The White mountains in American literature of the nineteenth century

Bailey, Louise Charlotte

Boston University
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Thesis

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Submitted by

Louise Charlotte Bailey

(B.S., in Ed., Boston University, 1930)

In partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Education

1945

First reader: Edward J. Eaton, Professor of Education
Second reader: Maude B. Harding, Instructor in Education
Third reader: George K. Makechnie, Professor of Education
Gift of L. C. Rainer

School of Education
April 22, 1945
25877
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Statement of the Problem</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>The White Mountains in Nineteenth Century American Poetry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>The White Mountains in the American Short Story and Novel of the Nineteenth Century</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>The White Mountains in the Diaries, Journals, and Letters of the Nineteenth Century</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>The White Mountains in the Essays of the Nineteenth Century</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>The White Mountains in the Miscellaneous Literature of the Nineteenth Century</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conclusion</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bibliography</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

The research problem of this thesis may be stated thus: "How have representative writers in the field of American literature of the nineteenth century described and interpreted the White Mountains of New Hampshire?" Following are the subordinate problems: (1) How have representative American poets described and interpreted the White Mountains? (2) How have representative American novelists and short story writers of the nineteenth century interpreted and described the White Mountains? (3) What American authors, writing of the White Mountains, have recorded their impressions in the diaries, the journals, and the letters that are representative of the literature of the nineteenth century? (4) What essayists have described and interpreted the White Mountains during the period of the nineteenth century in American literature? (5) In what other literary selections have the White Mountains been described and interpreted by representative writers of the period?
INTRODUCTION

Mountains have always exerted untold influence upon the mind of man whether he has been writing poetry, worshipping God, or philosophizing about the Way of Life.

From time immemorial, poets and sages of every land and clime have celebrated their hills and mountains in song and story. Moses went up into the mountains for the deliverance of the Ten Commandments. The psalmist sang, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." Sinai, Carmel, Pisgah, these among others, have their powerful Biblical associations. Mount Olympus has its classic fame as the seat of Jove. The ancient Greeks built the Acropolis upon a hill that it might be seen from any part of the city. It was to the Mount of Olives that Jesus went to pray, and on the Hill Golgotha that He was crucified. John Bunyan in prison wrote of the Delectable Mountains. Burns, Byron, and Coleridge were profoundly influenced by the mountains of Scotland, Italy, and Switzerland.

A Greek myth tells how the Titans tried to pile Pelion upon Ossa in their effort to attain the home of the gods. Like the Titans, man too has always sought the unattainable. His has been an endless quest for the unseen. It is not that he wants to build his home on the mountain tops, but that he must gain the height if his vision is to be broadened. From the top of the world, with wave on wave of blue mountain wall receding in the distance, one is taken back to the be-
ginning of things. Man may rule the earth below, but God rules this sphere. Time ceases to be. Littleness is lost; trivialities vanish. There is neither hustle nor bustle, neither pretense nor artifice. One is at peace with himself, with the world, with his God. In the presence of "purple mountain majesties" and "templed hills," one feels nearer heaven; one is nearer heaven. Small wonder is it that primitive tribes, including the American Indians, believed that their gods lived on the mountain tops. Was not the storm with its lightning and thunderous growling evidence enough of the wrath of the gods being directed against mortals?

It is human to love what endures. The very stability, the immovability, the permanency of mountains help man to achieve a sense of security. What is, is. Man may build, and the work of his hands may be destroyed, but the everlasting hills remain, except as fire, or storm, or axe may make their slopes desolate and scarred. Samuel Drake, in 1882, wrote:

"Every line as firm and strong, and every contour true as the Great Architect drew it---without loss or abatement; vigorous in old age as in youth; monuments of one race, and silent spectators of the passing of another; victors in the battle with Time; chronicles and retrospect of ages; types of the Everlasting and Unchangeable."

Mountains are more than a distinguishable feature of the landscape. Mountain areas have always attracted the more daring and the more courageous. Their hill defenses against the enemy have been less vulnerable; they could resist any but the strongest of invaders. Thus it is that mountain states have been, down through the ages, the cradles of

liberty and the citadels of freedom. Hence the history and the literature of mountain states are nearly always more interesting and romantic than that of the people of the plains. Classic examples have been the countries of Europe: Greece, Scotland, Spain, the Tyrol, Switzerland, and the mountainous parts of Germany and Norway.

In the United States, the history and the literature of the small area of the White Mountains of New Hampshire prove to be no exception. From the days when the redskins roamed the forests and built their campfires beside the lakes and streams, followed by the sturdy pioneers who faced long hard winters bravely and wrestled with the beasts of the woods, legends and traditions and stories have been innumerable. In striking contrast to the Alps, the Scottish Highlands, and the Trossachs, however, it should be remembered that the White Mountains have been known to the white man for scarcely more than three centuries. Much of their literature remains to be written. Lydia Maria Child, writing as early as 1820 of Mount Chocorua, said, "Had it [Chocorua] been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory." Later in 1847 Nathaniel Peabody Rogers said of North Hill (which is now called Mount Prospect) in Plymouth, "This is no contemptible ascent, and if it stood where some of those renowned Scottish Bens


do, and had undergone the poetic handling of their Burns and Scotts, people would cross the ocean to see its sights from the top." Samuel C. Eastman, writing of the beautiful Glen Ellis Falls remarked, "Scott would have delighted to enshrine its wildness and music in his vigorous verse."

The year 1942 marked the three hundredth anniversary of the first recorded ascent of Mount Washington, or Agiochook, as it was called by the Indians. Darby Field, an Irishman from Portsmouth, with two Indians as guides, was searching for a route into the fur-lands that were making the French traders in Quebec rich. He called the mountains the "Chryzstall Hills" because of the shining stones that he claimed to have seen. The first map to mention the White Hills was Foster's map of New England printed in 1679. For over one hundred years after this exploration, the White Mountain Notch remained untravelled. Not until 1771 was it rediscovered by two white men, Nash and Sawyer, while they were on a hunting trip to Cherry Mountain. Three years after, in 1774, the first road through the Notch was built. The first settlement at the site of the Fabyan House was by Captain Eleazar Rosebrook in 1792. Abel Crawford, the son-in-law of Eleazar Rosebrook, settled near the present Bemis station, probably in 1793. When the turnpike through the Notch was built


in 1803, Rosebrook built the first of the White Mountain taverns near what is now called Giant's Grave. Abel Crawford in 1819 opened a footpath to the summit of Mt. Washington and three years later Ethan Allen Crawford opened a road following the course of the Ammonoosuc River. In this year the mountain was first climbed by women, the Misses Austen from Portsmouth.

Not until 1812 in Dr. Jeremy Belknap's history of New Hampshire did the name White Mountains appear in print for the first time. In July, 1820, a group of seven men from Lancaster, with Ethan Allen Crawford as their guide, went over the entire White Mountain range and named Mounts Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant. Mount Washington had been named in 1784. As late as 1837 when Starr King visited the mountains, he described the White Mountain Notch as "a secluded district, the inns offering only the homely cheer of country fare, and the paths to Mount Washington rarely trodden by any who did not prize the very way, rough as it might be, too much to wish for easier ones." There are no records of Mount Washington being climbed in winter until 1858. Thus it was not until more than two hundred years after Darby Field had climbed to the summit of Mount Washington that the mountain district became at all readily accessible.

Lucy Crawford wrote in conclusion to her history:

1/Lucy Crawford, The History of the White Mountains from the First Settlement of Upper Coos and Pemquaket. Hoyt, Fogg, and Dunham, Portland, Maine, 1845, p. 49.


3/Ibid., p. 310.

4/Starr King, op. cit., p. 46.

5/Lucy Crawford, op. cit., p. 203-204.
"We can now go to Portland and back with a team, in from six to eight days; in old times it has taken twenty-two days to go from Lancaster to Portland and back; and the snow was so deep at one time that they were obliged to leave their horses seven days in one place before they could be moved."

In 1851 there were only three taverns in the Notch, Crawford's Hill's, six miles to the north, and Thomas Crawford's near Giant's Grave. Up to the time of the Civil War and after, a trip from even the nearby cities of Boston and Portland was made only at considerable expense and inconvenience.

Within this relatively short period of the nineteenth century, many writers and travelers have recorded their impressions and their experiences, finding the White Hills to be an inexhaustible source of inspiration.

Strictly speaking, the White Mountains comprise a range about fifteen miles in length, with Mount Washington as its central figure. Some guidebook authorities, particularly those of the middle nineteenth century, make a careful distinction between the White Mountains and the Franconia Range. Less strictly speaking, the term White Mountains includes both the Presidential and the Franconia Ranges, an area only about forty miles square or about thirteen hundred square miles. Broadly speaking, the White Mountains embrace the mountains and their foothills of that part of northern New Hampshire between Lake Winnepesaukee and the Canadian line, overlapping to a small extent the western boundary of Maine and extending west to the Connecticut River. In this paper, the term White Mountains is used in this its broadest sense. Whereas only a

few of the early writers of the nineteenth century distinguished between the Presidential, the Franconia, and the Sandwich Ranges, most of those of the later nineteenth century do not. Old prints, however, refer to the Sandwich Mountains and some even to the Ossipees as "The White Mountains." The steel engraving by Wellstood after William Hart's painting is labeled "Chocorua Peak, White Mountains."

Within this territory there are hundreds of mountain peaks, with Mount Washington the crowning point; nine notches, Crawford, known in the early nineteenth century as the White Mountain Notch or simply "The Notch," Dixville, Pinkham, Carter, Jefferson, Kinsman, Franconia, Sandwich, and the new Evans Notch leading from New Hampshire into Maine; numberless lakes, both large and small, from the Connecticut Lakes and Umbagog in the north to the navigable waters of Winnipesaukee and the Squams; the head waters of four great rivers, the Saco, the Androscoggin, the Merrimack, and the Connecticut. Whether it be broad meadows and intervaies, tumbling mountain streams, pine-clad hills, or rugged mountains with unusual rock formations that one finds most appealing, he will find some or all within this limited area.

1/
"The White Mountains constitute a section of the country which is unrivaled in its variety of natural interests. It may be ventured that nowhere else within so small a radius, is there such concentrated wealth of spectacular formation in peaks, valleys, and waterfalls."

That hills of so limited an area and of so low an elevation, since the highest is scarcely more than six thousand feet, should have had so

much recorded about them in history and in literature is noteworthy. A partial explanation lies in the fact that these are practically the only group worthy to be called mountains in the eastern part of the United States with the exception of the Southern Appalachian Highlands, which have, until quite recently remained even more unknown and unapproachable than the mountains of New Hampshire. Kilbourne on this subject said:

"If it should be inquired, further, why these hills, so insignificant as compared with the Rockies, for instance, should have been made so much of and should still retain so much of men's interest, it may be adduced that as respects mountains in general, scenic attractiveness depends far more upon other considerations than of altitude for its appeal and that the White Mountains are a striking case in support of this opinion, for it is the testimony of travelers that the relative inferiority in height of the New England hills does not detract from their grandeur and beauty or cause them to lose interest for those familiar with loftier peaks and ranges."

