

**LORD CLIVE'S
JOURNAL,
1814-1815**

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Lord Clive's Journal, 1814-1815 by Edward Herbert

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EDWARD HERBERT

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JOURNAL,

&c., &c.

1814.

Monday, May 2, 1814.—We embarked at Dover* at 12 o'clock, and arrived at Boulogne at 5 o'clock, having had a fair and pleasant gale during the run, and without having made a single tack. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, an Irish family, Captain Fellowes, a very sensible, pleasant man, Mrs. Wright, a niece of the late Mr. Windham, (who was the only alarmist of the

* Just before we quitted Dover, our landlord, who was the person who above forty years ago rode to London to announce my grandfather's arrival from India, told us that at the last fall of a cliff, while the Shropshire Militia were (I believe) there, a pig was buried, and was dug out alive at the end of either seven or nine months, I forget which. I did not hear the gentleman tell any other outrageous stories. Blackburn and an Englishman at Dover amused themselves with talking French to each other, and at last discovered to their surprise their mistake.

party), Prince Esterhazy, and some persons unknown to us, forming our crew. We had a heavy fog during part of our trip, which luckily cleared up as we entered the Bay of Boulogne, and favoured us with a complete view of the harbour and of its defences, which to an Englishman cannot fail to be interesting. There are six martello batteries, which were built by the French Government to protect the small craft they had some years ago there against our attacks. We were received at Boulogne by the Poissardes of the place, who, with their petticoats considerably above their knees, came out into the sea to meet us, and, *shoeless* on their part, to carry us ashore. Never having been before hoisted upon the back of a female, I did not above half like my chance of my being soured, but I arrived safe, as well as my companions, by this unusual mode of conveyance; and when ashore, Babel itself never exceeded the noise we heard, while their offers of conveying our goods ashore lasted, and until we had outwalked them on the shore. I never in my life witnessed or heard of such a scene. We did not quit Boulogne until one o'clock in the morning. Owing to the tide being at ebb when we entered the harbour, we could not get our carriages ashore, and with great difficulty, and by forcing my dispatches almost down the Douaniers throats, they passed my goods and chattels, having refused to do the same for Lord Lansdowne.

May 3rd, Tuesday.—We left Boulogne at one o'clock, A. M. Judging from what we saw when daylight arrived, we passed through a very uninteresting kind of chalk country. Montreuil-sur-Mer is a place strongly fortified, but much out of repair. The next place worth noticing is

Abbeville,* which had a garrison besides Frenchmen of 400 Prussian cavalry: it had more appearance of business than any town I had seen in France; nothing could exceed the miserable appearance both of Boulogne and Montreuil-sur-Mer. We pursued the new road from Abbeville by Pois, Marcelle, Beauvais, &c.,—the latter was illuminated in honour of the king (Louis XVIII) having that day entered Paris. We pursued our route, and entered Paris at eight o'clock on the following morning, Wednesday, May 4.

Wednesday, May 4th.—Having left my dispatches at Lord Castlereagh's, we took up our quarters at the Hotel D'Autriche, and were very glad to take a comfortable breakfast after our journey of three nights and two days, without going to bed. Having breakfasted and called upon Lady Castlereagh, we travelled by the Place de Vendome, where Bonaparte erected a column of the brass artillery taken at the battle of Austerlitz, a most magnificent work, and we proceeded to the Tuileries, where certainly if ever works of a nature unknown in modern times can excite the gratitude of any people, Bonaparte's works ought to excite that of the Parisians. The buildings which were in progress to complete the northern side of the Tuileries, and the quay which had been constructed upon the banks of the Seine, upon the southern side of the Tuileries, together with those build-

* Hotel D'Angleterre, a good inn at Abbeville, the only tolerable one which we saw. We breakfasted, or rather dined and breakfasted, together, as we did not stop, except at Abbeville, between Boulogne and Paris, having performed our journey in thirty-one hours from our leaving Boulogne.

