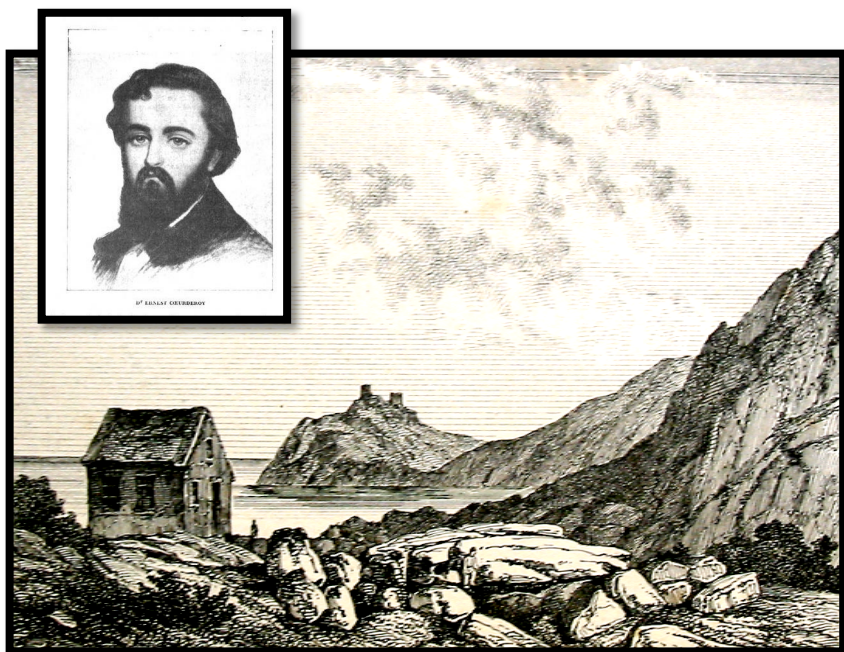


IN WHICH THE



# PHANTOMS REAPPEAR

TWO EARLY ANARCHISTS,  
EXILES AMONG THE EXILES

ESSAYS, A FUNERAL ORATION, EXCERPTS FROM A  
"PHILOSOPHICAL POEM," & OTHER PIECES OF THE  
LARGER PUZZLE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.  
INCLUDING WORKS BY ERNEST COEURDEROY, OCTAVE  
VAUTHIER, JOSEPH DEJACQUE, PIERRE LEROUX, AND MAX  
NETTLAU. FEATURING COEURDEROY AND VAUTHIER'S  
*THE BARRIER OF THE COMBAT.*

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## INTRODUCTION

"I was going to continue, but the Phantoms had reappeared."

In his "Biographical Notice of Ernest Cœurderoy" Max Nettlau wrote:

In June 1852, two events, quickly covered with the veil of silence, would deeply effect the exile community in London. Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Pierre Leroux, Cabet, Félix Pyat and their friends, some Blanquists, Proudhonians and independent socialists, some refugees from May 15 and June of 1848, as well as June 13, 1849, and the great majority of the outcasts from the coup d'état, rubbed elbows then in a common exile. It was the time of the "Socialist Unions" and other efforts, destined to fail, to create a fictive solidarity between people who, as the history from September 1870 to May 1871 has demonstrated, would fight again, to the death, as soon as one of their groups came to power.

Three men saw clearly from that moment and protested. The "Verse Recited June 24, 1852 at the Grave of an Exile," by Joseph Déjacque, was one of these acts; recalling June 1848, said to the exiles and former men of state gathered there:

... Today as then, assassins and victims  
Find themselves present... Sublime teachings!  
Those who banished us are banished in their turn.  
.  
.  
.  
Crime is always a call to crime.  
The coup d'État of June, that nameless vampire,  
In you, Tribunes, in you, Bourgeois, is incarnated;  
And December is only its legitimate child!...  
.  
.  
.  
There is only one talisman for all: Liberty...

The other act was the publication of the little booklet *The Barrier of the Combat*, by Ernest Cœurderoy and Octave Vauthier (Brussels, 1852). "The political comedy that plays out around us has wrung the same cry from our heart, and we have published *The Barrier of the Combat*; this was like kicking an anthill," wrote Cœurderoy a little later; "Like me, you curse all authority," he said to his collaborator, the brother of Louis-Léger Vauthier, the Fourierist engineer, representative in 1849 and prisoner of June 1849. Octave Vauthier appeared to be limited to this single public protest; Joseph Déjacque, the worker, was driven by

poverty to America; he did not stop, and *la Question révolutionnaire*, the libertarian utopia *l'Humanisphère*, and the journal *le Libertaire* which he wrote by himself, from 1858 to 1861, in New York, show him as an isolated, but tireless propagandist of the most advanced ideas of his time. Cœurderoy, a refugee from June 13, 1849, was limited, in his articles published from 1849 to 1851, to an impersonal propaganda of socialist and revolutionary ideas without a distinct school; by *The Barrier of the Combat* he finally regained his complete independence, and from 1852 to 1855 he gave us four books and two booklets, among which the two parts of the *Jours d'Exil* constitute his principal work.

The fate of these publications, the most majestic expressions of liberty and revolt of their times, is a little unknown chapter full of intrigues and adventures. The irreverence with which the authors of *The Barrier of the Combat* had yanked the beards of the pontiffs of the proscription was a welcome pretext to dispense with seriously discussing the ideas of Cœurderoy; only Alfred Talandier discussed them courteously, in 1854. For the rest, "the conspiracy of silence, the most odious conspiracies, then, to every extreme, calumny, choler and hate, exhausting their rage on this collection of heresies and on its unfortunate author" (words of Cœurderoy on the subject of his first book.) He was made "an exile in exile." This explains how his writings, banned equally by the governments and the exiles, have been lost, to the extent that, of the six volumes and booklets, we know of perhaps fifty copies, the majority of which are in the hands of three or four collectors. The years from 1856 to 1862 in the life of Cœurderoy are so little known that we do not know if he had suddenly ceased all publication after 1856, for reasons which are a separate problem, or if some publications have been completely suppressed, destroyed, or if instead, despite long years of research, they remain still elusive? Although his memory has received a belated satisfaction in the well-done article dedicated to him, in 1869, in the Dictionary of his compatriot from Yonne, Pierre Larousse, the oblivion into which the work of the writer had fallen was so great that between 1880 et 1883, his mother, octogenarian, isolated and perhaps discouraged by her long sufferings, made a resolution — which she executed with her own hand — to burn the writings of her son, of which she had gathered a very great quantity; and probably she also destroyed what she possessed of the manuscripts, letters, etc., of the neglected thinker.

Thus only rare copies of the six publications from 1852 to 1855 and the articles published from 1849 to 1851 have survived all these vicissitudes; and all those who have read one of the writings from 1852 to 1855 have been struck by the originality and literary power of Cœurderoy, of his absolute sincerity, of his love of liberty and beauty, of his wide-ranging conceptions of a free and happy future, of his hatred of oppression in all its forms, — in sum, thinking they were opening a good book of propaganda, of which there are so many, they have been astonished to find themselves face to face with a work of art which, from the point of view of the intimate union of art and ideas, is probably unique. That is especially true of the *Jours d'Exil*, of which the second part, the last work of Cœurderoy, also marks the apogee of his talent.

There is a large chapter of radical history—and a key chapter in the development of anarchism—that centered around the exile community in England, and especially those on the isle of Jersey, which became a somewhat unlikely center for revolutionary organization and publishing in the early 1850s. But it does seem to be the case, as Nettlau suggested, that it was a chapter “quickly covered with the veil of silence,” and generally only unveiled, even in anarchist histories, by a quick glimpse here and there, often relegated to the footnotes.

This collection of newly translated texts is a first step towards removing that veil once and for all, a series of more extensive, if still rather random looks at Déjacque and Cœurderoy, in anticipation of more extensive translations from their works. Enjoy!



All texts translated from  
the French by Shawn P. Wilbur

# From THE BEACH AT SAMAREZ

BY PIERRE LEROUX

---

## CHAPTER XI. IN WHICH THE PHANTOMS REAPPEAR.

I was going to continue, but the Phantoms had reappeared.

— “Oh! Do you imagine that you are alone! You thought we did not hear you! We heard it all...”

Then there came a confusion of words, laughter and shouts, mixed with some whistles and cat-calls. In the midst of the brouhaha, I distinguished two interlocutors:

— “*I too am a painter*,” said one, in a hushed voice.

— “Dr. Lelut has just proven that Socrates was mad,” cried the other, in a loud voice.

It was Déjacques and Seigneuret<sup>1</sup> again: I had ample time to consider them.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DÉJACQUES AND SEIGNEURET.

Why does Déjacques always remind me of André Chénier? Is it because he is also a poet... it is certain that his verse could sometimes make the greatest poets jealous. There is something reminiscent of Burns in the work.

But it is also because he reminds me of perhaps the most beautiful piece by André Chénier, his *Mendicant*:

All pale, half-naked, with beard a-bristling,  
He barely moved one frozen lip,  
Implored the aid of men and Gods,  
And in the forest wandered for two days.

Except that he invoke neither gods nor men. The other day, Seigneuret found him close to expiring. He had condemned himself to die of hunger. It was forty-eight hours since he had eaten. He was lying fully clothed on a chest, for he had no bed, and he remained there cold and stiff, resolved to watch himself die. This was when Seigneuret happened upon him.

