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Archives of American Art

Xanthus Smith diary

Extracted on Mar-19-2024 04:35:36

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A Mrs. Roberts:

with what he saw in the way of the fine arts having visited the Royal Academy and several other exhibitions.

20th. In the forenoon Father wrote up notes of what he had seen, and the rest of us went to market. In the afternoon mother Lilly and I went on a hill at [[?]] [[?]] and sketched. I drew Beaumaris bay and the town. It was a beautiful afternoon and lovely colouring Father came to meet us so we had a very pleasant walk home.

21st. Mother drew a handsome villa on the Anglesea side of the strait. Father wrote up his notes [[?]]. After dinner the new lodgers arrived they appear to be rather proud showy people there are only two man and wife. Father and I went round to the town to get his razor done up the man who sharpened it had been to America and served in the last war he did not seem to think much of the Americans, we bought a razor strop.

22nd. Packed up and got things in readiness to start for Beddgelert the next day if things suited.

23rd. Did not start for Beddgelert. We went to Davises store in Bangor quite a comodeous as well stocked dry goods and grocery store with very kind polite attendants. We bought a dress for little Hugh Roberts. Father Lilly and I

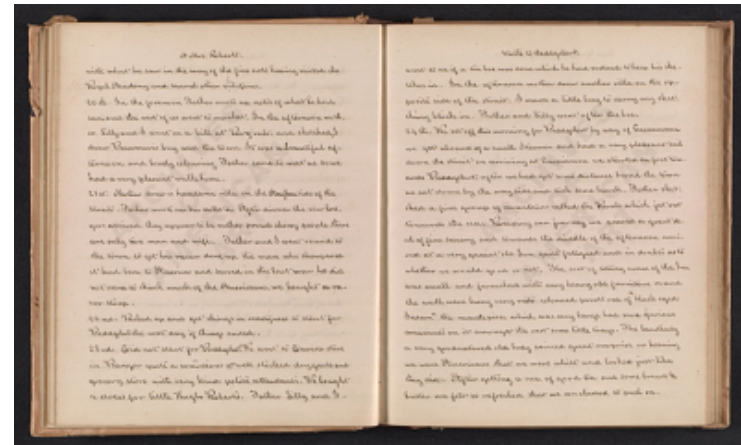
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Walk to Beddgelert:

went to see if a tin box was done which he had ordered to keep his sketches in. In the afternoon mother drew another villa on the opposite side of the strait. I made a little bag to carry my sketching block in. Father and Lilly went after the box.

24th. We set off this morning for Beddgelert by way of Carenarvon we got aboard of a small Steamer and had a very pleasant sail down the strait on arriving at Carenarvon we started on foot. Towards Beddgelert: after we had got some distance beond the town we sat down by the wayside and took some lunch. Father sketched a fine group of mountains called the Rivals which jut out towards the sea. Pursu~~ing~~ our journey we passed a great deal of fine scenery and towards the middle of the afternoon arrived at a very quaint old Inn quite fatigued and in doubts as to whether we would go on or not. The sort of sitting room of the Inn was small and furnished with very heavy old furniture round the walls were hung very [[?]] coloured prints of "black eyed Susan" the mantelpiece which was very large had some curious ornaments on it amongst the rest some little trays. The landlady a very goodnatured old body evinced great surprise on hearing we were Americans that we were white and looked just like they did. After getting a cup of good tea and some bread & butter we felt so refreshed that we concluded to push on.



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