

# My Life on Devil's Island.

By CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

[WHILE a prisoner on Devil's Island Captain Dreyfus kept a Diary, in which he noted down from time to time the events, the sensations, the despairing agonies of his terrible experience. This Diary, which reveals to the world for the first time what life on Devil's Island really meant, and which was written in the hope that, in the event of his death, it might be delivered to his wife and children, forms one of the most graphic and most moving narratives ever put on paper. Few things in fiction equal in effect the realism of these rough notes, dashed down under the suffering of the instant with a vividness which almost makes the reader a companion of his exile. From these unique pages we are now privileged to give a selection of extracts, illustrated with drawings by Captain Dreyfus himself.

Those who desire to read the Diary complete—and their name is legion—are referred to the volume entitled "Five Years of My Life," by Captain Alfred Dreyfus, published (price 6s. net) by George Newnes, Limited. In this enthralling volume, which is destined beyond doubt to live in history, Captain Dreyfus describes from first to last the inner workings of the events with which the whole world rang. Every incident is set forth in detail—his sudden arrest in November, 1894; his trial in secret; his public degradation; his sensations when, before the eyes of his comrades, his stripes and buttons were torn off and his sword broken; his danger of being torn to pieces by the mob; the bitter parting from his wife and children; his conveyance to Devil's Island in a cage on the ship's deck; his years of life in exile; and finally his restoration to honour, liberty, and happiness at Rennes.

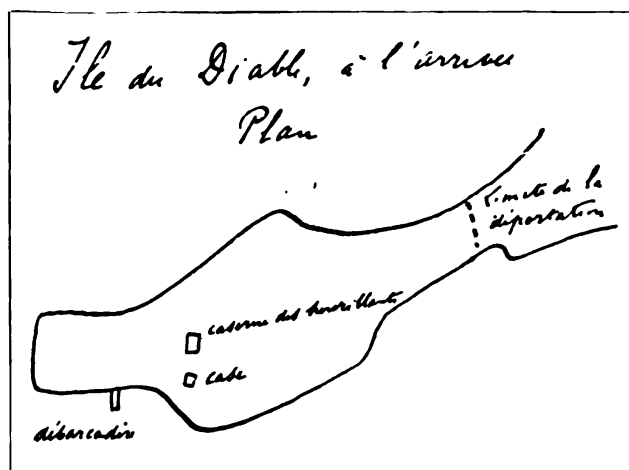
As regards the following extracts from the Diary, the few sentences necessary by way of introduction and conclusion are given in Captain Dreyfus's own words.]



HE Devil's Island is a barren rock, previously used for the isolation of lepers. The hut for my use was built of stone, and measured about 13ft. square. The windows were grated. The door was in lattice-work, with simple iron bars. This door opened out on an entrance about 6½ft. square, which was attached to the front of the hut; this entrance was closed by a door of solid wood. In this entrance stayed the keeper who was on guard. These guards were relieved every two hours, and were ordered not to lose sight of me day or night. To facilitate the carrying out of this latter part of their service the hut was lighted during the hours of darkness. By night the door of the entrance was closed inside and out, so that every two hours at guard-relief there was a horrible racket of keys and iron-work. Five keepers and their chief had charge of the execution of the service and of guarding me. By day I had the right to move about, but only in that part of the island comprised between the landing-place and the little valley where the lepers' camp had been, a space of about 220 yards and utterly bare. I was absolutely forbidden to leave these limits under penalty of being confined to my hut. The

moment I went out I was accompanied by the guard, who was ordered not to lose sight of the simplest of my movements. The guard was armed with a revolver; later on there were added to this a rifle and a cartridge-belt. I was expressly forbidden to speak to anyone whomsoever.

The following pages are the exact reproduction of the diary which I wrote from the month of April, 1895, until the autumn of 1896. It was destined for my wife. This diary was seized with all my papers in 1896, and was never handed over to my wife. I was able to obtain possession of it only at the time of the Rennes trial, in 1899.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS'S OUTLINE SKETCH OF DEVIL'S ISLAND.

## MY DIARY.

(TO BE HANDED TO MY WIFE.)