With what zeal, with what ardor, with what tenderness that atheist Seigneuret rescued him, and forced him to live!

---

<sup>1</sup> Nicolas-Auguste Seigneuret.

There he is! How sad he looks! He is elegant and noble in this person. His voice is soft, his speech calm, and his tone penetrating; he seems to have taken as a model, physically, Christ on the cross; seeing him, you would think about the times

When on the holy altar the ivory crucifixes  
Opened their spotless, milk-white arms.

But what bitterness in his word, and what disorder in his ideas!  
How did the proletarian poet come to this black misanthropy, to this savage despair

Ah! Perhaps, as a child, he read, in that same piece of which he reminded me:

.....The indigent waits in vain for fate,  
By waiting always, he arrives at death.  
Devoured by needs, projects, insomnia,  
He grows old in disgrace and ignominy.  
Disgusted with humans, hard, envious, ungrateful,  
He turns to the Gods, who do not hear him.

Why turn to the Gods, if they do not hear us? he would say to himself, and why be an object of contempt among men, if they are so hard?

This is how he would have absorbed the poison which gave him life, for poison, as Byron said, also has its vitality: *the vitality of poison*.

And today, when someone says to him:

Man is born to suffer

He responds, with André Chénier:

He is born to change.

To change! He apparently believed that everything would change, at the Revolution; but he found that men were the same after it as they had been before: hard, envious, and ungrateful. He became hard, envious, and ungrateful himself. The flood carried him to England, and then onto this rock. He apparently thought he would find equality in exile. He found some rich and some poor, and there he is, bearing his wretchedness with a threat on his lips.

Oh, the spleen of the Renés and the Obermanns, I pity you, when I think of that despair! I take from Obermann the wealth that permits him, in exile, to breathe his calm and melancholy lament on the shores from which the ships depart and to which the wreckage returns. I take from René his name, the memory of his family and his chateau, and his traditional Christianity, and the hope of seeing a regime return because it had already lasted so long. I put the ambition of the one, the daydreams of the others, into a man who dies of hunger,

and I have absolute impotence and hell. I cannot even console myself by saying with Gray, in his *Country Churchyard*:

“Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast... some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.”

No! For those Gray spoke of did not awake!

The noise that the Phantoms made continued always.

I say again, what a contrast between Déjacques and Seigneuret, and yet what similarities! At base it is the same torment. We must reverse the thought of Gray, and say:

“Science unrolled before their eyes its vast archives, rich with the spoils of time: the breath of indigence froze their nobles transports, and dried for them the sources of genius.”

Seigneuret is, as a *savant*, what Déjacques is as an artist. What is the use of having studied law and medicine! The ruses of legal quibbling, the prostituted eloquence of the lawyers, have made him a sophist; the science of the chemists, the lessons of the physiologists, have made him an ally. He has heard Auguste Comte say: “Today it is a question of organizing without God.” That formula has become his own. He is possessed by a rage for atheism which resembles fanaticism.

What war they often made on the other Phantoms! They are demons, you say: see if you yourselves are not demons!

What ingenuity, what flexibility in that man! He works every trade: he sews his own clothes, and makes his own shoes; he is physician, mechanic, printer, author. Ask him his profession, and he will tell you: I am a revolutionary.

Déjacques lives without family. He probably did not say to Ophelia: “Get thee to a nunnery;” I don’t know what he said to her. Seigneuret is married, and loves his children tenderly. I saw him, the other day, rock his charming little girl in a garden. How he beamed at her!

Go on! They would both go to wander in America. One would be lost in the desert of nature, the other in the desert of Civilization. While the question of negro slavery was debated, he, the white maroon slave, would pass through the streets of New York! He will perhaps not even leave the “Adieux à la Vie” of a Gilbert

## DISCOURSE PRONOUNCED JULY 26, 1853 ON THE TOMB OF LOUISE JULIEN, EXILE

by Joseph Déjacque

Again a grave is opened... And this time, it is not a man. It is a woman that exile... that the circus devours to the applause of Caesar and his praetorian rabble.

A poor and valorous woman, a humble martyr for an idea, which, like the Christian idea eighteen centuries ago, when it was a revolutionary idea, — rises in its turn on the fragments of the old idols, a heroic apostle of the social revolution, a woman-Christ! No, your death will not be useless in the reform of society. It is necessary, alas! that women also suffer the tortures of prison and exile, that they are crucified by the dictatorial reactions in order to redeem by suffering and death, — by struggle, — their sisters from submission to man, from the sin of slavery.

Oh! Let the Republic come, and who then would dare to contest equal rights to those who have sealed with their liberty and their blood the confession of their revolutionary faith?

Today it is an obscure female citizen, with the heart and brow of a poet; it is the feeble voice of a woman buried in the depths of the proletariat, but a voice heightened by the idea, a stylus-voice, which makes successful crime pale and shakes a throne bristling with thousands of cannons and a hundred thousand bayonets! It is a sick and infirm woman, who, — her body supported by a crutch, her soul was supported by a thought of the future, — challenged a scepter, and broke under the effort, but did not bend...

Yesterday, it was Pauline Roland, succumbing, like Louise Julien, at the bloody gallows of brutal force. Touching and sublime rivals in heroic sacrifices, vanquished? No. Killed in the bodily struggle, but living and imperishable in the martyrology of socialism, triumphant and dazzling under their torture-victim's halo with the propaganda which wins hearts and minds by the distressing and dolorous spectacle of their agony and their end.

But it is not today only nor tomorrow that the woman of progress, — the woman, that nature sensible and frail, — pays the minotaur of the resistance her tribute of blood and tears! Just a few years ago, — under another Caesarism, — it was some socialist workers, some chaste young girls, some dignified mothers as well, that were thrown to the wolves in the bilges of the prisons, to those monsters of stone and mud which are called St.-Lazare and Clairvaux! I have seen in 49 — what a horrible thing! — an unfortunate mother restored to liberty and — cruel irony, — to her affections. I saw her ask again and again in vain for the two little children that had been snatched from her arms the day when she and her husband were each cast into one of the sheds of the prefecture: the upholders of the family no longer knew what had been done with them...

Well! Despite this terrible sacrifice, this butchery of human flesh and feelings that all the governments which pass by spill on the altar of the old society, oh worshippers of force, is there then one of these government saviors which has been able to save themselves for sixty years? The foolish, they devote themselves to the persecution even of women, and they do not notice that it is above all by the martyrdom of women that in the past Christianity was able to invade pagan populations, and that in this way Socialism will conquer the popular masses.

Before this earth covers your shroud, Louise Julien, I salute you, woman, for all the women who, like you, break by strength of heart and thought from the narrow little circle of the family, that collar that grips social sentiments around the throat, — thrust into the great human family and spread there their ineffable and extravagant love, that infinite love that Christ, expiring on the cross, exhaled in a last sigh.

Oh, you whose death was necessary for us to learn about life, sister, whom few of us have known, go! It is not the somber oblivion, the funerary angel which has breathed on your eyes today closed, it is the angel of memory, the angel of renown which, laying you on its robe of light, has kissed you on the forehead, spreading its wings.

Those die who, having lived walled up in a corner of their being, descend into the coffin wrapped in their idiotic selfishness; but when one has lived in humanity and for humanity, when one has left their heart in all hearts, left their tears on all the miseries, left their blood in all the massacres, oh! then, one does not die: the tomb is only the cradle of immortality.

On this grave whose gravedigger is not here, but at the Tuileries, in the salons of the aristocracy, under the frock of the priest and soldier's coat, on the flagstones of the Exchange and the parquet of the boutiques, under the skull shrunken by mercantilism and agio; on this grave—Well! No!—we will not invoke the furies of vengeance. What would be the good? Socialism does not take revenge; it destroys obstacles—whether men or things—without regard for their past. It does not chastise, it clears away. But, victim that we mourn, I wish at least to embalm you with this wish that I form; and it is to labor without rest and with all my strength for the realization of my dream, the edification of your idea; it is, — contrary to paganism which denies one of the faces of human nature, to Christianity which denies the other, — it is — according to the new science which understands the individual with all its physical and moral sensations, the entire human being — it is, I say, to unite everywhere and always the cause of the proletarians to that of women, the emancipation, the liberation of the first to the emancipation, the liberation of the others; it is to push all those oppressed with the saber and the strong-box, with the toga and the aspergillum, the disinherited of our terrestrial hell, to the hatred and scorn of the exploiters; it is to employ in the service of the social revolution, at the triumph of the egalitarian idea, thoughts and words, arms and action, ink and saltpeter; it is to march, finally, to the overturning of the old society and the

promised land of liberty and harmony, the torch in one hand and the blade in the other: the light in one hand in order to spread it, and iron in the other, to guard the worker's way.

LONG LIVE THE DEMOCRATIC AND SOCIAL REPUBLIC!

Joseph Déjacque

## THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH DÉJACQUE

[*Journal des Débats*, October 23, 1851]

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### Courts and Tribunals

#### COURT OF ASSIZE OF THE SEINE.

M. d'Esparbès de Lussan, presiding.

#### *Offense involving the press. The Lazarenes.*

Mr. Joseph Déjacque, a paper hanger, thirty years of age, author of a work entitled *The Lazarenes, Social Fables and Poems* is arraigned before the jury and accused of the crimes of: 1) exciting hate and contempt for the government of the republic; 2) having sought to disturb the public peace by exciting the contempt or hatred of the citizens against one another; 3) justifying acts described as criminal by the penal law.