ings going on up the eastern part of the palace, and the building in honour of his last Austrian campaign, are truly magnificent. This latter is ornamented with the statues of four beautiful figures of horses, which Bonaparte had brought from Venice. We thence proceeded to the Louvre, and from the windows witnessed the review of the Russian and Prussian guards. The Emperor Alexander on the right, the Emperor of Austria in the centre, and the King of Prussia upon the left, rode down to the head of the Russian guards, where the Grand Duke Constantine (a severe looking man) was at their head, the whole being drawn up in close column, General Milaradovitch commanding under him. The three sovereigns having then returned back (as I am told) dismounted, and stood while the troops were passing close behind Louis XVIII and the Duchess D'Angoulême, and paid every attention to them which it was in their power to do. The review then began, and about 20,000 men passed before the sovereigns in review—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The Russian infantry are, without exception, the finest troops I ever saw; we have no troops at all to be compared to them in appearance. Nothing can be more splendid than the *coup d'œil* of the Louvre, one of the largest and most magnificently decorated rooms in Europe, hung round with the performances of all the best artists, ancient and modern, which the world has produced. Being more occupied by the view of the troops marching down the quay of the Tuileries, than by this wonderful collection, I will defer my description of it until another opportunity. It will be sufficient to say, that it infinitely surpasses any idea which I had of its

taste, its splendour, and of its value as a seminary for the rising generation of artists. We dined afterwards with Lord Castlereagh, and there had the contents of Colonel Campbell's letter communicated to us, respecting the progress of Bonaparte towards Marseilles, upon his road to Elba, in the "Undaunted," British frigate. How fallen Bonaparte is, and how disliked he is, you may imagine, by his being forced to disguise himself, first as Colonel Campbell and then as Lord Burghersh, to avoid the hostilities of the inhabitants of the different villages he passed through in the South of France. During our road to Paris, everybody whom I saw seemed to delight at the downfall of Bonaparte. I do not think that the hostility against him is at all equal to that which was manifested upon our route amongst the Parisians, as far as I am at present able to judge. I had almost forgot to mention that Lord Wellington arrived during the review, as usual, in a blue hunting coat, and was wholly unknown to the troops who were passing before him. It is really quite abominable that his Lordship does not allow himself to be more personally known than he is, for I am sure that the anxiety to see him in Paris could not be surpassed even in London. He is to inhabit the apartments lately occupied by the Crown Prince of Sweden. We met Lord W. and Marshal Beresford at dinner, at Lord Castlereagh's, as well as Count Woronzow, Lord Downshire, and Lord Bradford, the latter in his usual high spirits. No person can stand higher in British estimation here than Count Woronzow; and I believe from what I hear, that our notions of him are not superior to that entertained of him by the Russian army. What I hear here is, that

amongst the Russian officers there is no one against whom some ground of complaint or censure is not found to exist in their army, except against Woronzow: when a man has no enemies, he must have friends enough.

May 5, Thursday.—We missed finding Count Woronzow, and have not been able to find the Prince de Broglio, and delivered to la Comtesse de Reuilly the letter from Miss H. Somerville. We then got to the collection of the statues at the Louvre, which is truly magnificent. The Apollo, Laocoon, Venus de Medici, and the Living Gladiator, are amongst those which struck me the most during the short time I had to look at them. I prefer the Apollo much to any other which I noticed. Having dined at a French hotel, we went to the Théâtre Français, the pieces performed had nothing particular to mark them,—"Les Deux Genres," "La Belle Fermière."

May 6, Friday.—I breakfasted with Lord Bradford, and went afterwards half round Paris with him, amongst other places to the Musée Imperiale des Monumens Français, which is a collection of the most splendid sepulchral monuments, the produce of all the churches which have been demolished during the Revolution. Of course such an assemblage must be ill-placed, and no place probably can be so well suited to the monuments as the spot where each came from. They are here crowded together in a way which prevents justice being done to many of the principal ones. For instance, that of Francis I—in the recess where it stands, it is completely lost. There is a most beautiful piece of mosaic, representing two fallen angels worshipping. I passed a couple of hours in the Louvre, in the picture gallery; the length I hear