SUNDAY, 14TH APRIL, 1895:—

To-day I begin the diary of my sad and tragical life. I had decided to kill myself after the iniquitous sentence passed on me. However, I yielded to my wife—I have summoned courage to live. I have undergone the most frightful punishment which can be inflicted on a soldier—a punishment worse than any death. Then, step by step, I have endured the horrible journey which has brought me hither, by way of the Santé Prison and the depôt of the Ile de Ré, supporting, without flinching, the shouts and insults of the mob, but leaving a fragment of my heart at every turn of the road. My conscience bore me up. Day by day my reason told me: "Truth will at last shine forth triumphant; in a century like ours the light cannot long be overclouded." But, alas! every day brought with it some new disappointment or deception. The light not only did not break, but all things seemed to tend to keep it shadowed. I was, and I am still, in the strictest close confinement. All my correspondence is read and checked off at the Ministry, and often not forwarded to me at all. I thought that, once in my exile, I might find, if not rest—this I cannot have till my honour

is given back—at least some tranquillity of mind and body which might permit me to wait for the day of rehabilitation. What a

new and bitter disappointment! After a voyage of fifteen days, shut up in a cage, I first remained for four days in the roadstead of the Iles du Salut without going on deck, in the midst of tropical heat. My brain and my whole being melted away in despair.



CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

*From a Photo. taken by the French police immediately after his degradation.*

SUNDAY NIGHT, 14TH TO 15TH APRIL, 1895:—

It is impossible for me to sleep: this cage, before which the guard walks up and down like a phantom, appearing in my dreams, the irritation of all the insects which run over my skin, the rage which is smothered in my heart for being here, when I have always and everywhere done my duty—all this overexcites my nerves, which are already shattered, and drives away sleep. When again shall I pass a calm and tranquil night? Perhaps not until I am in the tomb, when I shall enjoy the sleep that is everlasting. How good it will be to think no longer of human vileness and cowardice! The sea which I hear muttering beneath my little window has always a strange fascination for me. It soothes my thoughts as it did before, but now they are very bitter and sombre. It calls dear memories to mind, of the happy days I have passed with my wife and darling children. I have again the violent sensations which I felt on the boat, of being drawn almost irresistibly towards the sea,

whose muttering waters seem to call to me as some great comforter. This tyranny of the sea over me is strangely powerful.



On the boat I had to close my eyes and call up the image of my wife to prevent myself from yielding to it. Where are the beautiful dreams of youth and the aspirations of my manly age? Nothing lives in me any longer; my brain wanders under the effort of my thoughts. What is the mystery of this drama? Even now I understand nothing of what has passed. To be condemned without palpable proof, on the strength of a bit of handwriting! Whatever the soul and conscience of a man may be, is this not more than enough to demoralize him? The sensitiveness of my nerves, after

window and look again upon the sea. The sky is full of great clouds, but the moonlight filters through, blanching certain portions of the sea like silver. The waves break powerless at the foot of the rocks which mark the shape of the island. There is a constant lapping of the water as it plays against the beacon, with a rude staccato rhythm that pleases my wounded soul. And in this night, in the deep calm, there come back to my mind the dear images of my wife and children. How my poor Lucie must suffer from so undeserved a lot, after having had everything to make her happy! And happy she so well



VIEW OF DEVIL'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE PRISON-HUT INSIDE THE INCLOSURE OF PALISADES, WITH THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

all this torture, has become so acute that each new impression, even from without, produces on me the effect of a deep wound.

#### THE SAME NIGHT :—

I have just tried to sleep, but after dozing a few minutes I awoke with burning fever, and it has been so every night for six months. How has my body been able to resist such a combination of torments, physical as well as moral? I think that a clear conscience, sure of itself, must give invincible strength.

I open the blind which closes my little

deserves to be, by the uprightness of her character, by her tender and devoted heart. Poor, poor, dear wife! I cannot think of her and of my children without my heart becoming soft within me. My thoughts of them also inspire me to do my duty. I am going to try to work at my English.\* Perhaps the work will help me to forget a little.

