

# EMMANUEL BARTHÉLEMY

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*Proletarian Fighter,  
Blanquist Conspirator,  
Survivor of the Gallies,  
Veteran of the Uprisings of 1848,  
Fugitive, Duelist, Ruffian,*

&

Very Nearly  
*ASSASSIN of KARL MARX*

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WITH SELECTIONS FROM VICTOR HUGO &  
CONTEMPORARY JOURNALISTS

AND FEATURING BARTHÉLEMY'S REPORT FROM  
THE JUNE 1848 UPRISING

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a pamphlet presented by the conspirators at the  
CrimethInc. Historical Research Society



Chez Aubert Pl. de la Bourse.

Imp. Aubert & C<sup>ie</sup>

RUE S<sup>t</sup> ANTOINE.

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## I. INTRODUCTION

Today, practically all that remains of Emmanuel Barthélemy is a dramatic cameo in a chapter of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. But Barthélemy was a real person who participated in two uprisings and a revolution, escaped from prison in France, fought the last duel in England, and perished on the scaffold denying the existence of God. We've assembled this collection of materials to fill out the story of his dramatic life.

He remains of interest now because of his larger-than-life adventures in the French revolutionary movements of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He authored one of the only known accounts from the proletarian side of the barricades of June 1848, which appears in English for the first time here. His quarrels with other radicals, notably including Karl Marx, cast light on struggles that continue to this day.

Barthélemy was born in 1820 on the outskirts of Paris. He grew up under a monarchy, in a time when France was a hotbed of revolutionary movements. In 1830, the working people of Paris erected barricades and overthrew the king, only to see the aristocrats hijack the revolution by substituting another royal line. While still a teenager, Barthélemy joined the Society of the Seasons conspiracy, organized by the revolutionary communist Auguste Blanqui. During the unsuccessful uprising initiated by the Society of the Seasons on May 12, 1839, Barthélemy shot a police officer. He was sentenced to forced labor as a galley convict.

Amnestied in 1847, Barthélemy returned to Paris just in time to participate in the revolution of February 1848. Three days of barricading in Paris toppled the king; the common people stood down the army, rampaged through the palace, and burned the royal throne on the site of the Bastille. A chain reaction of revolt radiated across Europe, spreading faster than any wave of unrest in the digital age.

Yet the first elections brought conservative politicians back to power under the sign of democracy, and in June 1848, the provisional government of the brand new Republic rescinded the few steps it had taken to address the plight of the poor. In response, the workers once again barricaded the streets and called for revolution. This time, they were on their own, practically without any allies among the bourgeoisie and Left politicians. Good liberals



like the author Victor Hugo considered it their duty to accompany the army as it systematically slaughtered the rebels; even the self-professed anarchist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon identified with the government. Only the decadent poet Charles Baudelaire rejected the interests of his class to fight again on the barricades alongside the likes of Emmanuel Barthélemy.

The chapter of *Les Misérables* included herein expresses Victor Hugo's confusion that "The People" could rise against a democratically elected government that ostensibly represented their own social power. Victor Hugo's faith in democratic principles caused him to side with society against the people who comprise it, with sovereignty against liberty, with humanity against human beings. The century and a half that has passed since Hugo penned *Les Misérables* has clarified the gulf between representative democracy and self-determination; but at the time, in taking a stand against the provisional government of the Republic, Barthélemy and his comrades were rejecting a victory for which they and their predecessors had fought and died for nearly a century.

Three years after the events of 1848, Napoleon's nephew organized a coup d'état and established himself as Emperor, bringing the brief reign of democracy to an end. This time, Victor Hugo implored Paris to build barricades and rise against the usurper, but the workers turned him a deaf ear. Why should they risk their lives to preserve the authority of the democrats who had cut down the last uprising? Now that the Reaction had no more use for the politicians who had paved the way for it, they too were forced into prison and exile. In repressing the workers' revolt, they had dug their own graves.

In Hugo's writing, Barthélemy appears as a sort of wraith, standing in for Hugo's terror and incomprehension of the poor. By contrast, Barthélemy's own report from the June uprising is understated and matter-of-fact; it offers a rare, unromanticized glimpse of the uprising from the inside.

Barthélemy was arrested after the June uprising and imprisoned in the notorious Conciergerie prison, pending a sentence of death. Remarkably, he managed to escape and reached England as a refugee. In London, he helped edit the second issue of a Blanquist journal, *Les Veillées du Peuple*, in which appeared his account from the June uprising. He also laid plans to break Blanqui out of the same prison he had just escaped, though these plans came to naught.

This is the phase of Barthélemy's life that Wilhelm Liebknecht described in the selection we've included from his biography of Marx. Most notably, Liebknecht suggests that Barthélemy concluded that Marx was a traitor to the cause of revolution, and therefore deserved death. Some context for this friction can be found in Marx's unpublished *Heroes of the Exile*, in which the dialectician who never put his hand on a rifle satirized the misfortunes of the revolutionaries who were compelled to live as expatriates in Britain. Yet the conflict between Barthélemy and Marx was systemic rather than incidental: Marx clashed with most of the bona fide proletarians he crossed paths with, including Wilhelm Weitling and Proudhon. In practice, Marx's ideal proletarian was an automaton who kept his mouth shut and played his part in history's inexorable processes.

Before anything could come of this feud with Marx, Barthélemy fought a duel with another exiled French republican, Frederic Cournet, who appears alongside Barthélemy in Victor Hugo's chapter. Cournet had sided with the proletariat in June 1848, but went on to serve in the parliament of the government that cut down the uprising, and became a friend of Victor Hugo. Cournet was reputedly a fearsome duelist, but Barthélemy killed him.

Later, some sensationalist historians alleged foul play, or even suggested that Barthélemy was in the pay of the police, but no evidence of this has ever come to light. All of the participants in the duel refused to give evidence to the police, and Cournet's comrades did not carry out reprisals. Blanqui himself was the target of a clumsy snitchjacking operation in 1848, designed to divide and incapacitate the revolutionary movement in France. Liberals who cannot understand the logic of open revolt often imply that those who openly confront the state must be agents provocateurs—a phenomenon familiar enough to participants in 21<sup>st</sup> century black bloc activity.

Barthélemy was put on trial for the duel, but in the end received only time served. Then, according to Liebknecht and other sources, he prepared to set off for Paris with the intention of shooting the French Emperor, armed with a pistol and with a dagger sewn into his coat. Before leaving England, however, he and an unidentified woman paid a visit to a capitalist who apparently owed one of them money (reports differ as to which of them it was). In the ensuing scuffle, Barthélemy killed him and a policeman who attempted to apprehend him; the woman escaped, but Barthélemy was sentenced to death and hanged. His last hours are described

in the final selection herein, from a journal of phrenology — a typical example of the pseudo-science with which bourgeois professionals have always purported to explain revolutionary activity.

Barthélemy was hardly a role model. Like countless others of his class and time, he was dealt a bad hand, and his courageous struggles to improve his lot distanced him from the rest of humanity until they gave way to nihilistic violence. His life illustrates the adage that, under capitalism, you can recognize where once there was something beautiful by the ugliness of what has replaced it.

