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, April 6, Dauphin back from Versailles to Paris on that memorable Oct 6, 1789. They were present in every riot, in every mob of intimidation of the throne. The women revolutionary weapon, the pike, was made for their breasts, as well as for hands of men. This was a feminine as well as a masculine spirit.
as well as a masculine,
but only were they prominent in actual
agitation. All through the great parties of the day
each of the great parties of the day con-
tained women who exercised a tremendous
influence and in some cases there was no
member of the French court but a fact which
had a clearer notion of the principles of the
anticlerical than Marie Antoinette. There was
no one who played this part better than
more sense and firmness. She was as great
as statesman as Mirabeau. Who willingly
day of her—"She is the only man the King
had about him.

The very best effeminice we have of the
principle of the constitutional monarchs
is from a woman. Mirabeau and
the very soul of that party of idealists who
freed a republic on the Amser in 1792
bought the second Revolution in France & was
had a woman constitution I have selected
to us are to conclude this evening. Here
Poland.

It is not simply for the sake of calling
from the bed, was the head gray of women as well as men, just as one.
reiterating the fact that there was a large feminine influence exercised in the French Revolution. These papers were prepared in order to make public the works of repeating comedians and dramatic poets. It was not till the end of the nineteenth century that a little in the struggle with a question which it seems that whether we deal in no, or cannot get away in these days - the much-debated and difficult question of the relation women should sustain to public affairs.

It is said that these papers are each enough to draw conclusions. They simply tell us of a brief though what became of women who acted so large part in French Revolutionary affairs and allow the character of their influence. Concluding are the madness of the auditors not of the reader for history has the same relation.

During relations of public policy as experience has to public life, it's experience. And the evidence of a certain course of action in our past, we must use that experience to help him in deciding what we shall do in the present.
So before deciding to advocate any course of public policy I am usually studiously reticent about results of different policy lines being in the past. So much to my defense, or in authority, if you will, of presenting talking your attention to an episode in a Norman deed 100 years ago, a foreigner at Vallorbe and atrributed a trouble to not being even the attraction of a noble will, as she was harrassed in their heroines of the Gironda as she was popularly called who was in fact nobody but the daughter of the

famous upholsterer of Paris - a certain M. Philpau who sold and imported in gold sleaves of an enamelled painter to dealers in dresswaists.

The M. Philpau was just nice but will to do. He had a shop in the very heart of Paris, at
This is moment was a well-to-do gold and silver engraver whose ambition to be rich had led him to sacrifice somewhat his art to commerce. He was a little selfish, slightly common in his tastes, not always agreeable to live with when crossed in his wishes, but, on the whole, a respectable man, devoted to his family, with too great regard for what his neighbors would say of him to do anything flagrantly vulgar, and too good a heart to be continually disagreeable. What he lacked in dignity of character and elevation of sentiments, Mme Philipon supplied—a serene, high-minded woman, knowing no other life than that of her family. ambitious for nothing but duty.

The Philipon family lived in a single child, Marie-Jeanne. Marie-jeanne and was called Jeanne, after her Mme Roland. At the moment that the little girl learned interesting to us she was learning in the second year of a course in what was then the very heart of Paris. I stood at the window. I watched the children playing in the street. I was in the street. It was the life which the little girl saw from. The background which was her first education—an education soon supplemented 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 criticizing 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 Enchiridion 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 my deaf

and so intense was her admiration of its heroine itself she

Thus at an age when most girls are busy with dolls she was dreaming of heroic deeds and she was experiencing Holy Easter before she knew what it was. From Catholic surroundings as was natural her imagination received sensibility born with its pour en religion and she begged to be sent to a convent to prepare for her first communion.
The convent did very little for her intellect, but much for her development. It came her religious frenzy by furnishing her plenty of devout exercises, and it put to sleep the emotions of a young girl from Amiens, Sophie Canivet, by name. This passionate devotion, and when the girls of the convent were filled with it, a new outlet for their suffering appeared in the form of a friendship with a friend, a young girl from Amiens-Sophie Canivet, by name. This passion for the pen, her letters to Sophie, which is the beginning of the postal service, and the exactness of the letters which always fill her pockets, and she finds things of happiness in her bed at midnight, and she rises from her bed at midnight, to fill pages with declarations of her fondness.

Never was person more ardent to love letters written than those of Manon to Sophie. She composes a correspondence which is undeniably the most remarkable of 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, evokes plans for improving its promptness and exactness. She reads and rereads the letters which always fill her pockets, and she finds things of happiness in her bed at midnight, to fill pages with declarations of her fondness.
she began to wonder if it was the only act of dulity in her creed and she began to examine all she had been taught.

She certainly examined all conscientiously, reading dutifully all the apologists of the Catholic Church suggested by her good curé, and also reading immediately after—not by the suggestion of the curé, we may be sure—all the philosophers and sceptics whom they pretended to refute.

