

Works by Louis-Auguste Blanqui in 1832

The Trial of the Fifteen.

Defence of the Citizen-Louis Auguste Blanqui Court of Assizes

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Transcribed Andy Blunden, 2003.

(January 12, 1832)

Gentlemen of the jury,

I am accused of having said to thirty millions of French people, proletarians like me, they had the right to live. If this is a crime, it seems at least that I should only answer for men who might not be judge and party in question. Now, gentlemen, observe that the Crown has not addressed your equity and your right, but your passions and your interests, it does not call your thoroughness on an act contrary to morality and the law he only wants to unleash your revenge against what he represents you as a threat to your lives and your properties. I am not in front of judges, but in the presence of enemies and it would therefore be useless to defend myself. So I am resigned to all convictions that might strike me, however, vigorously protesting against the substitution of violence to justice, and giving me the future of care to give force to the right. However, it is my duty to my proletarian, deprived of all rights of the city, challenging the jurisdiction of a tribunal which shall serve only the lucky few who are not my peers, I am satisfied that you heart high enough position to appreciate the role that dignity requires you honor in a circumstance where we book in a way to sacrifice your opponents disarmed. As for ours, he is drawn to advance the role of prosecutor is the only suitable for the oppressed.

For he must not imagine that men invested by surprise and fraud by a power of one day may at their discretion to pull the patriotic their justice, and compel us, pointing the sword,

to ask mercy for our patriotism. Do not think we came here to justify the crimes that we blamed! Far from that, we honor the imputation, and from this bench even criminals, which must be held in honor of sitting today, we launch our charges against the unfortunate people who have ruined and disgraced France, until the natural order is restored in the roles for which the opposite benches are made of this room and accuser and accused are in their proper place.

What I will say explain why we wrote the offending lines from the king's men, and why we will write again.

The Crown has, so to speak, shown in perspective in your imagination a revolt of slaves, to stir up hatred by your fear. "You see, he said, is the war of the poor against the rich, all those who have are interested in pushing the invasion. We bring you your enemies hit them before they become more formidable. "

Yes, gentlemen, this is the war between rich and poor and the rich have wanted, because they are the aggressors. But they are wrong that the poor be resistance, they readily say, speaking of the people: "This animal is so fierce that he defends himself when attacked. The whole diatribe of the Advocate General can be summarized in this sentence.

It never ceased to denounce the proletarians as thieves ready to pounce on properties: why? Because they complain of being crushed by taxes for the benefit of the privileged. As for the privileged, who live handsomely from the sweat of the proletariat, what are the legitimate owners threatened by a rapacious mob looting. This is not the first time that the executioners give themselves the airs of victims. Who are these thieves worthy of so many curses and punishments? Thirty million French people who pay tax at a billion and a half and a sum roughly equal to the privileged. And the owners that the entire society has to cover its power, it is two or three hundred thousand idle quietly devouring the billions paid by the thieves. It seems to me that there, under a new form, and between other opponents of the war against the feudal barons they robbed merchants on the highways.

Indeed, the current government has no other basis than this unjust distribution of burdens and benefits. The restaurant was established in 1814 under the good pleasure of the stranger, in order to enrich an insignificant minority of the spoils of the nation. One hundred thousand citizens in forming what is called by a bitter irony, the democratic element. What will he, God! other elements? Paul Courier has already captured the cauldron representative, the pump suction and force the crowd who called on people to constantly suck billions poured into the coffers of a few idle, ruthless machine that crushes one to one twenty-five million peasants and five Millions of workers to extract the purest of blood and transfusion into the

veins of the privileged. The wheels of this machine, combined with wonderful art, reach the poor at every moment of the day, continuing the smallest needs of his humble life, begin by half in its smallest gain in the most wretched of his enjoyments. And that's not enough money so that travel to those pockets of the proletariat to the rich, through the depths of the treasury; even more enormous sums are raised directly to the masses by the privileged, through laws governing industrial and commercial transactions, these laws which have favored the exclusive manufacture.