What if Barthélemy had killed Marx, rather than a reformist republican, a boss, and at least one policeman? The International would have begun under the influence of Proudhon and the Italian republican nationalist Mazzini, rather than Marx — that is to say, without a proper critique of capitalism and the state. On the other hand, communist ideology would have developed as an outgrowth of the ethics of Auguste Blanqui and Wilhelm Weitling, rather than Marx's economic determinism. Bakunin's eventual rejection of nationalism and all forms of state power was inspired by the ideas of Carlo Pisacane and other Italian revolutionaries, not by Marx, so anarchism would likely have developed unimpeded, if with a weaker economic analysis. Bakunin and his comrades took the best parts from Proudhon's thinking and defeated Mazzini in ideological conflict on his own turf in Italy, so they likely would have been able to set the international labor movement on the right track eventually. Without Marx's intellectual stature to legitimize authoritarian communism, the ascendancy that anarchist ideas possessed in the labor movements of the 1870s and 1880s might have blossomed into a much different kind of revolution than the world witnessed in 1917. We can't be sure, but all in all, it would probably have been for the best.

From the standpoint of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, on the other side of Stalin and Pol Pot, for Barthélemy to realize in 1850 that it was necessary to eliminate Marx seems remarkably prescient. It's too bad this swashbuckling Laocoon traded his life for cheaper targets.

Barthélemy was of the party of revolutionary action, in contrast to Marx — who advocated for the parliamentary pursuit of social democracy even to the extent of suppressing workers' struggles (as documented in Kropotkin's memoirs), who mocked Bakunin for risking his life to accelerate the revolution of 1870 in Lyons (which could have given the Paris Commune of 1871 a much-needed ally),

who nearly sank the International through his machinations (contrary to the prevalent narrative, the anarchist and other non-Marxist elements reconstituted the International without Marx and continued to organize for years after the Marxist faction had collapsed). We can understand well enough the resentments a person who spent years in prison and repeatedly risked his life on the barricades might feel for such a *philosopher*.

But it was not to be. Today, Marx is required reading in undergraduate seminars worldwide, while Barthélemy and his comrades are forgotten. Doomed by bad fortune that put him on the losing side of every struggle of his day — what we might call the luck of the proletariat — Barthélemy was a figure out of Greek tragedy, a patron saint of lost causes. We should not emulate or lionize such people, but we cannot understand the revolutions of the 19<sup>th</sup> century without them.

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## II. “THE CHARYBDIS OF THE FAUBOURG SAINT ANTOINE AND THE SCYLLA OF THE FAUBOURG DU TEMPLE”

from *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo

The two most memorable barricades which the observer of social maladies can name do not belong to the period in which the action of this work is laid. These two barricades, both of them symbols, under two different aspects, of a redoubtable situation, sprang from the earth at the time of the fatal insurrection of June, 1848, the greatest war of the streets that history has ever beheld.

It sometimes happens that, even contrary to principles, even contrary to liberty, equality, and fraternity, even contrary to the universal vote, even contrary to the government, by all for all, from the depths of its anguish, of its discouragements and its destitutions, of its fevers, of its distresses, of its miasmas, of its ignorances, of its darkness, that great and despairing body, the rabble, protests against, and that the populace wages battle against, the people.

Beggars attack the common right; the ochlocracy rises against demos.

These are melancholy days; for there is always a certain amount of night even in this madness, there is suicide in this duel, and



those words which are intended to be insults—beggars, canaille, ochlocracy, populace—exhibit, alas! rather the fault of those who reign than the fault of those who suffer; rather the fault of the privileged than the fault of the disinherited.

For our own part, we never pronounce those words without pain and without respect, for when philosophy fathoms the facts to which they correspond, it often finds many a grandeur beside these miseries. Athens was an ochlocracy; the beggars were the making of Holland; the populace saved Rome more than once; and the rabble followed Jesus Christ.

There is no thinker who has not at times contemplated the magnificences of the lower classes.

It was of this rabble that Saint Jerome was thinking, no doubt, and of all these poor people and all these vagabonds and all these miserable people whence sprang the apostles and the martyrs, when he uttered this mysterious saying: “*Fex urbis, lex orbis,*” the dregs of the city, the law of the earth.

The exasperations of this crowd which suffers and bleeds, its violences contrary to all sense, directed against the principles which are its life, its masterful deeds against the right, are its popular coups d’etat and should be repressed. The man of probity sacrifices himself, and out of his very love for this crowd, he combats it. But how excusable he feels it even while holding out against it! How he venerates it even while resisting it! This is one of those rare moments when, while doing that which it is one’s duty to do, one feels something which disconcerts one, and which would dissuade one from proceeding further; one persists, it is necessary, but conscience, though satisfied, is sad, and the accomplishment of duty is complicated with a pain at the heart.

June, 1848, let us hasten to say, was an exceptional fact, and almost impossible of classification, in the philosophy of history. All the words which we have just uttered, must be discarded, when it becomes a question of this extraordinary revolt, in which one feels the holy anxiety of toil claiming its rights. It was necessary to combat it, and this was a duty, for it attacked the republic. But what was June, 1848, at bottom? A revolt of the people against itself.

Where the subject is not lost sight of, there is no digression; may we, then, be permitted to arrest the reader’s attention for a moment on the two absolutely unique barricades of which we have just spoken and which characterized this insurrection.

One blocked the entrance to the Faubourg Saint Antoine; the other defended the approach to the Faubourg du Temple; those before whom these two fearful masterpieces of civil war reared themselves beneath the brilliant blue sky of June, will never forget them.

The Saint-Antoine barricade was tremendous; it was three stories high, and seven hundred feet wide. It barred the vast opening of the faubourg, that is to say, three streets, from angle to angle; ravined, jagged, cut up, divided, crenelated, with an immense rent, buttressed with piles that were bastions in themselves throwing out capes here and there, powerfully backed up by two great promontories of houses of the faubourg, it reared itself like a cyclopean dike at the end of the formidable place which had seen the 14th of July. Nineteen barricades were ranged, one behind the other, in the depths of the streets behind this principal barricade. At the very sight of it, one felt the agonizing suffering in the immense faubourg, which had reached that point of extremity when a distress may become a catastrophe. Of what was that barricade made? Of the ruins of three six-story houses demolished expressly, said some. Of the prodigy of all wraths, said others. It wore the lamentable aspect of all constructions of hatred, ruin. It might be asked: Who built this? It might also be said: Who destroyed this? It was the improvisation of the ebullition. Hold! take this door! this grating! this penthouse! this chimney-piece! this broken brazier! this cracked pot! Give all! cast away all! Push this roll, dig, dismantle, overturn, ruin everything! It was the collaboration of the pavement, the block of stone, the beam, the bar of iron, the rag, the scrap, the broken pane, the unseated chair, the cabbage-stalk, the tatter, the rag, and the malediction. It was grand and it was petty. It was the abyss parodied on the public place by hubbub. The mass beside the atom; the strip of ruined wall and the broken bowl, threatening fraternization of every sort of rubbish. Sisyphus had thrown his rock there and Job his potsherd. Terrible, in short. It was the acropolis of the barefooted. Overturned carts broke the uniformity of the slope; an immense dray was spread out there crossways, its axle pointing heavenward, and seemed a scar on that tumultuous facade; an omnibus hoisted gayly, by main force, to the very summit of the heap, as though the architects of this bit of savagery had wished to add a touch of the street urchin humor to their terror, presented its horseless, unharnessed pole to no one knows what horses of the air. This gigantic heap, the alluvium of the revolt, figured to the mind an Ossa on Pelion of all revolutions;

