on the firmness of his spirit. Nothing could sap his gentle, resigned energy: nothing could throw a shadow of sadness over his strong, peaceful, serene cheerfulness. His character as a free man has not changed in captivity... He never complains and he waits... He awaits deliverance, calmly; he awaits the worst without anguish...

I saw him again yesterday.

The visiting room is dark. Daylight scarcely penetrates this room; and through the only window which lights it, one's glance confronts a very high, very black, infinitely sad wall of the prison. The prisoner is at the far end of the visiting room, between bars, in a sort of cage like an animal, separated from the visitor by quite a wide corridor screened with metal grills. The impression is really painful. The mesh of the double grill is so fine that at first one sees nothing. Then little by little one perceives a vague figure coming and going behind the grill, a distant figure almost without contours, a figure that fades like a shape disappearing into the mist... In fact, at certain times of day, or when the clouds hang low, on filthy days like yesterday, one can only distinguish two eyes, two clear, limpid, happy eyes which offer you a friendly greeting...

Francis de Pressensé said that Colonel Picquart was a hero. He inscribed this word at the front of his well-known book devoted to Picquart. I offer my apologies to my dear and noble fellow campaigner, but I myself dislike heroes and know what blind, bloody brutes those people that we call heroes – those nefarious, generally military men – have been throughout history. And so I would rather say that Colonel Picquart is a man! In these times of decline and degradation, to be a man seems to me more moving and more rare than to be a hero... Humanity dies from having heroes; it is re-invigorated when it has men....


### Appendix 37: Extracts from the correspondence between Dreyfus and his wife Lucie and from his Devil's Island diary: 7 December 1894–6 June 1899

#### Letters 7 December 1894 – 12 March 1895

Alfred to Lucie. Cherche-Midi prison, 7 December 1894:

*My beloved Lucie...Dear France, you whom I love with my whole soul, with all my heart, to whom I have dedicated all my strength, all my intelligence, how could I be accused of such an appalling crime?*

*...At last the day of my appearance before justice draws near...I have come to the end of this moral torture...I shall be tried by soldiers who will listen to me...tomorrow I shall appear before my judges, my head held high, my soul at peace...I am ready to appear as a soldier who has done nothing wrong...they will see it in my face...I have nothing to fear.*

Alfred to Lucie. Cherche-Midi prison, 23 December 1894:

*To be innocent...to see oneself convicted of the most monstrous crime...Whatever happens to me...to seek out the truth...to move heaven and earth to discover it...to rehabilitate my name...this undeserved stigma must be removed.*
Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 23 December 1894:
My Darling...What misfortune...what torture...what ignominy...wherever you may be sent I will follow you...I cannot do without you...accept the undeserved punishment...do it for me...for your children...I weep, I weep...live for my sake, I beseech you...I should die of grief if you were no longer alive...Rest assured, I will never bow my head...I do not sleep, and it is to you that I return.

Alfred to Lucie. Cherche-Midi prison, 27 December 1894:
...and so I shall fight to my last breath...to my last drop of blood...

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 31 December 1894:
My Dearest...I see that you have regained your courage and have given some back to me...Endure this dreadful ceremony valiantly...bead high and declaiming your innocence...

Alfred to Lucie. Cherche-Midi prison, 3 January 1895:
...the supreme humiliation is set...I was prepared...yet the blow was violent...

Alfred to Lucie. La Santé prison, 5 January 1895:
...In promising that I will live...to hold out until my name is rehabilitated...I will tell you, when we are happy again, what I suffered today...how my heart bled...I seemed to be the victim of an hallucination, but alas my torn and defiled uniform reminded me of the brutal reality...

Alfred to Lucie. La Santé prison, 5 January 1895, 7 o'clock in the evening:
I do not have the right to give up as long as breath remains in my body...I will fight...

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 5 January 1895, evening:
...What a horrifying morning...what appalling times...I cannot think...it hurts too much

Alfred to Lucie. La Santé prison, 9 January 1895:
...when I think of it again...how could I have promised to go on living after my conviction...that Saturday is engraved on my mind in letters of fire...I have the courage of a soldier...but alas, have I the soul of a martyr?...

Alfred to Lucie. Ile de Ré, 23 January 1895:
...I am...the victim of the most appalling error...But whatever happens...in our fine country of France...there will arise a man honest and courageous enough to discover the truth...Yes, my darling, I have to live...I have to suffer to the end for the sake of the name borne by the dear children...I weep when I think of our past happiness...

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 28 February 1895:
...My Dearest Love, I cannot describe the grief I feel as the distance that divides us grows greater and greater I pass my days with dreadful thoughts, my nights with frightful dreams...
Alfred to Lucie. Ile de Ré, 12 March 1895:

...Beloved Lucie...I am incapable of writing to you all...my mind is too weary...my despair too great...it is time that this horrible drama came to an end...but for God's sake hurry and work hard ...When you have some good news send a telegram; I await it every day like the Messiah.