Altitude alone does not secure for a mountain a place in the heart of man. Occasionally it is that one peak dominates the scene so completely as to put the others into a place of little importance. This is true in Switzerland where the sharp peak of the Matterhorn rises nearly four thousand feet above its nearest companion. In the Presidential Range there are five mountains, each of which attains an altitude only a few hundred feet less than that of Washington.

Comprising a very small area, lacking in lofty peaks, the White Mountains have been a source of inspiration and material for poets, essayists, historians, and short story writers, as well as the scientists, the geologists, the botanists, and the ornithologists. William Howe Kilbourne, Chronicles of the White Mountains. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1916, Introduction, p. x.
Domes wrote, "It may be doubted if any mountains of their size have been celebrated so volumously in print." J. Brooks Atkinson said more recently, "It is said that no other range of mountains in the world, except the Alps, has been the subject of so much literature." William H. Rideing in an article in Harper's Magazine in 1877 wrote:

"Few visitors are ever disappointed in these mountains, however great their anticipations may be, and the thousands of tourists of the most fashionable class, who are wearied of nearly all other pleasure resorts, from the blue waters of Lake Como to the tropic walls of St. Augustine, from the Mammoth Cave to the valleys of Iceland, and from the Garden of the Gods to Mount Desert, and who are as much "used up" as Sir Charles Coldstream in Matthew's farce, visit them again and again and always go away satisfied. There is a peculiar and inexhaustible beauty about them, which is best attested by the number of artists who frequent them year after year."


CHAPTER I

Major Poets
John Greenleaf Whittier
Lucy Larcom

The Chocorua Poets
Richard Andros
Charles J. Fox
David H. Hill
Robert B. Caverly
Mrs. V. G. Ramsey

Poets of the Early Nineteenth Century
Lydia Sigourney
Harry Hibbard

Mid-Century Poets
Henry W. Longfellow
Samuel Longfellow
Edna Dean Proctor
Thomas W. Parsons

Minor Poets
Charles Fletcher Lummis
George Bancroft Griffith
George Waldo Browne
John W. Condon
Mary Glover
Philip H. Savage
Fred C. Pillsbury
Fanny Rummells Poole
Caroline Whiton-Stone
Herbert M. Sylvester
William Plumer
Richard Watson Gilder

Anthologists
Clark Cochrane
Eugene R. Musgrove
CHAPTER I
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY
AMERICAN POETRY

John Greenleaf Whittier

The foremost interpreter in poetry of the White Mountains is not, as strange as it may seem, a native of the state of New Hampshire, but of East Haverhill, Massachusetts. At a very early age, however, John Greenleaf Whittier listened to stories and legends of the White Mountains told by both his father and his mother as the family gathered about the ample fireside on long winter evenings. The elder Whittier had been on trapping and trading expeditions through northern New Hampshire and Vermont into Canada. Unlike many others, he suffered no difficulties with the Indians.  

"On one occasion he joined a party of horsemen, traveled with them through the wilderness of Lake Memphremagog, and there met a tribe of friendly Indians where no settlement had been made by the whites." His mother, Abigail Hussey Whittier, had been born in Somersworth, New Hampshire, and she too could contribute stories, vividly told, of the savages, and the narrow escapes of her ancestors. Whittier describes her briefly in "Snowbound":


-10-
"Our mother, while she turned the wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down,
At midnight on Cochecho Town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to four score."

The legends, traditions, and folklore of the mountains of New Hampshire were his family heritage.

From a casual reading of his poetry one might assume that Whittier had spent a part of his life, or some years at least, beneath the shadow of one of the higher peaks, such as Chocorua, which, of all the mountains he knew and loved, was his favorite, or Sandwich, or Monolancet, and not just a few months of each summer. A more careful study of his verse will reveal, however, that his point of view is not that of one who knows the hills intimately from climbing them but is instead almost always that of the onlooker. The grandeur and the beauty of the mountains appealed to him most when he looked up to them. Very rarely indeed does he describe a scene that he gazed down upon, as from a hilltop or summit. He himself was evidently aware of this, for he wrote in "The Grave by the Lake."

"Unto him who stands afar
Nature's marvels greatest are;
Who the mountain purple seeks
Must not climb the higher peaks."

Whittier's biographer, Samuel T. Pickard, said of him:

"Mr. Whittier did not care to ascend mountains for the prospect they afforded. When asked if he had ever viewed Lake Winnipesaukee from Red Hill, he said that he had not and that he had never any desire to do so; that he once looked down upon the scene from a neighboring hill and


found it had lost its impressiveness. Boulders had become great pebbles, great trees seemed as scraggly bushes, and the lake itself a mere pond. The whole scene was dwarfed, its grandeur lost."

It is interesting that another mountain lover, Starr King, shared this view.

"Going close to a great mountain is like going close to a powerfully painted picture; you see only the roughnesses, the blotches of paint, the coarsely contrasted hues, which at the proper distance alone are grouped into grandeur and mellowed into beauty."

Over a span of years that reached from 1831 to 1892, Whittier published his poems, the settings of many of which were the hills of New Hampshire. Musgrove paid tribute to him thus: "Whittier, however, is the only poet who has given us continual pictures of this mountain land; he alone, has enriched American verse with exquisite portraiture of New Hampshire scenery."

His first poem having to do with the region was entitled "The White Mountains" and was published in his earliest book, "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse" at Hartford, Connecticut, in February, 1831. When the poem was printed in his complete works, it bore the title, "Mount Agiochook" but was put into the appendix. The theme of the poem is one of the many legends associated with Mount Washington or Agiochook, which, translated from the Indian, means, "Place of the Great Spirit of the Forest," or "Mountain of the Snowy Forehead." The Indians refused to climb the mountain, for no red man, so they believed, could look upon

1/Starr King, op. cit., p. 6.
2/Eugene R. Musgrove, "Whittier, the Poet of the White Hills," The Granite Monthly (July, 1903) 35: 3.
the Great Spirit and live. The punishment of one who was so sacrilegious would be torture throughout eternity. With great simplicity Whittier describes the mountain as

"Gray searcher of the upper air,
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls,
A crown upon thy forehead bare,
A flash upon thy waterfalls."

Now that the red man has vanished, it is no longer believed that angry gods of the mountain top seek to avenge themselves on mortals:

"The wigwam fires have all burned out,
The moccasin has left no track;
Nor wolf nor panther roam about
The Saco and the Merrimac.
And thou, that liftest up on high
Thy mighty barriers to the sky,
Art not the haunted mount of old
Where on each crag of blasted stone
Some dreadful spirit found his throne,
And hid within the thick cloud fold,
Heard only in the thunder's crash,
Seen only in the lightning's flash,
When crumbled rock and riven branch
Went down before the avalanche."

It was because of Whittier's interest and activity in the anti-slavery cause that he first visited the northern mountains. In 1833 he had published the pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency," in the abolitionist cause; it attracted the attention of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, one of the early anti-slavery editors. He immediately invited Whittier to visit him at his home in Plymouth. The invitation was not accepted until two years later when George Thompson, the English orator and reformer, who had worked successfully for the abolition of slavery in the British colonies,

2/Loc. cit.
accompanied him. Thompson had come to the United States at the request of William Lloyd Garrison who had asked him to give his anti-slavery addresses here. Whittier describes the journey:

"In the early autumn, in company with George Thompson, (the eloquent Reformer who has since been elected a member of the British Parliament from the Tower Hamlets), we drove up the beautiful valley of the White Mountain tributary of the Merrimack, and, just as a glorious sunset was sweeping river, valley, and mountain, in its hues of heaven, were welcomed to the pleasant home and family circle of our friend Rogers."

With the Rogers family they spent two very enjoyable evenings.

It is highly probable that the poet on his first visit to northern New Hampshire was influenced considerably by the enthusiasm Rogers had for the beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset, an Indian name which means "Valley of the Winding Water among the Mountain Fines." Rogers, one of the most brilliant newspaper writers of his day, wrote in "The Herald of Freedom:"

"Scotland's crags are wild and majestic—but they are no match for ours. They are but island mountains. Ours are continental. The Ben Lomonds and Ben Nevises of old Scotland rise abruptly from the lowland plains, in distinct and naked elevation. Our great Haystacks and our Mount Washington lay away from the sea and level country."

Whittier paid tribute to Roger's skill in writing in "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches:"

"His descriptions of natural scenery glow with life. One can almost see the sunset light flooding Franconia Notch and glorifying the peaks of Moosehilllock, and hear the murmur of


the west wind in the pines, and the light, liquid voice of
the Pemigewasset sounding up from its rocky channel, through
its green hem of maples, while reading them."

Nearly a decade after this visit to Plymouth, Whittier drove by
stagecoach through Franconia Notch and climbed Mount Washington. This
trip served as the background for the prologue of the poem, "The Bridal
of Pennacook," which was written in 1841 and published in "Lays of My
Home and Other Poems" in 1843. Penacook was the Indian name for Concord.

Kilbourne has aptly called the opening of the poem a "glorified itiner-
ary."

"We had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country. We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnispisogee; and felt
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forest and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
O'er roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding, and atop
Of old Agichook had seen the mountains

1/Frederick W. Kilbourne, op. cit., p. 178.

Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills--the sea of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his granite forehead to the sun.
And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
By the perpetual leaping of the falls
Of the wild Armonoosuc. We had tracked
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines.
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimack by Uncannonuc's falls."

It is evident that Whittier was not only familiar with the early
account by Josselyn but also influenced by the seventeenth century writer's
description, for his lines rather closely parallel the account given in
"New England's Rarities Discovered." Interestingly enough, it is this
source that contains the first mention in print of the name "White
Mountains." Josselyn tells his story briefly and well.

"From this rocky Hill you may see the whole Country round
about; it is far above the lower Clouds, and from hence we
beheld a Vapour (like a great Pillar) drawn up by the Sun
Beams out of a great Lake or Pond into the Air, where it was
formed into a Cloud. The Country beyond the Hills Northward,
is daunting terrible; being full of Rocky Hills, as thick as
Mole-hills in a Meadow, and cloathed with infinite thick
woods."