‘93 on ‘89, the 9<sup>th</sup> of Thermidor on the 10<sup>th</sup> of August, the 18<sup>th</sup> of Brumaire on the 11<sup>th</sup> of January, Vendemiaire on Prairial, 1848 on 1830. The situation deserved the trouble and this barricade was worthy to figure on the very spot whence the Bastille had disappeared. If the ocean made dikes, it is thus that it would build. The fury of the flood was stamped upon this shapeless mass. What flood? The crowd. One thought one beheld hubbub petrified. One thought one heard humming above this barricade as though there had been over their hive, enormous, dark bees of violent progress. Was it a thicket? Was it a bacchanalia? Was it a fortress? Vertigo seemed to have constructed it with blows of its wings. There was something of the cess-pool in that redoubt and something Olympian in that confusion. One there beheld in a pell-mell full of despair, the rafters of roofs, bits of garret windows with their figured paper, window sashes with their glass planted there in the ruins awaiting the cannon, wrecks of chimneys, cupboards, tables, benches, howling topsyturveydom, and those thousand poverty-stricken things, the very refuse of the mendicant, which contain at the same time fury and nothingness. One would have said that it was the tatters of a people, rags of wood, of iron, of bronze, of stone, and that the Faubourg Saint Antoine had thrust it there at its door, with a colossal flourish of the broom making of its misery its barricade. Blocks resembling headsman’s blocks, dislocated chains, pieces of woodwork with brackets having the form of gibbets, horizontal wheels projecting from the rubbish, amalgamated with this edifice of anarchy the sombre figure of the old tortures endured by the people. The barricade Saint Antoine converted everything into a weapon; everything that civil war could throw at the head of society proceeded thence; it was not combat, it was a paroxysm; the carbines which defended this redoubt, among which there were some blunderbusses, sent bits of earthenware bones, coat-buttons, even the casters from night-stands, dangerous projectiles on account of the brass. This barricade was furious; it hurled to the clouds an inexpressible clamor; at certain moments, when provoking the army, it was covered with throngs and tempest; a tumultuous crowd of flaming heads crowned it; a swarm filled it; it had a thorny crest of guns, of sabres, of cudgels, of axes, of pikes and of bayonets; a vast red flag flapped in the wind; shouts of command, songs of attack, the roll of drums, the sobs of women and bursts of gloomy laughter from the starving were to be heard there. It was huge and living, and, like the back of an electric beast, there

proceeded from its little flashes of lightning. The spirit of revolution covered with its cloud this summit where rumbled that voice of the people which resembles the voice of God; a strange majesty was emitted by this titanic basket of rubbish. It was a heap of filth and it was Sinai.

As we have said previously, it attacked in the name of the revolution--what? The revolution. It that barricade, chance, hazard, disorder, terror, misunderstanding, the unknown had facing it the Constituent Assembly, the sovereignty of the people, universal suffrage, the nation, the republic; and it was the Carmagnole bidding defiance to the Marseillaise.

Immense but heroic defiance, for the old faubourg is a hero.

The faubourg and its redoubt lent each other assistance. The faubourg shouldered the redoubt, the redoubt took its stand under cover of the faubourg. The vast barricade spread out like a cliff against which the strategy of the African generals dashed itself. Its caverns, its excrescences, its warts, its gibbosities, grimaced, so to speak, and grinned beneath the smoke. The mitraille vanished in shapelessness; the bombs plunged into it; bullets only succeeded in making holes in it; what was the use of cannonading chaos? and the regiments, accustomed to the fiercest visions of war, gazed with uneasy eyes on that species of redoubt, a wild beast in its boar-like bristling and a mountain by its enormous size.

A quarter of a league away, from the corner of the Rue du Temple which debouches on the boulevard near the Chateaud'Eau, if one thrust one's head bodily beyond the point formed by the front of the Dallemagne shop, one perceived in the distance, beyond the canal, in the street which mounts the slopes of Belleville at the culminating point of the rise, a strange wall reaching to the second story of the house fronts, a sort of hyphen between the houses on the right and the houses on the left, as though the street had folded back on itself its loftiest wall in order to close itself abruptly. This wall was built of paving-stones. It was straight, correct, cold, perpendicular, levelled with the square, laid out by rule and line. Cement was lacking, of course, but, as in the case of certain Roman walls, without interfering with its rigid architecture. The entablature was mathematically parallel with the base. From distance to distance, one could distinguish on the gray surface, almost invisible loopholes which resembled black threads. These loopholes were separated from each other by equal spaces. The street was deserted as far



as the eye could reach. All windows and doors were closed. In the background rose this barrier, which made a blind thoroughfare of the street, a motionless and tranquil wall; no one was visible, nothing was audible; not a cry, not a sound, not a breath. A sepulchre.

The dazzling sun of June inundated this terrible thing with light. It was the barricade of the Faubourg of the Temple.

As soon as one arrived on the spot, and caught sight of it, it was impossible, even for the boldest, not to become thoughtful before this mysterious apparition. It was adjusted, jointed, imbricated, rectilinear, symmetrical and funereal. Science and gloom met there. One felt that the chief of this barricade was a geometri-  
cian or a spectre. One looked at it and spoke low.

From time to time, if some soldier, an officer or representative of the people, chanced to traverse the deserted highway, a faint, sharp whistle was heard, and the passer-by fell dead or wounded, or, if he escaped the bullet, sometimes a biscaien was seen to ensconce itself in some closed shutter, in the interstice between two blocks of stone, or in the plaster of a wall. For the men in the barricade had made themselves two small cannons out of two cast-iron lengths of gas-pipe, plugged up at one end with tow and fire-clay. There was no waste of useless powder. Nearly every shot told. There were corpses here and there, and pools of blood on the pavement. I remember a white butterfly which went and came in the street. Summer does not abdicate.

In the neighborhood, the spaces beneath the portes cocheres were encumbered with wounded.

One felt oneself aimed at by some person whom one did not see, and one understood that guns were levelled at the whole length of the street.

Massed behind the sort of sloping ridge which the vaulted canal forms at the entrance to the Faubourg du Temple, the soldiers of the attacking column, gravely and thoughtfully, watched this dismal redoubt, this immobility, this passivity, whence sprang death. Some crawled flat on their faces as far as the crest of the curve of the bridge, taking care that their shakos [military hats] did not project beyond it.

The valiant Colonel Monteynard admired this barricade with a shudder. "How that is built!" he said to a Representative. "Not one paving-stone projects beyond its neighbor. It is made of porcelain." At that moment, a bullet broke the cross on his breast, and he fell.

“The cowards!” people said. “Let them show themselves. Let us see them! They dare not! They are hiding!”

The barricade of the Faubourg du Temple, defended by eighty men, attacked by ten thousand, held out for three days. On the fourth, they did as at Zaatcha, as at Constantine, they pierced the houses, they came over the roofs, the barricade was taken. Not one of the eighty cowards thought of flight, all were killed there with the exception of the leader, Barthélemy, of whom we shall speak presently.

The Saint-Antoine barricade was the tumult of thunders; the barricade of the Temple was silence. The difference between these two redoubts was the difference between the formidable and the sinister. One seemed a maw; the other a mask.

Admitting that the gigantic and gloomy insurrection of June was composed of a wrath and of an enigma, one divined in the first barricade the dragon, and behind the second the sphinx.

These two fortresses had been erected by two men named, the one, Cournet, the other, Barthélemy. Cournet made the Saint-Antoine barricade; Barthélemy the barricade of the Temple. Each was the image of the man who had built it.

Cournet was a man of lofty stature; he had broad shoulders, a red face, a crushing fist, a bold heart, a loyal soul, a sincere and terrible eye. Intrepid, energetic, irascible, stormy; the most cordial of men, the most formidable of combatants. War, strife, conflict, were the very air he breathed and put him in a good humor. He had been an officer in the navy, and, from his gestures and his voice, one divined that he sprang from the ocean, and that he came from the tempest; he carried the hurricane on into battle. With the exception of the genius, there was in Cournet something of Danton, as, with the exception of the divinity, there was in Danton something of Hercules.

