Manuscript: The paper which I have the honor of reading to you this evening

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The paper which I have the honor of reading to you this evening is one of a series of five in which at attempt is made to show the part played by women in the French Revolution. That they were active in that great social upheaval, you all know. They helped raise the Bastille, forget the king, Prune & Dauphin back into Versailles to Paris in that memorable Oct 6, 1789. They were present in every riot, in every mass of intimidation of the Third Jurats. The famous revolutionary weapon, the pike, was made for their breasts as well as for those of men. This was a feminine as well as a masculine form of war.
as well as a masculine,
not only were they prominent in actual
agitation. All of the great parties of the day
contained women who exercised a remarkable
influence, and in some cases there was no
member of the French court just as fact, who
had a clearer notion of the principles of the
revolution than Marie Antoinette. There was
no one who played this part better. She had
more sense and firmness. She was as great
as statesman as Mirabeau. She was willing to
day of the "She is the only man the king
has about him."
The very best effeminates in the service of the
principles of the constitutional monarchists
is from a woman. Madame de Staël and
the very soul of that party of ideologists who
freed a republic on the Rhine in 1792
brought the second revolution in France in 1792
was a woman. I have selected
to us one to conclude this evening. Here
Poland.
It is not simply for the sake of calling
from the head, was the head open of women as well as men, just as ere.
reiterating the fact that there was a large feminine influence exerted in the French Revolution, that these papers were prepared in

in order to the case of repeating comediac-
matic biographies. It was rotative still a large study of what women did in this important period might aid us a little in our struggles with a question which

it seems that whether we like it or not, we cannot get away in these days - the much debated and difficult question of

the relation women should sustain to public affairs.

Not that these papers are weak enough to draw conclusions. They simply tell us in a brief summary what hundreds of women were who acted so large part in French Revolutionary affairs and to

allow the character of their influence.

Concluding the the manner of the auditing not of the reader for history has the same relation

history relating to another line of public policy as experience has to guessing of individual acting. It is 2 2 one of the results of a cer-
tain evidence of acting in our past. We must use that experience to help him in deciding

whether we should do in the amount emerges.
So before deciding to advocate any course of public policy I am careful indeed to test the results of that policy-line used in the past. So much to my defense— or in apology if you will— of presenting to your attention for an echo to a Norman death 100 years ago, a foreigner at that, and additional torture, under the tyrant who would not have even the attraction of a noble will, but she was largely over her benefactors Queen of the Girondists as she was popularly called. Who was in fact nobody but the daughter of one of the

eminent financiers of Paris— a certain M. Philpin, and sold to the enemy in gold dollars an enamel painter to deal in domestic art. The M. Philpin was not rich but will to do. He had a shop at the very heart of Paris, at
The Philipon family was secluded in a single child, Marie-Jeanne de Manure, and was called the blunt after Madame de Manure. At the moment, she was learning in the 2nd year of a course in what were then the very heart of Paris. I under the windows of the maidservant's house, I listened to the conversation between the maidservant and her mistress and the mistress and her maid. It was the life which the little girl saw from the window of the little house.

First education—an education soon supplanted by the catechism and masters. One to prepare her for her first communion, the other to teach her to...
read and to write, to give her some ideas of history and geography and even of Latin, and to train her to sing, to dance, and to play the guitar and the violin.

The real education of Manon was not what she was receiving in these orthodox ways, she had begun to read—to read with absorption, energy, ardor. The books which passed through her hands were of the most haphazard sorts. Before she was eleven years old she had read the lives of all the saints, the Civil Wars of Appias, a work on the Turkish theatre, Scarron, many volumes of travels and memoirs, a treaty on Contracts, another on Heraldry—and the latter to such good purpose that she amazed her father by criticising some of his work composed against the rules of the art—Tasso, Télémaque, Candide, Plutarch. The passion for reading consumed her. If books failed she reread the old ones. Her conceptions were intense. She became Enchanteress for Télémaque, Erminia for Tancred, and she carried Plutarch to church in guise of a prayer-book, weeping that she had not been born two thousand years ago in Sparta or in Athens.