MONDAY, 15TH APRIL, 1895 :—

At ten o'clock they bring me my day's food: a bit of canned pork, a little rice, a

\*During his imprisonment Dreyfus gave much time to the study of English. Some lines from "Hamlet" in his own handwriting are reproduced on the next page.

Le souffrance, bien plus que la joie, nous l'âme  
 à toute sorte d'émotion et fait véritablement prendre  
 conscience de nous. Toute déclamation sans, toute  
 phrase rhétorique perd de beaucoup pour son plus à la  
 vérité. La conviction ainsi répandue, le souffrance, ainsi vécue,  
 dépend de sentiments d'un moment pour passer jusqu'à ce point  
 incommensurable et commun, au-delà de la personnalité, de l'époque, de  
 l'individu, toute le souffrance, humaine et universelle, et de l'humanité.

Henri Languet

FACSIMILE FROM THE DIARY, SHOWING THE KEEPER'S SIGNATURE IN THE CORNER.

few green coffee-berries, and a little brown sugar. I throw it all into the sea\*, and then try to make a fire. After several fruitless efforts I succeed. I heat water for my tea. My luncheon is made up of bread and tea.

MONDAY, 15TH APRIL, EVENING:—

I was again on the point of having only a bit of bread for my dinner, and I was fainting. The guards, seeing my bodily weakness, passed in to me a bowl of their broth.

TUESDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1895:—

At last I have been able to sleep, thanks to utter and complete exhaustion. My first thought as I awoke was for you, my dear and beloved wife. I asked myself what you were doing at the same moment. You must have been occupied with our darling children. May they be your comfort and inspire you with your duty if I give way before the end. Next I go out to cut wood. After two hours of effort I succeed in getting together enough for my needs. At eight o'clock the keepers bring me a piece of raw meat and bread. I kindle my fire; but the smoke is blown back on me by the sea-breeze, and my eyes are running. As soon as I have coals enough I put the meat on a few bits of iron which I have gathered together here and there, and grill it. I breakfast a little better than yesterday, but the meat is tough and dry. As to my bill of fare for dinner, it was very simple—bread and water. All these efforts have worn me out.

FRIDAY, 19TH APRIL, 1895:—

To-day I boiled my meat, with salt

\* I threw it all into the sea because the tinned pork was not eatable, the rice which was brought me was so filthy as to be offensive, and I had nothing with which to roast the coffee, which, in bitter derision, was given me raw.

and with the wild peppers I had found in the island. This took three hours, during which my eyes suffered horribly. But what I find so bitter and inhuman is that the authorities intercept all my correspondence. I understand that they should take every possible and imaginable precaution to prevent my escape. That is the right, and I would even say the strict, duty of the prison administration. But that they should prevent all communication, even by open letter, with my family—this is against all justice. You might think we were thrown back by centuries. For six months I am in close confinement without being able to help towards the restoration of my honour.

SATURDAY, 20TH APRIL, 11 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING:—

I have finished cooking for the day. This morning I cut my piece of meat in two: one piece is to boil, the other is for a steak. To cook the latter I have manufactured a grill with an old piece of sheet-iron which I picked up in the island. For drink I have water. And all this is done in pots of old rusty iron, without anything to clean them and without plates. I must summon all my courage to live under such conditions, to say nothing of all my moral tortures. Utterly

Double than the stars are fire  
 Doubt that the sun doth make  
 Doubt that to be a liar  
 But never doubt I love—

FACSIMILE OF A QUOTATION FROM "HAMLET," WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN HIS DIARY.

exhausted, I am going to stretch myself upon my bed.

SAME DAY, EVENING :—

I was so hungry this afternoon that, to still the gnawings of my stomach, I devoured raw ten tomatoes which I found in the island.\*

MONDAY, 22ND APRIL, 1895 :—

Yesterday I asked the Commandant of the islands for one or two plates, of no matter what kind. He answered that he had none.