Mr. Beaulé, printer, is accused of aiding and abetting the same crimes by knowingly printing the work in question.

Here are the facts in the indictment:

"Mr. Déjacques, who calls himself a man of letters, paper hanger, and who had been arrested during the events of 1848 and 1849, has published in the month of August, 1851 a little brochure entitled *The Lazarenes, Social Fables and Poems*. That brochure appears to have only one thought, which is to forbid the advantages of fortune in the name of equality.

"Lazarus," he says in the epigraph, "is the poor, the suffering, the starving, the ghost, the great disinherited," but he does not limit himself to these whimpers. In the second fable, he makes the approaching advent of socialism a threat. In the fourth, he explicitly endorses the reds, and rues the bad days of June. In the eighth, following the thread of the principal idea, he says he would like to see the people, like a lion, roar the cry of deliverance; but that people, he says, are in *the chains of capital*.

"Nothing is more clear than the song entitled 'The Family of the Transported;'" it is a poem in honor of the insurgents of June. In the piece entitled *The Past, the Present, and the Future*, he declares straightaway that the present government does not care about the sufferings of the people and drives them with whip blows."

THE CHAIRMAN, to Mr. Déjacque: You are a paper hanger, and you assume the title of a man of letters.

MR. DÉJACQUE: I reject that last qualification as insulting. (Signs of astonishment in the court.)

THE CHAIRMAN: When you appeared before the examining magistrate, you took that position. You see in your deposition that you have declared yourself to be a man of letters and paper hanger. That deposition was signed by you without the least protestation.

MR. DÉJACQUE: I signed without reading what had been written.

THE CHAIRMAN: You admit to being the author of a collection of poems entitled *Les Lazaréennes*. Is this the first publication you have made?

MR. DÉJACQUE: In 1848, I published in a journal<sup>2</sup> one of the pieces from my collection, entitled "An Hour in the Tuileries."

THE CHAIRMAN: Various manuscript pieces have been found in your home; have some of these poems already been printed and published?

MR. DÉJACQUE: No, Monsieur.

THE CHAIRMAN: An unsigned letters has also been found among your papers, in which someone has written: "It is impossible for me to take on the printing of your work (*Les Lazarenes*), and I regretfully return your manuscript." Can you say who that letter came from?

MR. DÉJACQUE: I do not see the use of it.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am asking you if you want to make known the name of that printer.

MR. DÉJACQUE: Since he did not sign his letter, I suppose that he desires his name to remain unknown.

THE CHAIRMAN: So, it is after the refusal by that printer that you contacted Mr. Beaulé?

MR. DÉJACQUE: Yes, Monsieur; but I do not think that he had time to read my manuscript: he received it by way of one of my friends, a compositor in his shop.

THE CHAIRMAN: How many copies of your work have been made?

MR. DÉJACQUE : A thousand copies.

THE CHAIRMAN: You were asked for no corrections?

MR. DÉJACQUE : Just one. Mr. Maignan, an associate of Mr. Beaulé asked me to suppress one passage where he thought he saw an allusion to the President of the Republic.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was on the first of last August that the thousand copies were presented to you without being bound?

MR. DÉJACQUE : Yes, Monsieur, it was. I would have bound them and charged one of my friends with distributing them.

THE CHAIRMAN: You have said in the examination that you were about to sell all the copies, at a twenty-five percent discount, to someone that you do not wish to name. One of these copies has been found at the home of the Lucas [named in the indictment], arrested and charged in the German plot.

You admit that you have been transported, following the events of June, 1848?

MR. DÉJACQUE : Yes, Monsieur.

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<sup>2</sup> "Une heure aux Tuileries" in *La Voix des Femmes*, n°46, June 16, 1848.

THE CHAIRMAN: For how long were you transported?

MR. DÉJACQUE: For eleven months.

THE CHAIRMAN: You have since been pardoned?

MR. DÉJACQUE: Yes, I returned May 28, 1849.

THE CHAIRMAN: The following June 12, you were arrested for rebellion and conspiracy.

MR. DÉJACQUE: It was an error. I was stopped in the Rue Saint-Honoré, close to the Rue Bourdonnais, on the eve of the events of June 1849, because someone believed that I was coming to attend the sessions of the democratic committee.

THE CHAIRMAN: Did you actually go there?

MR. DÉJACQUE: No.

THE CHAIRMAN: You, Mr. Beaulé, you are the printer; the license is in your name?

MR. BEAULÉ: Yes, Monsieur.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Maignan is only your associate?

MR. BEAULÉ: Yes, Monsieur.

THE CHAIRMAN: As licensee of record, you are responsible for everything that comes from your press! Did you know that the manuscript of Déjacque had already been rejected by one printer?

MR. BEAULÉ: No, Monsieur, we were completely unaware.

THE CHAIRMAN: If you had bothered to examine this manuscript, you would have seen that there was a real danger in printing it.

MR. BEAULÉ: It was Mr. Maignan who looked over the work and asked the author to make some changes.

THE CHAIRMAN: All that was suppressed in the manuscript was one allusion to the President of the Republic. You have delivered the copies unbound; is that consistent with the normal practices of your house?

MR. BEAULÉ: Yes, Monsieur. The booksellers or authors often do the binding themselves, and sometimes they also furnish the paper.

THE CHAIRMAN: How much time passed between your receipt of the manuscript and your delivery of the thousand copies?

MR. BEAULÉ: The copies were delivered twenty-eight hours later.

THE CHAIRMAN: Have you not already appeared in court for printing other works?

MR. BEAULÉ: Yes, on the occasion of the songs published by Durand.

THE CHAIRMAN: The author of those songs was convicted?

MR. BEAULÉ: Yes, Monsieur.

THE CHAIRMAN: And you, have you been convicted?

MR. BEAULÉ: No, Monsieur.

MR. CROISSANT, attorney general, spoke for the prosecution. Mr. Déjacque, he said, is one of those hateful socialists who hold society in horror, and who have no other aim, no thought but to constantly excite the wicked passions of those

who possess nothing against those who do possess, so that their detestable doctrines may triumph. This is how one fomented the hatred of the tenants towards the proprietors and especially of the workers towards the bosses.

The execrable doctrines of the author are found on every page of his book, we might say in every line of his fables and poems. So, by acquainting you with some passages from that work, it will be easy for you to establish that they contain irrefutable evidence of the crimes that we allege.

The first charge, that of exciting the hatred and contempt of the people against one another, results from the very preamble of the work. Here is its epigraph:

Lazarus, the poor, anonymous existence,  
The sufferer who knocks at the door of opulence,  
The starveling who demands a place at the feast  
When the rich sit, haughty and selfish.  
Lazarus, the specter waving its shroud,  
The great disinherited,  
Who rises up from the depths of his bitter, cold misery  
And cries: Equality!....

Then, in the fable entitled *The Lion*, we find the following stanza:

Sometimes, too, the people, out of patience,  
Roar and cry for deliverance.  
But, political victor, social slave,  
It falls back, unnerved, far from the immense ideal  
In its den of abuse, vice and ignorance  
Under the chains of capital.....

You see, Lazarus is the poor man; the rich man is a miser, a haughty, selfish man who pushes away the hand of the poor man who implores his charity, and leaves him to die of hunger.

The equality that is preached is nothing other than the destruction of property; socialism wants who-knows-what absurd division, which would cause the poverty of all overnight.

Never has there been more concern for the condition of the poorer classes; never have more efforts been made to remedy their needs. The institutions of charity created before 1848 have been increased since. All that can presently be done has been done to come to aide of those who suffer: day-nurseries, infant schools, and primary schools have been established everywhere for the poor. Banks have been created to assist industry, and pension funds as well; you know what has been done for the pawnbrokers, and all the care that has been taken for the placement of the elderly, insane and infirm. Finally, in order that

the poor can make their legitimate complaints heard, legal aid services have been created.

The government has done all that could be done to provide occupations for the workers; significant labors are being carried out, and charitable lotteries are authorized everywhere. I have intentionally passed over the relief that private charity gives to those who suffer, but those helps are endless. Everywhere you see with what eagerness subscriptions are opened to assist those that fire has reduced to poverty, or who have been victims of a flood or some other disaster. Finally, in short, 116 million per year are dedicated to public assistance, without counting private charity, the importance of which is impossible to calculate, even approximately.

The attorney general gave one more reading from another piece entitled *The Past, the Present, and the Future*. We will content ourselves with reproducing the first stanza:

#### THE PRESENT.

Proletarian, under the whip,  
Under the spur and the bit,  
Bent all day without release,  
Produce and die for the boss.  
I want to use your misery,  
I want, with my strong knee  
To reduce you to grazing the earth,  
Look! I am the Present!

In the following pieces, entitled *The Minotaur* and *The Pirate Slaver*, the attorney general pointed to the crime of incitement to hate and contempt for the government of the republic.