For the owner withdraws from a large farming areas, foreign corn are subject to an entrance fee that increases the price of bread, and you know that a few cents more or less on a pound of bread is life or death of several thousand workers. This legislation grain crushing especially maritime peoples of the South. To enrich a few large manufacturers and forest owners, is subjected to heavy duties chains in Germany and Sweden, so that farmers are forced to pay dearly for bad tools, while they could get to excellent cheap; abroad turn to revenge our prohibitions in pushing the French wines of its markets, which, added to taxes that affect the food inside, his impoverished countries the most France's rich and kills the culture of the vine, the most natural home, the truly indigenous culture, the one that best promotes the mobilization of soil and small properties. I will not talk about the salt tax, lottery, tobacco monopoly, in a word, this intricate network of taxes, monopolies, prohibitions, tariffs and granting it wraps the proletariat. Which binds its members and atrophy? Suffice it to say that this mass of taxes is distributed to always save the rich, and weigh only on the poor, *or rather the idle exercise unworthy looting the masses*. Looting is indeed essential.

Do we not have a large civil list to pay the royalty, the comfort of sublime sacrifice she has made her peace happiness of the country? And since one of the main titles of cadets at the heredity Bourbon lies in their large family, the state will not do things meanly and refuse to appanages princes, princesses dots. There is also this huge army of sinecures, diplomats, civil servants as France's happiness, must provide large salaries, so that they enrich the luxury of their privileged bourgeoisie, because all the money from stakeholders to the budget spent in cities, and he should not return to farmers a single penny and a half billion they pay five-sixths.

Should we not also be that this new star financial Gil Blas of the nineteenth century courtier and apologist of all departments, a favorite of Olivares as the Duke of Lerma, the high offices to sell ready money? It is necessary to grease the wheels of the big machine representative, to provide rich son, nephews, cousins. And the courtiers, courtesans, intriguing, dealers who rate the stock at the honor and the country's future, the matchmaker,

the mistresses, the providers' writers police, who speculate on the fall of Poland, all the vermin of the palaces and salons, do we not gold all that stuff? Should we not push for fermentation that manure that fertilizes happily public opinion?

This is the government that the mouths of the Ministry of gold gives us as the masterpiece of systems of social organization, the summary of everything that has been good and perfect in various administrative mechanisms for the Flood these are what they boast as *ultimate* of human perfectibility in government! This is simply the theory of corruption thrust to its limits. The strongest evidence that this order of things is established that the purpose of exploiting the poor by the rich, which has sought other basis than a vile and brutal materialism is that the Intelligence is under a helotism. Indeed, it is a guarantee of morality, and morality inadvertently introduced in such a system could enter only as infallible element of destruction.

I ask, gentlemen, how the men of heart and intelligence, among the outcasts rejected by a flat aristocracy of money, would they feel if not a profoundly cruel outrage? How can they remain indifferent to the disgrace of their country, the suffering of the proletariat, their brothers in misfortune? Their duty is to call upon the masses to break the yoke of misery and ignominy, a duty, I met despite the prisons will fill us to the end, defying our enemies. When it was behind a great nation that works to conquer his wellbeing and his freedom, one must know how to throw in the ditches to serve as weirs and make a path.

Bodies Corporate complacently repeated that there are avenues for grievances of the proletariat, that laws have their regular means to get up for their interests. It is a mockery. The tax is there, which continues its gaping mouth, he must work, work night and day to constantly throw the food to the hungry abyss of ever-recurring; lucky if they still have some bits to cheat than their children. The people do not write in the newspapers, it does not send a petition to the rooms: it would be time wasted. Moreover, all the voices that have an impact year politics, the votes shows, those boutiques, cafes, in short, of all places where forms what is called public opinion, these voices are those of the privileged, no one belongs to the people he is mute it grows away from these lofty regions where govern its destiny. When, by chance, the grandstand and the press let out a few words of pity on his misery, is eager to silence them in the name of public safety, which can not be touched these burning questions, or it cries for anarchy. What if some men persist, the prison is justice to these outcries that disturb digestion Ministerial. And then, when he made a great silence, they say: "Look, France is happy, she is peaceful: the order reigns! ..."

But despite the precautions the cry of hunger, driven by thousands of unfortunates, reaches the ears of the privileged, they roar, they exclaim: "You must force is the law! A

nation must have a passion for the law! "Gentlemen, you are following all laws are good? there he has never had to do unto you horror? do you know of any ridiculous, hateful or immoral? Is it possible to hide it behind an abstract word, which applies to a chaos of forty thousand laws, which also means that it is best and what's worse? They replied: "If there are bad laws, ask for legal reform in the meantime, obey ... "This is a mockery even more bitter. Laws are made by one hundred thousand voters, jurors applied by one hundred miles, performed by one hundred thousand National Guardsmen urban because it was thoroughly disrupted the national guards in the countryside, the people that are too similar. But these voters, these jurors, the National Guard, they are the same individuals, which combine the functions the most opposite and are at once legislators, judges and soldiers so that the same man creates an MP in the morning, that that is to say the law, law applies to noon as a juror, and performs at night in the street in the guise of the National Guard. What are the thirty millions of workers in all these developments? They pay.

