who is henceforth so thoroughly carried away by his favorite African adventures that he will only stop when out of breath."

A BARSALLY PLOT. As an illustration of this, here is an amusing incident that occurred at Ostem, in the Congo, immediately after Stanley's triumphant return from the Congo, where he had been founding the free state. On hearing of his arrival, I ran down to Ostem, got an appointment with him for the following morning at 10, and to make sure of keeping the early rendezvous, I hired the room adjoining his own, at the hotel where he was staying. When I rose on the morning, just after the sun had risen, the hotel had become crowded during the night with newspaper reporters who had come with the same object as myself, and among whom were correspondents of the morning papers from London, New York, and Washington, as well as the beautiful portrait in evening dress which was exhibited at the Paris exposition. I saw that Miss Howland had been found in the heroine of "Dr. Claudius," a novel by her cousin, F. Marion Crawford, and that her daughter, Myra Sawyer Hamlin's novel of last summer. In going to Rome as a bride, Miss Howland had revisited scenes of her social triumphs, where, as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Terry, the fair American received much admiration in 1878.

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STANLEY'S SIMPLE SMILE.

Last Words With the Explorer on His Way to the African Wilds.

LECTURES SPOILED BY LEOPOLD

Jokes Before the Journey—Henry's Appearance—The Ex-Ambassador in Good Shape—All Aboard for the Congo.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 24.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—During the flying farewell visit which Stanley paid to King Leopold, before leaving for his Emin Pacha expedition, I had the privilege of an hour's interview with him, at the Hotel de Bellevue, the very hotel, strange to say, where poor "Chinese Gordon" put up just before starting for Khartoum and death.

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