Barthélemy, thin, feeble, pale, taciturn, was a sort of tragic street urchin, who, having had his ears boxed by a policeman, lay in wait for him, and killed him, and at seventeen was sent to the galleys. He came out and made this barricade.

Later on, fatal circumstance, in London, proscribed by all, Barthélemy slew Cournet. It was a funereal duel. Some time afterwards, caught in the gearing of one of those mysterious adventures in which passion plays a part, a catastrophe in which French justice sees extenuating circumstances, and in which English justice sees only death, Barthélemy was hanged. The sombre social construction is so made that, thanks to material destitution, thanks

to moral obscurity, that unhappy being who possessed an intelligence, certainly firm, possibly great, began in France with the galleys, and ended in England with the gallows. Barthélemy, on occasion, flew but one flag, the black flag.

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### III. THE INSURRECTION OF JUNE IN THE TEMPLE NEIGHBORHOOD<sup>1</sup>

from *Les Veillées du Peuple*, issue 2, March 1850

*[Editor's note: This text was published in a redacted form so as to get past the censors. We have filled in the gaps to the best of our ability, placing our additions between brackets, in place of the original ellipses.]*

The insurrection of June 1848, despite the accounts of it that were published, remains far too unknown. It is the duty for any democrat to bring forth his part of material to the history of this great struggle. I have fulfilled this duty by recounting the events that I have taken part in or have witnessed.

On June 23 I was at my family's, in Vitry-sur-Seine, when the call to arms of the commune informed me that Paris was in full insurrection. Upon hearing this unexpected news, I left immediately, despite the rain, and I arrived in Paris, through the gate of

<sup>1</sup> [Footnote in the original:] The time has come [for the history of the battle of June 1848 to be made. Regarding us, it is a citizen's duty we want to accomplish, and we will not fail; we do not wish to revive the hatreds; this though is far from us; but if, bringing back the causes of this bloody catastrophe, we can show the people, and especially the bourgeoisie, that by going along, they were dupes of the infernal maneuvers of the reaction. By opening their eyes, we will have done a great service to the motherland and helped to bring closer the time of the great regeneration and the great pardon.

In this issue, we start our task with the publication of an article from our heroic friend Barthélemy. The exorbitant susceptibility of the prosecutor's department oblige us to leave out a lot; but we repeat, we want to avoid giving even the slightest pretext to the censors.

While reading these pages, all will feel their hearts resounding with the last echo of these dark days, all will curse the civil war, all will curse the dishonorable maneuvers of the reactionary journalists, pushing with their lies to render the struggle more atrocious. This article has the interest of the moment; at this time, the reaction is not yet calling for the sword, while we, in the name of this bloody memory, are calling for universal suffrage, but misfortune to any who will touch it!

Fontainebleau which I found heavily barricaded and guarded by a large number of men, of whom only a few were armed with guns; most were unarmed for lack of munitions.

Since the February Revolution, with little confidence in the intentions of the majority of the members of the provisional government, I had attentively followed politics and, for a long time, had predicted the events that had just erupted. Despite these predictions, I had not been in Paris for several days and therefore had no idea of the immediate cause of the movement, or of the dispositions in each of the two camps. It was in the Saint-Marceau neighborhood that I learned, through several friends that I ran into, what had happened the night before at the Pantheon following the [meeting between delegates of the National Workshops and the Prime Minister, at which it came out that the National Workshops were being cancelled]. I understood then that the people were preparing [for a showdown with the army and the state].

I roamed the neighborhood, which I found barricaded in a formidable way, except that here, just like at the gate, the defenders of these improvised fortresses were poorly armed, and almost entirely without ammunition. It is certain that, at this moment, Friday 5 pm, if the government had wanted to stop the movement, it could have easily done so with 2000 men. The state of this neighborhood was known, why didn't they act on it? Without a doubt, General Cavaignac knows.<sup>2</sup>

Everywhere the men I questioned regarding the reason that had made them take up arms answered me [that they were responding to the closure of the National Workshops and the betrayal by the government]. This was the nature of the insurrection during the first day, and it was only in the evening that the socialist republicans, who were spread out across the barricades, subjected the events to their influence [giving the revolt a broader meaning].

After trying, with no avail, to arm myself in the Saint-Marceau neighborhood, I walked across Paris, passing by the Louvre, the National Palace, and the Saint-Martin gate, to get to the Temple neighborhood. Throughout my journey I observed the movement of the national guards, who all proposed to finish off the revolutionaries that had imposed the Republic upon them.

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<sup>2</sup> Louis Eugène Cavaignac assumed dictatorial power in the republican government during and after the insurrection of June, executing and deporting thousands of people and heavily censoring the press.



Arriving in the neighborhood of the Temple, I was recognized by a couple of friends, surrounded, and questioned on what I had seen throughout Paris. I satisfied their curiosity and then enquired on the state of things in the neighborhood.

Barricades were already rising in many areas under the guidance of the older participants.

During the evening, a company of national guards, under the direction of Captain Blandely, appeared at the Saint-Maur barricade wanting to negotiate; after a rather long discussion, the national guards pulled back, protected by the people. Captain Blandely had obtained from Captain Lécuyer, who was commander in chief of the barricades of the neighborhood, that the barricades be destroyed; even though it is unquestionable that the intentions of the people were all pacific.

But it should not have been so; the government wanted to reduce the insurrection that it had [provoked] and not to treat with it. A column of troops advanced, after the departure of Captain Blandely, and attacked the barricade with cannons; the battle was very quick, we had deaths and injuries, and on Sunday evening, while going to negotiate with General Lamoriciere, I learned from the officers that were commanding my escort that this first attack had cost the lives of more than 200 soldiers.

The troops [were not prepared for this]; it was only after [this clash that the insurrection] organized itself in a definitive manner.

Like I have already said, Lécuyer was commander in chief of the barricades of the Temple neighborhood, and even though this man denied it, accusing the workers of threatening his life to make him go to battle, I affirm that Lécuyer led the insurrection voluntarily and freely. It is from him that I received the order to go with several other men to cover the position threatened by the streets Grange aux Belles and des Écluses Saint-Martin. Except that Captain Lécuyer had a motivation that in reality was purely material; moral and organizational influence was exerted by the Republicans of longest standing, belonging for the most part to the Club des Montagnards.

It was in the night of Friday to Saturday that I took position at the streets Grange aux Belles and des Écluses Saint-Martin; I had these streets barricaded and, after making sure that the position could resist an attack, I gave over command to a lieutenant of the national guard, and I went close to the canal, to a place belonging

to a patriot from among my friends, to get information on the movement of troops on the Right Bank. The information did not satisfy me, so I decided to push a reconnaissance all the way to Hotel-de-Ville; I went to do this with citizen F . Arriving at the entrance of the Saint-Martin street after much difficulty, we were stopped by national guards who took my companion prisoner; for me, having miraculously escaped from this arrest, I went back to my post where I resumed command. The night passed peacefully: we stayed on the defensive in both camps.

Saturday morning, I had work done on the fortifications again and then disarmed all the citizens in the surrounding streets who did not wish to take part in the fighting. This disarmament was carried out in a regular way, without any violence; property and people were respected and this was confirmed by the witnesses, even the ones charging, during my and Lecuyer's trial.