"The Bridal of Penacook" tells of five travelers, a lawyer and his
brother, a minister, a merchant, the merchant's daughter, and the poet
himself. Everyone enjoys this excursion into the hills, not only for the
beauty of the scenery, but also for the fishing and mountain climbing.
Unfortunately, while they are staying in the quiet inn in Conway, the
girl becomes quite ill. Each member of the group takes his turn enter-
taining her to make the hours pass a little more swiftly. Reading is
one of their chief pastimes. In an old volume describing the Indian
wars, they come across the story of Winnipurkit, sachem of Saugus, and
Wenunchus. The merchant's daughter pleads with Whittier to retell the
story in verse.

Although the name of the bride was Wenunchus, Whittier renames her
Weetamo. Historically, she was the wife of Alexander, the brother of
King Philip, and the daughter of Passaconaway. The poet attributes a
tragic end to the lovelorn bride, who, after visiting her parents, was
drowned in the Merrimack as she was making the journey back to her
husband. Happily, in this instance, history is somewhat kinder than
poetry, for the bride was still living near Salem some fifty-eight years
later than the time when the poet kills off his heroine. In reality,
too, Passaconaway and Winnipurkit quarreled so she decided never to return
to her people.

In this early poem Whittier expresses the thought that our country
with

"our sea-like lakes and mountains
Filed to the clouds, our rivers overhung
by forest which have no other change
For ages than the budding and the fall
Of leaves, our valley lovelier than those
Which the old poets sang of."

1/John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 25.
should be a source of inspiration for narrative poems. W. Sloan Kennedy in his biography of Whittier said of this poem:

"In "The Bridal of Kennacook" we have an Indian idyl of unquestionable power and beauty, a descriptive poem full of the cool mossy sweetness of mountain landscapes, and although too artificial and subjective for a poem of primitive life, yet saturated with the imagery of the wigwam and the forest."

Three years later, in 1856, the poem "Mary Garvin" was published in "The National Era." The poem is not primarily a narrative of the White Mountains, but the setting is near the mouth of the Saco. The first eight lines have been quoted again and again in articles and accounts of the White Mountains;

"From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails, Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervals There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow, As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago. But vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams, and mills, How changed is Saco's stream, how lost the freedom of the hills, Since traveled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Champernoon Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet of the loon."

Except for its setting and incidental references to the mountains, the poem is not significant; the narrative is of Mary, the daughter of Elkanah Garvin who married and was estranged from her family because of the adoption of the Catholic faith, and of how she begged her daughter to re-


2/ John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 49.
turn to the home of her grandmother and grandfather.

"Summer by the Lakeside" was written at Center Harbor in 1853 and was published three years later. It is a beautiful description of the quietness of the lake by noon and by moonlight.

In 1865 Whittier went to West Campton and stayed at the farm of Selden C. Willey. Three of his friends, James T. Fields, the publisher, his wife, Annie Fields, and Celia Thaxter vacationed here. It was the scene from this farmhouse that he described in the first of his "Mountain Pictures." Lucy Larcom's poem, "The Old School House", was written from the same place. The first stanza of "Mountain Pictures" was written at Lovewell's Pond, Fryeburg, Maine; the poem was modified and expanded in Campton and contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1861. "Franconia from the Pemigewasset," beautifully written, begins,

"Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by:"

His plea is that he may be allowed to see the sunrises and the sunsets,

"And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire!"

The thunder storm of the previous evening has left the atmosphere clear, and the peaks are cleanly etched against the horizon. The poem ends on a note that is typical of this period of Whittier's work; he expresses the hope that the storm over the question of slavery may soon be settled.

Although Whittier visited the mountain region often and spent the summer months at many places, at Intervale, at Campton, at Holderness,

1/ John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 156.
2/ Loc. cit.
at Center Harbor, at Crawford Notch, it is with the Bearcamp River and
the Sandwich Mountains that he is most closely associated. For several
summers, from 1868 on, Whittier sojourned at the Bearcamp River House in
West Ossipee. The inn was situated under the protecting arm of Mount
Ossipee and the view of both Chocorua and the Sandwich range is match-
less. The poet thought Chocorua to be the most beautiful and the most
impressive of all the New Hampshire mountains. Whittier wrote to his
friend, J. Warren Tyng, the artist, "I sympathize with thee in thy love
of the New Hampshire hills, and Chocorua is the most beautiful and
striking of them all." Today, in the vicinity of the Bearcamp River
and West Ossipee, the name Whittier has been immortalized. The highway
from West Ossipee to Meredith is known as the Whittier Highway. An elm
tree that he loved is the Whittier Elm. Near the hotel was a Whittier
Maple, and nearby was the poet's favorite view of Mount Chocorua. The
West Ossipee railroad station is now Mount Whittier, and the village of
Whittier is not far away. One of the summits of the Ossipee Range bears,
at the suggestion of Sweetser, the guidebook authority, the name of
Whittier Peak or Mount Whittier.

Before the hearth at the Bearcamp House Whittier wrote "Among the
Hills," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," and
"How They Climbed Chocorua," "The Voyage of the Jettie" was written here
at the hotel also. Kilbourne describes the Bearcamp House as Whittier's

Boston, 1912, p. 338.
Wayside Inn. Of it Kennedy said, "The Bearcamp River House was a hostelry whose site, antique hospitality, and eminent guests were every whit as worthy to be embalmed in lasting verse as were those of the Wayside Inn of Sudbury." Whittier's favorite way of enjoying the summer months was to go to an inn or a farmhouse and invite several of his friends and relatives. With the house fairly overflowing, how he enjoyed the activity of fun-loving, frolicsome young people. He himself did not care to climb mountains, but he liked to listen to the accounts of the others on their return. Occasionally he would describe such an adventure in an anonymously written poem and then persuade one of the group, Lucy Larcom, perhaps, to read it aloud. This was what he did for "How They Climbed Chocorua." Both "The Voyage of the Jettie," and "The Seeking of the Waterfall" were written at the suggestion of young people.

The first poem that he wrote at The Bearcamp River House was intended to be a companion piece to his winter idyl, "Snowbound," and so here also was composed, in part, "Among the Hills." His first plan was to call it "A Summer Idyl," but when it was published in the January, 1868 "Atlantic Monthly," it was entitled "The Wife: An Idyl of Bearcamp Water." In the introduction, Whittier has written the dedication to Mrs. Annie Fields, whom he called "Anna Meadows." "When I published the volume, "Among the Hills" in December of the same year, I expanded the Prelude and filled out also, the outlines of the story." The setting is described in the rhythmical style of Tennyson:

3/ Ibid., p. 86.
"Through Sandwich notch the west wind sang
   Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
   Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
   Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
   His grim armorial bearing."

He describes the drive into the hills accompanied by some friends and a lady who was his landlord's daughter. The road that they traveled was known locally as "Turkey Street," and the play of lights and shadows on the apple orchards and pastures, with the mountain slopes and peaks in the background, appealed to him very much. Sunset deepened into twilight followed by the dusk of evening. The changing scene appealed to the poet who is the artist highlighting with words as does the artist the landscape that he is painting:

1/ "Sounding the summer night, the stars
   Dropped down their golden plummet"

and

2/ "And through them smote the level sun
   In broken lines of splendor,
   Touched the gray rocks and the green
   Of the shorn grass more tender."

Their errand was to get butter at a farmhouse on the Tamworth road. The young farmer's wife was before her marriage, a pale girl from the city needing

3/ "To drink the wine of mountain air
   Beside the Bearcamp Water."

1/ John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 89.
2/ Ibid., p. 86.
3/ Ibid., p. 87.
Her husband, the first time that he had met her, scorned her, for he felt certain that her type of woman would never be a sturdy helpmate for a country fellow. But he had changed his mind, and their farm home was to Whittier an ideal one.

1/ "For health comes sparkling in the streams
   From cool Chocorua stealing:
   There's iron in our Northern winds;
   Our pines are trees of healing."

The entire poem is a glorification of the simple, rustic life in its New Hampshire mountain setting.

For some time Whittier wrote no poems dealing with the mountains. Part of his literary efforts were directed toward the work that he and Lucy Larcom were doing in compiling "Songs of Three Centuries." Their avowed object was relaxation during their summer outings.

In 1882 Whittier wrote "Storm on Lake Asquam," while staying at the Asquam House on Shepard Hill in Holderness. He had visited here many years before when he and his sister were traveling from Plymouth to Center Harbor by coach. Every summer from 1882 to 1887 Whittier stayed at the Asquam House which had just been built. Mrs. Fields wrote of him:

"He grew to love Asquam, with its hills and lakes, almost better than any other place. It was there he loved to beckon his friends to join him. 'Do come, if possible,' he would write. 'The years speed on; it will soon be too late. I long to look on your dear faces once more.'"

But even in the lake descriptions, Chocorua looms in the background. It

1/John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 87.

was as if he felt that without that mountain, the picture would not be complete;

"One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form."

"The Wood Giant" was written at the Whittier Pine, Sunset Hill, a mile above Center Harbor, in 1885. For seven summers he stayed at Henry Sturtevant's Sunset Hill Farm. Nearly every pleasant day found the aging poet sitting at the base of the tree that has since become known as "The Whittier Pine," for he was especially fond of the view at sunset time. Red Hill and the mountains of the Sandwich Range were in the background, and in the foreground Squam Lake with its island. Lucy Larcom was a guest here at Sturtevant's farm in 1885 and in 1886. From this hill she wrote, during the second summer:

"I saw the sun drop last evening--its magnified reflection, rather, into the larger Lake Asquam, like a ball of crimson flame. The sun itself went down, hot and red, into a band of warm mist that hung over the hills. The 'Wood Giant' stood above me, audibly musing. His twilight thoughts were untranslatable, but perhaps the wood-thrushes understood, for they sent up their mystical chant from the thickets below, in deep harmony with the music of his boughs."

Whittier's last visit to Sunset Hill was in 1888. Up to within four weeks of the time of Whittier's death, he was hoping to visit Sunset Hill once more.

In "The Wood Giant" he pays tribute to the ancient and beautiful

1/John Greenleaf Whittier, op. cit., p. 165.

pine tree and then bemoans the fact that the largest and most beautiful of the trees have been cut and are in rotting ships or beams and trestles.

1/ "What marvel that, in simpler days
       Of the world's early childhood,
       Men crowned with garlands, gifts, and praise
       Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

       The Tyrian maids with flower and song
       Danced through the hill grove's spaces,
       And hoary-bearded Druids found
       In woods their holy places?"

The style seems more characteristic of Old World rather than New World poetry.

