

**THE HISTORY OF THE WHITE
MOUNTAINS, FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT OF UPPER
COOS AND PEQUAKET**

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The History of the White Mountains, from the First Settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket by
Lucy Crawford

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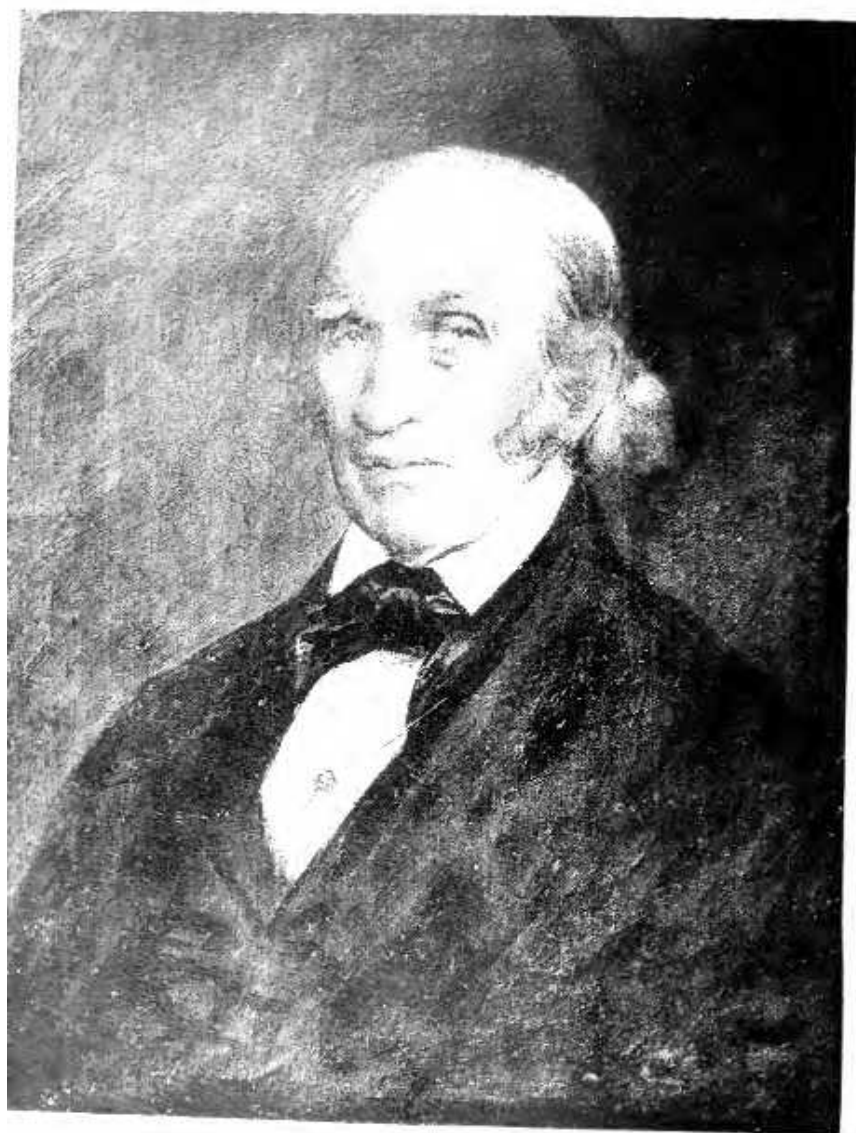
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LUCY CRAWFORD

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Abel. Berkeley.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS,
FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT
OF
UPPER COOS AND PEQUAKET.

By Lucy, Wife of Ethan Allen Crawford, Esq.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1845.

WITH PREFACE BY HENRY WHEELOCK RIPLEY.

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PREFACE.