Despite all the activity taking place during the organization of the resistance, the means of action were not very considerable, the gunpowder we were making with chemical products was of such poor quality that we could barely use it, and if we were able to hold the neighborhood for four days it was only [by using all means necessary] in this terrible struggle. I am convinced that General Cavaignac had made an opinion of us very different that the one presented by *le Constitutionnel*. Those who entered the neighborhood knew very well that no unfavorable acts were committed by the insurgents, that all the food was either paid for or voluntarily given to us by citizens who received signed vouchers in return. Captain Lécuyer, in order to gain the indulgence of the judges, declared in front of the council of war that order had been maintained thanks to his influence. He knew however, by an evident contradiction that he affirmed himself, that his influence was null outside of the sphere of combat. If order reigned, it was only by the natural and spontaneous momentum of honor and of integrity that [characterized the insurgents] of Paris.

The adjudant-major Stack complained of having been threatened with death in the Temple neighborhood, and said he had been stopped at the Saint-Maur barricade: he owed it to Lécuyer to not have been murdered by the insurgents. First of all, M. Stack is wrong, it was not at the Saint-Maur barricade that I stopped him, but near the Grange aux Belles street. As he looked suspicious, I had politely asked him his name, profession, and the inexplicable reason for his presence in the middle of us. He answered by giving me a fake name

and a fake profession, and indicated intentions that were surely not true. This man was very pale, he was very scared, and it was without a doubt his troubled imagination that had created the chimeric dangers to which he thought he had been exposed.

We took many prisoners from the front line, the republican guard, the national guard, and the mobile guard; these men were interrogated and all answered that we had treated them fraternally, that we had bandaged their wounds, that we had fed them in abundance while we were lacking everything ourselves. Captain Déclin, whose house was where the prisoners were kept, was well aware of these circumstances, why did he not reveal them to the council of war, he who feared to be made our accuser, and that we could have made our [defense]? But I do not want to open this wound; what shame, in all parties, that there have always been men ready to abandon, once the front has fallen, the flag that they did not have the courage to defend.

Saturday went by without any fighting at the Grange aux Belles barricade, but it was not the same at the Saint Maur barricade where all the efforts of the assailants were focused, but led to no success. The barracks of the mobile guards had been taken by the people, who won it with bayonets. The occupation of the barracks by insurgents has been recounted in a variety of contrary versions; it was said that everything had been pillaged. This is false like all statements of that nature; nothing was taken from the barracks except for arms, ammunition, and food.

News coming from within Paris was making us think that the [repressors] of the revolt were starting to feel scared of their work and that the troops, surrounded from all parts, wanted to make their way through the neighborhood that we were defending. These hopes of victory exalted the courage of everyone, and even though the lack of ammunition was felt everywhere, we were determined to be bombarded rather than let our adversaries pass through our area.

This state of affairs lasted until Sunday morning. Around 9 a.m. I was informed, in the house of Captain Déclin where I had gone to take the Marshall of the Logis d'Acheville whom I had made prisoner during the night, that an attack column, loaded with canon, had shown up at the Grange aux Belles street on the right bank of the canal. I immediately headed there, and after dodging a couple gunshots from the front line, I opened fire. The battle lasted about six hours; we had no casualties, thanks to the poor

aim of the artillery that was vomiting upon us a rain of useless bullets and projectiles.

The chief that was commanding this column, desperate to draw us away from the front, made us turn our positions towards the street des Écluses Saint-Martin. This time, the ammunition ran low, there was a moment of disorder; all the men that had defended the Grange aux Belles barricade pulled back to Saint-Maur street, away from the shooting, and we were left with only five people to repel the combined efforts of the front line, the mobile guard, and the national guard. This moment was terrible, we could only hear the sounds of guns and bullets whistling by above our heads. After about 15 minutes, we were the only two combatants left, as two had been killed and one wounded. The first received a bullet in the upper part of his chest, the other one was hit in the middle of his forehead, the third had his arm broken near the shoulder.

The assailants ignored everything about our desperate situation, and doubtless attributed the rarity of our shots to a calculated prudence. They did not dare charge with bayonets to take the barricade by assault. We resisted like this for more than two hours, and it was only after having entirely used up our ammunition and that of our killed comrades that we pulled back with our wounded; we left the dead on the battlefield.

Arriving in the midst of those who had abandoned us, we saw that, indeed, they were completely out of ammunition, and that by staying with us they would have exposed themselves to gunfire without having been able to retaliate.

It was at this moment that I went back the Temple neighborhood to find Lécuyer, of whom I had unsuccessfully requested ammunition during the battle at the Grange aux Belles barricade. He answered that he was running out himself. He was in a troubled state; disquieting news from the interior of Paris, in a mysterious letter, had completely demoralized him. Republican without faith, he had been prepared to reap the fruits of victory, and not face the consequences of defeat that had become more and more inevitable. Starting then, the uncertain behavior of Lécuyer made his comrades suspicious of him, suspecting him of wanting to abandon us, they kept him under active surveillance. In that situation, I heard a worker say to him: "It is you that made me build the barricades, and shoot at the mobile guard, and now that we are nearing



the moment of our defeat, you will share the common fate; if you attempt to abandon us, my last bullet will be for you." It was probably this threat, well-deserved by Lécuyer, that made him say that he had been forced to take part in the insurrection; he should have remembered that the threat had only been made Sunday night, when there was no more doubt about how things would turn out.

What was happening in the neighborhood made me understand that it was all over; it would be impossible to hold out much longer without ammunition against an army that was perfectly commanded by General Lamoricière and abundantly equipped. I decided then to use all honorable means necessary to save the men who had taken part in the movement on the Left Bank.

After leaving Lécuyer, I went back to the Grange aux Belles barricade. During my absence, the barricade, abandoned by the workers, had been taken over by the national guard; the neighboring houses were invaded and the people living there [abused] by the victors, as was revealed in my trial by the testimony of Mr. Rebillon, who had been forced to escape, abandoning his establishment that the insurgents had respected. A couple guns still loaded and a little bit of gunpowder found in a house sufficed to push back the national guard, who retreated in disorder. A few men were wounded here and there. As Captain Ribot declared at the council of war, I could have exterminated his company: the people does not have the [blood lust] that he demonstrated after the defeat; the national guards were spared.

This last advantage made our adversaries think we had resources that we did not have; an hour after, five national guards, commanded by Lieutenant Boucher, came to ask for peace arrangements. I went with two men who were willing to go speak to them; we greeted the others amicably and after a short talk with the officer, I accompanied him to the outpost of the division he belonged to, commanded by an infantry officer named Blanchard.

The government troops, held in check, had not changed position since the beginning of the battle; they still occupied the right bank of the canal, with their cannon pointing at the head of the bridge. The arrival of three armed insurgents caused a great agitation. They first wanted to shoot us all without hearing us out, but Captain Ribot, Lieutenant Boucher, and many other officers intervened and calmed these furious men. I understood then that Lieutenant Boucher, motivated by the desire to make the civil war stop, had opened negotiations without consulting anyone or

anything besides his generous feelings. My role became totally different and I was, after exchanging a few words with Colonel Blanchard, forced to accept an interview with General Lamoricière who had established his main quarters at Café Amand, on the Boulevard du Temple. We were led there, heavily escorted. The general received us politely and asked what I wanted of him. I answered that I wanted to know what the government intended to do with the citizens that had taken up arms in defense of the Temple neighborhood. Lamoricière declared that, if we wanted to continue resisting, he would have no pity, and that, if on the contrary we wanted to surrender to him, he would intervene on our behalf to the chief of the executive power.

These conditions were far from giving me the guarantees that I wished for, and not wanting to play with the liberty, and perhaps the life, of several thousand citizens on such promises, I refused the conditions offered to me after a rather lively discussion, in which the general told me that if we refused, the mobile guard had guns, powder, and bullets to force us to accept.

