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Letter: Jeanne Marie Marillier to Ida M. Tarbell

Marillier, Jeanne Marie

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Avant, me la lais suis, toute le fai que nous y sa-habitant? Tandis que vous vote mère? Et belle vote sœur. Je serais bien heureux d'avoir...
Cher Monde. Je prépare un
mariage sur les Mystères
de la Passion. Je pense que,
mais je ne sais pas, il y a
une erreur.

J'ai une petite fille, ce que
c'est, je ne sais pas.

N'avez-vous pas... ou vous
avez eu... ou vous avez
ou... ou... ou ...

Chaque jour, sa tace... en
Juillet... ce que... le temps...

Mathilde, tais-toi.

De ce jour, mon amour...

Moi, je m'endormis.

Avec vous, chéri...

Je... me... me... me... me...

Château, le... le... le...

Mathilde et la... ma...

t... d'amour, d'amour et... a...

affection

Puyaar, vole de cœur

Jeanne Marie Manelli
XII.

[n.d., fragment, 1920s ?]

for which we are all very grateful. She was better on Saturday and we hope with all our heart that she will get back to her normal, full and active life. She [Cécile Marillier] has written very interesting things and read us several pages which interested us deeply. She showed us a photograph of yourself, which I would have loved to have and your book on Madame Roland, of which she had us read the preface. My husband asks me to thank you for having mentioned him in it. We didn’t dare ask our mother to loan us the
book, knowing that she wanted to have it on her table. Madame Bezon, who has read it, says it is very good. I was lucky enough to know that admirable woman, who is so intelligently good, and with her we often spoke of you. She just left Paris and is going to go rest a bit at the house of a mutual friend, an ideal and exquisite woman to whom we will introduce you when you come to France, for we really hope to see you.

Are you as happy over there as we hope you are? How is your mother? And your sister? I would be happy to hear from you and a letter from you would be very welcome at our house.

My husband works more and more. He has now become director of the Revue de l’Histoire des Religions, which is a swamp of work, and since he works for free he cannot ask others to do it for him. Despite the work, we are very happy. Our lives are all tenderness and fine work. My brother spent Easter holidays with us and read us some fine poetry which will, I believe, be published in the Revue des Deux Mondes. He is also preparing a thesis on the Bretons. He now has a son, of whom he is very proud. We spoke of you with him. He remembers you very fondly. Charles will take his baccalaureat exams in July, which worries him. Mathilde is working hard and is becoming a morally nice child. But I am chatting with you, dear Mademoiselle. I include here best wishes from Leon and Charles, Mathilde’s kisses, and all my good and faithful affection.

Always yours with all my heart,

Jeanne Marie Marillier