IN reproducing the early History of the White Mountains, their discovery and settlement, written by Mrs. Ethan Allen Crawford, we are delightfully carried back to the days of our boyhood, when we first visited those grand old Cathedrals and Temples of Nature,—to the days of that freedom of thought and life so full of sunshine and hope, which followed our young footsteps among the many changing scenes of grandeur then undiscovered among those "Everlasting Hills,"—days, in truth, full of "romance and reality," when the world seemed but the great ideal and central unfolding in one mighty volume, the wonderful gifts and glories of the great Creator's hands. The History of the White Mountains at this period forms one of the most interesting subjects of modern times, and thousands have read, who have never visited them, that most charmingly descriptive and interesting volume, written and published in 1859, by that patriot Christian scholar and statesman, the Rev. Thomas Starr King. It was the writer's highest privilege to be a companion of Mr. King for several seasons among the mountains, and whether exploring among cliffs and crags, or midst the wildwood passes, or following stream by stream with rod and line, 'twas all the same, his great heart and soul was the embodiment of *nature*; living he breathed it, and dying has left its fragrance on the desert air. We can but hope that this *best of all* White Mountain histories may ere long be republished, to more extensively perpetuate his memory among the scenes he loved so dearly.

The present volume, which we present to the public, was written in the old stage days of John Smith, the Knight of the Whip, who for nearly forty years drove his elegant Concord coach from Conway to Portland, and who is now living, a hale and hearty bachelor, nearly eighty-five years old, at his adopted home, Fryeburg,—in the days of Abbott, Thom & Co.'s line of stages from Center Harbor to Conway, and through the White Mountains,—in the days, in short when occurred those events of history, that, like the "Crawford," the "Rosebrooks," the "Willey" families, belong alone to the past. We shall endeavor, in our next edition, to give a general history of the early settlements of the towns comprising the Upper Coos, Gorham, Lancaster, Littleton, Colebrook, Whitefield, Bethlehem, Conway, Bartlett and Jackson in New Hampshire; also of the early settlement of the towns comprising the Pequaket country, and the writer's native town of Fryeburg,

Maine. We shall also give the history of the building of the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad into the mountains, the Portland and Ogdensburg through the Crawford Notch, the Mount Washington Turnpike from the Glen House on the east side, to the summit, and the Mount Washington railroad from Marshfield on the west side to the summit, together with whatever events have occurred which will interest the tourist to the White Mountains since the edition was published in 1846.

In this edition we give a very perfect likeness of Abel Crawford, "the Patriarch of the Hills," copied by Conant of this city, from the original portrait by Chester Harding in 1846, and now in the possession of Mrs. Abby Davis Bemis, his granddaughter, of Melrose Highlands, to whom the writer is greatly indebted for the loan of it for present use. The likeness is strikingly correct, and will be recognized by many who nearly one-half century ago saw the original work in the parlor of the old Crawford House. "Old Crawford" was the first man who ever rode a horse up Mount Washington in 1840, then seventy-five years of age. He died in 1852, aged eighty-five years, and the little mound just this side of Bemis' station marks his last resting-place, while grand old Mount Crawford is his fitting monument.

I feel sure that the pleasure-seeking and beauty-loving travelers of this generation, as cosily seated in one of the triumphs of modern civilization, an observation car, they glide comfortably over steel rails far up the sides of the mighty mountains, will be glad to hearken to the echo of a voice from the misty past, a voice telling the story of these grand and magnificent scenes, telling it not in fine, modern phrase, but in olden, homely, quaint speech, yet full of rugged strength and earnest meaning, like the character of the pioneers of the mountains, like the mountains themselves.

It was my original intention to have added to Mrs. Crawford's history a modern history of the White Mountains, but owing to the failure on the part of various representatives of vicinities to supply me with the necessary data, I am unable to do so in this edition.

A knowledge gained by a close acquaintance of forty-five years with the mountains and their visitors, of the lively interest and enthusiasm felt for everything relating to the White Mountain region, leads me to confidently expect the necessity of the next edition shortly, in which the modern history will be supplied.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills; no tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

H. W. RIPLEY.