The Minotaur is the image  
Of the oppressors of the nations  
Who, always consumed with the thirst for carnage,  
Always insatiable in their exactions,  
Stifle every effort of the democracy  
In the dark labyrinth of their diplomacy.  
But one day, one day soon, a stout-hearted people,  
Guided by socialism  
And rejecting this odious yoke of tyrants,  
Will trample underfoot, with a victorious tread,  
The carcass of despotism.  
More than one government in Europe and the world,  
Like the slavery on the sea,  
Sporting on its mast the horrible flag  
Of brutal force,

And putting, nightly, as an infernal level  
The fratricide sword in the hands of every felon,  
Packs in its forts, its hulks, its bastilles  
*The reds* torn from the heart of their families,  
    And, remorseless pirate,  
    Gives chase to new ideas,  
Which, sailing in its waters under full sail,  
    Run under its broadsides  
To carry their social treasures to the human race.

Finally, according to the minister public, the crime of justifying acts defined as crimes by the law ensues from the piece entitled *The Family of the Transported*. It is nothing but a long dithyramb in honor of the insurgents of June.

In closing, the attorney general asked the jury a verdict of guilty against both defendants.

MR. DÉJACQUE presented his own defense by reading from a written statement.

The jury, after a short deliberation, returned an affirmative verdict on all counts; however, extenuating circumstances were admitted on behalf of Mr. Beaulé.

Consequently, the Court has condemned Mr. Déjacque to two years' imprisonment and 2,000 francs in fines and M. Beaulé to six months in prison and a 2,000 franc fine. The Court has also declared them jointly liable for fines and fees, and set at two years for Mr. Déjacque and one year for Mr. Beaulé as the duration of the imprisonment for debt.

The destruction of all the copies seized has also been ordered.

## A GREAT WRITER FORGOTTEN: ERNEST CŒURDEROY.

*Intern at the Hôpitaux de Paris (1825-1862).*

By Dr. Michaut.

*How many admirable men, of very great genius, have died without anyone speaking of them!* Ernest Cœurderoy, noble and generous soul, writer of soaring talent, heart open to all the feeling of a higher humanity, was, without doubt, one of those admirable men spoken of by La Bruyère.

He has passed unknown, and remains forgotten. *Why?* A naïve question which can only be asked by those unfamiliar with that irrefutable law, posited by Schopenhauer: "Genius is deprived of even its most necessary rewards, for its whole life, and becomes apparent only after death;" and by Edmond de Concourt: "Genius is the talent of a dead man!"

Cœurderoy left some masterworks, but they have *all* been destroyed by a criminal hand, by a maternal impulse, but also by spiteful bourgeois hatred. Cœurderoy's books are *unobtainable*. Besides, had they escaped total destruction, they were hardly made to attract the attention of the masses.

"These French imbeciles," as Beyle and Mérimée wrote, do not willingly read books around which one has not maintained a publicity as raucous as it is unmerited. It seems fair to us to battle the idle, weary indifference of the medical elite, still sensible to the great works of art and goodness emanating from colleagues; for, do not forget, Cœurderoy was one of our own.

It seems to us that this great and free spirit, that this powerful writer merits being better appreciated, for the oblivion of yesterday, by a caprice of snobbery, can become the celebrity of which everyone will talk tomorrow.

Didn't an unknown Stendhal say: "I regard my works as lottery tickets. I will only be understood around 1880"? And his predication was found so exact, that a society of Stendhalian, as enthusiastic, as sincerely admiring as that of the Balzacians, the Moliéristes and more recently the Rabelaisians, has flourished dramatically. There could also be founded a friendly group of admirers of Cœurderoy! It would be worth it, and, we know, there are already in Switzerland, London, Vienna, *and even in Paris*, some faithful adepts.

The books of Cœurderoy are not only *lottery tickets* which are not yet *released*; they are, which is worse, lottery tickets which *have all been destroyed*. That is what justifies this too-short sketch, on a great writer of which the readers of the *Chronique médicale* could, later, appreciate all the value, by having before their eyes extracts from his work, that we would consider it an honor to reproduce, as pages escaped from the void of oblivion, more terrible, for a *littérateur*, than the nirvana of death!

For us, we would be happy if it were given to use one day to observe that the name of Cœurderoy, come from our ranks, shines like one of the most

beautiful jewels in the crown of poets, scientists, and philosophers, which dominates the figure of a symbolism a bit too bourgeois and down-to-earth that is the internship in medicine and surgery of the hospitals of Paris.

Medicine has given to poetry a glorious lyrical trilogy: MUSSET, SAINTE-BEUVE, and SCHILLER! We must add to it CŒURDEROY, a poet after the manner of Chateaubriand, Michelet and so many others, who never wrote a verse; Cœurderoy, some of whose pages, of a captivating lyricism, are beautiful enough to be placed in a French anthology of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, between those of Lamennais, whose eloquence he shares, Louis Veuillot, with whom he is comparable for violence and mordant spirit, and Vallès, his brother in admirable picturesque style and just ardor for social grievances.

We cannot ward off, in writing these lines, a feeling of self-pity! It is sacrilege to touch the memory of an unknown writer who gloried in being unsung, too disdainful of the human herd to indulge the sad vanity of having readers. Didn't he write these lines somewhere, which should defend his work against the pitiful stains of the compilers and commentators, that nibbling horde of little minds, who make their den in the work of the great thinkers: *"As for myself, I hold so tightly to the integrity of my thought, that if I should ever become famous, my greatest torment would be to be interpreted by the bibliophiles. What a rage they have to scrawl their names on the walls of the monuments! Profaners of genius, how much does Charpentier pay you for it? My God! deliver me from evil, I mean from the writers of prefaces. Glory becomes a poison when they dip their pens in the eternal coupe."*

The literary pleasures are only really pure when we try to share them—that will be our excuse.

\*

\* \*

Ernest Cœurderoy was born at Avallon (Yonne), January 22, 1825. His father (Jean-Charles) was born at Moutiers-Saint-Jean.

This Jean Cœurderoy was a remarkably gifted man, and it is certainly from this side, and not from the maternal line, that we must seek the rare qualities of our writer.

We know very little about the mother of Cœurderoy, who is responsible, before posterity, for having burned all the manuscripts, all the books that she was able to collect after the death of her son. "My father and mother have rested after giving birth to me," he wrote. "The spirit of divination of the one, the aspirations of revolt of the other are mixed in my veins. The marrow of my bones cries. I suffer everything that pen writes."

Cœurderoy's took, as his son did later, "all his classes" at the College of Sainte-Barbe. He was, during his medical studies, the student and friend of Professor JULES CLOQUET, the predecessor of Sappey in the chair of anatomy of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. By a singular chance, we find that same professor mixed up in the beginnings of the life of the great Flaubert, whose father was a friend of Cloquet.

Cœurderoy's father received the title of doctor of medicine in 1820, with a thesis on the *puerperal fever* (peritonitis), and established himself at Avallon, and then at Tonnerre, where he died.

He quite rapidly won a reputation as an excellent practitioner and skillful operator. His reputation spread throughout the region, and he made a quick fortune. He showed himself to be an ardent republican and appears to have been, at least in the beginning, as enthusiastic and fiery a partisan as his son was later of the doctrines which brought about the Revolution of 1848. He was later a commissioner of the revolutionary government.

His son (Jean-Charles-*Ernest*) entered Sainte-Barbe as a student on November 1, 1837. We have been able to obtain no information of the studies or the awards of the young Cœurderoy, despite all the friendly assistance of Mr. Pierrotet, the eminent present director of the Collège Sainte-Barbe. We have searched the archives of that establishment in vain. They contain no note from the professors on their brilliant student.

Cœurderoy passed the baccalaureate exams: like everyone, he was subject to that formality, which has happily left no decisive imprint on the intellectual evolution of original writers.

A little while later, we find Cœurderoy as a hospital intern. He had competed at the end of three years of medical studies; he was accepted, in 1845, with the number 30, in a promotion list of thirty-seven interns, among them the pioneering dermatologist Jean Guibout, the surgeon Follin, the famous alienist Blanche, the obstetrician Blot and a few others, became more or less distinguished practitioners.

Cœurderoy remained an intern for four years. The Revolution of 1848 surprised him at the Hôtel-Dieu.

Now, here is what should interest the Society of Interns, if it cares at all about its history: despite our research, we have not been able to find any trace of the life of Cœurderoy, during the four years that he dedicated to public assistance.

Despite the obliging assistance of our colleague, Mr. Maugeret, librarian of the Hôtel-Dieu, we have found no trace of Cœurderoy in the administrative archives, or rather, as is the rule, the Administration recorded the date of entry and the date of departure of that ardent young man, without further details.

Mr. Mesureur was kind enough to search the archives of his administration: vain searches! It is worth noting, if only so that future researches avoid useless efforts, and also to demonstrate how difficult it is to gather biographical details on a *hospital intern*, even after sojourn of four years in that administration.

The photographs which are customarily taken of groups of interns attached to the same hospital, did not yet exist. Thus, there remains nothing of Cœurderoy, until this moment!

"I want to die outside opinion, legislation and custom: free, as I have lived. I want an unknown sepulcher, far from muddy towns, in the coldest glacier, at the

foot of the willows, under the groves or in the waves, as I have said and written so man times!"

Alas! Our ancestor is dead as he desired. Some copies, elusive flotsam, of books dispersed to the four corners of Europe, where he lived in exile, is all that remains, to tell of the great and free spirit that France should oppose to Nietzsche, if it did not already have Proudhon, the master of Cœurderoy.