The philosophers overwhelmed the apologists. Manon did not, however, abandon the church. She explains that she feared to afflic her mother and to give a bad example to the domestic, if she neglected religious forms. Nor did she succeed in adopting any particular system of philosophy. “The same thing happens to me,” she says in one of her letters, “that happened to the prince who went to the courts to hear the pleas. The last lawyer who spoke always seemed to him to be the one who was right.” Her last philosopher was always right. A strange phase in the transformation from Christianity to freethinking which Manon Philipon underwent, is that she seems never to have experienced any of the suffering, the bewilderment, the grief which loss of faith causes to so many. It was a characteristic of hers to abandon almost without complaint anything which her reason condemned—a characteristic of only unusually self-sufficient and self-complacent natures.

It would be a wrong to Mlle Philipon to give the idea that the religious sense died within her. On the contrary, it remained to the end. She arrived in her solitary studies at that religious idealism which consoles itself with the meaning of things and dispenses with the forms. Without knowing it she became a philosopher. Unaided, she reached to nearly all of the advanced conclusions of the eighteenth century. With Bernardin St. Pierre she became naturalist, and never did he and Rousseau, in their tramps in the environs of Paris, rejoice more profoundly over the beauties of the world, enter more deeply into the mysteries of nature, than did Mlle Philipon when in her girlhood
It is curious to note that in the course of history, the women of the men of her day, to whom she reached 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 enamoured 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 Philipon was not in her young womanhood a hater of the existing régime, as many have represented her.

In France as in Italy, she took the habit to represent her views impressively, and read by her memoirs. What she really felt as a young girl, not what she wrote as a woman who held suffrage, may be the government, and these letters, to Sophie of Louis XVI, in substance
contrary, she was a real object of Louis XVI. When that prince came to the throne she wrote to her friend: “The ministers are enlightened and well disposed, the young prince docile and eager for good, the queen amiable and beneficent, the court kind and respectable, the legislative body honorable, the people obedient, wishing only to love their master, the kingdom full of resources. Ah, but we are going to be happy!” And again she declares, “If I were in the position to do it, I should serve my prince with as much ardor as the most zealous Frenchman, though never with that blind devotion for his master with which he is born. A good king seems to me to be a creature almost adorable;” and this she wrote at the time of that visit to Versailles which, as described in her “Memoirs,” nineteen years later, has been so often used to prove her to have been, as a girl, envious of all ranking above her and already harboring a hatred of kings and courts. Nor did her ideas of equality at this period make her see in the mass of the common people the equals of those who by training, education, and birth had been fitted to govern. “Truly human nature is not very respectable when one considers it in a mass,” she reflects one day, as she sees the people of Paris swarming even to the roofs to watch a poor wretch tortured on the wheel. In describing a bread riot in 1775, she condemns the people as impatient, calls the measures of the ministers wise, and excuses the government by recalling Sully’s reflection—“With all our enlightenment and good-will it is still difficult to do well.” And again, à propos of similar disturbances, she says, “The king talks like a father, but the people do not understand him—the people are hungry—it is the only thing which touches them.” Nothing in all this of contempt of the monarchy, of the sovereignty of the people, of the divine right of insurrection.

The policy has been the custom under Revolutionary times, in which certainly they prize, perhaps, a more advanced state.
The number of suitors for the hand of Manon Phillotson is fabulous. One is tempted to believe that more than one of the regiment which flies before the reader of the memoirs which flies before the young man who seeks to force fame by only a desire of audacity instead of letters, occupies our thoughts. Only one of every man shall occupy us here, Pothier de la Blancherie, who finds in the eighteenth century, the young men of letters who seek to force fame by only a desire of audacity instead of letters. It is an indescribable account of youthful follies and their distressing effects, and the reader of the memoirs which flies before us in every man who sees in every man a possible lover. Manon Phillotson is a woman and the self-uncomplaining villa which she alms of us is illustrating a life
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 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 Cannelts, and was presented to her by them. Roland was at that time forty-two years old and a self-made man.
At first time 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.

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
Thus came into my hands in Paris some years ago a seemingly unpublished letters of hers preserved. Many of these were love letters she wrote to Mr. in the days of her courtship. Rarely have I read some passionate and letters. Certainly if love letters mean anything at all there may be a question. When she was twenty-five in the evenings we were often in her villa. She married for the popular notion of her as a woman who was married to please a man thinking that she was quite rich and in quite a good old-fashioned reason we knew she was. In love and that she could not conceive of any happiness apart from her love.

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 disinterestedly and explain philosophically.
From the first of her married life Mrs. P. became in the painful and tedious task of helping her husband, and she shared all his unhappiness. Her notes for law, copying, revising, reading, proofreading, keeping accounts, at times even teaching school, all were performed with patience and perseverance, surely in her effort to secure a little more independence and dignity from her position. In this she did succeed, not only in gaining a place in the diplomatic world, but in proving herself a successful manufacturer, and through her efforts she was able to make her home more comfortable and secure for her children. In fact, no woman could have associated herself more closely and more effectively with her husband's ambitions. And she did not have done it, nor have she been able to do it, if she had not been something more than an idle spectator. She was destined to play a part in the coming of the Revolution.