- During me lent

- and so intense was her admiration of its heroine itself

Thus at an age when most girls would still doll they were dreaming of heroic deeds and she was experiencing only agony before her fond call remained theme from Catholic surroundings as was natural from her surroundings her expressive sensibility born with the purest religious sentiment and she begged to be sent to a correct to prepare for her first communion.
The convent did very little for her intellect, but much for her development. It calmed her religious frenzy by giving her plenty of devout exercises, and it furnished her a new outlet for her emotions—a friend, a young girl from Amiens, Sophie Cannel by name. This friendship took at once the form of a passionate devotion, and when the girls parted, they began a correspondence which is undoubtedly the most remarkable correspondence between two girls ever published.† Never were there more ardent love letters written than those of Manon to Sophie. She commiserates all the world who does not know the joys of friendship. She suffers tortures when Sophie's letters are delayed, and, like every lover since the beginning of the postal service, evolves plans for improving its promptness and its exactness. She reads and rereads the letters which always fill her pockets, and she rises from her bed at midnight to fill pages with declarations of her fondness.

This intensity did not prevent Manon including much in her letters which is valuable in a study of her personality. For her to feel, to think, to aspire, was to write. All her life, up to the very evening of the last day, she had the passion for the pen. Her letters to Sophie contain not alone her love, but a detailed and exact, if diffuse, account of her development. Never was person more interested in himself, more given to reflection on human conduct and relations, more determined to develop sufficient philosophy. She shows remarkable independence in her judgments, comparisons, and criticisms, having flung authority overboard very early. It began with religion. The eternal condemnation of those who have refused, or have never known, the faith was the first stumbling-block. In the unpublished letter quoted from above, she says: "I rejected the authority which forced me to believe a cruel absurdity. The first step taken, the rest of the route was not long, and..."
she began to wonder if it was the only at...
It is curious to note that in the early 19th century, the most advanced philosopher of the men of her day, so alone she reached the most idealistic notions of government.

She read Plutarch, studied the English constitution, watched the growth of the struggling new country across the Atlantic, and as a result became, like thousands of young people all over France at that period, a republican enamored of ideals of republican simplicity, of justice and of virtue, and above all of equality and of liberty for all men. "If before I had been born, I had been given the choice of a government," she writes at twenty, "I should have decided on a republic. It is true that I should have wished it to be different from anything at present in Europe." Though pronouncedly republican in sympathies, Manon Philibon was not in her young womanhood a hater of the existing régime, as many have represented her.

In France as in Paris, her life was the habit to represent her. It is true one can't impress young people by her manner but what she really felt as a young girl, not what she wrote as a woman who had suffered might from the government and wrote letters to the king of Louis XVI. In reality
form will fit to the need of the times, and, as far as possible, of the people's wants. The doctrine of religious toleration, which is here seen to have been a relic of the old, has been finally adopted.

The ministers were enlightened and well disposed, the young prince delicate and handsome, the queen amiable, and eager for good, the court kind and benevolent. The people obedient, willing to love their master, the kingdom full of resources. All, but we are going to the position to do it. I should serve my prince, whom as much as I adore, and consider his nature. No, but we are going to Versailles. The minister's 'admirable,' and this site wrote at the time of that visit to Versailles which,

The king talks like a fatherly, but the people do not understand him—"the people are hungry." Nothing in all this is fair. The state of the monarchy is not very respectable when one considers it in a mass. It reflects our poor courtiers, terrorizing the people of Paris. As to the vices of the ministers, I have been fitted to govern. Truly human nature is not very respectable. But the king is a good master with which he is born. A good king seems to me to be a creature mortified in heart. Memoirs, nineteen years later, has been so often used to prove her to have been as a girl, envied the most zealous Frenchman, though never to have been as much as I adore her. And again she declares, "If I were in the position to do it, I should serve my prince, whom as much as I adore."