But if that eternal exile has covered his too rapid career, misunderstood by his own, scorned by those close to him, hated by his fellow citizens and disowned, a rare fate, even by his mother, he ill not perish entirely, thanks to the *Chronique médicale*; that also to Mr. Paul Berner, of the Chaux-de-Fonds; to Mr. Lucien Descaves, the sympathetic novelist and dramatic author, friend of the *Chronique*; to Professor Reverdin (of Geneva); to Mr. Prunier (of Tonnerre), to Mr. Pierrotet (director of Sainte-Barbe), and to our colleague Maugeret, to whom I wish to publicly express my thanks; for their research and the cordial cooperation they have given me in my own investigations.

It was in 1848 that Cœurderoy left the medical profession, never to return. Then began for him a life of exile, suffering, and continuous cerebral stimulation, which led to that superb efflorescence of four works, of a brilliant and incomparable originality.

We seek, in vain, to reconstruct his solitary life as an exiled revolutionary and independent artist. The most complete treatises on literature are mute, and the most compact biographical dictionaries hardly mention, in passing, the titles of his principle works, the date of his birth, and that of his death.<sup>3</sup>

No critic, no compiler has deigned to gather the documents which would be so useful later that righter of wrongs who will attempt to raise a monument of modest memory to the great and sincere republican, and to the literary artist who was an escapee from medicine.

"No life, however, merits more than his on to be displayed at length (could we repeat, by applying to him what Flaubert said of Bouilhet, that other escapee from medicine). It was noble and active. *Though poor, he knew how to remain free.* He was hardy as a blacksmith, sweet as a child, spiritual without paradox, great without pretention; and those who have known him would feel that I should say more of him."

But where are those who knew him!

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<sup>3</sup> Let us cite, however, the mention of Cœurderoy made by F. J. SCHNEPP, *Mes aventures politiques en Suisse; Les Réfugiés français et le gouvernement de Genève*, Paris, 1851, Ledoyen, éditeur, galeries d'Orléans. 31 (pamphlet).

Half a column is dedicated to Cœurderoy in the large Dictionnaire Larousse (*first edition*).

Cf. also on Cœurderoy: *Romans de l'Exil*, de O. •. Hugo. — *Histoire du parti républicain en France, de 1814 à 1870*, by Prof. G. Wkili.

See also: *La Chronique médicale*, volume IX, p. 272, and volume X. pp. 299 and 415.

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE



MINISTRE DE L'INTERIEUR

*Ernest  
Cœurderoy  
délégué à ce Canton*

ARRONDISSEMENT DE L'ÉTAT CIVIL DE LA COMMUNE DE *Chauvigney*

# EXTRAIT DU REGISTRE DES DÉCÈS

(EXTRAIT MORTUAIRE)

N<sup>o</sup> 162 de 1911



Le sieur, *Ernest Cœurderoy* *avec son épouse*  
d'âge *50 ans* *de nationalité française*  
d'origine *française* *de profession*  
d'habitation *à Chauvigney* *chez son père*  
et de *son* *nom*  
est décédé le *10* *juin* *1911*  
à *Chauvigney* *chez son père*  
à l'âge de *50 ans* *de nationalité française*  
et de *son* *nom*

*Ernest Cœurderoy*  
LE DIRECTEUR



*Officier de l'Etat Civil*  
*Ernest Cœurderoy*

ACTE DE DÉCÈS DE CŒURDEROY

TO THE SOCIALIST DEMOCRATS  
OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE.

Some men and women whose devotion to the Republic has cast them into exile, some comrades in belief and in misfortune, lack everything, and we are sad that we cannot do anything to alleviate their sufferings. So far, the cantonal allowances, and some individual assistance have been enough to make their position tolerable; today, our feeble resources are exhausted. The refugees provided for by the State are barracked and subjected to a regime which treats them like prisoners of war. The little food they are given is detestable; no one gives them a drop of wine, and nothing of any sort is provided for their care; they also lack linens and the necessary articles of clothing. This sad situation will be aggravated more if, as everyone is led to believe, the proscribeds are soon obliged to undertake long and costly voyages to seek refuge elsewhere. It is thus urgent to gather as soon as possible some resources in order to deal with so many needs. That is why, after being constituted as an interim emergency committee, we come Citizens, to make an appeal to your patriotism. You see, it is only in the last extremity that we make this decision, for we know what heavy responsibilities weigh on the laborer in these times of iniquity, and it couldn't be more painful for us to increase them further by taking a toll on their bare necessities.

But we also know that the people possess some troves of love and that their devotion brings forth miracles. We know that our appeal will be heard because it is addressed to those for whom Fraternity is not a vain word; to those who have little money and lots of heart; to that people, who without bread, barefoot, in tatters, knew how in March 1848, to find some offerings for the fledgling Republic; to all the disinherited finally, whose numbers make their strength and who by their assembled efforts can compensate for the shortage of individual means.

Little brooks form great rivers: thus, the penny a week of the proletarians can produce a mass more than sufficient to shelter their exiled fellows from need.

We wait, full of confidence and hope!

Lausanne, February 18, 1850.

Fraternal greetings,

Rolland, Felix Pyat, Boichot, L. Avril, Eug. Raspail, Tannot, R. Hopp, Ernest Cœurderoy.

P. S. — Adresse replies to MM. LACROIX & SIMON, Campagne JOURDIL, descente d'OUCHY, (LAUSANNE).

Paris. Imp. BOISSEAU & Co., pass. du Caire, 128-434.

## THE BARRIER OF THE COMBAT,

or the last great assault which has just been engaged between the citizens  
Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Étienne Cabet, Pierre Leroux, Martin  
Nadaud, Malarmet, A. Bianchi (de Lille) and other Hercules of the north.

Ernest Cœurderoy and Octave Vauthier

Bruxelles, 1852

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This was written long ago. The slight impact made by the manifestos of  
Mazzini, Ledru, L. Blanc and their companions had at first discouraged us from  
publishing it.

After the meeting of the outcasts of the Seine, who had taken refuge in  
London, which took place on June 13, we could no longer hush up what we  
believed it useful to say.

We have changed nothing of what you are going to read; we have added this  
epigraph pulled from the *Saltimbanques*: IT MUST BEEEEEE!!!

London, June 1852.

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THE BARRIER

OF THE COMBAT.

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ANAKH.

Il le faaallait!!!!

(*Les Saltimbanques.*)

“Beware of false prophets, who come  
to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are  
ravening wolves. You shall know them by  
their fruits. Do men gather grapes from  
thorns, or figs from les brambles?”

(*Gospel of Matthew.*)

When the REVOLUTION is ready to emerge from the womb of humanity, the two opposing terms of the social problem emerge, facing one another, and the an-anarchy that seethes in the bowels of the people should lead the madness for power in the cracked brains of those who claim to lead them.

The struggle is thus engaged, hand to hand, inexorable, for it can only end with the destruction of one of the two forces

That is where we are.

A breathless France must have, at the present hour, either the empire to take it in hand or the liberty to emancipate it.

Every neutral system has become unbearable to it.

It is bored with the eunuchs who, for sixty years, made it turn in the tight circle of their constitutional reforms.

In the end, either the people must reign unconditionally, or they must abdicate.

Coco Romieu was seized by a luminous inspiration when he predicted to the surprised politicians the coming of the Caesars.

Well, here they are! They all cry: "The European democracy has no need of a Caesar."

And yet, if they agitate, if they compete so much, it is because each of them hopes to raise himself to supreme power over his downcast adversaries.

It is only that at base.

It is very truly a question of humanity, of its destiny, of the reign of justice on earth; and it is a question of pointing out on the horizon of the world the black point whether the storm gathers, from which will come the lightning, shattering everything, scattering everything, in order to make harmony flow from this chaos of debris.

They do not see so far, these rhetoricians of the late empire engaged in vain discussions for supremacy over the sound of the crackling of a crumbling world.

Take you time, your eminences; what's your hurry? THE REVOLUTION ground you to powder, presumptuous Phaetons, the day you tried your hand at driving it.

You are dead and well dead. ....

*Dance, fools, dance!* . . . . .

Step right up, you showy bourgeois, overworked *re-vo-lu-tion-aries*<sup>4</sup>, socialist martyrs, exhausted *Romans* of the old republican theater, you who love to listen to the toothless lions and masturbated tigers snarl; you who take pleasure in seeing the rabbits beat the drums, the clever hares shoot pistols, and china dogs fence with wooden swords.

Step right up, tenderhearted ladies; there will be no dead, no wounded; blood will not flow; it is nothing but a BLACKGUARDING.

<sup>4</sup> To be sung to the tune of "les Lampions."

That's the spectacle that begins!!!

Enter, enter, follow the crowd, you'll only pay at the exit, and if you are *satisfied*.

There's something for all tastes:

Do you want action? Here's the *actionnaire*.<sup>5</sup> — Devoured by ambition, dried-up, sallow and feverish, — forehead creased with anxiety, the eye bright with a dark fire, — the attitude ascetic, — the hand contorted on its pen or on the handle of a stylus: it is Mazzini the monk; MAN, POPE AND GOD; ITALY, EUROPE, HUMANITY.

Do you want government? Help yourself! — Tiny body, vast ability, — subtle mind, narrow view, — abundance of style, absence of general observations, — leader of the lead workers, Napoleon of labor, — shocking denial of the physical and intellectual equality dreamed of by his accomplice Cabet, at once governor and servant, — communist and proprietor, — fraternal and selfish, — Montagnard and socialist, — revolutionary and doctrinaire, — vain and intelligent, — pitiful heroes of March 17, April 16, May 15 and June 23, — at once the Thiers and the Guizot of the party: that is Louis Blanc.