Another of Whittier's poems written at the Bearcamp River House was "The Voyage of the Jettie." The "Jettie" was the first boat to sail on the Bearcamp River and was named for a beautiful young girl, Jettie Morrill of Amesbury, Massachusetts, an invalid friend of the poet's. The poem is based on actual incident. A gentleman had brought a dory from the city to Ossipee, and there was an auspicious launching ceremony. Whittier wrote, in an explanatory note to this poem:

"The picturesquely situated Wayside Inn at West Ossipee, N.H., is now in ashes; and to its former guests these somewhat careless rhymes may be a not unwelcome reminder of pleasant summers and autumns on the banks of the Bearcamp and Chocorua. To the author himself they have a special interest from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye, and for the amusement of a beloved invalid whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich."

This poem is, only in its setting, one dealing with the New Hampshire hills. Mention is made of Chocorua, of course, and of Passaconaway, and Peaugus.

2/ Ibid., p. 410.
looking down from their heights.

"The Seeking of the Waterfall" was inspired by the White Mountains. A group of young people leave their valley home to trace the river to its beginnings. Higher and higher they must climb; the close of the day finds them nearer to their goal, but not having reached it. Philosophically the group decided that the seeking was better than the finding and that their view of the hills and mountain peaks and lakes were more than rewarding enough.

"Sunset on the Bearcamp" is one of the most beautiful of the poems of the White Mountains. Here the description of the scenery is not incidental. Perhaps this is because the river valley in West Ossipee, with Chocorua towering in the distance was the setting that Whittier loved most of all. "The poet loved the Bearcamp Valley, so charmingly embosomed among the mountains. Surely it was to him a valley "'lovelier than those old poets dreamed of.'" The river is the typical mountain stream, shallow in dry weather, overflowing madly when the heavy rains come,

2/
"A waif from Carroll's wildest hills, Unstoried and unknown."

That the Bearcamp has not remained "unstoried and unsung" is due, in part, to Whittier himself. Perhaps he has written few finer lines than those contained in the second verse:


3/Loc. cit.
"Touched by a light that hath no name,
  A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
    Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old:
  No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
    Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
    Seems falling on the world."

The poem is strongly subjective. The sunsets will continue long after
the poet is not here to see them, but his memories of them will remain 1/ with him until death. Franklin Ware Davis said, "Whittier wrote of many noble subjects, but he never penned lines more beautiful than those of his "Sunset on the Bearcamp," in which he described the changing vistas of Chocorua and the surrounding hills."

Yet the only poem that Whittier wrote about Chocorua is an unimport-
tant one, supposedly anonymously written. Many others have dealt with the legend of the curse of Chocorua, both in prose and in poetry, but the theme seemed to have made little or no appeal to the poet. Was it be-
cause Whittier with his gentle Quaker upbringing found the story of the tragic death of the Indian chief for whom the mountain was named too dark 2/ and melancholy? Starr King expressed the wish that Whittier had re-
told the account in verse:

"And Chocorua is the only mountain whose peak is crowned with a legend. Would that the vigorous pen which has saved for us many of the fragmentary traditions of the early Indian life in New England and set them to the music of

1/Franklin Ware Davis, "In the Chocorua Country," The Granite Monthly, September, 1895) 19: 183.

2/Starr King, op. cit., p. 145.


such terse and vigorous lines as "The Bridal of Pennacook," "Kogg Megone," and "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis," and enshrined thus the story of Chocorua's Curse, and in this way given the mountain added glory in the landscape of New Hampshire: Mr. Whittier has not told it in verse."

J. Warren Tyng wrote:

"Of this tragedy, that for a time spread the blight of superstitious fear over the little settlement of pioneers at the foot of the mountain that now bears the old Sachem's name, Whittier has said little. That the subject was in many ways distasteful to him I am certain. The story was too dark and stormy for Whittier to contemplate. So the legend of Chocorua passed from a hand capable of giving it a place in permanent poetry."

"Oh, they Climbed Chocorua" has been left out of the household editions of his poems although Pickard includes it in his "Whittier Land" and tells the story of how it came to be written. All of Whittier's friends at the Bearcamp River House had been invited to attend a husking-bee at the Knox barn in West Ossipee. Two young farmers, the Knox brothers themselves, acted as guides for those visiting Chocorua. Bear-hunting being one of their favorite sports, they often furnished the Bearcamp River House with bear steaks. In September, 1876, seven of Whittier's friends went with the hunters to the summit of the mountain where they camped for the night.


2/Eugene R. Musgrove, op. cit., p. 5.
Round about them the bear traps had been set. The young ladies of the group were frightened during the night by the growlings and the blood-curling sounds they heard or imagined that they heard. At the husking-bee Whittier told Lucy Larcom that he had written a poem that he wished her to read on this occasion, but that he did not wish his name to be known. What keen enjoyment he must have had in watching the expressions on the faces of the huskers as they listened to the poem:

1/ "There the mountain winds were howling,
   There the mountain bears were prowling,
   And through rain showers falling drizzly
   Glared upon them, grim and grisly,
   The ghost of old Chocorua."

How surprised the members of the group must have been to hear themselves described and called by name: 2/ "the brown locks of Miss Lansing," "merry-faced Addie Caldwell," "gay Miss Ford," "and brave Miss Sturtevant."

3/ "Sore we miss the steaks and bear roast--
   But withal for friends we care most;
   Give the brothers Knox three cheers
   Who, to bring us back our dears,
   Left bears on old Chocorua."

In no sense of the word is "How They Climbed Chocorua" worthy of the name of poetry, but it does show Whittier in his occasional whimsical moments. It is significant, perhaps, that with only one exception in no other poem by Whittier or any other nineteenth-century writer of prose or poetry dealing with Mount Chocorua does one find light-hearted gaiety. Every


2/Loc. cit.

3/Loc. cit.
other is sad and tragic. The exception is the verse Lucy Larcom wrote in answer to this one of Whittier's.

When the White man came, the histories of the Ossipee Indians were found carved in hieroglyphics on the barks of trees. In 1808, north of the mouth of the Melvin River, a huge human skeleton had been unearthed. Around the burial place was a circle of stones different from any found within this area. Whittier wrote the poem, "The Grave by the Lake", before visiting the spot, and it appeared first in "The Tent on the Beach," published in 1867. In the poem Whittier speculates as to what type of man the Indian was, priest or prophet, sage or wizard, forest-kaiser or knight.

"Storm on Lake Asquam" was written on Shepard Hill in Holderness at the Asquam House. The description does not leave Chocorua out of the picture.

"One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the
shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form."

Another poem written on Shepard Hill was "The Hill-Top." Whittier never grew tired of looking northward from this outlying summit of the Ossipee Range. But it is again Chocorua that dominates the scene.

"There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,
Loosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest

2/Ibid., p. 165.
And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmer cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone!"  

Ella Shannon Bowles calls "A Memory" a "real Plymouth poem, written for the daughter of N. P. Rogers, Ellen, a singer." One evening the poet requested that she wear a white shawl and a Quaker bonnet and sing some of the songs that he loved. This poem was written about the occasion. The mood of the poem is one of reminiscence:

"Here, while the loom of Winter weaves
The shroud of flowers and fountains,
I think of thee and summer eves
Among the Northern mountains."

In 1880 the Bearcamp River House burned. With his cousins, Joseph and Gertrude W. Cartland, Whittier spent the summer of the year 1881 and part of every summer during the remaining years of his life at Intervale. Kilbourne wrote:

"He much enjoyed the quiet restful meadow views and the noble distant mountain prospect of this charming spot. He loved to watch the snow-streaks on Mount Washington, which he once expressed the wish he might see all covered with snow as in winter. The beautiful pine woods near the hotel became a favorite resort of the poet, where he passed a part of nearly every day, often with a group of friends in unconventional social intercourse he so highly prized."

It was at the home of the Cartlands in Hampton Falls that he died in 1881.

No other poet of the nineteenth century has left so many pictures of the mountains, the lakes, the rivers, the fields and forests as Whittier. Mount Chocorua and Paugus and Winnahancet, Lake Winnepesaukee and Squam

2/Frederick W. Kilbourne, op. cit., p. 181.
and Ossipee, the Pemigewasset River and the Merrimack and the Bearcamp, these have become, to use Ethel Ames' \(^1\) term, the Whittier Country, for his poems are, as she has said, in her delightful "Midsummer in Whittier's Country" "so much a part of the New Hampshire country as the White Hills themselves, and sweet and full of tenderness."

**Lucy Larcom**

The second of the major interpreters of the White Mountains in nineteenth century American poetry is Lucy Larcom of Beverly, Massachusetts. She was a close friend of John Greenleaf Whittier and of his sister, Elizabeth. As early as 1853, he wrote to his publisher, James T. Fields, requesting that her poems receive his consideration. Whittier was her lifelong adviser and supporter. Beginning in August, 1861, she came regularly to the White Mountains. Her first boarding place was at Selden C. Willey's in Campton, the farm which was the favorite vacation place for James and Annie Fields.

Miss Larcom's poem, "The Old School House," was written in Campton. The school building was about a mile south of West Campton. The panorama of the Franconia Range unfolds as one looks to the north. Today it is usually referred to as "The Starr King View," in honor of him who loved it and sang its praises. Undoubtedly no other person has so well described it in prose:

"See the early day pour down the upper slopes of the three easterly pyramids; then upon the broad forehead of the Profile Mountain, kindling its gloomy brows with radiance and melting the azure of its temples into pale violet; and falling


\(^2\)Starr King, *op. cit.*, p. 95.
lower, staining with rose tints the cool mists of the ravine, till the Notch seems to expand, and the dark and rigid sides of it fall away as they lighten, and to recede in soft perspective of buttressed wall and flushed tower,—and then say whether, to an eye that can never be satiated with the blue of a hyacinth, the purple of a fuchsia, and the blush of a rose, the gorgeousness ascribed to the mountains is a mere exercise of rhetoric, or a fiction of fancy."

It was from this point of vantage that Whittier had written "Franconia from the Femigewasset."

"The School House by the River" was inspired from a view in nearby Thornton. From Campton, too, "Hills in Mist," "My Mountain," and "Valley Peak" were composed. Drake lavishly praised this scene:

"The vista of mountains on the east side of the valley becomes every moment more and more extended and more and more interesting. A long array of summits trending away to the north, with detached mountains heaved above the lower clusters, like great whales sporting in a frozen sea, is gradually uncovered."

Other places with which Lucy Larcom is nearly as closely associated as the Quaker poet are the Bearcamp River valley, Ossipee Park, and West Ossipee. At the Bearcamp River House she worked with Whittier compiling "Songs of Three Centuries."