The apologists of representative government have largely based their praise for what the system sanctioned the separation of three powers legislative, judicial and executive. They did not have enough forms of admiration for this wonderful balance that had solved the problem long sought the agreement of the order with the freedom of movement with stability. Well It is precisely that the representative system, as the apologists are applying it, which concentrates the three powers in the hands of a privileged few united by common interests. Is not that a confusion that is the most monstrous tyrannies, by the admission of the apologists?

So what happens there? The proletariat was left outside. The Chambers, elected by the monopolists of power, continue unperturbed in their production tax laws, criminal, administrative, directed in the same order of abstraction. Now that the people go, screaming hunger, asking for privileged to abdicate their privileges, the monopolists to give up their monopoly at all abandoned their idleness, they will laugh at his nose. Qu'eussent made the noble in 1789, though they had humbly begged them to file their feudal rights? They have chastised the insolence ... We went about it differently.

The cleverest of the aristocracy without feeling, feeling everything that is threatening to them in the despair of many private bread, offer to lighten his misery, not by humanity, God forbid! but to save from peril. As to political rights, we must not talk, it is only the proletariat to throw a bone to pick.

Other men, with best intentions, argue that people are tired of liberty and asks only to live. I do not know what pushes them despotic impulse to exalt the example of Napoleon, who could rally the masses by giving them bread in exchange for freedom. It is true that this despot leveler was maintained for some time, and it was especially flattering the passion for

equality, because he had shot providers thieves, who would quit today to be deputies. It *none* not die for killing less freedom. This lesson should benefit those who want to be his heirs.

It is not allowed to argue the cries of distress of the starving population to repeat the word insolent Imperial Rome: *Bread and circuses!* we know that most people do not beg! There is no question of dropping a few crumbs splendid table for fun, the people did not need alms is to himself that he intends to take his well-being. He wants to do and it will make the laws that must govern it: so these laws will not be made against him, they will do for him because they will be by him. We do not recognize anyone the right to grant largesse I do not know what might otherwise revoke a whim. We ask that the thirty-three million French people choose their form of government, and appoint, by universal suffrage, the mission representatives who make the laws. This reform is accomplished, the taxes rob the poor to benefit the rich will be promptly removed and replaced by other bases established on the contrary. Instead take the proletariat industrious to give to the rich, the tax will seize the superfluous idle for distribution among the mass of poor people that lack of money to condemn the inaction hit unproductive consumers to fertilize sources of production, facilitating more striking public credit, the plague of the country and finally replace the disastrous stock market manipulation system of national banks where males find items of property. Then, and only then, taxes will be a blessing.

This, gentlemen, as we hear the republic, not otherwise. "93" is good for a scarecrow porters and domino players. Please note, gentlemen, that is on purpose that I pronounced the word of universal suffrage, to show our contempt for certain comparisons. We know everything a beleaguered government implements of lies, slanders, tales ridiculous or vicious, to give some credence to that old story that has operated for so long, an alliance between Republicans and Carlists, that is to say between what is most unpleasant in the world. This is the anchor of salvation, his great resource for finding some support, and the most stupid conspiracies of melodrama, the most obnoxious pranks police did not seem too dangerous a game if he succeeds in frightening the France of Carlism she hates to turn away a few more days of the Republican way where his instinct hello precipitates. But to whom do we persuade the possibility of this union against nature? The Carlist Did not blood on the hands of our friends died on the scaffold of the Restoration We are not so forgetful of our martyrs. Is it not against the revolutionary spirit, represented at the tricolor, the Bourbons have roused Europe for twenty-five years, and they are still trying to stir up? This flag is not yours, apostles of quasi-legitimacy! Is that of the Republic! It is we Republicans who have met in 1830, without you and even you, who stifled in 1815, and Europe knows that one will defend republican France, where he will again be attacked by the kings . If there is

somewhere natural alliance is between you and such Carlists not the same man that suits you for the time they hold on to theirs that is not here, but you're probably cheap yours, for accommodation and to better achieve the thing you want to share with them, assuming you do this that would return to your old rack.