I am forced to use my ingenuity, and to eat either off paper or old sheets of iron gathered on the island. The dirt I eat in this way is inconceivable. Yet I hold out in spite of all, for the sake of my wife and children. I am always alone, in communion with my thoughts. What a martyrdom for an

innocent man, as great, surely, as that of any Christian martyr! I am still without news from my family, in spite of my repeated demands. For two months I have had no letters. I have just received some dried vegetables in old preserve cans. In trying to transform these cans into plates while washing them, I cut my fingers. I have also just been told that I must wash my own linen. Now, I have no soap to do it with. I set myself to the task for two hours together, but the result is not great. At all events the linen will have soaked in water. I am worn out. Shall I be able to sleep? I doubt it. I have such a mingling of physical weakness and extreme nervousness that, the moment I am in bed, the nerves get the upper hand, and my thoughts turn anxiously toward my dear ones.

NIGHT FROM THURSDAY, 25TH APRIL, 1895, TO FRIDAY :—

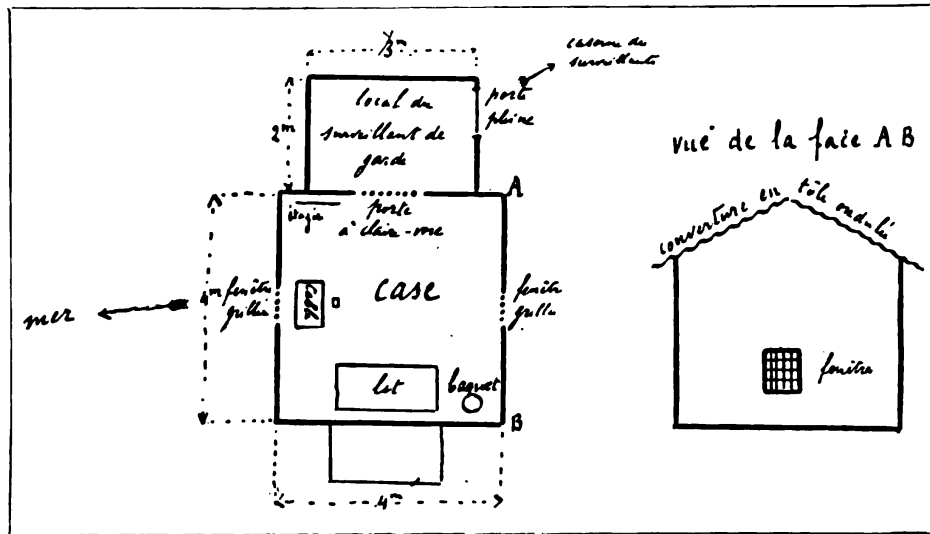
These sleepless nights are fearful. I manage to get through the day, because I am

\* The lepers had cultivated the island a little, and there were still traces of it. The tomatoes, which now grew wild, were very numerous.

occupied with the thousand and one details of material life. I must clean my hut, do my cooking, find and cut wood, wash my linen, etc. But as soon as I lie down, no matter how exhausted I may be, my nerves get the upper hand and my brain begins working. I think of my wife and the sufferings she must be enduring; I think of my darlings and their gay and careless babble.

SATURDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1895 :—

On account of the heat from ten o'clock



PLAN OF PRISON-HUT BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE INCLOSURE OF PALISADES. From a Sketch by Captain Dreyfus.

in the morning I am changing my habits. I rise at daybreak (half-past five) and light my fire to make coffee or tea. Then I put the dried vegetables on the fire, and afterwards make my bed, clean up my chamber, and perform a summary toilet. At eight o'clock they bring me the day's rations. I finish cooking the dried vegetables and, on meat days, place these rations on the fire. Thus all my cooking is over by ten o'clock, for I eat in the evening what was left over from the morning, not caring to pass three more hours before the fire in the afternoon. At ten o'clock I lunch. Next I read, work, dream, and, most of all, suffer until three o'clock. Then I make a thorough toilet. As soon as the heat has gone down, towards five o'clock, I cut my wood, draw water from the well, wash my linen, and so on. At six o'clock I eat the cold remains of my luncheon. Then I am locked up. The night is my longest time. I have not been able to obtain permission to have a lamp in my hut. There is a lantern in the guardpost, but the light is too dim for me to work by it long. Nothing is left for me but to lie



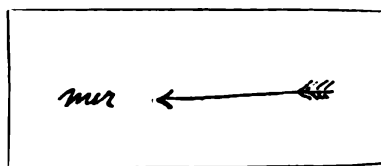
down, and then my brain begins to work ; all my thoughts turn to the frightful drama of which I am the victim, and all my remembrances go back to my wife and children and to those who are dear to me. How all of them must suffer likewise !