Kilbourne has a comprehensive summary of her literary associations with the White Mountains:

"Even a mere enumeration of some of her White Mountain poems, with mention of the places and dates of their composition, not only makes amply evident her wide and long acquaintance with the region, but suggests her ardent love of it. "Up the Androscoggin" was written at Berlin Falls in 1878; "Asleep on the Summit" on Mount Washington, in August,
Out of Whittier's and Lucy Larcom's love of the hills and of the sea was born one of the most famous of American literary partnerships, comparable, perhaps to that of the well-known English romanticists, Wordsworth and Coleridge. She recorded in her notebook for September 5, 1861, "I believe that I was born longing for the mountains." In a letter to Whittier dated September 8, 1881, Norton, Massachusetts, she wrote:

"I felt the beauty of those mountains around the Lake, as I floated among them, but I wished for thee all the while, because I have always associated thee with my first glimpse of them, and somehow it seems as if they belonged to thee or thee to them, or both. They would not speak to me much; I needed an interpreter; and when they lie so dim and spectral in the noon haze, they gave me a strange almost shuddering feeling of distance and loneliness."

It was this feeling of aloneness and of aloofness that she seems to have experienced very often. She recorded in an entry for her diary written on Mount Moosilauke: "It is the utter loneliness that I sometimes have with nature up here, that makes the place so delightful to me." She enjoyed the spaciousness of her mountain world as well as the solitude.

As Chocorua was Whittier's favorite mountain, so Moosilauke was Miss

1/Daniel D. Addison, op. cit., p. 277-278.
2/Ibid., p. 151.
3/Loc. cit.
Larcom's even though she too liked Whiteface, her "mountain monarch," and Washington, and Chocorua.

The name Moosilauke is derived from the Indian words, "moosi," meaning bald and "auke" meaning place, and not "place of the moose" as it has erroneously been interpreted. The history and traditions which surround Mount Moosilauke are extremely interesting, although the mountain has never received the consideration of historians and scientists that Mount Washington and some of the others have. It is interesting to know that Moosilauke was named before Mount Washington was. Many visitors have thought that it commands the finest view of the panorama of the hills, especially to the north, and others have considered it second only to Washington. Samuel Drake belonged to the former group:

"Moosilauke, or Moosehillock, is one of four or five summits from which the best idea of the whole area of the White Mountains may be obtained. It is not so remarkable for its form as for its mass. It is an immense mountain. Moosehillock resembles a crouching lion, magnificent in repose, but terrible in its awakening."

J. C. English shared the same viewpoint:

"Of the numerous peaks of the White Mountain range, not one, not even Mount Washington with its wealth of scenic splendor and legendary lore, from whose summits the Indians' great Manitou scattered his sunbeams and hurled his anger in thunderbolts, where now tourists gather to gaze in awe and wonderment upon the tumbled peaks and spurs of the mountains and the greenswards of the valleys, surpasses in interest and beauty the bold pinnacle of old Moosilauke. Situated some miles from its nearest neighbor, the Franconia Range, Moosilauke gazes with a sense of superiority at the others and looks toward Mount Washington with less of reverence than disdain."

1/ Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 267.
William Little, the historian of the town of Warren and of Moosilauke, wrote with emphasis: "The view to the north and east is the most magnificent view to be had on this side of the continent. The most indifferent observer cannot look upon it without feeling its grandeur and sublimity."

Except for Mount Washington and Mount Chocorua, few mountains have had more recorded about them in history; Waternomee, the Indian chief, sat on its summit and complacently surveyed the countryside; one of Roger's Rangers suffered exposure and died in Jobildunk Ravine; the first woman who climbed to the summit took her tea-pot along with her and over a fire that she kindled with hackmatack made herself a cup of tea.

Miss Larcom spent parts of the summers of 1891 and 1892 on the summit. How fitting it was that the news of the death of Whittier, her loved friend and counselor, should come to her while she was on the mountain that she loved most. In her diary for October 16, 1892, she made this entry:

"I seemed to see him pass on by me, up the heights, and seemed to hear him say, as he passed, 'So easy a thing it is to die! Like the mountain blending with the clouds, like the meeting of earth into sky, is the transition from "life into loftier life." He too passed away in peace; the lovelier to think of, because he had always dreaded the hour of death. He, too, was my noble and tried friend; in my life for more than fifty years. He is associated in my life with the beauty of the hills and the sea that we have enjoyed together, with the deep things of poetry and religion, which were indeed one reality to him."

Chocorua too shared in Miss Larcom's affections. It was the aloofness of this rugged peak that she found especially appealing. How ex-


cellent in her description: 1/

"The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east,---
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,---
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his secret well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear:
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd."

There is a strong resemblance to Starr King's description, "lonely Chocorua who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him."

It is curious that Miss Larcom, like Whittier, did not tell of the legend of Chocorua in verse. Was it that the story was to her such a tragic one? The only other poem of hers concerning Chocorua was the one written in fun as an answer to the humorous verse of Whittier's "How They Climbed Chocorua." The evening following the husking-bee held at the Knox barn, she read to the group gathered round the fireside at the Bearcamp River House, the poem entitled, "To the Unknown and Absent Author of 'How They Climbed Chocorua.'" She describes the poet as having been caught by the coat-tails in one of the bear-traps on the mountains.

Besides the poems in which she has so lovingly described her mountains, Miss Larcom's influence continues to be felt still further, although to those who are not familiar with the nomenclature of the White Hills, it

2/Starr King, op. cit., p. 53-54.
may seem insignificant. She has enriched the heritage of the people of New Hampshire by having named, very appropriately, some of the mountains, particularly those of the Sandwich Range. In her "An Idyl of Work," she describes how she felt when the old Indian names were replaced by those far less descriptive.

"It is curious, Ralph, the naming of these hills,—Black Mountain from his dark pine-growth; and this from his vast, perpendicular front of quartz Cutting the sky, a wedge of adamant. 'White,' 'Black' 'Green' 'Blue' were obviously conferred Out of the settlers' poverty; worst taste Was there who threw pell-mell on Agiochook A shower of Presidential surnames. Why nickname all this grandeur? 'Ragged,' 'Bald', 'Toad,' 'Snout,' and 'Hunchback,' so hear them called Among the farmers roundabout.

One day
We went out on a christening tour, two girls And I; we said the red man should receive His own again, and with Chocorua And Passaconaway, should Paugus stand. That crouching shape, a headless heap afar, Glittering was if with barbarous ornaments, Suits well the sachem whose wild howl resounds Through history like the war whoop of the wind. And all that craggy chaos at his side Shall be the Wahwa Hills, for the grim chief Who after Paugus trails uncertainty Of blood-stained memory, in dim ruin lost. And that bright cone of perfect emerald Whose trout-streams flow through birchen intervales,--An angler's Paradise,—that shall be called For Wannalancet, peacefulest of all The forest sagamores, the one who loved The white man best, found him most treacherous."

So what had been affectionately called Old Shag was rechristened Paugus in honor of the Indian chieftain of the Pequawket Indians. Passaconaway

which stands head and shoulders above the others was named for a chieftain of the Penacooks, and Wonalancet was Passaconaway’s son. How fitting are the names she bestowed upon them!

There seems to be considerable of the mystic in Lucy Larcom. Mountains were the nearest approach to her dream-world. Dawn, the half light of the receding sunset, distant hills bathed in moonlight seeming more like another world—all these appealed to her:

"Ye faint and fade, a pearly zone,
The coastline of a land unknown.
Yet that is sunburnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee-deep in yon glistening sea:
Somewhere among these grouping isles,
OId Whiteface from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown,
To look on happy hamlets down:
And every pass and mountain-slope
Leads out and on some human hope."

Mists, cloud effects, the interplay of lights and shadows on the mountain sides helped to create this "other world." From Campton, on December, 1867, she wrote to her friend, Jean Ingelow, "I usually stop at a village on the banks of the Pemigewasset, a small silvery river that flows from the Notch Mountains,—a noble pile, that hangs like a dream and flits like one too, in the clouds." Her poem, "My Mountain," was written in 1867 on Avery Hill, near the schoolhouse just south of West Campton. She was boarding at Selden C. Willey’s in Campton. In her Journal for August 20, 1861, she entered:

"One of the stillest moonlight evenings—not a sound

1/Lucy Larcom, Poems, op. cit., p. 18-19.
heard but the bleat of a lamb, and the murmur of the river; all the rest a cool, broad, friendly mountainous silence. Peace comes down with the soft clouds and mists that veil the hills; the Pemigewasset sings all night in the mountains."

After describing the Profile, "the lofty Haystacks," the Flume, and the Basin, she writes:

"Is it one, or unnumbered summits,—
The Vision so high, so fair,
Hanging over the singing River
In the magical depths of air?

Ask not the name of my mountain;
Let it rise in its grandeur lone;
Be it one of a mighty thousand,
Or a thousand blended in one."

The realist may see only rocks and sunshine but she sees her "glorified, dream-crowned hill." It is the same atmosphere of unreality in her short poem, "On Ossipee." How ethereal the rocky Whiteface can become, and how marked is the contrast between the mountain with the clouds lovingly caressing its head and the sullen rock baring its brow to heaven.

Whittier and Lucy Larcom had much in common beside their love of nature; both appreciated the quiet beauty of the hills and lakes and rivers that quickened their awareness of the Divine Being. Nowhere does she express with greater simplicity her faith in God than in "Asleep on the Summit," written on Mount Washington, in August, 1877.

"Upon the mountain's stormy breast
I laid me down and sank to rest;
I felt the wild thrill of the blast,
Defined and welcomed as it passed,
And made my lullaby the psalm
Of strife that wins immortal calm.

1/Lucy Larcom, Poems, op. cit., p. 17-18.
2/Ibid., p. 245.
Cradled and rocked by wind and cloud,
Safe pillowed on the summit proud,
Steadied by that encircling arm
Which holds the universe from harm,
I knew the Lord my soul would keep,
Among His mountain-tops asleep."

Lucy Larcom believed that it was the mission of the poet to glorify
the beauty of natural scenes. Such pictures as the hills of New Hampshire
presents in endless variety, would, if in the Old World, have been cele-
brated and described many times in such a manner as never to be forgotten.
"The majestic wraith of Shakespeare glorifies the Avon, and the Ayre and
the Doon are not so musical with their own ripples as with the ballads of

"Yet, lovingly though our poets have depicted Nature, as
they have witnessed her peculiar aspects in their own land,
there is, in her infinite variety, abundant inspiration for
poets yet unborn. Our Western World has not yet unfolded
half its wealth of sublime and beautiful scenery, most of
which has come to light in the search for more palpable
treasures."

