

**THE JOURNALS OF  
WASHINGTON IRVING  
(HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)**

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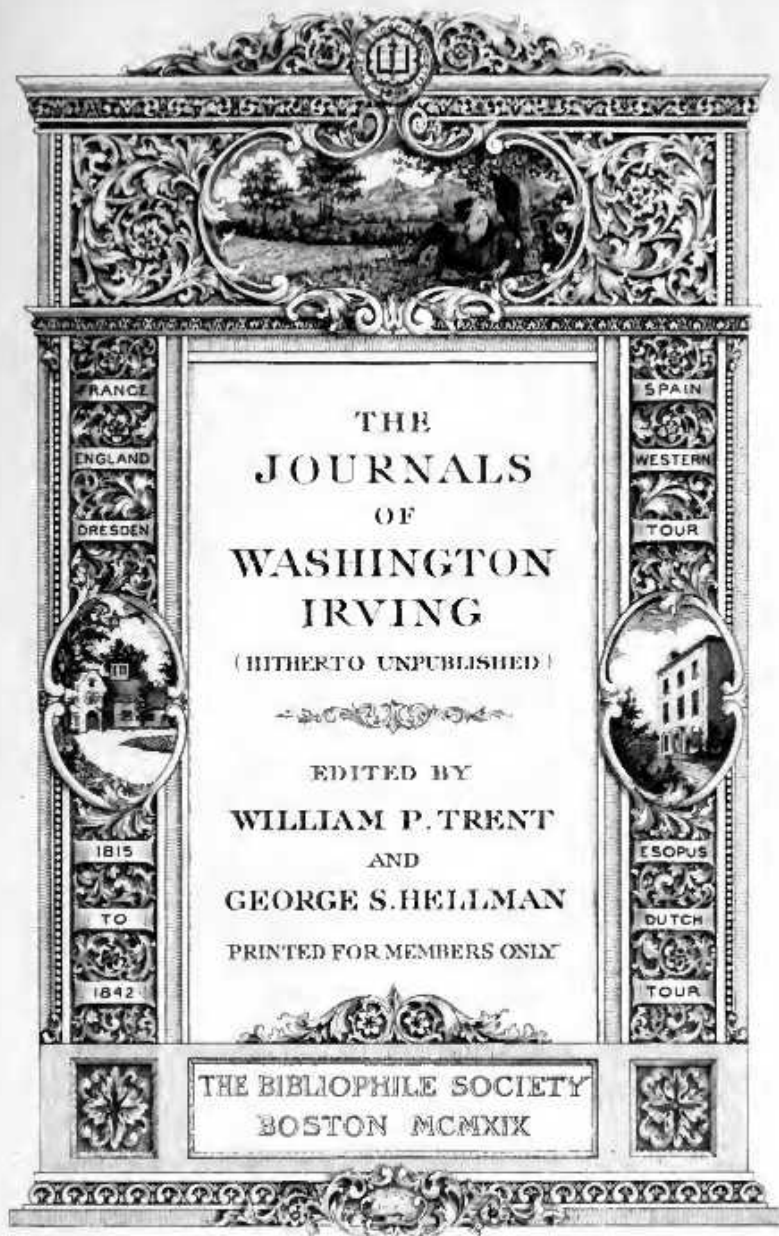
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**WILLIAM P. TRENT & GEORGE S. HELLMAN**

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## TRAVELS IN SPAIN

[ 1826 ]

*February 10th.* — Friday. Leave Bordeaux at six o'clock with Peter in diligence for Bayonne. Clear starlight — weather mild. Towards daylight a fog rises which lasts till midday — breakfast at Langon two fr[ancs] fifty cent[imes] which is disputed by passengers. Afternoon sunny and warm — pass peasants in Basque capes — pass over Landes. Postilion refuses to go off of a walk unless conductor pays old debt of *pour-boire* — pass through rough, romantic little village of Roquefort — sup at —, a very clean looking town on entering — all whitewashed. Spanish captain at table with moustacho.

*February 11th.* — Saturday. Travelled all last night — fine starlight — at daybreak stopped at Aix — old *château* now *caserne* on the river — beautiful warm sunny morning — came in sight of the Pyrenees — snow on the summit of some — bright in sunshine — Landes — peasants with capes and long locks — officer in *coupé* who had been in America — arrive at Bayonne at one. At three part in diligence for Madrid.

Pass thro' St. Juan de Luz — picturesque building in Moorish style — beautiful sheet of water like a lake — Pyrenees in distance — people this afternoon have gay character — Basques — pretty girls. At — pass French frontier — passports

viséed — arrive at eight at Irun.<sup>1</sup> Have to leave trunks — too large for diligence.

*Sunday, 12th.* — At two o'clock leave Irun, first taking chocolate. Three guards accompany us running ahead — pay two pesos among them. At daybreak find us among mountains — strong-featured country. Houses opposite large, desolate — women in mantillas — hair plaited — houses with enclosures — one of our fellow travellers is the same Frenchman, the other a young Frenchman likewise who has adopted the Span[ish] costume and character — tickles all the women.