Indeed, the word Carlist is nonsense, and there can not be in France that the royalists and republicans. The question then slice each day between these two principles, the good people who believed in a third principle, a kind of neutral gender balance called, drop slowly this nonsense, and all ebb towards one or the other flag according to their passion and their interest. Now, you men monarchy, which made the monarchy as you talk, you know under what banner you call your doctrines. You do not wait eighteen months for the selection. On July 28, 1830, at ten o'clock in the morning [\[1\]](#), "Was advised to say in a newspaper office that I would take my gun and my tricolor, a powerful character today exclaimed indignantly:" Sir, the tricolor may well be yours, but they will never be mine, the white flag is the flag of France. Then as now these gentlemen were to keep France on a sofa [\[2\]](#).

Well we'll have conspired against the fifteen white flag, and it was grinding his teeth as we see it floating over the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville, where foreigners had been planted. The happiest day of our lives was when we dragged through the mud streams, and where we have trampled on the white cockade, the prostitute from the enemy camps. It takes a rare dose of impudence to throw us in the face that accusation of collusion with the royalists, and another side is a very clumsy hypocrisy than dwelling on our supposed gullibility, our good-natured simpleton, who makes, they say, dupes Carlist. If I say this, it is not to insult the enemy on land they say they are strong, they have their Vendee they resume, we'll see!

However, I repeat, there will soon need to choose between monarchy and monarchical republic republican we'll see who is the majority. Even now, if the opposition of the House of Deputies, it is entirely national, can rally the country altogether, if it gives the government the right to accuse him of failure and impotence, is that , while rejecting much of royalty, she has not dared to declare with the same franchise for the republic is that in saying what she did not, she did not articulate what she wanted . It does not resolve to decline the word republic, which the men of Corruption trying to scare the nation, knowing that the nation wants something almost unanimously. It has disfigured the history for forty years, with an incredible success for this purpose to frighten, but the last eighteen months have disabused of many mistakes, squandered many lies, and people will not take any longer changes. He wants both freedom and well-being. It is a calumny to represent him as ready to give all their liberties for a piece of bread: it must refer the charge to political atheists who have launched.

Is it not the people who, in every crisis, has shown a willingness to sacrifice his well-being and life to the moral interests? Is it not the people who asked to die in 1814, rather than see the stranger in Paris? And yet, what material needs drove him to this act of devotion? There was bread on 1 April as well as March 30.

These privileged, on the contrary, we have assumed so easy to move from the big ideas of patriotism and honor, because of the exquisite sensitivity they owe to the opulence that could calculate at least better than other fatal consequences of foreign invasion, but does it not they who have donned the white cockade in the presence of the enemy, and kissed the boots of the Cossacks? What! Classes that have applauded the disgrace of the country, who profess a highly disgusting materialism that would sacrifice a thousand years of freedom, prosperity and glory in three days of rest bought by the infamy, these classes have their hands in the filing exclusive of national dignity! Because corruption has brutalized, they recognize the people that appetite for crude to assume the right to provide him what it takes food to support his growing animal they harvest!

This is not hungry either, which in July, led the proletariat in the public square, they followed with feelings of high moral character, the desire to redeem themselves from slavery by a great service to the country, hatred of the Bourbons especially! because the people have never recognized the Bourbons, he hatched his hatred fifteen years, watching in silence the opportunity of revenge, and when his mighty hand had broken the yoke, it was thought at the same time tearing treaties 1815. Because the people is a deeper political statesmen, his instinct told him that a nation has no future, when her past is burdened with a stigma that has not been washed . The war then! Not so absurd to begin conquests, but to raise France to ban, to do him honor, the first condition of prosperity; War! to prove to our sister nations of Europe, that, far from their grudge against the fatal error for us and for them, which led in arms in France in 1814, we knew we avenge them and chastising the Kings liars, and bringing peace to our neighbors and freedom! That's what wanted the 30 million French people who have enthusiastically welcomed the new era.

That is what should come out of the July Revolution. She came to complement our forty years of the Revolution. Under the republic, the people had won freedom at the price of famine empire had given him a kind of well-being by stripping it of its freedom. The two schemes were able gloriously enhance external dignity, the first need of a great nation. All perished in 1815, and this victory abroad lasted fifteen years. what was it that the battle of July, if not a rematch of the long defeat, and the chain of our national wild? And every revolution is an improvement, it should not she make sure the full enjoyment of what we had achieved so far only partially, we finally make everything that we had lost by the

Restoration?