The Chocorua Poets

Richard Andros, Robert B. Caverly, Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, Charles J. Fox,
and David H. Hill might well be called "The Chocorua Poets"; each dealt with
the legend, although in radically different ways, of Chocorua, the tribal
chieftain of the Pequawkets, and of the dreadful curse that he pronounced
as he was dying. It is interesting that the mountain was known and mapped
as Chocorua decades before the legend was ever written. On a map of New
Hampshire published in 1791 by Jeremy Belknap in his history, Chocorua is

1/Lucy Larcom, Landscape in American Poetry. The Appleton Company, New York,
1879, p. 8.
2/Lucy Larcom, Ibid., p. 124.
the only mountain of the Sandwich range to be named. Probably no other of the White Mountains has been invested with so much folklore and tradition as has Chocorua. Furthermore, Chocorua is the only one of the mountains of New Hampshire to have an authentic Indian legend, one that has been told many times in both prose and poetry.

The earliest poem of the nineteenth century that has Chocorua's curse for its theme is the poem "Chocorua" by Richard Andros which appeared in his "Chocorua and Other Sketches" in 1839. His delineation of Chocorua is unlike the others who have portrayed him as a proud and haughty savage; here he is a pathetic and grief-stricken creature. When a white woman is kind to him, he vows eternal friendship toward all whites. He, in turn, helps her when she lies dying of consumption. Because he has promised that he would never take up his bow and arrow against the white man, his tribesmen condemn him to live on the rocky top of the mountain which has been named for him. The white men, having a hatred in their hearts for all red men, command him to jump from the highest cliff to his death.

"Calmly the warrior knelt,
His hoary tresses streaming in the wind,
And rais'd his hands to heaven:
   'Great spirit, hear!'
If innocence can aught avail with thee,
Let not my blood go down, without revenge,
To earth! but may my curse rest on this spot
Forever! and each thing---each living thing,
Perish upon these hills! and blight, and death,
And desolation wrap the scene!"

Another of the early poems of Chocorua's Curse was written in 1844 by Charles J. Fox. In two respects it is unlike the others; it is very brief,

and the sympathies of the poet seem to be completely with the Indian prophet, for his people have been cheated out of their lands.

1/

"Land where lived and died my sires,
Where they built their council-fires;
Where they roamed and knew no fear,
Till the dread white-man drew near;
Once when swelled the war-cry round,
Flocked a thousand at the sound;
But the white man came, and they
Like the leaves have passed away."

According to the poet there is justice in the curses that the dying Indian rings down upon the whites. Blight and death and desolation indicate that the curse has not yet been expiated.

A long poem telling of Chocorua is by David H. Hill. The theme is essentially like that of Lydia M. Child's poems, but in style it resembles Sir Walter Scott's "The Lady of the Lake." Cornelius Campbell, a follower of Cromwell, had been compelled to leave England. He comes to the town of Burton (now Albany) to live. When Chocorua leaves to go into the northern hills on a hunting and trapping expedition, he puts his son in the care of Campbell. When the Indian returns and finds that his son had died, he is certain, in spite of Campbell's repeated denials, that the white settler has killed the boy. One evening Campbell finds, on returning home, that his wife and son have been murdered. Campbell seeks out Chocorua on the summit of the mountain, and a terrible fight ensues:

2/

"Like tigers grappling, life for life,
And the last prophet of his land
Lay crushed beneath the conqueror's hand."


He was hurled down over the precipice, and all Nature, her mountains, rivers, lakes, stars, and even Heaven itself seemed to join in mourning for him.

Robert B. Caverly, who published many volumes on the Merrimack River and its associations, was a lawyer who practiced in Limerick, Maine, and in Lowell, Massachusetts. He has written a convincing play, "Chocorua in the Mountains," in which he tells the story of Chocorua's Curse. Within the play is the story of Lovewell's Fight. Chocorua mourns the death of Keoka, his beautiful wife. When his son dies, he is so crazed with grief that he concludes that the boy was poisoned by Englishmen. He singles out as the object of his vengeance the members of the Campbell family and murders them, then takes refuge in the mountain wilderness. Campbell, in retaliation, chases Chocorua to the summit and shoots him. As Chocorua lies dying, he pronounces dreadful curses on the English.

The poem "The Bride of Burton" was written at the suggestion of Mr. H. M. Ordway, a friend of the author, when he came to visit the hills of New Hampshire in the summer of 1870. Caverly skilfully describes Chocorua's beautiful wife and their papoose. At the death of his wife he is grief-stricken; the only comfort that he finds is his love for his small son who is completely devoted to his father and follows him everywhere. With the death of the little boy Chocorua blames his English neighbors. In the nineteenth verse, Caverly deals with Chocorua's revenge.

1/
"As now the story oft is told,
Chocorua cursed the English old
For deed unholy, certain;

And ever since, from then to this
Not a breath of hope, nor breeze of bliss,
Hath moved the woods of Burton."

From that day on, the inhabitants of the town suffer from drouth; birds and beasts of the forests die, crops fail, and the cattle die as if of a mysterious disease. Even the people who have been in the most robust health fall into a decline and pass away. The sufferings which are, in the poem, the result of the white man's injustices to the Indian have a partial basis in fact. For many years the cattle in the town of Burton were afflicted with a strange disease which scientists have said was due to the impurity of the water which contained a weak solution of muriate of lime.

Of the nineteenth century Chocorua poets, the most recent is Mrs. V. G. Ramsey. In the 1872 edition the poem is entitled, "A Legend of the White Hills," and in the edition of 1896 it is called "Chocorua's Curse." The poem is one of the very finest that has been written on this theme. In the introduction she describes the hills and streams and how she likes to think of the days of the red men. The Englishman, Campbell, had left his native land that he may be free. In the wilderness he builds a home. The beauty and quietness of the early part of the poem is in marked contrast to the tragic lines at the climax.

"Around them there
Lay a dim world of shadows, such as fills
The soul with worship, and constrains to prayer.
Through pillared cloister, and through dim arcade
Of pine-tops woven, as though tinted glass
In some old minster's aisle, the sunbeam strayed
Mellow and beautiful and 'mid the grass,
Sweet scented flowers, of many a form and hue,
Unknown to other lands, beneath their footsteps grew.

These introductory lines are like Caverly's version. A son is born to Chocorua, and the family are very happy, spending their days in hunting, fishing, and trapping. The young Indian lad plays with the little Campbell girl whom he calls "the Blue-eyed Dove." Then there comes the day when the boy drinks some poison that had been set on a shelf. He dies soon after he reaches home, and the chieftain begins to brood with thoughts of revenge. One beautiful autumn morning Campbell went into the woods to hunt. The poet is at her best in describing the autumn landscape and in foreshadowing the oncoming tragedy.

"The mellow fruit was falling on the hill,
The yellow corn was ripening in the field,
The wild vine bending o'er the babbling rill,
'Mid frosted leaves the purple grapes revealed;
The gorgeous maple, in its robe of gold,
The crimson oak tree, and the sumac red,
Amid their fading glories sadly told
That summer with its warmth and bloom had fled,
That all this glow, though faint it might appear,
Was but the hectic flush of the decaying year.

When Campbell returns home, he discovers that his home has been burned to the ground. In the debris he finds the mutilated forms of his wife and children. He gathers together a band of white men to avenge these murders; they find that Chocorua's wigwam has been burned and realize that he has fled into the mountains. They track him over rocks and precipices, across mountain brooks, and through woods where no white man has ever set foot. They find him high on a cliff; Campbell shouts commands that he leap from the rock, to which

1/ “Dog of thy people,” fiercely he replied,

1/ Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, op. cit., p. 12.

2/ Ibid., p. 15.
"Know that Chocorua not at they command
Gives back his life to God; he will not fly,
Nor fawn to thee for mercy; he can proudly die!"

And the dying Chocorua pronounces his curses upon the white man. There are famine and sickness everywhere; many of the cattle die. The few survivors leave, the brambles grow undisturbed, the deer and the gray wolf return.

1/ "Chocorua's spirit walked the hills alone,
And desolation claimed the fearful vale her own."

Lydia Sigourney

The earliest poem written of the Willey Slide is by the Connecticut poet, Mrs. Lydia Sigourney. "The White Mountains. After the Descent of the Avalanche in 1826" appeared in the "Ladies Magazine" in August, 1828. She pictures the happiness of the family which dwell in the lonely valley. Then the storm comes, and destruction is rampant. But the Spirit of Resurrection is stronger than the Spirit of Desolation and will compel it finally to yield up its prison key.

Harry Hibbard

Another early nineteenth century poem of unusual merit is "Franconia Mountain Notch" written by Harry Hibbard when he was only twenty years old. It appeared originally in the "Democratic Review" for April, 1839. He describes the approach to the Notch and the effect that the sublimity of the natural setting has on man. He contrasts the White Mountain Notch with Franconia Notch, the overwhelming grandeur of the former with the beauty

1/Mrs. V. C. Ramsey, op. cit., p. 17.

of the latter. His description of the Profile is unexcelled in the poetry of the nineteenth century:

"Most wondrous vision! the broad earth hath not
Through all her bounds an object like to thee."

Early travelers likened the stone face to that of Benjamin Franklin; the Indians thought it to be an image of the Great Spirit. Proceeding on one's way south and then looking back, one sees nothing but rocky cliffs, as if the majesty of the Stone Face were only transient. Hibbard describes the Basin, and his description of the Flume is unrivalled:

"And farther down, from Garnsey's lone abode,
By a rude footpath climb the mountain side,
Leaving below the traveller's winding road,
To where the cleft hill yawns abrupt and wide,
As though some earthquake did its mass divide
In olden time; there view the rocky Flume,
Tremendous chasm rising side by side,
The rocks abrupt wall in the long, high room,
Echoing the wild stream's roar, and dark with vapory gloom."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The associations of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with the White Mountains were very brief. His first poem to be published dealt with the battle of Lovewell's Pond and was printed in the Poets' Corner of the "Portland Gazette," November 17, 1820. He was then not quite fourteen years old. When he was nineteen, he wrote an ode for Fryeburg's commemoration of Lovewell's fight. In the same year he wrote "Jeckoyva," a juvenile poem treating of the Chocorua legend. It first appeared in the "United

1/Harry Hibbard, "Franconia Mountain Notch," in Fox and Osgood, op. cit., p. 196.

2/Ibid., p. 197.
States Literary Gazette" for August 1, 1825, a semi-monthly periodical to which Longfellow was a regular contributor. During his senior year at Bowdoin College, he climbed Mount Kearsarge, near North Conway, and while there wrote the descriptive poem, "Sunrise on the Hills." In 1880, more than fifty years later, he visited the mountain region, staying at the "Stag and Hounds" in West Campton. During his sojourn there, he drove through the Waterville valley visiting Mad River. Two years later, he wrote the poem of the same name, one of the very last that he ever wrote. This was published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May, 1882.

Samuel Longfellow

Samuel Longfellow in "A Few Verses of Many Years" wrote "The Great Stone Face in the Franconia Notch." The poet considers the years that have passed and the generations of people that have lived since men first looked upon the stone features. The Old Man of the Mountains has heeded neither the years nor the people.