This threat rendered all negotiation impossible. So I answered: we too, we have arms, and I hope they are strong enough to protect us from the dangers that menace us. We left the general, after receiving from him a proclamation from the chief executive power in which General Cavaignac stretched out a hand, he said, to his straying brothers. The [executions of countless victims] that followed the days of June have baptized with their real name the fraternal embraces of General Cavaignac.

Upon returning to the barricades of Grange aux Belles and des Écluses Saint-Martin, I gathered everyone in a circle around me and read to my attentive audience the proclamation that I brought; then, after describing the results of my talk with General Lamoricière, I shared my doubts about the peaceful intentions of the government; for my part, I declared that I did not believe them, and was determined to not surrender.

After this communication, the means necessary to continue resisting lacking, and considering the insurrection defeated, I resigned my post, deciding to fire the few cartridges I had left as a simple combatant, leaving each person to look out for himself.

A few hours later, desertion, which had started much earlier in the Temple neighborhood, became general; and the following morning, when the troops advanced, they found the barricades

abandoned. Only here and there did they encounter a few men who, more tenacious than the others, fired their last cartridges.

After the siege of the neighborhood, a real [witch hunt] of men organized themselves; some [murders] were committed by the mobile guard; it exerted [horror] on the population, of all ages and all sexes, who were terrified as if faced with an invasion of [an enemy army]. At Menilmontant street, facing impasse number 100, we [witnessed the killings of some insurgents] and, just as I said in my trial, a poor soul that a shootout had only wounded. The night after this sad day, I saw the [execution] by a national guard, after the taking of La Villette, of a bargeman, only because he was wearing a red wool sweater, as often do the workers of his profession.

Later, for me, these [atrocities] were certainly not excused, but explained, when I read in the moderate papers that General Cavaignac had let [loose] all the slander that those papers were spreading during the battle about the behavior of the workers of Paris. All those stories of men sawed in half by insurgents, of eau-de-vie and poisoned bullets, of feet and hands cut off, of heads planted on spikes with their military caps on, or transformed into lanterns, around which cannibals were dancing the sarabande, indeed this whole deluge of accusations of pillage, rape, fire, and assassination that echoed in the press of the ruling order, that at the height of the fighting had called for the victors, already too excited, to inflict vengeance on the defeated. The miserables who wrote these articles should have on their consciences a weight as heavy as the authors of the [slaughter] and the [executioners] of prisoners. Since then, public opinion has done justice to these cowardly slanders, and the council of war was forced to recognize that the insurrection was pure of these crimes that were attributed to it. The journalists I speak of were expecting these results, but they also knew that truth is slow to come to light, that the dead don't come back, and that, worst comes to worst, all they had to do was say that they had been poorly informed. Meanwhile, their object was achieved under the bullets of the victors.

After La Villette, I hid my arms and returned into Paris by the Saint-Martin neighborhood. Arriving near the boulevard, I was stopped by national guards who recognized me; I was led to the Saint-Martin barracks where a representative of the people, whom I had seen the night before while going to negotiate, was [mistreating] the prisoners that were present. Later, in front of the council

of war, I made pointless attempts to find out the name of this representative in order to deliver him to publicity. The national guards who accompanied me noticed as I did the mass shootings, and the indignation that excited within them [at the slaughters carried out by the government] saved me from the death that was awaiting me in that prison; I was brought to the city hall of the fifth arrondissement, where Captain Ribot who we had met coming back from the barracks had me incarcerated.

Emmanuel Barthélemy, refugee exiled in London.  
December 26, 1849

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#### IV. "BARTHÉLEMY"

from *Karl Marx: Biographical Memoirs*, by Wilhelm Liebknecht

A short while after my arrival, a Parisian labourer came to London, in whom not only the French colony was deeply interested, but all of us fugitives as well, and most likely also our "shadow": the international police. It was Barthélemy, about whose escape from the Conciergerie, accomplished by him with admirable adroitness and daring, we had heard already through the papers. A little above medium height, powerful, muscular, coal-black curly hair, piercing black eyes, the image of determination, a splendid specimen of the type of southern Frenchman. A wreath of legends surrounded his proudly erect head. He was a "galerien" (a galley convict) and had on his shoulder the indelible brand. When a 17-year-old "gamin," he had killed a police sergeant during the Blanqui-Barbes revolt in 1838 [sic; the revolt was in 1839], and had been sentenced to the Bagno [sic; surely the author means *Bagne*] for it.

The February revolution brought him an amnesty, he returned to Paris, took part in all the movements and demonstrations of the proletariat, and fought in the June battle. On one of the last barricades he was caught and happily not recognised by anybody during the first days, otherwise he would have been shot, no doubt, summarily, like so many others. When he was brought before the court martial, the first rage had subsided, and he was condemned to the "dry guillotine," viz: to transportation to Cayenne for life. The process had been delayed I don't know for what reason enough, in June 1850, Barthélemy was still confined in the Conciergerie, and

immediately before his departure to the land where the pepper grows and men die he effected his escape, of course to London.

Here he entered into closer relations with us and was frequently in Marx's house. Mrs Marx did not like him — he was uncanny to her, his piercing eyes were repulsive to her. I fenced frequently with him, I mean in reality. The Frenchmen had opened a "fencing salon" in Rathbone Place, on Oxford street, where fencing with sabres, swords and foils and pistol shooting could be practiced. Marx also came now and then and lustily gave battle to the Frenchmen. What he lacked in science, he tried to make up in aggressiveness. And unless you were cool, he could really startle you. The sabre is used by the Frenchmen not alone for cutting, but also for thrusting, and that inconveniences a German a little at first. But one soon becomes accustomed to it.

Barthélemy was a good fencer and practiced pistol shooting frequently, thereby becoming an excellent marksman in a short while. He drifted into the company of Willich and there contracted a spite against Marx. Marx was a "traître," because he would not conspire and disturb the peace — we heard such phrases often enough later on — and "the "traîtres must be killed." I tried to reason with him, but in vain.

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## V. SELECTION FROM THE SPECTATOR, OCTOBER 30, 1852

It appears that the principals in the late duel, Barthélemy and Cournet, had, as the former believed, arranged their difference; but that subsequently Cournet thought he detected a menace in the note requesting to know whether he had given currency to certain calumnious expressions in Paris regarding the other; whereupon he instantly withdrew his previous explanation, and in the eyes of Frenchmen a duel was inevitable. When the parties met at Egham, Cournet won the toss for choice of position, pistols, and right to fire. Cournet advanced his ten paces, fired, and missed. "Barthélemy, who had reserved his fire, then advanced his ten paces, and, standing twenty paces from his adversary, addressed him in the true style of French rhodomontade, reminding him that his life was now at his mercy, but that he would waive his right to

fire if Cournet would consent to continue the duel with swords. Cournet, who it is said had previously shot fourteen men in different duels, refused the offer, and reminded his antagonist that he had still the right of another shot if he should fail. On this Barthélemy raised his pistol, drew the trigger, exploded the percussion-cap, but failed to discharge the contents. A new cap was inserted, a second attempt was made with the same result. Barthélemy again appealed to Cournet to have the contest decided with swords; and again Cournet refused, but offered him the use of the pistol which he had formerly discharged. The offer was accepted; the pistol was loaded by Baronet, (who, it is said, had before loaded both pistols,) and being put into the hands of Barthélemy, was discharged with the fatal effect which has originated the inquiry.”

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## VI. SELECTION FROM “SURREY MURDERS”, BY JOHN VAN DER KISTE

When examined, it was found that one of the pistols had a small piece of rag jammed in it. Foul play was suspected at first, but the idea was dismissed when the full facts of the case were revealed.