MONDAY, 29TH APRIL, 1895, 10 O'CLOCK A.M. :—

Never have I been so tired as this morning, having had to draw water and cut wood several times. With all that, the luncheon that is waiting for me is made up of old beans which have already been on the fire four hours and will not cook, and a little spiced meat and water to drink. Notwithstanding all my energy my physical force will decline if this diet lasts much longer, especially under so debilitating a climate.

WEDNESDAY, 1ST MAY, 1895 :—

Oh ! the horrible nights. Yet I rose yesterday, as



usual, at half-past five, toiled all day long, took no siesta, and towards evening sawed wood for nearly an hour, until legs and arms trembled. Still, in spite of all, I could not sleep before midnight. If only I could read or work through the evening ! But they shut me up without lights at six or half-past six ; my hut is not sufficiently lighted by the lantern of the guard-post, and yet this light is too strong for me when I am in bed.

THURSDAY, 2ND MAY, 5 O'CLOCK, EVENING :—

The canoe coming from the Ile Royale is in sight. My heart beats, as though it would break. Does the boat at last bring me my wife's letters which have been at Cayenne more than a month ? Shall I read her dear thoughts, and receive the echo of her affection ? My joy was boundless on finding there were letters for me at last, but this was soon followed by a cruel, horrible disappointment when I saw they were letters

still addressed to the Ile de Ré, and dated previous to my departure from France. Are the authorities suppressing the letters addressed to me here ? Or do they, perhaps, send them back to France so that they may be read there first ? Could they not, at least, notify my family that they have to send their letters through the Ministry ? In spite of all, I have sobbed long over these letters, dated more than two months and a half ago. Would it be possible to imagine such a drama ? Every night I shall dream of Lucie and my precious children, for whom I must live. Nothing has come of all that I asked from Cayenne—cooking utensils or food.

SATURDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1895 :—

I have just seen the mail-boat for France sailing by. How the word thrills through my soul. To think that my country, to which I had consecrated all my strength and all my intelligence, can believe me to be so vile ! Ah, my burden is sometimes too heavy for human shoulders to bear !

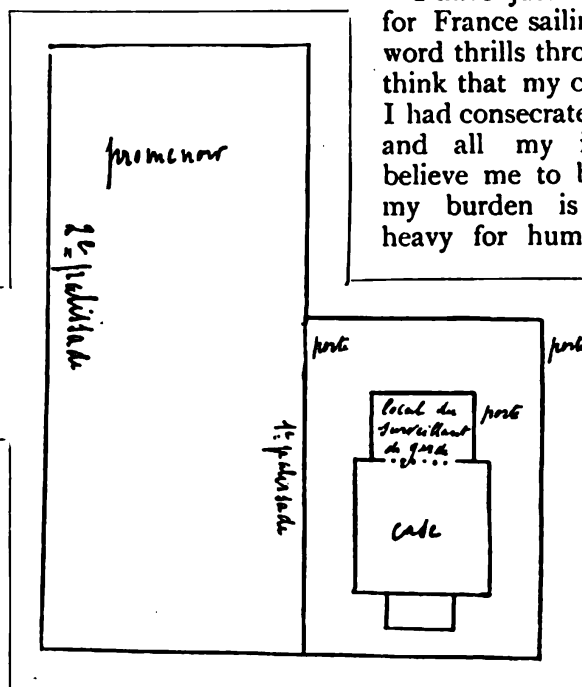
WEDNESDAY, 10TH JULY, 1895 :—

Every kind of vexation is beginning worse than ever. I can no longer walk round my hut, I cannot sit down behind it in front of the sea—the only place

where it was a little cool and where there was shade. Finally, I am put on the diet of convicts.