Do you want humanity? Here is the man. — It is brother Pierre and his brother Jules Leroux, inviting us all to be brothers, and circulating with his triad.

Would you go to Icaria? Let's go. — Presumptuous zero — spoil-sauce writer — political porter — reformer-grocer, bending under a brutal level the intelligence, the heart/feelings, and the figure of all men; weighing, in its inflexible balance, the ration of *his faithful children* — prison warden driving with his stick his colony of convicts — inscrutable oracle — veiled Vestal before which the flock of Icarus kneel: — There is M<sup>o</sup>ssieu Étienne Cabet.

Go on, old rebut, return to your shop; sell in peace your tasteless foodstuffs, and roll some cones equal to the *Républicain Social* "written by the people" and you.

Do you like DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM? They put it in everything. — In fact, a little grain of DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM can't hurt anything; if it does no good, it can do no harm, — just like the national guard of Louis-Philippe. — What is the man, a little bit concerned with the future of his country, who has not dreamed of DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM? The need for it has made itself generally felt; it was in the most profound aspirations of the thinkers. No doubt you will ask us what is DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM? What is its formula? Its reason for being? Its means? Its aim? Dame! Those are not our concern; stop by the office of the

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<sup>5</sup> *Actionnaire* = stockholder.

editor-in-chief. For us, seekers of truth, the name of DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM is enough for our happiness. It is unknown, that is true; it is only a fetus, we are forced to admit it; it still has no form, nor color, nor physical properties; it is even insipid, we agree; perhaps it will not live? Who knows! But, in the end, it exists, and we are convinced that that from this day on there will not be a *pas montagnard* or socialist manifesto will be made which does not have its little nuance of DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM.

DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM, we tell you, will come eventually. And to get well started and prevent all counterfeiting, it is good that the public be warned that DEPARTMENTAL SOCIALISM has been created and brought into the world by the citizen A. Bianchi,<sup>6</sup> of Lille (Nord).

Now that you know the personages, we will tear off the masks! "There should be no secrets or reservations from peoples and powers. He disgraces himself and fails in respect for his fellows, who, in publishing his opinions, employs evasion and cunning."<sup>7</sup>

You do not want to deliver, future dictators; well! we will lay you out on the dissection table and carry out the *Cesarean* operation.

By summoning you one after the other at the bar of your highest tribunals you have carelessly delivered your cases to us.

Here is what the REVOLUTION finds there:

In yours, Mr. Mazzini:

1° That you have established yourself as an authority, against French socialism, — which fits, moreover, your habits, — public prosecutor of we know not what bastard Republic, unlike anything ever seen except in Rome while you were all-powerful;

2° That your accusations are so badly coordinated that they are destroyed by one another;

3° That with an entirely southern luxury of empty synonyms you have accused socialism of Revelation, Materialism, Skepticism, Cosmopolitanism and Egoism.

— Of Revelation! Because it "has claimed to produce, at a fixed hour, from isolated minds, an organization which could be produced only by the cooperation of all human faculties."

— Of Materialism! Because it "has repeated with Bentham and Volney that *life is the search for happiness*."

— Of Skepticism! "because it has dried up the sources of faith in the heart of the worker."

— Of *vague* Cosmopolitanism! "because it has weakened, destroyed the national sentiment."

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<sup>6</sup> This is not a typographical error.

<sup>7</sup> From Proudhon's Second Memoir on Property.

— And finally, of Egoism! because, “with Proudhon, it has denied all government.”

Therefore, pronouncing through us, who only record its ruling, the REVOLUTION condemns you:

Whereas the *Humanitary Revelation* is made, as socialism affirms, by a succession of individual revelations.

IF GOD IS GOD, humanity cannot be his prophet, as you yourself affirm. So follow the evolution of your own thought, and you will learn that before an idea appears complete in the mind, each special faculty of the intelligence reveals as aspect of it, that it is only after these individual operations that the synthesis is accomplished.

Open the history of philosophy and you will read there on every page that the revelators that you speak out against have played, with regard to societies, the same role that each part of your brain plays with regard to the whole.

One does not deny so rudely themselves, and history, and the life which beats in the arteries, and the ashes of the revelators sown along the path of time!.....

The REVOLUTION condemns you:

Whereas, in order that a man can live by love and intelligence, it is necessary for him not to be killed first by hunger.

Observe more, and, if you want to make an experiment which will depart from your habits, you will know that when the stomach has suffered a long time the brain is nearly empty and the heart is full of hate.

One does not so comfortably deny the raft of the Medusa!...

The REVOLUTION condemns you:

Whereas without skepticism, there is no affirmation.

Humanity, every time that it works on an idea, begins by examining everything anew and by doubting everything; thus it repudiates the past and rises only on its rubble to an affirmation in closer relation to the needs of the times.

Consider then: do you have your ideas of eight years ago?... If you have preserved them, we pity you. The man who has repudiated nothing, has never affirmed anything: he is a cretin.

One does not deny so positively Socrates, Jesus, Jan Hus and the Revolution of '93!!!

The REVOLUTION condemns you:

Whereas the *vague cosmopolitism* of which you speak, it is the solidarity between men.

A principle either is or is not. When it is admitted, it must be *exaggerated* to the limits. We must, when we accept liberty, apply it only to the individual, and

when we accept solidarity, to only apply it to humanity. An individual cannot, by their puny individuality, compromise the humanitarian order; a family, a nation may take a very great influence to put it in peril.

Read again: on what does your act of accusation turn if it is not on the too-great influence that, for sixty years, France has exerted on the destinies of humanity.

One does not deny so clumsily, when one is made public prosecutor, the basis on which the accusation rests!!!!

The REVOLUTION condemns you:

Whereas individualism, or selfishness, if you prefer, is the natural motive of men.

If individuals can make society as they wish, society cannot remake individuals. It is thus from the individual that we must begin to organize society, from liberty in order to determine solidarity, from right in order to make order reign. In a similar social body, individuals asserting themselves and making themselves respected, duty no longer has a reason to be: it is a word to erase from the human vocabulary.

Listen: "WE HAVE A THIRST FOR AUTHORITY — THE PEOPLE MUST HAVE CONFIDENCE IN SOME AUTHORITY — WE ALL SEEK AUTHORITY."

In the end, isn't it you who comes again to dictate their DUTIES TO DEMOCRACY?

One does not deny so brazenly the despotism of the Bonapartes and the ambition of the Mazzinis!!!!

Let us take up the dossiers again.

Your turn, Louis Blanc, Pierre Leroux, Étienne Cabet and consorts. At first inspection the REVOLUTION condemns you:

Because, speaking in the name of France, you have expressed yourself like the Chauvins that you are.

Because, speaking in the name of socialism, you have expressed yourself like the communists and proprietarians that you still are.

We want to read you the reasons for judgment.

For you, there is only one people: the French people.

Only one politics: — the politics of France.

Only one history: — the history of France.

Only one revolutionary tradition: — the revolutionary tradition of France.

Only one glory: — the glory of France.

Only one art, one science, one literature: — the art, science and literature of France.

Only one country on the globe, only one name in the annals of the world: — the French country and the French name.

Yes, you are chauvinists, Frrrenchmen, and you must be from Pontoise, from Pézénas, from Brives-la-Gaillarde, unless you are by chance from Quimper-Corentin.

Thus, the other dogs do not have their reason to be, their history, their action, their genius! Thus they are mute instruments in the social concert!

The man who believes himself stronger than his fellows, soon despises them, puts his foot on their throat and creates a vacuum around him: this is Tiberius, Nero, Louis XI, Loyola or Robespierre.

Just so the nation foolish enough to diminish the others in its own thought, would inevitably become the Attila of the universe. Marching everywhere its armies eager for carnage, its instruments of destruction, its blazing torches, it would raze monuments, burn masterpieces and archives, and would sit enthroned, overwhelmed and without point of reference, on the abyss.

Is that the role you dream of for France? Do you want its name to be loathed and cursed, with good cause, by all peoples? Too often, alas! it was driven down that unhappy path:

— By Louis XIV! with whom it ravaged Europe in order to beg some strips of ground and import some Bourbons in Spain.

— By the republic! with which, under pretext of defending itself against allied Europe and of freeing the peoples, it imposed liberty like tyrants impose le despotism, carving up, organizing, and regulating, without taking account of places or customs, sowing along its devastating route some Republics made in its image, and giving its generals these inflexible orders: "Sign no treat until after the consolidation of the sovereignty and independence of the people in the territory which the troops of the Republic will enter, after they have adopted the principles of Equality and established a free, popular government."

And there are people of boast of this!!!

— By Napoleon!

"..... through Earth that name explore!  
That name! 'tis mark'd in characters of gore,  
From Tanais' borders unto Kedar's height,  
On bronze and marble, on the valiant breast,  
And on the hearts of bands of slaves oppress'd  
Under his car, in fright!"<sup>8</sup>

And also the name of France.

"The initiative of France! They are blind who do not see it. It is written in lines of flame, in letters of blood on the surface of the globe, from the Pyramids to the Kremlin....."

But we stop ourselves... These lines of flame and these letters of blood disgust us.

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<sup>8</sup> From "Bonaparte," by Alphonse de Lamartine. Translation by Rev. William Pulling, 1849.