The four Frenchmen went on trial at Kingston Assizes before Mr. Justice Coleridge on a charge of “willful murder” on 21 March 1853. A large number of Frenchmen attended the proceedings. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and asked to be tried by a Jury of which half were foreigners. An interpreter was sworn in to explain the evidence to them.

It emerged that Cournet had won the toss, but his pistol failed to fire. Barthélemy had then taken aim and killed his opponent with the first shot. Several witnesses said they had only heard a single shot. Under the rules that governed duelling, the faulty pistol had a chance of ending up as the weapon of either man, and any possibility that it could have been tampered with was dismissed. The small piece of rag had been left by mistake in the barrel when both men’s seconds had cleaned the pistols on the night before the duel.

The outcome of the case ultimately rested on one point raised by the counsel for the prosecution, Montague Chambers, QC, at the beginning of the trial. He said that in his view the only question the jury would have to decide was whether the prisoners could be

proved to have been “concerned” in the duel. If they were, whether as principals or seconds, as they were commonly termed, did their offence amount to murder, according to the law of England? All four prisoners pleaded not guilty to such an offence, though none of them denied being involved. Cournet’s friends, Barronet and Allain, had given a signed statement to the local magistrate shortly after their attest, and a translation was read out in court:

Whatever may be the consequence of the severity of the English laws against dueling, of which I was ignorant, I declare that I was the second of M. Cournet on the 19th of October, that the obligations of severe friendship I entertained for him would not allow me to refuse from accompanying him in this fatal *rencontre*. He was my best friend. I had found so many noble qualities in him. I did all I could to avoid the *rencontre*, but I had to obey the laws of honour, friendship, and the customs of French duelling. Were I to pass the remainder of my life in prison, I would never disclose the name of the person who was the adversary of M. Cournet. Now I know that the English law, honour forbids me from mentioning the name of an antagonist, if he cannot or will not do so. I am a prisoner, but I will never quit a prison by making a declaration which is repugnant to my character and habits.

This statement was signed by Barronet. Below it was a signed statement from Allain confirming that “I adhere to this declaration, and it is quite in conformity with my sentiment.”

The jury retired at 6:45 p.m. and took only an hour to find Barronet, Allain, Barthélemy and Mornay not guilty of murder but guilty of manslaughter. The judge observed that they had already been in prison for more than five months before the trial and that, being foreigners, they were ignorant of the laws of England on the subject of duelling, and that they might have been misled. He therefore felt obliged to take such circumstances into consideration, and said the sentence would be much lighter than it might otherwise have been. All the prisoners would be sentenced to a further two months in prison.

Cournet was buried in Egham churchyard, and a large contingent of Frenchmen followed the coffin as six others carried it on



their shoulders from the Barley Mow Inn. As the inn was about one and a half miles from the church, and five different sets of coffin bearers took turns on the journey. At the head of the procession one man carried a large red flag, hung with black crepe, inscribed, "Republique Democratique et Sociale." The funeral was devoid of any religious ceremony, apart from a eulogy read over the grave. It was concluded with the mourners singing *La Marseillaise*, then dispersing to shouts of "Viva la Republique!"

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## VII. SELECTION FROM "THE ZOIST, A JOURNAL OF CEREBRAL PHYSIOLOGY & MESMERISM", VOLUME XIII. APRIL 1855-JANUARY 1856

Emmanuel Barthélemy, a Frenchman, aged 32, a turner in metal, and calling himself an engineer, knocked and rang at the door of Mr. Moore, soda-water maker, No. 73, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, in company with a woman with a veil over her face, on the evening of December 8, 1854. He had been there several times before to repair an engine. They were shewn into the back parlour where Mr. Moore was. In ten minutes, the noise of violent scuffling was heard in the room, and all three was seen coming out of it the woman first, Barthélemy next, with a pistol in his hand near Mr. Moore's head, at which he fired it with the effect of instantly killing Mr. Moore, who seemed to be either pushing him or holding him back. Two or three persons, and among them Mr. Collard, a greengrocer [in fact, Collard was a former policeman], attracted by the quarrelling, collected round the door, which the maid-servant had opened, dropping her candle; and Barthélemy, observing them, shut and fastened the door, and ran through the house to an opposite door which led into the New Boad. Mr. Collard ran round to this door, and was shot in the abdomen by Barthélemy while endeavouring to prevent his escape. In Barthélemy's pocket were found a dagger in a sheath sewn into his body coat, twenty-four ball cartridges which fitted the pistols he had used, and two door keys. A cane was taken from him with a piece of string at one end, and a heavy piece of lead, to which it seemed to have been a handle, but broken off, was found in the room. A strong mahogany chair was lying broken in the room, and there were several marks of blood upon the wall at about the height of the head of a person sitting in a chair, as well as on different parts

of the floor and in the passage. Mr. Moore's head was found lying in a pool of blood, with three lacerated wounds at the top, and a smaller wound on the back, such as the piece of lead might have made: there was also above the right eye a pistol-ball wound from which blood and brains were flowing. Mr. Collard died in University College Hospital of his wound the same night. Barthélemy was tried on January 4<sup>th</sup> for the murder of Mr. Collard alone. The jury, chosen by him to be half foreigners, found him guilty, but *strongly* recommended him to mercy. The judge, Lord Campbell, could not divine the reason of the recommendation, but it was evidently their disapprobation of capital punishment. "The trial lasted nearly eight hours, and during the whole of that period the prisoner, who was a most ferocious, repulsive-looking man, stood firm and erect in the front of the bar and did not betray the least emotion. He exhibited the same callous indifference while sentence was being passed; and when the learned judge had concluded, he whispered something to the turnkeys, and then walked deliberately down the stairs leading from the dock."<sup>3</sup> In prison he declared that he had no intention to murder Mr. Moore when he went to that person's house, had found the cane loaded with lead in the room, and that it was a thing used in Moore's business: that he accompanied the woman for the purpose of inducing Moore to pay her an allowance which she received from Moore, who was a friend of her father—a Roman Catholic priest, and, Moore not paying her the money, a quarrel ensued. He also declared that the pistol which shot Collard went off accidentally.

"On the day after the sentence was passed, the Rev. J. E. Davis, the ordinary of Newgate, visited Barthélemy in his cell for the purpose of offering his services, and he then asked permission to write to several friends. He appeared to be at that time in a state of despondency, and informed the reverend gentleman that if the law was not executed upon him, he would take care to execute it upon himself, for that he was tired of life, and did not care how soon his existence ceased. The expression of this determination caused the authorities to be doubly upon their guard, and two officers were placed in his cell, and remained with him day and night. Ignorant of the practice in England with regard to persons left for execution, he thanked the Sheriffs for delaying the carrying out of his execution so long, as he expected, he said, to have been executed on the day after his condemnation to death. In the course of this visit, Mr. Davis prepared

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<sup>3</sup>*Times* Newspaper, January 5, 1855.

the prisoner for his fate by informing him that, although the jury had recommended him to mercy, he should not allow his hopes to be excited. The prisoner seemed to think well of this advice, and on some allusion being made to spiritual matters, he said, 'I am visited by a catholic priest, but he has the good taste not to speak to me on matters of religion.' Adverting to his trial and sentence, the prisoner expressed his opinion that Lord Campbell was guilty of a greater crime in sentencing him to death than he had been in committing the crime for which that sentence was passed. He did not appear to think that he had committed any crime, and on being informed that Ledru-Rollin [a leader of the less radical republicans in exile] was in court at the time of his trial, he exclaimed, 'Ah, no doubt he was glad to hear the sentence of death passed upon me.'