From the time of Dreyfus' arrival on Devil’s Island letters took 2–3 months to reach him. All letters were first directed to the central department of penal administration, where they were read and inspected before being forwarded to Dreyfus. All his own letters were also censored. This procedure, due to be put in place on 23 March 1895, was definitively enforced on 12 May 1895.

Extracts from the Diary 14 April 1895 – 10 September 1896

14 April 1895, Devil’s Island:

Today I begin the diary of my sad and appalling life....I worshipped reason...I believed in logic...I believed in human justice...the physical and mental tortures...have been worse than I even expected...today I am broken in body and spirit... ...my horror of life is such that I considered not seeking medical help thus putting an end to this martyrdom... Oh how I wish to live till the day of my rehabilitation...Shall I survive till then? I often have my doubts...

Night of 14 – 15 April 1895:

Impossible to sleep...the guard walks up and down...the itching from insects which run over my skin...the anger stirring in my heart at being reduced to this...an atrocious thought to be convicted of such an abominable crime without knowing the reason why!...

19 April 1895:

...still no news from my loved ones...what I find inhuman...is that they are intercepting my correspondence...to bury me alive...to prevent all communication is contrary to all justice...

20 April 1895, 2 o’clock in the afternoon

To think that in our century, in a country like France imbued with ideas of justice and truth, things of this sort, so utterly undeserved, can happen, I have written to the President of the Republic, I have written to ministers, always asking them to uncover the truth... it is justice that I clamour for...

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 21 April 1895:

... I cry to God with unceasing supplications that this year may bring our happiness back to us...

28 April 1895:

A storm is brewing...gusts are buffeting everything...causing violent clashes...just like the state of my soul, sometimes in its violent fits of anger...
2 May 1895:

_The boat…is in sight…my heart is beating to the point of bursting… bring Bring letters from my wife?…_

9 May 1895:

_Appalling day. Fits of weeping…hysterics…but it has to be mind over matter…_

Friday 10 May 1895:

_Acute fever during the night_

16 May 1895:

_Continual fever…_

29 May 1895:

_Continuous rain…heavy weather…stifling…nerve-wracking_

1 June 1895:

_The mail boat from Cayenne has passed…Shall I at last have news of my wife and children? Since I left France on the 20 February I have had no news of my loved ones…_

2 June 1895:

_Nothing. Nothing…the silence of the grave…_

3 June 1895:

_…A traitor! At the very word all my blood rushes to my head, my whole being shivers with anger and indignation, a traitor, the lowest of the low…_

(Letter from Alfred to Lucie, 3 June 1895:

_Do you remember those lines of Shakespeare from Othello…:_

_Who steals my purse steals trash; ’tis something, nothing; ’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands: But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him And makes me poor indeed._

_Ah, yes, the wretch who has stolen my honour has certainly made me ‘poor’._

5 June 1895:

_No news from my loved ones…for three and half months…._

9 June 1895:

_My heart bleeds so much that death would be a deliverance…Still no letters from my loved ones._
12 June 1895:
...finally some letters from my wife and family...so it takes more than three months...

19 June 1895:
...when will they find the culprit...when shall I finally know the truth...will I live to see that day...my poor dear Lucie and my children....

10 July 1895:
Irritations of every kind...I may no longer walk around my hut...no longer sit facing the sea where it is cool...

14 July 1885:
I saw the tricolour flying...this flag which I have served with loyalty and honour. My pain is such that my pen falls from my hand; some feelings cannot be expressed in words.

16 July 1895:
...heat intolerable...nothing to read...always this silence

29 July 1895:
A heavy, stifling day, harrowing...my nerves are stretched like violin strings.

31 July 1895:
Last night I dreamed of you, my dear Lucie, and of our children...I await the mail from Cayenne with feverish impatience...

1 August 1895 midday:
Mail has arrived from Cayenne...Has it brought me my letters? and what news...?

1 August 1895 4.30pm:
Still nothing...terrible waiting...

1 August 1895 9 o'clock in the evening:
Nothing...what bitter disappointment.

2 September 1895:
It has been long since I added to my diary. What is the point...

22 September 1895:
Convicted on the evidence of handwriting...I have been seeking justice for almost a year...what I demand is...the discovery of the wretch who wrote that infamous letter...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>27 September 1895:</td>
<td>Such torment...goes beyond human endurance...the daily renewal of...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>agonising anguish...is sending an innocent to his grave...a Government...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>has all means to clarify...It has an absolute duty to do so...</td>
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<td>29 September 1895:</td>
<td>Violent palpitations...I was suffocating...the machine is struggling on...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>but for how much longer?</td>
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<td>5 October 1895:</td>
<td>...letters from my family...agonising cries of such distress arise from these...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>letters that my whole being is shaken...I have just sent the following letter to the President...</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 November 1895:</td>
<td>Terrible heat...nothing consumes the heart and mind as much as these...</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>long agonising silences...never a human voice...never a friendly face...</td>
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<td>15 November 1895:</td>
<td>...I will carry on to the limits of my declining strength...a relentless...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>struggle against isolation...a climate that saps all energy...nothing to...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>read...nothing to do...</td>
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<td>13 December 1895:</td>
<td>They will kill me by this endless torment or force me to kill myself as an...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>escape from insanity...</td>
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<tr>
<td>30 December 1895:</td>
<td>My blood burns and fever is eating me up...when will this torture end?</td>
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<tr>
<td>12 January 1896:</td>
<td>Reply from the President to my petition of 5 October 1895:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Rejected, with no comment.</td>
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<td>7 September 1896:</td>
<td>Yesterday I was put in shackles...why? Since my arrival I have fully observed...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>all orders...how did I not go mad during that long, atrocious night...?</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Later the same day:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>...my suffering is dreadful...but I no longer feel anger towards those who...</td>
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<td></td>
<td>cause an innocent man to suffer...I pity them...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 September 1896:</td>
<td>These nights in shackles!...without knowing why! What horrible and...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>atrocious nightmare have I been living in for nearly two years?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Same day, afternoon:

My mind is so stricken, so overwhelmed …that I can go on no longer…I am failing.

…why am I not in the grave?…when light has been shed on this affair, oh! I bequeath my children to France, to my dear homeland. My dear little Pierre, my dear little Jeanne, my dear Lucie, all of you whom I love from the depth of my heart, with all the ardour of my soul, believe me, if these lines reach you, that I will have done all that is humanly possible to hold out.

9 September 1896:

The commander of the islands came yesterday…he explained that the action taken was not a punishment but a 'security measure'…putting in shackles a security measure…when I am guarded day and night by a guard armed with revolver and a rifle! The truth must be told…it is a measure of hatred, of torture, ordered from Paris…I am so depressed, so overwrought, so crushed that I cannot think…and always the appalling enigma…

10 September 1896:

I am so weary, so broken in body and spirit that I am stopping this diary today, unable to judge how long my strength will last, or on which day my mind will collapse…

I end it by addressing this supreme appeal to the president of the republic in case I should die before seeing the end of this frightful drama.

‘Mr President…’ (v. Chronology, Part 4, pp. 80–1)

End of diary.

From the end of 1896 the surveillance of Dreyfus' correspondence became more stringent: all letters addressed to him were copied. He no longer received any of the originals.

Letters 5 February 1897 – 6 June 1899

Alfred to Lucie. Devil’s Island, 5 February 1897:

My Dearest…Facing the greatest suffering, the vilest insults, when the ferociousness stirred by bestial inhumanity caused my reason to waver-when blood flooded my temples and my eyes-I have thought of death with longing…but my mouth is sealed because I want to die not only an innocent man, but also as the good and loyal Frenchman who has never for one moment forgotten his duty towards his country…

Alfred to Lucie. Devil’s Island, 10 August 1897:

My beloved Lucie…once again I tell you of my deep affection, infinite tenderness, my admiration for your noble character; I open my soul to you and I will acquaint you with your rights and obligations, the rights which can only be abandoned when confronted by death. And this inalienable right, both for my country and for all of you, is to demand that full light is shed upon this frightful drama…And on the day when the whole truth is uncovered-as it must be, for neither time, patience or will
must be spared…if I am no longer alive, it will be up to you to (cleanse my memory) clear my name …and I repeat, however outrageous the suffering and torture inflicted upon me…I have never forgotten that far above men and the passions (and errors) which may lead them astray is our country. It rests upon her to be my final judge…

My deepest affection to you and our beloved children…

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 6 October 1897:

…I did not succeed in expressing…the great confidence…that I felt that our happiness will return…

Lucie to Alfred. Paris 7 January 1898:

My Darling….Have courage! Have courage! I see the moment when we will finally be reunited, cleansed of this frightful stain….all that will remain will be a painful memory, which alas will never disappear…

Alfred to Lucie. Devil’s Island, 26 January 1898:

…I understand…I believe that General Boisdeffre has never been against doing us justice…we request him to shed light on this affair. It was no more in his power to act than it was ours….

Alfred to Lucie. Devil’s Island, 26 May 1898:

….As I told you, I have written to the President (of the Republic) asking for a review of my trial…I am still totally in the dark…I do not know the definitive results of the request….I have been expecting a reply daily for several months…

Lucie to Alfred. Paris, 10 August 1898

…how difficult it is to have an error acknowledged. The human mind welcomes evil with enthusiasm and prejudice is more difficult to root out because it has been accepted easily…and has become legend, an acquired fact….

Telegram Governor, Cayenne, 16 November 1898:

Governor to the deported convict Dreyfus, via the officer in command of Devil’s Island

Informs you that Criminal Division of Supreme Court of Appeal has declared admissible in present form the appeal for review of your judgement and instructed that you be informed of this ruling and invited to produce your pleas of defence.

Telegram Alfred to Lucie. Cayenne, 6 June 1899:

Madame Dreyfus. Devil’s Island 5 June. Heart, soul with you, children, all. I am leaving on Friday. Await with immense joy the moment of happiness of holding you in my arms. Love to all. Alfred.