Republican as she was, she never had entertained any notion of other ideas. More to her tastes, and true to her belief, she was all intelligent; she was a woman who feared no revolution.
Was miserable and they had done all they could to aid in its reforms. Duguesclin suggested that they should back any idea of abolishing 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 Hope. The fall of the Bastille alerted Madame Roland's mind completely. However, she suddenly concluded that reform of existing institutions would be incomplete and inadequate. She must see complete regeneration. To have complete regeneration, the old form of government must be overthrown as a new one put in. She alone was to have succeeded at all about understanding the facts. 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 Roburds lived near Dyme. In Feb. 1791 Miss Roland was sent to Paris to look after certain individuals of lady, and to market with them. To her were very established there their friends. Buonaparte, who were Franklinists, came to see them and gradually were bought up by them. Others of similar influence joined patriots, like him. Among these men were some who were afraid and felt the worst enemies of the Revolution. This account by accident in M. R. soon led me of the most important political details 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 in April 91, "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 again—never 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.

A revolutionary wave would drive the king from the throne and establish a republic. But France had suffered too much to let the earth break something more at once to break the spirit of her ℓανμίλd to the death.
In the fall of 1791 there was a new assembly called to take charge of the affairs of the country. It was a party of young men.

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 Buzot came to the Constitutional Court. "The head and heart are 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, superb audacity. 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.

Their party you will have

Was in its ideals its aspirations and me bred mine R. d

Fidelity this party is its

ideals and ambitions was me with Jurgen Roland and its

was not long before its members had reflected about her.
She suspected everybody who by birth or training was allied with the aristocratic party. Dumouriez, the most skillful 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 Canen 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 advantages of the Jacobins, pretended General Giraud's proposals against him and in every way helped in the feeling that as long as Louis XVI was on the throne of France, no constitutional government was possible.
Madame Roland succeeded at last in bringing matters to a juncture between Louis and the ministry that was grievous in mind and body, and the enemy was growing in their midst. It looked as if they might soon receive Paris. The patriots in the city believed that many of the court party were in communication with the Americans, and that they asked nothing better than to open the city to them. To prevent this, a Senate to protect Paris from the foreigners Mrs. 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 impolitic should be prevented from attending the Assembly. The king related that Mons. Henri had in fact some great reserve on voting with measures. That constitutionally belonged to the will of the people, but Mrs. R. to the friends agreed with it, but would not lose expressions. After this, if he would not come, they would not come. He must sign these measures. Accordingly he put the matter clearly. Mrs. R. wrote a letter to the king in which he defended the name in which she asserted that they
Madame
himself

The war was going on with Austria and the enemy. The head of the maded Veit country. It looked as if they might cease.
felt that the safety of the country depended on the acceptance of the new bills and that if he provided in every union Roland would reign. Louis XVI was of noble and long-suffering
minister but his credit was too much of a vain-
credence to tolerate such advice and delegate one
of his ministers and he asked Roland
to leave. Her ultimatum was refused but it was
what she desired. A king who would decline
to good and patriotic missions as R., because
the lead militiamen's French letters could
not in his judgment be a patriot. A king who
would refuse the measures which enlightened
necessity to save the country must be a
noble. If she was powerful combined with
the monarchy for the new and to restrain Louis
The famous day for August 10th, 1792 was accomplished
the next. The king's council, the palace-
demolished, the Royal Family placed under in
the Assembly, first the clergy were husband to
the priests, wheat, every load only 1.6 to the
guillotine.

now that the king was confined. The sick
out of the wheel and I could not even
would have it so unanimously it could not be
otherwise for. Roland found himself in
the sickbed, one to think if the people
came strings with twice and the cruel
dowage would be prominent they do not
The story of its disorders and excesses which spread 

and in every way they tried to arouse 

of the Bastille is familiar to us.

and again she wrote after a terrible riot.

constituted a multitudinous popular summons of the directly 

of the army, spoke with an incredible eloquence to crowds and the 

government to the people of Paris.
To-morrows a long and weary roll in the world court, 

the Monday, the Tuesday over, the winds of death and decay engulfed, 

the sunlit, the sombre hue, but nothing earthly 

affected the subtle, no woodlands, sea, alighted on the 

pale smile - the customary, a day and night, afterto 

night

Standing on the Pont-Neuf, the river views of Paris where a 

fascinating river views, the picturesque facade of the houses, against the 

Tribunal and accompaniment to death, as an authority and indivisibility 

of the republic, and against the liberty and safety of the French people.
A few days later a few lumps from the breast appeared. She was still alive, although she was in pain and in pain.

She had a message that had been buried in her soul. She was about to give up, to accept the truth.

She continued to write, to express her feelings:

"I love you, I miss you."

She was a woman of courage, a woman of strength.

"And now, I must say goodbye."

She was courage, a woman of strength.
an obedient handkerchief hiding him from the eyes of the Perroches; he had heard of her death and taken his life.

Both at the same time the man reeled another ruckel-was for days had been chased, wings felled, prove, by the same furious enemy. When the light fell he thought his senses made a few days after his body was found half eaten by swarms in a wheat field in which he took refuge. The man was Buzet.