"Mr. Sheriff Crosley, who took much interest in the prisoner's case, and has devoted much of his time to him, attempted on many occasions to draw his mind to a consideration of religion, but his efforts were unsuccessful, for the prisoner gave utterance to infidel sentiments of the boldest character. He denied again and again the existence of a First Cause. Being pressed upon this point by Mr. Sheriff Crosley, he exclaimed, 'Well, well, if there is a God, I hope he speaks French.' He added that he should soon know the great secret if there were any, but he did not believe in anything of the sort. Being urged to penitence and prayer, he said, 'If I pray, it will not open the prison-door, or break the rope. (You speak of a deluge, and mankind is as bad as ever.)'

"On Sunday morning Mr. Sheriff Crosley again saw him, and again deemed it his duty to speak to him on religious matters. The Sheriff said, 'Now take my advice; you have but a short time to live, and while you have that time to live, try and make your peace with God.' Barthélemy replied, 'I am no believer; I understand geometry and the sciences, but I don't understand faith.' Mr. Crosley said, 'You are a scientific man, and know the meaning of experiments; now try this—pray to God and see whether he will not give you that faith which you cannot say you will not have if you try for it.' But all was unavailing. He asserted that there was a vast number of men as bad as he, and their crimes went unpunished. He particularly mentioned the Emperor Napoleon, who, he said, had committed more daring and more violent acts than he, and that while the Emperor was now receiving the acclamations of Europe, he was sentenced to death on the gallows. The only time Barthélemy was seen to exhibit any strong

emotion was during this interview with Mr. Sheriff Crosley. The Sheriff said, 'You have a father—a good man, I understand; is he a disbeliever?' He said, 'No;' and Mr. Sheriff Crosley then asked, 'Why do you not follow his good example?' Barthélemy went towards the fire, gazed upon it intently for a moment, and burst into a flood of tears. He was spoken to by the Sheriff on the sin he had committed. Barthélemy passionately exclaimed, 'I have committed no sin. I have done a wrong, perhaps, but no sin.' Undaunted by the failure of his good intentions, Mr. Sheriff Crosley again entreated him to ask forgiveness of God, but the answer he received was, 'I don't want the forgiveness of God; I want the forgiveness of man, that I might be able to walk out of these doors.' Mr. Sheriff Crosley then asked him if there was anything he could do for him, and Barthélemy expressed a wish to have *Paradise Lost* in French. After an immense deal of trouble the Sheriff succeeded in obtaining a copy of this work, and it was read with great attention by the prisoner every day.

"It is usual for prisoners under sentence of death to attend the services in the prison chapel on the Sunday previous to their execution, but of this privilege Barthélemy declined to avail himself. M. Borelli and M. Peyre, two Frenchmen, with whom he had been acquainted for several years, paid him a last visit, but there was no display of feeling during the meeting. The Hon. Mr. Clifford, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Crowe, one of the catholic priests who had been in attendance, also paid the prisoner a visit, but nothing occurred between them worthy of notice.

"Nearly the whole of Sunday Barthélemy was engaged in writing letters, and at 10 o'clock retired to rest, and slept soundly until four o'clock yesterday morning. He dressed himself, partook of some refreshment, and then commenced writing more letters.

"Shortly before eight o'clock, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Muggeridge, Mr. Sheriff Crosley, Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar, Mr. Under-Sheriff Crosley, the Rev. J. E. Davis, and the Rev. Abbe Roux, a catholic priest, visited the prisoner in his cell. He was standing by the fire, and bowed to them upon their entrance, (smiling and his countenance becoming animated.)

"Alderman and Sheriff Muggeridge asked the prisoner whether there was anything he wished to communicate.

"Barthélemy. 'No. I have written to my father and friends, and I have given the letters to the governor.'

"Alderman Muggeridge. 'They shall be forwarded. Have you

made a confession or statement to any one relative to this affair?"

"Barthélemy. 'The last one who knows the secret can tell it if he pleases.'

"Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar. 'Is Mr. Herring, the solicitor, that person?"

"Barthélemy. 'Oh, no.'

"Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar. 'Have you made any confession or statement to Mr. Herring?"

"Barthélemy. 'No! no! Very likely he will say he has one.'

The Rev. Mr. Davis. 'Barthélemy has never been reserved in any way with regard to the crime with which he stands charged.'

"Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar. 'Then you have not made a statement to Mr. Herring?"

"Barthélemy. 'Mr. Herring, when I was at the court in Marlborough Street, came to me and said that he had been sent to me by Mr. Cooper, another solicitor, who had not time to undertake my defence. Some time afterwards he said he had been sent by a friend, and I asked him what friend had sent him. I said to him, I warn you that I have nothing to give to you except £21, which somebody owes me. Mr. Herring struck his breast, and said, 'Money is no object.' When he came up to the court again, he asked me to sign a paper for my clothes. 'I pray you,' addressing the Sheriffs, 'if you have the will and the power, to prevent this. I cannot see what my clothes are wanted for; but, if they are to go to Madame Tussaud's, I think it will be abominable.'<sup>4</sup>

"Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar. 'Your clothes will belong to the sheriffs, who will not allow them to be given for any such purpose.'

"Barthélemy. 'I thank you, sir.'

"Calcraft, the executioner, was then introduced, but his appearance in no respect shook the remarkable coolness and self-possession of the prisoner, who said, while his arms were being pinioned, 'I hope I shall prove a good example, and be the last.'

"Mr. Sheriff Crosley, who was deeply affected, said, 'I hope, Barthélemy, you have made your peace with God.'

"Barthélemy (with determination). 'I have no faith in God.'

"Mr. Sheriff Crosley. 'I am sorry for that.'

"Barthélemy. "And I too am sorry, because in my present position I might find some strength from the faith. Faith is an outward

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<sup>4</sup> After his execution, an wax effigy of Barthélemy was exhibited in the Chamber of Horors in Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum.

thing, something out of and beyond the will of man, over which he has no control. I have no faith.'

"Alderman Muggeridge. 'Have you anything more to say?'"

"Barthélemy. 'I wish to be permitted to hold this paper in my hand. After my death you may do what you please with it.'

Alderman Muggeridge. 'Certainly.'

"St. Sepulchre's bell tolled, and the funeral procession was formed. The sheriff led the way, followed by the under-sheriffs, the chaplain, and the Abbé Roux. Barthélemy strode up to the scaffold with an unflinching tread, and met his doom with the coolness which was so eminently characteristic of his life. Ten thousand persons had assembled to witness the execution; but the sight of this vast multitude failed, as everything else had failed, to move him. While on the scaffold he asked Calcrafft to do his work as quickly as possible.

"At the given signal the bolt was withdrawn, Barthélemy fell, and died without a struggle.

"At nine o'clock the body was cut down, placed in a coffin, and removed to the cell. (His countenance was calm and placid.) The paper which he had requested permission to hold in his hand was found there after his death. It was the letter from the French woman at Poitiers, (and signed, 'Sophie') and merely contained an exhortation to repentance. It was supposed to have been written by the woman who accompanied him on the night the murders were committed)." *Daily News*, January 23rd, 1855, except the passages in parenthesis, which are from the *Times*.

**“Later, on visiting Newgate prison, in front of which the execution had taken place, with a friend from Germany, I saw among the plaster casts of the faces of the hanged men that of Barthélemy, with the impression of the rope clearly visible. The expression was changed very little; the face still showed an iron determination.”**

**-Wilhelm Liebknecht**





“Thanks to material DESTITUTION, thanks to MORAL  
OBSCURITY, that unhappy being who possessed an  
intelligence, certainly firm, possibly great, began in France  
with the GALLEYS, and ended in England with the  
GALLOWS: Barthélemy, on occasion, flew but one flag, the  
BLACK FLAG.”



**CrimethInc.**