"Stern, grim, unyielding, unrelenting, thus
Looked old Prometheus forth from Caucasus,
So guerdoned for his service perilous.

Say, didst thou too the skies once strive to climb,
With purpose, too audaciously sublime,
To bring to man Heaven's gifts before their time?

If so, then perhaps it is his punishment to endure the storms, the rains, the thunder and the lightning and in face of so much suffering have to remain silent.

Two other poems in the same collection were inspired by the White Mountains, one "Glen Ellis Fall" written at Jackson, and the second, "The

Cascade" with lively, sprightly lines, describing the water that is in such a hurry it rushes madly on, leaping and plunging wildly.

Edna Dean Proctor

Edna Dean Proctor, often called New Hampshire's poet laureate, was born in Henniker, so it is natural that the greater part of her work should be concerned with the southern part of the state. With Lucy Larcom, she shares the preference for Mount Moosilauke. One of her most beautiful poems of the White Mountains is "Easter in the White Hills," in which she heralds the coming of Spring.

1/

"Agichoolc from his altars
To spired Chocorua calls,
And broad Moosilauke sends the cry
Back from the buttressed walls:
Franconia answers full and clear
With myriad airy voices,
And a glory lights the great Stone Face
While all the pass rejoices."

Her long poem, "New Hampshire," is a general tribute to the people of the state. Her best known poem, "The Hills Are Home," was written for the first Old Home Week to be celebrated in the state, and it is an occasional poem of unusual merit. Only once, however, does she speak of the mountains in particular:

2/

"The awful Notch, and the Great Stone Face, and the lake where the echoes fly,
And the sovereign dome of Washington throned in the eastern sky."

Edna Dean Proctor writes with a quiet and sincere enthusiasm such as


Whittier so often manifests, and it is worthy of note that it was Whittier who on first reading her poems was greatly attracted to them, and for many years offered her every encouragement. When he was staying at the Bearcamp River House in Ossipee, he invited her to spend some days there with his friends, but she was unable to accept the invitation.

Thomas W. Parsons

Thomas W. Parsons is remembered today chiefly as the translator of the works of Dante and as "The Poet" of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Doubtless his best work with an American setting is "The Willey House, A Ballad of the White Hills," printed originally in "Putnam's Magazine" in 1855 and appearing later in his collection entitled "The Willey House and Sonnets." Starr King quotes the poem in full; Tuckerman in his "Golden Age of the White Hills," says,

"Among the poems inspired by the destruction of the Willey family, and properly belonging to this period perhaps the most stirring is "The Willey House," a commemorative ballad of the White Hills by Thomas W. Parsons, one of the most powerful expressions of his genius."

The famous story of the tragedy of the Willey family is being told to children who are picking berries. The poet contrasts the Willey place as it appears in its desolation with the prosperous farm that it had been with its orchards and fields, its cattle and sheep. Then came the drouth; for two years there had been very little rain. The father, scanning the skies one hot August afternoon, announces that there is a thunderstorm in the offing, but that he is glad, for it will bring the much needed rain.

1/Frederick Tuckerman, The Golden Age of the White Hills. The Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, 1926, p. 3.
The storm comes, and the members of the family go to bed that night happy that the drought is at an end, even though the elements are still raging. About ten o'clock Mr. Willey awakens his household with the warning to run for their shelter.

"A sound! as though a mighty gale
Some forest from its hold had riven,
Mixed with a rattling noise like hail,
God! art thou raining rocks from heaven?

A flash! A shriek! the lightning showed
The mountain moving from his seat!
Out! out into the slippery road!
Into the wet with naked feet!"

The next morning men from Conway and Bretton Woods sense that something most unusual has occurred during the night; some even think that the mountain's height is altered.

"Old Crawford and the Mabyan lad
Came down the Ammonoosuc then,
And passed the Notch--ah! strange and sad
It was to see the ravaged glen.

Ironically enough, they shout joyfully when, among the surrounding debris, they see the house standing and the sheep nibbling on the lawn. Inside the house, everything is in perfect order. The poem ends with the finding of four of the mangled bodies.

This spirited ballad is an absorbing one. The events lead to the tragic climax quickly; it commemorates in ballad form one of the most unusual catastrophes in the history of the White Mountains.

Minor Poets

Charles Fletcher Lummis in his "Birch Bark Poems," so-called because


2/Ibid., p. 12.
they were actually printed on birch bark, has two poems in this tiny collection of the New Hampshire hills. One is the lovely "Sunset on the Profile Lake" in which he describes the "silent lake" guarded by the "stern, still Face."

"Upon the Old Man's brow one lingering ray
Still clings caressingly, as if God a hand
In radiant benediction rested there."

The other, the sonnet, "The Old Man of the Mountain" is written in the same manner, showing the Profile "To have worn the centuries as jewels," remaining calm and possessed in a chaotic world.

"And the scars
That time has left upon thee but adorn
Thy thoughtful brow with more than kingly grace."

George Bancroft Griffith's finest poem is "New Hampshire Hills," a poem in which he praises God for mountains:

"Famed Monadnock, and proud Kearsarge I view,
Grand Monadnock, Chocorua's line of blue;
Sandwich and Sunapee, Moosehillock fair;
A sea of summits rising everywhere!"

For single poems of merit, there is "Sunset on Mount Washington" by George Waldo Browne, who was for some time editor of the Granite State Magazine; John W. Condon's "To the Stone Face," a poem of stoicism and fortitude that the Old Man exemplarizes; Mary Glover's (Mary Baker Eddy's) poem, "Old Man of the Mountain" in which she pictures the granite face as silent, soulless, lifeless, forbidding; Philip H. Savage's "The Spirit of

1/Charles Fletcher Lummis, Birch Bark Poems. Conant, Boston, 1883, Pages unnumbered.
2/Ibid.
Wordsworth" written near the White Ledge in Sandwich. Savage's hill poems are quiet utterances of one who would walk with nature at early morning or late evening; he does not touch the spring of human life.

"The broad lake country at my feet
Bids Asquam with Wynander greet,
Tydal with Sunapee; and shows
The Bearcamp water where it flows
Another Rotha, stream and brook,
From covert pond to glittering lake;
While Grasmere lies serene and still
By yonder tarn beneath Red Hill."

Fred C. Pillsbury's "The Old Man of the Mountain"; Fanny Runnells Poole's "Lake Winnipesaukee" and "The Ascent of Mount Lafayette"; David McConnell Smith's "Mount Webster"; Celia Thaxter's "Enthralled" written at Jefferson in which she contrasts the mountain with the sea; John T. Trowbridge's "The Old Man of the Mountain," the finest lines of which are

"We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung."

There are also Caroline Whiton-Stone's poem, "Chocorua" and Herbert M. Sylvester's "On the Peabody River" and "On the West Branch"; William Plumer's "The White Hills"; Richard Watson Gilder's "In the White Mountains."

There are two well-known anthologies. Clark Cochrane's "Songs from the Granite Hills of New Hampshire" does not contain, as one might conclude from its title, poems of the mountains, but rather poems on any subject

2/Ibid., p. 47.
that have been written by New Hampshire authors. Eugene Musgrove's collection, "The White Hills in Poetry," is very excellent. Its poems are by authors of both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He had included poems inspired by Mount Monadnock and also many poems of the rivers and lakes of New Hampshire.
CHAPTER II

Major Short Story Writers
  Nathaniel Hawthorne
  Charles Roth
  Francis Parkman

Minor Short Story Writers
  Lydia M. Child
  C.
  Anna C. Swasey
  Annie Trumbull Slosson

Novel with White Mountain Setting
  Charles Dudley Warner
CHAPTER II
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY AND NOVEL
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel Hawthorne is, without question, the finest interpreter of the White Mountains in prose, yet he never lived among these hills. However, like Whittier, the mountains exerted a strong influence on his youth. From his home in Raymond, Maine, on the shore of Sebago Lake, he could see, far away to the northwest, the mountains, snow-covered for the greater part of the year. Strangely enough, however, he visited northern New Hampshire only twice. The first trip he undertook in the autumn of 1832 when he was a young man. He went through the White Mountain Notch and spent the night at Ethan Crawford's at Giant's Grave; on the following day he climbed Mount Washington. Continuing his journey, he visited Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, and Niagara Falls. The second trip was to have been made with his college mate and lifelong friend, ex-President Franklin Pierce; this visit was cut short, for Hawthorne passed quietly away in Plymouth at the old Pemigewasset House.

The first articles that Hawthorne wrote concerning the White Mountains were entitled "The Notch in the White Mountains" and "Our Evening Party among the Mountains," published in the November, 1835 issue of "The New England Magazine." In the first he briefly describes his first close view...
of the mountain of the Presidential Range:

"They are majestic and even awful, when contemplated in a proper mood; yet, by their breadth of base, and the long ridges which support them, give the idea of immense bulk, rather than of towering height. Mount Washington, indeed, looked near to Heaven; he was white with snow a mile downward, and he had caught the only cloud that was sailing through the atmosphere, to veil his head."

In the second article he describes Crawford's tavern, the animal skins drying at the entrance, and the primitive wilderness setting.

Ethan Crawford is "a sturdy mountaineer, of six feet two and corresponding bulk with a heavy set of features, such as might be moulded on his own blacksmith's anvil, but yet indicative of mother-wit and rough humor."

Hawthorne was quite impressed with the greeting, the loud blast on the famous tin horn that echoed and re-echoed among the hills: "It was a distinct, yet distant and dreamlike symphony of melodious instruments, as if an airy band had been hiding on the hill-side and made faint music at the summons." Among the guests at the tavern were two gentlemen from Georgia, a doctor and his wife, an old Squire, and some woodcutters. After a hasty meal of substantial fare, they gather around the fireside in the parlor where the huge backlogs are blazing on the hearths, and tell of the traditions and stories of the hills, especially of those of the Indians, how the red men believed that their race had been saved, when the flood came, by climbing Mount Washington, how ever since they have regarded the mountains as sacred. It was during this evening that Hawthorne heard of

---


2/Ibid., p. 323.

3/Ibid., p. 324.
the shining stones and great carbuncles which were to give him inspiration for later writing. In this sketch is the promise of the allegory "The Great Carbuncle."

"There are few legends more poetical than that of the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains. The belief was communicated to the English settlers, and hardly yet extinct that a gem, of such immense size as to be seen shining miles away, hangs from a rock over a clear, deep lake, high up among the hills. They who had once beheld its splendor, were enthralled with an unutterable yearning to possess it. But a spirit guarded that inestimable jewel, and bewildered the adventurer with a dark mist from the enchanted lake. Thus, life was worn away in the vain search for an unearthly treasure, till at length the deluded one went up the mountain, still sanguine as in youth, but returned no more. On this theme, methinks, I could frame a tale with a deep moral."