— By the Restoration! which, after having dragged her through Spain, let itself be dragged by her under the ramparts of Algiers.

— By Louis-Philippe, the merchant! under whom it made the ridiculous expeditions of Antwerp and Ancona, while she attended, motionless, execution of Poland; under whom it persisted in that impious conquest of Africa, disgrace of the 19th century, which is only equaled by the poisoning of China and the organized pillage of the two Indias.

— By the provisional government! with which it disowned liberty everywhere.

— By Bonaparte! who led it to Rome to raise up the Holy Father, by the force of bayonets.

We do not see its mission like you do. There is in France an opposing minority which has a genius for expansion, an immense need for sociability and love, which will inevitably lead the nation to lose itself in the bosom of humanity.

Look everywhere: this is not the France that one admires; reduced, despised even for all the crimes that we have just enumerated. It is its manners, its ideas, its creations of luxury and art which penetrates and is assimilated in all parts of the world; it is its language which is spoken in Saint Petersburg as in Rome and which Mr. Mazzini himself adopts. All that is propagated by a few individual efforts and talents.

Admit then that the body of the nation dissolves; its spirit alone glides. It is the river which loses itself in the immensity of the sea.

Within a century, there will no longer be a French nation; humanity will grow from its ashes

But please, do not establish a cause-and-effect relationship that does not exist; do not confuse the little group of French *humanitaires* with the chauvinist, boastful nation of France, which is in love with itself and is above all Gascon.

Say that this imperceptible minority has always fought for the solidarity of peoples; say that Lafayette, Carrel, Laviron, Barbès, Raspail, to name no others, were the soldiers of that principle; say that the aborted manifestations of May 15 and June 13 have been enterprises to sustain that idea, and you will be in the right

But do not say that it is the nation. The nation! Do you know where it has always been? It was with the conquering armies of the Republic; with it Convention, which refused aid to exhausted Poland, under the pretext that Kościuszko was born a gentleman; it was at Saint-Domingue, in Italy, at Zaragoza; it raised some columns and triumphal arcs to *its great emperor*; it was in Spain, with the Duke of Angoulême; in Africa, with Bourmont, Bugeaud, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière and Pelissier; it fired some cannon shots and pyrotechnics in honor of the taking of Antwerp; it demanded with loud cries the boundaries of the Rhine; it allowed Poland to be sacrificed; it entered Rome with *the Duke of St. Pancras*.

The nation! It approved the poetic manifesto of Lamartine, and the flat refusal that its powerless representation sent, on May 18, to the aroused peoples by voting: "the liberation of Poland, the independence of Italy and the fraternal pact with Germany." It was always solidary in words, oppressive in actions.

You plead extenuating circumstances. — A pitiful defense! — A nation, you say, is not responsible for the acts of its government. What!... a nation which lets itself be made policeman, jailer or executioner of the others, isn't it an accomplice of those that lead it? who then pays for all that?

Let President Bonaparte declare war against England tomorrow, and the whole nation would race to the shores of the Channel, as it rushed to Palestine in the time of the crusades.

And you, Gentlemen, protected by English hospitality, what would you do?... Our ears are full of your screams each day, and we blush to say it . . . . .

If you were content to be Chauvins...; but you have done more: you have been communists and proprietarians.

You have denied everything that makes the glory, the strength and the right to live of socialism. You still bow before all the principles on which the old society revolves; you have the pretention to demolish and reconstruct, and you work at most after the fashion of those workers of the national workshops, who move a wheelbarrow of earth.

Taking up again the pronouncement of its justice,

The REVOLUTION condemns you:

Because, repudiating the government of M. Bonaparte, — you affirm that of Louis Blanc;

Repudiating the religions recognized by the State, — you affirm that of Pierre-Jules Leroux;

Repudiating the social organization of civilization, — you affirm that of Étienne Cabet;

Because, denying each individually, you affirm all together;

Because you always require property, the family, religion and morals; virtue, duty, devotion, sacrifice and martyrdom; interest on money, the code, the justice system, the army, customs and the police; the taxman, the policeman, the jailer, the snitch and the executioner.

You cannot be at once for God and for Mammon, for France and humanity, for the republic and the revolution, for politics and truth;

Because you do not dare to stand up to the selfish, bourgeois society of the 19th century, and say to it:

Your property! it is theft; it breeds theft — to destroy.

Your marriage! it is prostitution; it perpetuates prostitution — to destroy.

Your family! it is tyranny; it motivates tyranny — to destroy.

Your morality! it is mayhem; it reproduces mayhem — to destroy.

Your duty! it is suffering; it reflects suffering — to destroy.

Your religion! it is atheism; it gives rise to atheism — to destroy.

Your justice! it is injustice; it justifies injustice — to destroy.

Your order! it is disorder; it recreates disorder — to destroy.

Accursed society! Mechanism of iniquity! What efforts fraud and force have stored up to construct it! What efforts will be necessary to break the clockwork! What torment to live in your hell, when one glimpses our heaven!!

One word more. With Mr. Mazzini, there is only the scandal of your past friendship which could equal the scandal of your present rupture. What! You, brevet socialists, who would separate yourself dramatically from the Jacobin Ledru, you would throw yourself into the arms of the triumvirate of Rome, which always prides itself with repulsing socialism!

While the reputation of Mazzini grew in Europe, and you supposed his ambition limited to Italy, it seemed to you good policy to get close to him. On the contrary, the entirely French competition of Mr. Ledru-Rollin offended you.

Professional jealousy!

Now that the dictator of the Vatican openly poses his candidacy for the European papacy, now that the principle of individual liberty has invaded all, and that the governments go, you abandon your old friend to his misfortune and you give yourselves the trinitary embrace.

Hypocrisy of ambition!

May this ceremony succeed for you, MM. L. Blanc, Cabet and Pierre Leroux!!! As for us, we do not like to see men give each other the Lamourette-kiss.

While there is still time, stifle this project of the *socialist union* which you hold so much to heart and that you will never execute. That would be the point of departure for a new schism louder than all the others.

How would you get along?

Mr. Étienne Cabet maintains that needs are equal; Mr. L. Blanc, that they are proportional; — Mr. Pierre-Jules Leroux calls for freedom of instruction and religion; L. Blanc and Étienne Cabet, a religion and education of the State. — Mr. Étienne Cabet understands between men and women only an indissoluble union; L. Blanc and Pierre Leroux want to facilitate amorous liberty by divorce. — Mr. L. Blanc affirms that he must be crazy to attack property; Mr. Leroux is crazy enough to find it unjust.<sup>9</sup> — Mr. Étienne Cabet sings to us the methodical relaxations of Icaria; Mr. L. Blanc, the regulatory advantages of the social workshops; and Mr. Pierre-Jules Leroux, the charm of individual liberty.

And so on... That's a new method for creating perfect agreements.

Let one analyze, let one turn, and turn again, let one dissect and let one squeeze the essence from your whole political jumble; let one go to the depths of all that you have said; let one makes the Mulots, father and son, descend into

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<sup>9</sup> As *aubaine* not resulting from the product of labor.

your most intimate thoughts, and we challenge them to bring back anything but that *credo* that you would like to impose on us:

"I believe in Étienne Cabet, the All-Powerful Father, who has not built Icaria in seven days; in Louis Blanc, his only son, your *servant*, who was conceived by Pierre-Jules Leroux, born of George Sand, always Virgin, has suffered under Cavaignac, has been condemned, is dead, but is not exactly buried; is descended into England, to regain there his senses and after three years to rebuild an Olympus where he is seated at the right hand of Étienne Cabet, the All-Powerful Father, from which he will return to France to oppress, in egalitarian fashion, the anarchists and reactionaries.

"I believe in Pierre and in Jules Leroux, in the holy community, in the *socialist union*, in the reconstruction of the social workshops, in the resurrection of Nauvoo, in the eternal circulation in humanity. Amen."

And then?...

In truth, citizen-Caesars, you are greater despots than the Caesars ever were. You respect nothing:

Not the excellent intentions of your friend Pyat, who is not a Caesar and who, good Frenchman that he is, strives, alas! to make you all agree;

Not the good republic public which, by political profession, is forced to read you;

Not these admirable Belgian presses which, by social profession, are forced to print you;

Not the despair of that peaceful Mr. Potvin who, by his profession as a Belgian and a journalist, if forced to lament your dissensions, and, that at this rate, you will soon finish off.

And all that to teach us, what?

That MM. Blanc, Cabet, Leroux and consorts, and French and humanitarians — proprietors and communists — anarchists and dictators — monopolists and equals — atheists and deists — re-volu-tion-a-ries and socialists — diplomats philosophers — revelators and governors, etc., etc.

We have long since know it.

That M. Mazzini is Italian, and European-aristocratic, and a demagogue — papist and anti-papist — conventional and constitutional — anarchist and monarchist — that he did not act in Savoy — that he did not act in Milan — that he did not act in Rome — that he will never act — that he commands no one — that he directs nothing — that he does not have a thread of conspiracy in his hands — that all of his tactics consists of enveloping himself in mystery, in transporting himself incognito from one point in Europe to another, — to assuming all the disguises — to run ragged all the postmen of Europe — finally, to make everyone, including himself, believe that he conspires.

Who then was unaware of that?...

