

**AN HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL  
SKETCH OF FIESCHI, WITH ANECDOTES  
RELATING TO HIS LIFE:  
PRECEDED BY A NARRATIVE OF THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE  
EVENTS OF THE 28TH JULY, 1835**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649327126

An historical and biographical sketch of Fieschi, with anecdotes relating to his life: preceeded by a narrative of the circumstances attending the events of the 28rh july, 1835 by A. Bouveiron

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**A. BOUVEIRON**

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**29th JULY, 1835.**

Together with an accurate description of the assassin's apartment: of the formation of his machine; remarks concerning his accomplices; the women with whom he successively lived: his examination, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED BY

**A. BOUVEIRON.**

DIRECTOR OF THE MERCANTILE AND GENERAL COMMISSION OFFICE;  
AGENT OF SEVERAL ESTABLISHMENTS ON THE CONTINENT, &c.

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**PRICE 1s. 6d.**  
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LONDON:

*SOLD AT THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR,*  
**28, COVENTRY STREET, HAYMARKET;**  
AND BY ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

1835.

470.



## PREFACE.

AT a moment that curiosity and public opinion are so highly excited by the eagerness to know the person, the character, manners, habits, in short, the life of the great criminal Fieschi: when the greatest part of the English people seek to find the cause by which this wretch has been actuated, and the principal agent who has impelled him to commit such a horrible outrage as his, I think that a complete sketch of the life of this man—a sketch delineated with all the precision the subject requires—would be read with interest by every one.

I obtained many details as correct as curious, through the first mission I sent spontaneously to Paris on the first of August last: this mission had no other object in view than the collection of all possible information upon this crime, in order to execute the idea I conceived, on the first arrival of the disastrous news, of presenting to the English nation a correct exhibition of every thing relating to that event.

The kind reception I have met with from thousands of visitors, among whom I have the honour to acknowledge many of the highest rank and first

respectability; and the flattering recommendations of the English and French Press, &c. &c. are the best proofs that can be given of having succeeded by my exertions in attaining the first object I had in view.

Encouraged by this success, I have neglected nothing, to collect continually in Paris, Corsica, or elsewhere every particular that could be obtained from persons able to give the best information, from those who may formerly have had a small knowledge of him at any period of his life, and more particularly from the celebrated physicians to whose skill the existence of the criminal has been intrusted.

Amongst the numberless accounts and reports I have been able to obtain, I have selected those upon whose accuracy I could rely, and the authenticity of which is such, as to guarantee their publication.

Happy shall I feel myself if I have succeed in interesting and satisfying the curiosity of my readers.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "A. Bouveiron". The signature is written in dark ink and features elaborate flourishes, particularly a large, sweeping underline that loops back under the main text.

October 15th 1835.



## I.

THE fifth anniversary of the Revolution of July, has been marked by an outrage, of which, a like example, cannot be found in the most bloody pages of French History.

The 28th July was ushered in, under the happiest auspices; the most beautiful weather favoured one of the finest reviews the capital of Paris ever witnessed.

The King had reviewed the second line of Infantry, surrounded by his young and noble family, and a staff in which might be seen the most celebrated of the French Generals.

He had arrived at the *Boulevard du Temple*, and was passing in front of the 8th legion of the National Guard, when on a sudden, an explosion like the scattered fire of a platoon was heard: a frightful disorder soon followed this noise.

It was an INFERNAL MACHINE which had just sent forth a shower of balls, and other missiles, on the groupe which surrounded the King and his children. One of the French military heroes, *le Duc de Treviso*, fell weltering in his blood, and expired without uttering a word: *General Lachasse de Verigny*, was mortally wounded in the forehead: *Mr. de Rieussec* Lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard;

an aide-de-camp to the Minister of War: *Capitaine Vilatte*: a young woman, and several National Guards expired in the midst of the horses, (that were ungovernable), and the terrified crowd at the sight of such a dreadful assassination.

During the first moment of confusion, the King's horse being wounded in the neck, reared up at the same time as that of the Duke of Nemours, who was a little behind his father. By this motion the King received such a violent blow on the left arm, that he thought he had been struck by a ball: he stretched out his hand and said: "I have been touched in the arm, but it is nothing." Afterwards the King's arm was stiff and painful during the evening.

Finally, in the midst of this tumult, which, it is impossible to describe, a cry was raised, which was immediately repeated by a thousand voices, "The King is unhurt: neither of the Princes are wounded." And in fact his Majesty, moved solely by the sight of the victims which surrounded him, pushed his horse into the ranks of the National Guard, and was almost carried by them, followed by innumerable vivas.

The discharge came from the 3rd. story of a house situated in front of the *Jardin Turc*. In a moment the house was carried by the National Guards, who lined the *Boulevard*. They penetrated as far as the room, whence the explosion took place, and they found the dreadful Machine still smoking.

One of them, seeing a man letting himself down by

a cord, cried out to him. "*Ah! C'est toi, misérable, nous te tenons!*"\* At this moment, Fieschi, (for it was he) finding himself at the height of a wall sprung upon it and fell into a neighbouring court; but he found there another *agent de police*, who, assisted by some other persons, among them by an officer of the 8th legion of National Guard, made himself master of him. The news of the outrage on the *Boulevard* spread rapidly. *Le General Remigni* the King's aide-de-camp, galloped off to assure the Queen as soon as he could, with certainty, that the King was not hurt: and, on his road, he, in a few words, told the Colonels of the different Legions what had just happened. Directly afterwards, some staff officers gave the particulars of it: and in a few minutes, there was not a National Guard, or a Soldier along the whole line who was not apprised of the event.

The National Guard and the line were eager to form an enclosure to clear the theatre of this scene of grief, by which they might know the extent.

A large pool of blood covered the pavement of the *Boulevard*, where lay three horses. In the opposite walk three dead bodies; those of two men and a young woman. But it was the *Café Turc* which presented the most heart-rending sight. In a billiard-room were lying, each on a mattress, *le Maréchal Mortier*, *M. de Rieussec*, a sergeant and two National Guards of the 8th legion. In the garden lay *le Gê-*

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\* Ah! is it you, wretch, we will have you.