Freedom! well-being! external dignity! Such was the motto on the flag plebeian 1830. The theorists have read: *Maintenance of all privileges! Charter 1814! Quasi legitimacy!* Consequently, they have given the people of servitude and misery inside, outside infamy. The proletariat did they then fought for a change in effigy on the coins they see so seldom? Are we so curious new medals, the reversal thrones to do without this fantasy? This is the opinion of a publicist who provides ministerial in July we *persisted* to want a constitutional monarchy, with the variant of Louis-Philippe in place of Charles X. The people, he said, has taken part in the struggle as an instrument of the middle classes, that is to say that the proletarians are gladiators who kill and are killed for fun and profit of the privileged which applaud the windows ... course the battle is over. The booklet contains these fine theories of representative government has published November 20, Lyon responded on 21. The replica of Lyons has seemed so compelling that nobody has said a word about the work of the publicist.

What happened to the abyss Lyon come to reveal the eyes! The whole country has moved with pity at the sight of this army of ghosts, half consumed by hunger, running the guns to die at least once.

And not only in Lyon, it's all the workers die crushed by taxes. These men, once so proud of a victory that tied their arrival on the political scene in the triumph of freedom, these men he had to rebuild all of Europe, they struggle against hunger, which leaves them enough strength for so many indignant shame added to the dishonor of the Restoration. The dying art of Poland could not even distract from the contemplation of their own miseries, and they kept what they have tears to weep for them and their children. What suffering that those who were able to forget so quickly Poles exterminated!

That is the France of July as the theorists we have made. Who would have thought! In these days of intoxication, when we wandered mechanically, rifle on shoulder, through the unpaved streets and barricades, stunned our triumph, his chest swelling with happiness, dreaming of pale kings and the joy of the people when it came to their ears the distant roar of our *Marseillaise* , Who seemed as much joy and glory be changed into a bereaved! Who would have thought when they saw the great workers of six feet, whose citizens, out of their caves trembling, kissed in emulation of rags, and repeating the selflessness and courage, with tears of admiration, which they thought would would die of misery on the pavement, their conquest, and their fans would call the scourge of society!

Shadows magnanimous! Glorious workers, including my hand shook hands in farewell

dying on the battlefield, which I have veiled their faces with rags dying, you die happy in a victory that would buy your race; and, six months later, I found your children into dungeons, and each night I slept on my bed at the sound of their cries, the curses of their tormentors, and the whistle of the whip which had silenced their cries.

Gentlemen, is there not some reckless these outrages heaped on men who have tested their strength, that are in a worse condition than the one that pushed them into battle? Is it wise to learn so bitterly to the people he was duped by his moderation in the triumph? Are we so sure of no longer needing the mercy of the proletariat, we can, with full security, exposure to find ruthless? It seems that we take additional precautions against the popular vengeance than to exaggerate the table in advance, as if this exaggeration, paints imaginary murder and robbery were the only way to ward off reality. It is easy to put a bayonet on the chest of men who have surrendered their weapons after the victory.

Ce qui sera moins facile, c'est d'effacer le souvenir de cette victoire. Voici bientôt dix-huit mois employés à reconstruire pièce à pièce ce qui fut renversé en quarante-huit heures, et les dix-huit mois de réaction n'ont pas même ébranlé l'ouvrage des trois jours. Nulle force humaine ne saurait repousser dans le néant le fait qui s'est accompli. Demandez à celui qui se plaignait d'un effet sans cause, s'il se flatte qu'il puisse y avoir des causes sans effets. La France a conçu dans les embrassements sanglants de six mille héros ; l'enfantement peut être long et douloureux ; mais les flancs sont robustes, et les empoisonneurs doctrinaires ne la feront point avorter.

Vous avez confisqué les fusils de Juillet. Oui ; mais les balles sont parties. Chacune des balles des ouvriers parisiens est en route pour faire le tour du monde ; elles frappent incessamment ; elles frapperont jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y ait plus debout un seul ennemi de la liberté et du bonheur du peuple.

Notes

[1] La seconde journée des « Trois Glorieuses », les insurgés s'emparèrent de l'Hôtel de Ville, sur lequel ils hissèrent le drapeau tricolore.

[2] Sous la Restauration, le mot canapé désignait ironiquement les doctrinaire (membres d'une fraction du parti royaliste constitutionnel dirigée par Guizot, Royer-Collard, etc...). On disait que ce groupe était si peu nombreux qu'il pouvait tenir sur un canapé.

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