Now Let us look at the downfall of the Duke of Orleans. This incident took place in the reign of Louis XV. The Duke of Orleans, as the representative of the crown in the provinces, was called upon to execute some measures which were calculated to produce a constitutional change. He was succeeded by the Duke of Choiseul, who was equally unpopular and ill-disposed towards the constitution. The Duke of Orleans was succeeded by the Duke of Choiseul, who was equally unpopular and ill-disposed towards the constitution. The Duke of Orleans was succeeded by the Duke of Choiseul, who was equally unpopular and ill-disposed towards the constitution. The Duke of Orleans was succeeded by the Duke of Choiseul, who was equally unpopular and ill-disposed towards the constitution. The Duke of Orleans was succeeded by the Duke of Choiseul, who was equally unpopular and ill-disposed towards the constitution. 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The reaction of the reader to the Memoirs of Manon is not as simple as it may seem. The number of suitors for the hand of Manon Philibert is fabulous. One is tempted to believe that more than one of the regiment which flies before the reader of the Memoirs is there only by virtue of the heroine’s imagination. She was one of those women who see in every man a possible lover. Only one of the throng shall occupy us here. Palms de la Blancherie, who finds in his young love with him, and he is a type of a class of youthful follies and their distressing consequences. It is an indescribable account of letters who seek to force fame by only their own efforts. He is not a Rousseau, doubtless, but La Blancherie had been through so much that he is never tiresome. The literary enthusiasm did not share the interest of his literary world. He is not a Rousseau, doubtless, but La Blancherie had been through so much that he is never tiresome. The literary enthusiasm did not share the interest of his literary world. He is not a Rousseau, doubtless, but La Blancherie had been through so much that he is never tiresome. The literary enthusiasm did not share the interest of his literary world.
went to London. By chance he inhabited Newton's old house. He was inspired to exalt the name of the scientist. His practical plan for accomplishing this was to demand that the name of Newton should be given alternately with that of George to the princes of England, that all great scientific discoveries should be celebrated in hymns which should be sung at divine services, and that in public documents after the words the year of grace should be added and of Newton.

Mme Roland gives the impression in her "Memoirs" that she had only a moderate interest in La Blancherie. "He interested me and I imagined that I might love him. It was only my head which was at work." But the letters to Mlle Cannel show her thoroughly in love. For some six months after her father had refused the young man's suit she cherished the idea that La Blancherie was working to win her, and she declares repeatedly that if she cannot marry him she will marry no one. Her infatuation was ended oddly enough. Promenading one day in the Garden of the Luxembourg, she met La Blancherie. He wore a feather in his hat—a common enough thing in that day—but such frivolity did not accord with the ideas of republican simplicity, of stern virtue, of high thinking with which she had endowed the young man. To complete the disillusion her companion told her that La Blancherie was known in his circle as "the lover of the eleven thousand virgins." Manon's cure was rapid. La Blancherie was, no doubt, a perfect example of the petit maître whose philosophy Marivaux sums up: "À Paris, ma chère enfant, les caresses on ne se les donne pas, on se les prête," and Mlle Philipon's idealization of him is an example of her incapacity in judging of the real worth of people whose professions, words, ideas, pleased her; a weakness of judgment essential to understand in considering the relations that she formed in the Revolution.

It was six months before Manon saw the feather in La Blancherie's cap that she met Roland de la Platière. He lived at Amiens, was a friend of the Cannets, and was presented to her by them. Roland was at that time forty-two years old and a self-made man.
At first, Mlle. Philipon met him he was inspector of manufactures at Amiens and was well known in the industrial world of France as a valuable writer on commercial and manufacturing topics. Roland had travelled so much and had studied so profoundly, that for Manon Philipon, impassioned for learning, he was a delightful companion. His rigid virtue delighted her, too. He was in fact a man of the sternest integrity, devoted to details, minute in his dealing almost rustic in his simplicity; but unfortunately so convinced of his virtue and that because of it he could do and say what seemed to him best, that he frequently antagonized people who only find virtue attractive when it is modest. He was, too, extremely careless in dress and indifferent, even impatient, of formalities, a characteristic which, if it allied him in Manon Philipon's eyes with the Spartans, only served to exasperate lovers of the conventional.

Soon after their acquaintance Roland left France for a long voyage in Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and Malta. He wished to embody his observations in a book of travels in the form of letters. He asked Mlle Philipon to allow him to address the letters to her. She was:

When Roland came back to Paris after an absence of eighteen months, he received a warm welcome and soon afterward sought the hand of the girl.