Stop at — where we take coffee. Figaro brings us to hotel where are pretty girls — long passages. Breakfast coffee and milk — excellent bread — one franc each — drive all day thro' a wild mountainous country with a stream running thro' it — villages of rugged looking houses — men with sashes — sandals — pass mount[ain] of Vergara — just before alighting to walk over it we stop at mountain inn in small village — mulcs with bells — mule with velvet side-saddles — priest walking before it — pass mountain of Vergara. Soldiers escort us over it — wilderness of mountains — dine at village of Vergara. Begins to rain.

*[Here Irving pauses to make an amusing little drawing of a man with a high hat, presumably one of the characters that he had met with that day.]*

After leaving Vergara the scenery becomes still more wild and picturesque, especially after entering

<sup>1</sup> With this town and its large custom-house we begin to encounter many Spanish proper names. These Irving spelled much as he pleased, often giving them partly in French. Our plan has been to leave the text as he wrote it wherever that has seemed possible. For example, accents are seldom added to the Spanish words; French "St." is not changed to Spanish "San," etc. But we have tried to leave nothing that would mislead the reader.



the province of Alava. There are beautiful wild solitudes among the mountains with solitary buildings, looking as wild as the mountains themselves. We arrive at Vitoria<sup>1</sup> at about eight — rainy night — put up at large hotel — Vitoria capital of Alava. People of these mountains appear small but well built, sinewy — lively eyes — Basque women handsome — men with a kind of striped stockings and



sandals — wear jackets slung over the shoulders and turn them towards wind and weather. At dinner had a true Spanish dish — fowl — pork — buck — sausage, etc., altogether.

*Monday, 13th.* — Get up at two at night — take chocolate — start in diligence — Figaro remains — have two Spaniards in diligence. At Miranda we are permitted to pass custom-house without examination, paying two francs each — cross the Ebro and enter Old Castile — heavy rain — pass through a wild rocky pass of Pancorbo. Mountains on which

<sup>1</sup> This old historic town was the site of Wellington's famous victory on June 21, 1813, over the French in the Peninsular War.

there had fallen snow — road winds at foot of precipices — pass thro' Corvo — poor village — shabby houses with arms on them — Castilian pride — men with old brown cloaks thrown round shoulders — hidalgos — see them through gateways — enter on plains of Castile — snow lying on them — pass among spires of the Iberian Mountains — plains among mountains, high and cold — but sun comes out hot — villages — shabby houses with arms over doors — hidalgos — plains with sheep — muleteers — peasants all in dirty brown mantillas.

Pass in sight of Mount Oca covered with clouds — arrive at Burgos about one — buildings with long galleries — moresques — streets spacious — idle — houses with grated window between small windows — great doors — men lounging about in great brown mantles — woman in scarlet at grate of window — lower part of houses dirty and desolate for miles — huge rambling inns — with bedroom within bedroom — no fireplaces — braziers under the table — mats on the floor.

Women — long, brown, handsome faces — long plaited braids of hair.

Cathedral of Burgos — rich tower — interior — great expense of workmanship — choir surrounded by brass grating — tombs of saints — statues lying in odour of sanctity — one in right-hand chapel under picture of Virgin and child by Murillo. Old verger a sacristan whose cough resounds through the cathedral — rich carving round the choir — our Saviour's history — figure in red — clock strikes the hour — several buildings in ruins — fine guard — two bridges — curious gateway.

After leaving Burgos we travel over the great dreary plain of Castile — villages dismal dirt holes

— arrive for the night at hotel at village of Lerma — great stable full of mules and horses.

Kitchen — fireplace on a raised platform of brick in centre of the room — a huge funnel above it for chimney — benches round it where travellers sit — lamp hangs hitched to a cord — half a kid turning on spit, other half boiling — supped on kid, also old fowl well blackened in cooking — wine in a pitcher — violet coloured and an excellent conserve.

Slept four in a room — were awakened at twelve to resume our journey — chocolate served, of course.

*Tuesday, 14th.* — At daybreak passed Aranda del Duero — country arid and dismal — at next post wound up mountains — bleak and barren — foggy. Breakfast at — a miserable inn — chimney a square room the walls of which verge to a narrow aperture whence the smoke escapes and light enters so that the kitchen may be called all chimney — fire on round platform of brick with benches round — chimney hung around with sausages and dried meat.

Our conductor or *conde* or mayoral dressed in brown jacket with collar of red, blue, and yellow patches and similar patches on the sleeves — sheep-skin trousers and fur cap.

Cross the mountains of Somosierra the confines of Old and New Castile — a long pass among brown mountains some cov[er]ed with snow — here Napoleon I and his army were almost driven back by a storm — at Somosierra peasant girls come around us with little *reliques* begging charity — *por el buen Dios* — one a very pretty brunette. The passes of these mount[ain]s overlook great tracts of arid country — brown — with groups of muleteers