



Smithsonian Institution

Archives of American Art

Xanthus Smith diary

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 09:49:55

The Smithsonian Institution thanks all digital volunteers that transcribed and reviewed this material. Your work enriches Smithsonian collections, making them available to anyone with an interest in using them.

The Smithsonian Institution (the "Smithsonian") provides the content on this website (transcription.si.edu), other Smithsonian websites, and third-party sites on which it maintains a presence ("SI Websites") in support of its mission for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." The Smithsonian invites visitors to use its online content for personal, educational and other non-commercial purposes. By using this website, you accept and agree to abide by the [following terms](#).

- If sharing the material in personal and educational contexts, please cite the Archives of American Art as source of the content and the project title as provided at the top of the document. Include the accession number or collection name; when possible, link to the Archives of American Art website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Archives of American Art or transcribe@si.edu

For more information on this project and related material, contact the Archives of American Art. [See this project](#) and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

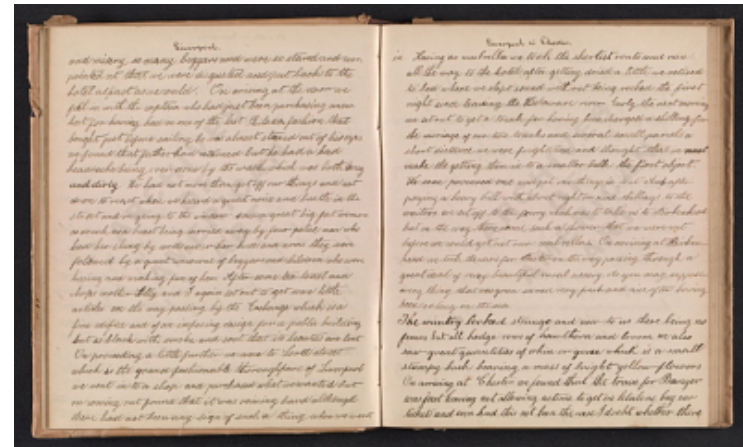
[[start left page]]
Liverpool.

and misery so many beggars and were so stared and even pointed at that we were disgusted and put back to the hotel as fast as we could. On arriving at the door we fell in with the captain who had just been purchasing a new hat for having had on one of the last Philad^l fashion that bought just before sailing he was almost stared out of his eyes we found that father had returned but he had a bad headache being over done by the walk which was both long and dirty. We had not more than got off our things and sat down to re~~st~~ when we heard a great noise and bustle in the street and on going to the window saw a great big fat woman as drunk as a beast being carried away by four police men who had her slung by cords under her knees and arms they were followed by a great concourse of beggars and children who were hissing and making fun of her. After some tea toast and chops mother Lilly and I again set out to get some little articles on the way passing by the Exchange which is a fine edifice and of an imposing design for a public building but so black with smoke and soot that its beauties are lost. On proceeding a little further we came to Lord street which is the grand fashionable thoroughfare of Liverpool we went in to a shop and purchased what we wanted but on coming out found that it was raining hard although there had not been any sign of such a thing when we went

[[end page]]
[[start right page]]

Liverpool to Chester.

in. Having no umbrella we took the shortest route and ran all the way to the hotel after getting dried a little we retired to bed where we slept sound without being rocked the first night since leaving the Delaware river. Early the next morning we set out to get a trunk for having been charged a shilling for the carriage of our two trunks and several small parcels a short distance we were frightened and thought that we must make the getting them in to a smaller bulk the first object. We soon procured one and put our things in to it. And after paying a heavy bill with about eight or nine shillings to the waitors we set off to the f~~erry~~ which was to take us to Birkenhead but on the way there came such a shower that we were wet before we could get out our umbrellas. On arriving at Birkenhead we took the cars for Chester on the way passing through a great deal of ver~~y~~ beautiful rural scenery. As you may suppose every thing that was green seemed very fresh and nice after having been so long on the sea. The country looked strange and new to us there being no fences but all hedge rows of hawthorn and broom we also saw great quantities of whin or gorse which is a small stumpy bush bearing a mass of bright yellow flowers. On arriving at Chester we found that the train for Bangor was just leaving not allowing us time to get on let alone buy our tickets and even had this not been the case I doubt whether there



Xanthus Smith diary
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Approved by Smithsonian Staff
Extracted Apr-23-2024 09:49:55



Smithsonian Institution

Archives of American Art

The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

Join us!

The Transcription Center: <https://transcription.si.edu>

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SmithsonianTranscriptionCenter>

On Twitter: [@TranscribeSI](https://twitter.com/TranscribeSI)

Connect with the Smithsonian

Smithsonian Institution: www.si.edu

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Smithsonian>

On Twitter: [@smithsonian](https://twitter.com/smithsonian)