

**THE JOURNALS OF
WASHINGTON IRVING
(FROM JULY, 1815, TO
JULY, 1842), PP. 1-197**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649620128

The Journals of Washington Irving (from July, 1815, to July, 1842), pp. 1-197 by William P. Trent & George S. Hellman

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WILLIAM P. TRENT & GEORGE S. HELLMAN

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IRVING IN 1824, PARIS

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EDITED BY
WILLIAM P. TRENT
AND
GEORGE S. HELLMAN



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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

FRANCE

AUGUST TO OCTOBER, 1824

[*Leaving London on August 13, 1824, Irving arrived at Paris on the 15th. His first arrival at Paris, after leaving Dresden on May 20, 1823, was on August 3, 1823.*]

August 13, 1824. — Friday. Rise early — correct proof sheets till nine. Henry and Irving¹ arrive from France — have travelled all night — breakfast with me. Leslie comes in to dine [with] Payne² — pack up my things, etc., etc. Settle with Murray for "Tales of a Traveller" — receive his drafts at six, nine and twelve months for 500 guineas each. Lend Henry eight pounds — pay ten on account — give Mrs. Kelly two pounds — Elizabeth, one pound.

Leave London at two o'clock in coach for Brighton. Safety coach — crammed with passengers — three lawyers among others — one a round-faced, pleasant-looking fellow with a slight cast in his eye — a wag; another a thin, half-starved fellow who is terribly rained on.

Heavy showers which drench us in spite of umbrellas — pass over Dover — fine view from Ryegate Hall — arrive at Brighton half-past eight. By advice of Mr. Sennet, the lawyer, I go to the Ship in Distress — a small but civil inn — with a comely

¹ Irving's brother-in-law and nephew, Henry and Irving Van Wart.

² John Howard Payne.

landlady. He seems to be at home there — sups in the bar. He is a pleasant-looking, pleasant-tongued fellow and may be a good friend of the landlady. The house is full and I get a bedroom out — fare to Brighton ten shillings. Luggage eight shillings. I find the steam-boat has met with an accident — I shall have to go in a sailing packet.

Muggy company of citizens in the public room — one a large, white-faced old fellow with little turtle eyes.

Go to my room a little after ten.

August 14th. — Saturday. Got up at six — wrote to Morier, Miller, Van Wart, Murray, and Mrs. Foster — rec[eive]d proof sheets and corrected them — anxious about the sailing packet — call[le]d several times at the captain's — found to my great joy that the steam-boat was repaired and sails to-day.

Sailing packet swaggering about the road in front of Brighton.

Read papers in Lucombe's library — sailed in steam-boat at three-quarters before three — fresh breeze — motion — plenty of sea-sickness — old, thin gentleman in barnacles — one large black goggle.

Got into Dieppe at two o'clock in the morn'g. Had to go to custom house but not detained above a minute. Got to bed at Taylor's Hotel.

Sunday, 15th. — At early hour got my passport arranged and took place for Rouen. Custom house very polite and lenient — breakfasted at Taylor's — walked about the place.

Old church with a great number of people saying Mass — walk up to the castle — round tower and square towers clustered one upon another — old peasant women with sabots with new worsted buckles and roses to them.

Custom-house officials very civil and very slight in their examination.

Leave Dieppe at eleven in diligence for Rouen, an Imperial officer with moustaches next me — behind there [were] Englishmen, a Mr. Barton and Johnson. In the course of the morn'g it begins to drizzle and at last comes on a pelting rain — get soaked before arriving at Rouen — sat down at *table d'hôte*, Mr. Johnson with me — take diligence and travel all night — arrive at Paris by Pontoise¹ and bridge of Neuilly at eight o'clock.

Monday, 16th. — Find Peter and Mr. and Mrs. Beasley at my lodgings — after breakfast go out to the Storrows'² — pass part of the day with them — take lodgings at Auteuil — 130 francs for three months. Dine at home — Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Peter — call at Mr. Storrow's in the ev[enin]g.

Tuesday, 17th. — Take bath — call on Mr. Storrow — Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who are in an elegant hotel there, and others — Mr. Sheldon in a wing of it up narrow stairs, etc. Walk on Boulevard — call on Mr. Storrow — dine at home. Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Mr. and Mrs. Green are with us to-day with their child.

Passed ev[enin]g at home very sleepy.

August 18th. — Wednesday. Packed trunks early — at twelve went out to lodgings at Auteuil — rooms for three months at 130 francs. Passed day with the Storrows — ret[ur]ne[d] home at nine o'clock.

Thursday, 19th. — Woke early — read "Travels in Germany" till seven — breakfasted at Mr. Storrow's at eight — walked in garden — talk'd of

¹ This is a guess. The Ms. is puzzling.

² Irving was exceptionally intimate in the household of these American friends.

mode of manoeuvring armies — ret[urne]d home and read French translation of German play — called on Mr. Wedgewood¹ who is engrav'g my picture. He corrected it from me. Went to town — called on Ogden² and his pretty little wife — bo[ugh]t shav'g cup — brush — found Mr. and Mrs. Beasley at my lodgings — called on Mrs. Welles — sat some time with her — ret[urne]d home — dined with Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Peter — ret[urne]d to Auteuil with "Tancredi,"³ which I had bo[ugh]t to give to the Storrows. Walked with the family in the Bois de Boulogne and then ret[urne]d home at nine o'clock.

Friday, 20th. — Auteuil. A fine morning — sun shines warmly into my room, but clouds up and rains heavily between eight and nine. My apartment is in a large house, newly altered and fitted up. All the rest of the house unfinished and workmen busy about it (excepting a little apartment where the landlord's father lives, whom the little portress called Monsieur). The hotel looks onto a garden — flower beds disposed so as to form a circle.

A plaister Cupid in the middle — a house on opposite side of the garden plaistered white — fronted and half covered by clipped poplars. A flight of stone steps form a portal among the trees — on a pedestal each side of the steps, a vase with a delicate but bright red flower in each — lattices shaded by trees.

[*Here there is an interesting sketch of the above-described house.*]

After heavy showers the sun broke out brightly

¹ J. T. Wedgewood, — whose engraving of Irving is the frontispiece of this volume.

² Charles Ogden, an old New York friend.

³ "Tancredi" was written by Rossini at the age of twenty-one; and the opera was produced in Venice, in 1813.