They were married in February, 1780. The account of her courtship and marriage which Mme Roland gives in her "Memoirs" produces a very different impression from that of the unpublished correspondence between her and Roland. From the first one receives the idea that, while she was sensible of Roland's value, affection had a small part in deciding her to marry him, that when she did it she cherished no illusions in regard to him, and really charged herself with the happiness of her people.
Thus came into my hands in Paris some
sixty years ago a privately printed
letter of mine preserved among
the letters she had sent to R. In the
days of her complete health, Rarely care I read
some passionate love letters. Certainly
the letters mean anything of which
she may be a question. Miss Phillips
was thankfully in her will the name
she married. I the popular notion
of her as a woman who married a
man thinking to be but it enough
that she should find only in reality
she married. Like artists and in the good
old-fashioned reason mediate the
man in love and that she could not
conceive of any happiness apart from

Had she forgotten? Perhaps. And
if she remembered, it was only to smile
at her illusion. In love the new effaces
the old, and when Mme Roland wrote her
"Memoirs," she was absorbed by what
was the profoundest passion of her life.
In the presence of it the love which
twelve years before had seemed to her
necessary to her happiness, had become
an affair which she could smile at dis-
interestedly and explain philosophically.

when she wrote her
Memories? I am afraid
From the first of her married life June R. became in the President's family the help and solace of her husband. She shared all his unceasing efforts for laws, copying, reading, writing, keeping accounts. At the same time she spent enormous quantities of time in trying to secure a little leisure during her very busy life. Leaning on the knowledge that nobility no longer existed in the United States, she did secure a limited place in diplomatic society of manufacturers, whom she occupied in fact no woman could have associated with her husband's ambitions. She did not have time or inclination to study the lives and habits of the women of her class. The coming of the Revolution

Republic was the tragedy for her and her circle. They never had entertained any
notion of other ideas.

More the President's and his life and their belief to all intelligent observers that
France that unless the present
reformed its abuses a revolution
was inable and they had done all they could to aid in its reforms suggested that they had realized any idea of overthrowing the monarchy before the day struck the people of Paris were in despair at the failure of the government to keep its promise. We storm the Bastille, there is no proof. The fall of the Bastille allied Madame Roland's mind completely. However, she suddenly concluded that reform of elective institutions would be incomplete without equality. She must see complete revolution. To have complete revolution, the old form of government must be destroyed by a new one put in. The more vast to have humiliated at all about undertaking the task. It seemed simple a practical matter she argued in her judgment like all the idealists of her day. She was a devoted follower of Jean Jacques Rousseau.
When the Revolution broke out in 1789 the Robards lived neardney. In Feb 1791 Mr. Roland was sent to Paris to look after certain business. He found he was very established there, with friends. Buonaparte who were a great deal of patriotism came to see them. I gradually fell in with various others of similar notions. I grew patriotic, like him. Among these men were some who were afraid of the most harm of the Revolution. This account was ascribed by accident to R. Some tell me of the most important political salvo of Paris.

A week at Mme Roland's. Of her part in these gatherings she says, "I knew the rôle which suited my sex, and I never forgot it. The conferences were always held in my presence, but without my taking any part in them; yet I never lost a word of what was said, and it happened sometimes that I had to bite my tongue to keep from saying what I thought."
During the seven months in Paris Mme Roland followed all that went on in politics. She joined the Société fraternelle des deux sexes. She went to hear the Jacobins. She frequented the Assembly, but neither she nor Roland were satisfied with the progress of the new ideas. "We have seen those precious Jacobins," writes Roland to Brissot, "if in physics objects increase as one approaches them, it is sure that it is not the contrary in morals." "Throw your pen into the fire, generous Brutus, and go and cultivate your cabbages," writes Mme Roland to Brissot in April "the Assembly is now nothing but corruption and tyranny, civil war is no longer an evil. It will regenerate or destroy us, and as liberty is lost without it, we need neither fear nor avoid it." After having followed the sessions of the Assembly for two months, she left one day toward the end of April, furious and convinced that it would never again do anything that was not shallow-brained. "I promised myself," she says, in an unedited MS recounting this experience, "never to see it again—an engagement that I have faithfully kept." She was disgusted with the new constitution, she distrusted the king's profession to uphold it. When Louis made his weak attempt to escape in June, 1791, she rejoiced. It proved his perfidy, and she and her friends began to say to each other that this was the moment to prove to the people that the king did not want the constitution, and to prepare public spirit for a republic; and while they talk Robespierre sneering and biting his finger-nails, asks them what they mean by a republic.

When the king was brought back, she declared that "it would have been better if he had not been arrested. Civil war would then have been inevitable, and the nation would have been forced into that great school of public virtues." She soon after begins to distrust Lafayette. At the same time the press disapproved revolutionary violence and would, with the king from the throne, establish a republic. She would not sit down to write the memoirs that had been written.
In the fall of 1791 there was a new assembly called to revise the finance of the affairs of the... the nation their minds were made up.