That M. Ledru-Rollin, the most handsome of the Caesars, would rather be hung than not take part in this assault where all the contemporary democratic examples brawl; that he has arrived, as usual, in good health, full of good will,

sweating, panting, out of breath, commanding attention with his majestic bearing, imposing silence with his voice of thunder, and letting fall from beneath his moustache these sacramental words: "Our fathers of the Convention were famous hearties! Love, reread, glorify, worship and deify our fathers of the Convention! It is they who discovered that sublime thought: "EVERYONE UNITE TO SAVE THE REPUBLIC. Brothers!!! These words, which hold at once an expiation and a hope, remain constantly present to our minds; that they are the invocation of the morning, the inspiration of the day, the meditation of the evening; that each mouth repeats them; that every democrat conforms his acts to them..."

"My dear Pierre Leroux! Why do you mess up your hair like that? Do you want to scare your grandchildren? Remember that you are *man-humanity*, and that you are fragile as glass; take care against breaking!

"Excellent Louis Blanc! Do not fidget so. Be careful with your feeble *organization*; we have seen many others when we were in that hell of the provisional government, in company with Marrast who posed, with Arago who opposed, with Garnier-Pagès who imposed and with Lamartine who imposed them; it would truly require ill will on our part not to agree here.

"Virtuous Étienne Cabet! unflattered counterfeit of the wise Nestor, you who have said that we are all equals and brothers, do not kindle the fire, and do not seek to make your superiority noted; that would be to deny your own system and make, moreover, a useless effort. In consideration of your past services, we will return you prepaid to your well-loved colony of Nauvoo.

"Sadly, the unruly democracy of Prairial did not listen to our father of the Convention any more than you will listen to me today, I fear. *Ah! How agreeable love is!* What scourge but war! How much more sweet would tranquility be to my distressed heart! How advantageous it would be for the Republic for us to unite all our strengths, all our aspirations, all our thoughts, all our loves, all our hearts, all our lungs and all our vocal cords pour to send some thanksgivings our fathers of the Convention, who are very certainly in heaven!...

"Once more! What a beautiful thing is harmony! If ever I return to the ministry of the interior, I swear that instead of making some anarchic bulletins, I will satisfy by elevating at the Concorde a temple decorated with statues of our fathers of the Convention.

"Once more! EVERYONE UNITE TO SAVE THE REPUBLIC!!! Close your ranks, and support one another! Union makes strength! Union or death!!! Embrace, and have done with it!"

Well! Re-volutionaries invited to that ridiculous comedy... here it is finished. Are you satisfied? Isn't it edifying, this *steeple-chase* to dictatorship? And aren't these would-be Caesars tired enough to deserve your bravos?

Furious sheep who range in great flocks under the rod of your masters and their herding dogs, are you corrected? Do you still feel disposed to utter to your leaders, who beg for it, this routine tribute of your worship:

St. Auguste Caesar Ledru! Unite us! Revolutionize us!  
St. Joseph Caesar Mazzini! Activate us! Direct us!  
St. Louis Caesar Blanc! Enregiment us! Serve us!  
St. Étienne Caesar Cabet! Level us! Transport us!  
St. Pierre Jules Caesar Leroux! Love us! Humanize us!  
St. Auguste Caesar Blanchi! Departmentalize us! Socialize us!  
St. Martin Caesar Nadaud! Sustain us! Support us!  
St. Placide Caesar Malarmé! Arm us! Alarm us!

Variant that we sang in the past *to the same tune*:

St. Caesar de Robespierre! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Saint-Just! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Danton! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Fouquier Tinville! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Cromwell! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Luther! Pray for us!  
St. Caesar Loyola! Pray for us!

Just as we still sing:

Sancta Maria! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancta Cunegunda! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancte Troas! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancte Unibald! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancte Hilarion! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancte Bonaventure! Ora pro nobis!  
Sancte Dagobert! Ora pro nobis!

And so on until Saint Sylvester.

For us, who do not believe that the democratic faith is more pure because one is an agitator by profession, peddler of political canards, public house orator and blackener of pipes; because one affects grubby clothes, hair in disorder, a dirty shirt, a bushy face and fingernails in mourning, we separate ourselves from the school which studies nothing, which probes nothing deeply, which understands only slogans and which kneels before fetishes.

Everything that time brings passes with time. Your Caesars came to political life with the bastard opposition of the Restoration and Louis-Philippe. At that time, one still believed that, as authority does evil, it could also do good. It is from the liberal societies that they borrowed their doctrinaire argot; it is there that they became accustomed to approach the question backwards, to think of these societies as a single piece, in which the individual counted for nothing; that's why they imagine that force can implant an idea.

We see too clearly the tendency of your Caesars to constitute, on the people and apart from them, the authority of their persons, to bemoan, as you do, their divisions; we rejoice in them, on the contrary, for we know that *their divided power will perish*.

Don't you want to see it? Since 48, an immense revolution has been made in minds. We know it: as revelator, man never goes too far; as governor, he can only realize, the day after a victory, the ideas spread by propaganda. As idea, the revelator forces the hand of the societies; as action, the societies force the hand of the governors.

For us, that fate has made son of the French bourgeoisie, — that our free and rational choice has made children of humanity;

For us, that the chance of the times, and the place in which we live, made republicans, — that examination and study made revolutionaries, we say to you:

The time of litanies has passed. Look, instead, you who are on stage, you do not receive one bravo; you are reduced to paying for some applause; the public is bored with your acrobatics; with your *European Democratic Committee*; with your *New World*; with your unions, with your disunions, with your discussions and your reconciliations; with your proclamations, commissions, centralizations, discourses and exhibitions; the very organization of your squadrons of *respectful* STARLINGS would be able to move it.

Every REVOLUTION must succeed by good or by evil. It could happen by good, but you have not wanted it; so let it clear its way by evil.

Humanity is of two minds. It is awaiting a REVOLUTION more profound than that which Christianity brought about. Civilization cracks and crumbles: step aside, if you do not want to be crushed under its rubble!!

The REVOLUTION which harries us! It will have the world for its theater; for actors, the peoples; for means, a cataclysm; for result, and always, a unitary despotism at first, and then equality everywhere. What does all that have to do with your puny personalities?

In man, as in society, there are no partial growths. An avant-garde does not constitute an army. France is not Europe; the other nations must rejoin it. assuming that she could make the REVOLUTION at home today, she could not live in the midst of a hostile Europe, resistant to its ideas.

In chemistry, it is by the intervention of a powerful reagent that the body in dissolution precipitates in a new form; it could not be otherwise in the social crucible.

The elements of civilization are dissociated; an immense, new force must intervene to produce the order that we await.

Socialism has arisen in the heart of the civilized nations. Christianity was born in a stable in the pagan world.

In the pagan society that persecuted it, Christianity would never have grown. It was necessary that the Roman world was overwhelmed by the invasion of the Barbarians. In the civilized society which is hostile to it,

socialism will perish, and it can not perish . . . . .

So it is up to learned France to propagate the ideas of the Revolution, an uncultivated nation is required to realize them.

Which is the better of these two missions? . . . . .

One says: "From the north to the south of Europe, there is no other great people constituted than the French people." One counts for nothing that half of Europe inhabited by the disinherited, who will one day be called the firstborn of socialism, and that are still enslaved, at this hour, by a handful of Boyards!.....

Certainly, there will still be riots in Europe. — Who contests their usefulness?... We will labor there like the others. But no REVOLUTION can be made from now on without the intersection of peoples, forces and ideas.

Since it is necessary... let them come, the hordes of the North! Let them pour into Europe galloping on their steeds, lances in hand, shaking with savage hurrahs the glaciers of the Alps, the old chateaus of the Rhine, the echoes of Versailles and the city of the seven hills.

Let them descend, the Barbarians! Let them transfuse their young blood in the veins of our decrepit societies, constitutionally, organically bourgeois.

Let them come, and let them be blessed! Are they not our brothers?...

We, sons of France, republicans-democrats-socialists, look forward to the arrival of the Cossacks, for we understand the REVOLUTION.

Those who deny the sun, are also free to deny that power whose weight overburdens us; — they are free to deny the sun, in order not to see the clouds, the lightning, and the immense resources of the coming invasion; — it is easy for them to doom us to the hatred of the patriotic divinities and to rain maledictions and anathema on our heads; — we prefer to coldly consider the future. The avalanche will doubtless carry us along with all those who seek to halt its advance... At least we will have sensed its impact...

As for you, who have neither instinct nor courage, drown in the civilized morass, which you will not drain. Continue, if it seems good to you, your culinary exercises, with the help of Mr. Mazzini, who will break the monotony of your labors by speaking with you about "great thought".....

You have thought of yourself as masons, you have all only been BUNGLERS  
. . . . .

The limited scope of this publication does not allow us to give our ideas the development they call for. We will do this later.

## LETTER ON THE AMNESTY

CŒURDEROY, AUGUST 28, 1859

Dear Editor,

Would you do me the service of inserting the following lines, which a very grave sickness of my father, now happily on the way to recovery, has not allowed me to publish sooner.

"I declare that I have never accepted the amnesty that affects me. The motives for my resolution of the sort that every man with a heart will understand, and that it would be too long to outline in a journal. I reserve, moreover, the option of making them known when the time seems more opportune to me, and in the form that I judge best.

"Accept, Mr. Editor, the assurance of my sincere consideration.

"August 28, 1859. ERNEST CŒURDEROY."

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