FRIDAY, 2ND AUGUST, 1895, MORNING :—

What a horrible night I have passed ! And I must struggle on always and ever. I have sometimes a crazy desire to sob, sob aloud, my sorrow is so overwhelming ; but I must swallow my tears ; I should be ashamed of my weakness before the keepers who guard me night and day. Not even for an instant am I alone with my grief. These shocks wear me out, and to-day I am broken in body and soul. But I am going to write to Lucie, hiding my condition



PLAN OF THE PRISON AFTER THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PALIASES. [Captain Dreyfus.]

from her, to try to give her courage. Our children must enter life holding their heads high and proud, whatever happens to me.

26TH OCTOBER, 1895:—

I no longer know how I live. My brain is crushed. Ah, to say that I do not suffer beyond all expression, that often I do not aspire to eternal rest, that this struggle between my deep disgust for men and things and my duty is not terrible, would be the height of falsehood. But every time I fail, in my long nights or in my solitary days, every time my reason, wavering from so many shocks, asks at last how, after a life of toil and honour, it is possible I should be here, and then, when I would close my eyes, to listen and think and suffer no more, I pull myself together with a violent effort of my whole being, crying aloud to myself: "You are not alone, you are a father; you must stand up for the good name of your wife and children." And then

I begin again with new strength—to fall, alas! in a little further time, and then begin again. This is my daily life.

30TH NOVEMBER, 1895:—

I will not speak of the daily pin-pricks, for I despise them. It is enough for me to ask from the chief guard no matter what insignificant thing of common necessity, to have my request abruptly and instantly refused. Accordingly, I never renew a request, preferring to go without everything rather than humiliate myself. But my reason will end by sinking under this inconceivable treatment.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.  
From a Photo. by Gerschel, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

12TH DECEMBER, 1895, MORNING:—

Oh! the ceaseless complaining of the sea! What an echo to my ulcerated soul! Such wild, black anger sometimes fills my heart against all human iniquity, that I could wish to tear my flesh, so as to forget, in physical pain, this horrible mental torture!

20TH DECEMBER, 1895:—

No affront is spared me. When I receive my linen, which is washed at the Ile Royale, they unfold it, search through it in every possible way, and then throw it to me as to a vile creature. Every time I look upon the sea there comes back to me the remembrance of the sweet and happy moments I have passed upon its shore with my wife and children. I see myself taking my little Pierre along the beach, where he plays and gambols, while I dream of a happy future for him.

MONDAY, 7TH  
SEPTEMBER,  
1896:—

Yesterday evening I was put in irons. Why, I know

not. Since I have been here I have always strictly followed the line traced out for me and observed the orders scrupulously. How is it I did not go crazy during the long, fearful night? What wonderful strength a clear conscience and the feeling of duty to be fulfilled toward one's children give one!

TUESDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1896:—

These nights in irons: I do not even speak of the physical suffering, but what moral ignominy, and without any explanation, without knowing why, or for what cause!

In what an atrocious nightmare have I not been living for nearly two years! In any case, my duty is to go to the limit of my strength. I shall do it simply.

WEDNESDAY, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1896 :—

The Commandant of the islands came yesterday evening.\* He told me that the last measure which had been taken against me was not a punishment, but "a measure of precaution," for the Prison Administration had no complaint to make against me. Putting in irons a measure of precaution! When I am already guarded like a wild beast night and day by a guardian armed with a gun and revolver. No, the truth should be told—that it is a measure of hatred and torture, ordered from Paris by those who, not being able to strike a family, strike an innocent man, because neither he nor his family will or should bend before the most frightful judicial error which has ever been made. Who is it that thus constitutes himself my executioner and the executioner of my dear ones? I do not know. Yet, as I keep thinking of all this, I no longer become angry; I have only an immense pity for those who thus torture human beings! What remorse they are preparing for themselves when all shall be known, for history knows no secrets! Everything is so sad with me, my heart so over-wrought, my brain ground down, that it is with difficulty I can gather my thoughts together. Oh! I suffer too much with this frightful riddle always present before me.

THURSDAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1896 :—

I am so utterly weary, so broken down in body and soul, that to-day I stop my diary, not been able to foresee how long my strength will hold out or what day my brain shall yield under the weight of so great a burden. I finish it by addressing to the President of the Republic this supreme appeal, in case my strength and sanity fail before seeing the end of this horrible tragedy: "Monsieur le Président de la République,— I take the liberty to ask you that this diary,

\* The Commandant, who always kept to a correct attitude and whose name I have never known, was shortly afterwards replaced by Deniel.

written day by day, may be handed to my wife. There will be found in it perhaps, Monsieur le Président, cries of anger, of affright at the most awful condemnation which ever struck a human being—a human being who never forfeited his honour. I no longer feel the courage to re-read it and to live those bitter days over again. To-day I have no recriminations to make against any-

one. Everyone has thought himself acting in the fullness of his right and conscience. I simply declare once more that I am innocent of this abominable crime, and I ask ever and again for this one thing, always the same thing, the search after the real culprit, who is the author of this base crime. And the day when he is discovered I beseech that the compassion which so great a misfortune as mine inspires may be passed on

to my dear wife and my darling children."

THE END OF THE DIARY.

In the autumn of 1896 the régime, already so severe, to which I was subjected became more rigorous still. The 4th of September, 1896, the prison officials received from M. Lebon, Minister of Colonies, the order to keep me, until further notice, shut up in my hut throughout the twenty-four hours, with the *double boucle* at night, to inclose the space left for my walk close around the hut with a solid palisade, and to have another guard in my hut in addition to the one already there. Besides this, they withheld the letters and packages sent to me; and the transmission of my correspondence was henceforth ordered to be made only by copies of the originals. Conformably with these instructions, I was shut up night and day, without a minute's walking exercise. This absolute confinement was continued during the whole time needed for the bringing of the wood and the construction of the palisade, that is to say, nearly two months and a half. The heat that year was particularly torrid. It was so great in the hut that the guards made complaint after complaint, declaring that they felt as if their heads were bursting. It became necessary on their account to have their quarters in the shed attached to my house sprinkled every day with water. Dating from the 6th of September, I was put

THE HEAD-WARDER'S SIGNATURE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE DIARY.



in the *double boucle* at night. This torment, which lasted nearly two months, consisted in the following measures: two irons in the form of a "U" were fixed by their lower part to the sides of the bed. In these irons an iron bar was inserted, and to this were fastened two *boucles*. At the extremity of the bar, on one side, there was a ring and at the other a padlock, so that the bar was fastened into the irons and consequently to the bed. Therefore, when the feet were inserted in the two rings, it was no longer possible for me to move about; I was fastened in an unchangeable position to my bed. The torture was hardly bearable during those tropical nights. Soon also the rings, which were very tight, lacerated my ankles. The hut was surrounded by a palisade over 8ft. high, and distant about (not quite) 5ft. from it. This palisade was much higher than the little grated windows of the hut, which were hardly  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above the ground, so that I had no longer either air or light. Outside this first palisade, which was one of defence, and therefore completely closed, was a second one, built quite as close and quite as high, and which, like the first, hid everything from my sight. But, during one of these long nights of torture, when riveted to my bed, with sleep far from eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve. I saw all at once the light before me dictating to me my duty: "To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post, less than ever have you the right to shorten, even by a single hour, your sad and wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict on you, you must march forward until they bring you to the grave; you must stand up before your executioners so long as you have a shadow of strength, a living wreck to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach." Therefore, I have formed the resolution of struggling with more energy than ever.

Insects hatched out everywhere in my hut: mosquitoes in the rainy season, ants in all seasons, and these in such considerable



CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON HIS WAY BACK FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND.

numbers that I had to protect my table by placing the legs in old tin cans filled with petroleum. Water was not enough, for the ants formed a chain across its surface and, when the chain was complete, the other ants passed over it as on a bridge. The most harmful of these creeping creatures was the spider-crab, whose bite is poisonous. The spider-crab is an animal whose body has the look of a crab, while the legs have the relative length of those of a spider. The size is about that of a man's hand. I killed any number in my hut, into which they came through the holes in roof and walls.

[Such was the condition of the wretched prisoner in September, 1896. But his sufferings were far from being at an end. It was not until July, 1897, that the first rays of hope began to dawn upon the lonely exile, and not until June, 1899, that from the deck of the *Sfax* he looked for the last time on Devil's Island.]