They are young, the majority thirty or under. They have been formed in the clubs of the Revolution. They are eloquent, patriotic, extravagant. They possess much rhetoric, much determination to give France a government of the people, and little practical sense. The chief party among them is known as the Girondins. It is among them that the republican theories are conceived most purely and defended most eloquently. All of them have read Plutarch, Cicero, Rousseau. All of them have been inflamed by the story of the American Revolution. They have come to the Legislative Assembly as Buolot came to the Constitutional. "The head and heart full of Greek and Roman history and of the grand characters who, in those ancient republics, honored most the human race." But what the Girondins have gotten from Plutarch and Rousseau and America is personal aspirations, not clear conceptions. They have formed an ideal of a government where all men shall be free, but how to create and work this government they have no practical idea. They have sublime faith, superaudacity. They are young and brave and virtuous, and they do not hesitate to overthrow whatever exists, trusting boldly to themselves to make a new government out of their ideals. That there is danger to themselves in such hardihood they know, but that is part of the glory of their undertaking. That there is danger to the country, to humanity, to their ideal, they do not see at all.
She suspected everybody who by birth or training was allied with the aristocratic party. Dumouriez, the most skilful diplomat in the cabinet, and by her own testimony, "diligent and brave—capable of great enterprises," she declared to have a "false eye," and warned Roland against him. When Dumouriez presented to her his first associate, she remarked to a friend: "All these handsome fellows seem to me poor patriots. They have the air of thinking too much of themselves. They prefer themselves to the country, and I can never escape the temptation to shock their self-complacency by pretending not to see the merit on which they pride themselves."

In this relentless attitude there is something more than political principle. In the letter to Sophie Cannet written in October, 1774, where she described her visit to Versailles, Manon Philipon said, "I have a character which would be most harmful to the state and to myself if I were placed at a certain distance from the throne. In my present condition I love my prince because I feel my dependence but little, but if I were too near him I should hate his grandeur." Mme. Roland is now at that "certain distance," where she "hates his grandeur."

Under her influence Roland and his Girondin colleagues soon became factious with the king, "killing him by pin pricks," says Dumouriez.

They misunderstood his acts, overlooked the merits of the Jacobins, pretended constant hatred to the king's against him, and in every where helped in the feeling that as long as Louis XVI was in the throne of France, no constitutional government was possible.
Madame Roland succeeded at last in bringing matters to a finish between Louis and the ministry. The war was going on with energy, and the enemy had ravaged the country. It looked as if they might soon reach Paris. The patriots in the city believed that many of the Court party were in communication with the Americans, and that they wished nothing better than to open the city to them. To prevent this disaster, Mme R. proposed that a camp of 20,000 patriots be formed around the walls. At the same time she proposed that all the priests who had refused to sign a certain document which she considered highly injudicious should be prevented from reading. These measures were presented and passed the Assembly. The king relented slightly. He saw that in fact many great resources for moving hostile measures. The constitutional clergy insisted that the will of the people must be heard. But Mme R. 2 the friends agreed with the would not hear expressed their right if they were not duly act the use of force and that they would support those who must sign. The measures were accordingly put into matter clearly. Mme R. wrote a letter to the king in which she declared in which she declared that...
war was going on when Austria stood the enemy lead was wound. Wound country. It looked as if they might cease.
felt that the safety of the country depended on the acceptance of the two bills and that if he pressed in relaying Union Roland would resign, and as he was of noble and long suffering
minister but he could not too much of affection
went to tolerate such advice and which from
one of his ministers and he asked Roland
to resign. Her ultimatum was refused but it was
what she desired. A king who would disdain
to good and patriotic France is a R. because
the had military lima French letters could
not in the judgment be a patriot. A king who
would refuse the measures which a thought
necesarily to care the country must be a
noble. If he was guilty, combined with
the manufacture to continue to
the famous day for August 10 1792 the accomplished
the unbridled, the palace
was not the Royal Family a lake shelter in
the Assembly, just the state were remarkable to
the people thought they left only to the
guillotine.

