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*Archives of American Art*

## **Xanthus Smith diary**

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 07:35:16

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Bangor to Tyn'y Mais.

to the walls of the great Penrhyn Castle grounds which is from ten to fourteen feet high and seven miles long it is built of mountain lime stone in a very substantial manner Continuing on we crossed the river Ogwen and had a fine view of the Castle and its situation. from near here we also had a sight of a fine viaduct on the London and Holy Head railroad. After passing an Inn called the halfway house, the country becomes more wooded with low oaks larch and pines.

On arriving at the little town of Bethesda which was two miles short of our journey's end we began to get pretty well tired particularly Lilly and I we thought that we could not hold out much longer. This town is situated within a short distance of the great slate quarries and is peopled chiefly by the quarrymen and their families.

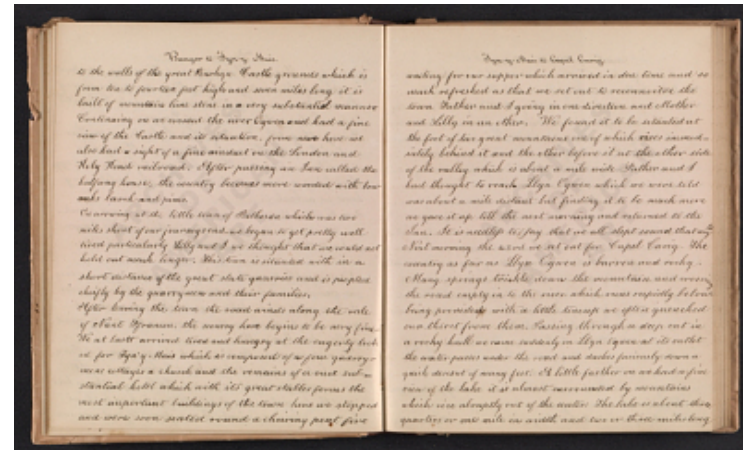
After leaving the town the road winds along the vale of Nant Ffrancon, the scenery here begins to be very fine. We at last arrived tired and hungry at the eagerly looked for Tyn'y Mais which is composed of a few quarrymen's cottages a church and the remains of a once substantial hotel which with its great stables forms the most important buildings of the town here we stopped and were soon seated round a cheering peat fire

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Tyn-y-Mais to Capel Cunig.

waiting for our supper which arrived in due time and so much refreshed us that we set out to reconnoitre the town Father and I going in one direction and Mother and Lilly in another. We found it to be situated at the foot of two great mountains one of which rises immediately behind it and the other before it at the other side of the valley which is about a mile wide. Father and I had thought to reach Llyn Ogwen which we were told was about a mile distant but finding it to be much more we gave it up till the next morning and returned to the Inn. It is needless to say that we all slept sound that night. Next morning the 23rd we set out for Capel Curig. The country as far as Llyn Ogwen is barren and rocky. Many springs trickle down the mountain and crossing the road empty in to the river which runs rapidly below being provided with a little lineup we often quenched our thirst from them. Passing through a deep cut in a rocky knoll we came suddenly on Llyn Ogwen at its outlet the water passes under the road and dashes furiously down a quick descent of many feet. A little further on we had a fine view of the lake it is almost surrounded by mountains which rise abruptly out of the water. The lake is about three quarters or one mile in width and two or three miles long



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