how that the king was removed the stick out of the wheel as France and enemy
was due to so cunningly it could not be
otherwise. In Revolution friend deserted
in the bitter conflict itself of the people
take strings into their own pockets and
do away with a prominent they do not
The story of the disorders and excesses which spread in France so rapidly from the fall of the Bastille is familiar to all. In the agitations and disorders which disturbed different parts of France at this time the Rolands recognized only a spontaneous impulse toward liberty, the aspirations of a suffering people toward freedom. That demagogism, a Jacobin machine, was behind a part at least of the disturbances, they did not see, or seeing, justified as a necessary means to a glorious end. Insurrection was now in their opinion a divine right. Their greatest grief was, it was insufficient. A fortnight after the fall of the Bastile Mme Roland wrote to Bosc, "You (the revolutionists of Paris) are only children. Your enthusiasm is only a straw fire. And if the National Assembly does not put on trial two illustrious heads, or some generous Decius does not take them, you are all mad." Brissot in his journal condemns a riot in Lyons. Roland writes a long article defending the people, and to an acquaintance who deplores the bloodshed, remarks that there never has been a revolution yet without slaughter. Mme Roland writes to Bosc in January, 1792: "I weep over the blood spilt, but I am glad there is danger—I see nothing else to whip you and make you go." "Paris," she complains, "has not enough influence on the Assembly to oblige it to do all that it ought to do." "It is not the Paris Royal which must do the work, it is your united sections." Truly, there were few so advanced Jacobins as Mme Roland during the first eighteen months of the Revolution. She would see the people of the city sitting in the galleries of the legislature pushing the representatives to pass the bills which studied them and again she wrote after a terrible riot: "She would see the people of the city sitting in the galleries of the legislature pushing the representatives to pass the bills which studied them."

Few traitors had Mme Roland in the Hutchinson, great surprise of the directors, especially Villers, to whom she said government for the purely the Paris mob.
la citoyenne Roland was taken to the Conciergerie. On the eighth she came out from the Revolutionary Tribunal condemned to death, as “author and accomplice in a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and against the liberty and safety of the French people.” The cart awaited her in the prison court.

Standing on the Pont au Change and looking down the Seine, is one of those fascinating river views of Paris where a wealth of associations dispute with endless charm the attention of the loiterer. The left of the view is filled by the Norman towers of the Conciergerie, the façades of the prison, the irregular fronts of the houses facing on the Quai de l'Horloge, and farther on an old house of Henry IV.'s time. It is the house where Manon Philippson passed her girlhood. When the cart drove across the Pont au Change Mme Roland had before her the window from which as a girl she had leaned at sunset, and "with a heart filled with inexpressible joy, happy to exist, had offered to the Supreme Being a pure and worthy homage."

She faces death now as she faced life then. The girl and the woman, in spite of the drama between, are unchanged: the same ideals, the same courage, the same faith. Not even this tragic last encounter with the home of her youth moves her calm, for she passed the Pont Neuf, writes one who saw her, "upright and calm—her eyes shining, her color fresh and brilliant—a smile on her lips; trying to cheer her companion, a man overwhelmed by the terror of approaching death."

It was a long and weary jolt in the rough cart from the prison to the guillotine. A biture ulterior could follow, I cursed her. But nothing could equal the height where she had ridden. After foot of the guillotine, so the tradition goes, she asked for a plan to walk the forty miles which lead from this awful journey to death, but it was refused.
headman in a hurry, pressed her to mount
the short ladder which led to the platform
for there was again pulling a cigarette
fortoppie gave her the arm she might to
have her head lowered. A jest, but she
asked Larson to let it. At this time and
spare her crying companions the misery of
seeing me die. Larson demurred. It
was against orders. "Can you refuse
dealing her last request?" he said sharply
I had a little shame, cried, consented
He fasten her arms calmly; they relaxed
due to the fatal pension, her eyes fell on a
sculptural statue of liberty—erected to celebrate
the first anniversary of the 10th of May.
I sobbed. She cried, "How truly kind
indeed you. Then two eyes dropped, the
beautiful head fell. Where K. Wandel.

A few days later a few years from Rome
a meet was formed dead in a field, a
small tug on his heart. In this room where
was a light. It was that the crisp had been
quelled in Paris & that her book had been
in the mail without her. This men wear Poland.
an inmate convicted & tried for the slaying of
the Perrovich- he had heard of her death &
lived his life.

Both of the same vine, the vine
reared another inmate- who for days had
been chased through fields & forests, by the
same furious chaser, whom he likewise.
He met both his sentence and a few days after
his body was found half eaten by hounds
in a研究 field in which he lived without
refuge- the man was buried.