As the members of the group rise to leave, he studies the faces of the guests to see who is eager to begin the search. But there seems to be no one. Nor is he himself when he hears the wind shrieking around the corners of the house.

Of all the legends of the days of the Indians, it is strange that the Great Carbuncle is one that has never been used as a theme for a poem, since by its very nature it lends itself to poetic treatment. There have been many interesting theories advanced as to what actually the carbuncle was and how the story originated. Eastman quotes Dr. Belknap as saying that the cascades as they come twinkling down the mountain sides shone and glittered, and the Indians thought them to be jewels. Perhaps the lakes, like the Lake of the Clouds and Hermit Lake nestled high in the hills, gave rise to the superstition. Drake in his excellent "The Heart of the White

1/Nathaniel Hawthorne, op. cit., p. 325.

2/Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 119.
Mountains says:

"I searched diligently for the spot where the great carbuncle, like the eye of a Cyclop, shed its red luster far down the valley of the Saco; and if the little mountain tarn today known as Hermit Lake, over which the gaunt crags rise in austere grandeur, be not the place, then I am persuaded that further seeking would be unavailing. I cannot go as far as to say that it never existed."

The jewel was thought to be of inestimable worth, and to shine so brightly one could read by its light at night; it was alleged to be a talisman that could prevent suffering and disease and keep one safe from the dangers of traveling by land and by sea.

When Hawthorne heard the various accounts on that visit at Crawford's, he was much impressed. He would build a moral of the vain search after "Unearthly treasure." So well did he succeed in "The Great Carbuncle. A Mystery of the White Mountains," that the moral is everything. The reader cannot help but wish that Hawthorne had chosen to describe the mountain background to the extent that he has in "The Ambitious Guest" and "The Great Stone Face." Instead the references to the Crystal Hills and the Ammonoosuc River are few and incidental.

He describes the adventurers gathered around the fire high on the mountain side, seven men and one young woman: the oldest a man of sixty or thereabouts, clad in animal skins, usually called the Seeker, for all his life he had searched passionately for the carbuncle; the second a European, the little old wizened Doctor Cacaphodel, an alchemist; the wealthy Master Ichabod Pigsnort of Boston; the fourth not named but referred to as the Cynic, distinguished by a sneering expression; the fifth, simply a poet; the sixth, the rich and haughty Lord de Vere; and finally the young bridegroom Matthew, and his bride, Hannah. Naturally the fireside talk is of
the desire to see the wondrous stone. Then the conversation turns to what each would do with it were the gem in his possession. The Seeker would take it to a cave, and with it clutched in his grasp, willingly die if the carbuncle were to be buried with him. Doctor Cacaphodel would use it in the interests of science. Master Pigsnort would sell it to the highest bidder. The poet would gaze upon it that his poetry might be radiant and glowing like the jewel. Lord de Vere would take it to his castle and proudly display it. Hannah and Matthew shyly admit that they want a cottage home in the White Hills, and, if they had the carbuncle, it would light the long winter evenings. The Cynic would prove that the whole thing was only a humbug.

The next morning Hannah and Matthew awake to find that all the others have departed. After eating a hurried breakfast, they start to climb and finally reach the timberline. A cloud descends over the mountain top, and it seems as if they were no longer a part of the earth. Hannah is very tired and becomes panic-stricken lest they are lost and can never find their way back. But Matthew bids her look, and together they watch a

1/ radiance

"breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness old chaos had been completely swallowed up."

Then they find that nearby there is a mountain lake, and above it on an

overhanging cliff is the luminous Great Carbuncle.

The Seeker lies dead in the shadow of the cliff. The Cynic maintains that it is a humbug; when Hannah and Matthew suggest that he take off his spectacles, the brightness of the gleaming jewel blinds him. The young husband and his wife are content now to leave the brightness for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?" Master Pignworm had earlier given up his search to go to Boston but on his way had been kidnapped and made to pay a heavy ransom. Doctor Cacaphodel returns to his laboratories with pieces of granite which he uses for his experiments. The poet finds a huge piece of ice and decides that it will serve his purpose as well as the carbuncle. Lord de Vere returns to the wealth and pomp of his castle.

Hannah and Matthew spent many happy years together in their valley cottage. "For it is affirmed that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned." Other travelers were to find nothing but mica and quartz crystals.

No other of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" is as well-known or as well-loved as his "The Great Stone Face." It is thought that Hawthorne on that first visit to Crawford's perhaps went by way of Plymouth and Lincoln and Franconia Notch, but there is nothing in his notebooks to establish this.

Franconia Notch is a pass about five miles long between one of the western walls of Lafayette and Cannon Mountain. Perhaps in no other region

1/Nathaniel Hawthorne, op. cit., p. 75.

2/Ibid., p. 78.
of similar area in the United States are there so many scenic beauties of various kinds. The Flume, the pool, the basin, and a few miles to the south the Indian Head, as well as the Profile are among the many attractions.

Starr King said of this region: "In the way of rock sculpture and waterfalls, it is a huge museum of curiosities." It should be remembered that the Profile has only comparatively recently been known to the white man, being discovered by accident in 1805 by Francis Whitcomb and Luke Brooks. The first newspaper story telling of the Old Man of the Mountains appeared in the "Concord Statesman and Register" of September 9 and 16, 1826, under the title "Tour to Franconia Notch and Mount Fayette," but the author's name was not given. Two years later the Profile was described in a short letter in the "American Journal of Science and Arts" by General Martin Field.

There were many Indian legends of how Chief Femigewasset and his tribe worshipped the stone face, how there was an Indian burying ground on the shore of Profile Lake, how at Echo Lake where sounds reverberated very loudly, the Indians believed that they heard the war whoop of the gods in their carousals, and of how the Indians believed that the Old Man wore a much happier expression in the days before the white man came.

Probably the Profile has been more variously and eloquently described than any other of the beauties or wonders of the White Mountains: "A piece of sculpture older than the sphynx,—an imitation of the human countenance, which is the crown of all beauty, that was pushed out from the

1/ Starr King, op. cit., p. 106.
coarse strata of New England thousands of years before Adam."

1/ "Compared with it, the monuments of Egypt are new. Since the making of the world it has looked down the valley of the Pemigewasset, a river with brighter pictures than the storied Avon can show, -- looked with an expression of waiting -- waiting for one that never comes."

2/ "The most extraordinary sight of a lifetime."

3/ "The greatest curiosity of this or any other mountain region."

In W. C. Prime's "I Go A-Fishing" the author's friend tells him that the Profile Valley reminds him of Chamouni, and Prime answers,

"Yes, but nowhere in the world is there anything to match the grandeur of the Profile. It is the American wonder of the world. Niagara is nothing to it. It grows on me from year to year. The unutterable calmness of that face high up in the clouds is more impressive than the loftiest mountain of the most thunderous cataract."

It remained for Hawthorne to give the Profile literary immortality. While the Face has been a subject for numerous poems, it has been used by only two other prose writers: Professor Edward Roth, in his beautifully written "Christus Judex: A Legend of the White Mountains" and Charles G. Chase who has written a story for very young children, "That Old Man and His Dream." Whereas the poets of the nineteenth century depict the Old Man as awe-inspiring, weird, forbidding, supernatural, and severe, it is interesting that the prose writers regard the Stone Face as a guardian spirit, the sentinel of the centuries, kindly, dignified, serene. In an

1/ Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 232.

2/ Ibid., p. 233.

3/ Ibid., p. 236.

article in Harper's Magazine for June, 1853, William M'Leod concluded his discussion of Franconia Notch:

"Would that its stupendous scenery were linked with mighty incident and that its rare loveliness were clothed with the sacred vestment of traditional lore! But alas! its magnificent grandeur and picturesque beauty, so fitted to figure in Indian romance or the settler's legend is sadly deficient in the hallowing charm of historic or poetic association!"

Yet when one considers the unusual skill and craftsmanship of Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face" and Edward Roth's "Christus Judex," together with the fact that the Profile has been known to the white man not quite a century and a half, he feels certain that quality has more than compensated for quantity.

Hawthorne described the Profile at the outset of the story:

"The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arc of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other."

In the beginning of the story, Ernest tells his mother, while they are sitting at their cottage door that he wishes that he might see a man who looked like the Stone Face. Whereupon the mother tells her son of an old prophecy that had come down from the days of the Indians that someday there would be a man whose face would closely resemble that of the Profile.


2/Nathaniel Hawthorne, op. cit., p. 10.
From that time on, Ernest is always hoping that he may look upon the person who fulfills the prophecy. Occasionally as a great man returns to the valley, or comes to visit it, rumor has it that he will be the long looked for person. In Ernest’s boyhood, Mr. Gathergold, a rich merchant, who has had a beautiful marble mansion built in the valley, returns, but Ernest knows from the first moment Gathergold carriage rolls into the village and he idly scatters a few coppers to poverty-stricken children that he is not the one. Then there follows, as Ernest grows from boyhood into manhood, then into middle age and finally old age, first General Blood and Thunder, a war veteran, Old Stone Phiz, a great statesman, then a poet. It is the last who with discerning eyes proclaims to the people of the valley that it is Ernest himself who bears the closest resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

In this allegorical tale, so characteristic of the writer’s symbolic style, Ernest passes through the four periods of a man’s life, boyhood, manhood, middle age, and old age; he was not influenced by the false ideals of each of these periods that the average person is so apt to find deceiving: wealth, military fame, eloquent statesmanship, and genius as typified by Gathergold, General Blood and Thunder, Old Stony Phiz and the Poet. Instead, from his earliest formative years, he was building toward the highest of all ideals, character. It is thought that Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose features expressed strength, intelligence, and kindliness, was the human counterpart of the Great Stone Face, Andrew Jackson, Old Blood and Thunder, and Daniel Webster, Old Stone Phiz. Samuel Drake wrote

"The novelist Hawthorne makes this Sphinx of the White Mountains the interpreter of a noble life. For him the Titanic countenance is radiant with majestic benignity. He endows it with a soul, surrounds the colossal brow with the halo of spiritual grandeur, and marshaling his train of phantoms, proceeds to pass inexorable judgment upon them."

Hawthorne's first visit to Crawford Notch in 1832 was made only six years after the catastrophic slide of August, 1826 when the Willey family was completely destroyed. "The Ambitious Guest" the beautifully told, tragic account of the family is one of the most perfect specimens of irony in American literature of the nineteenth century.

One night in September, as the family are gathered around the hearth, "the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door with a sound of wailing and lamenting before it passed into the valley." However, there was nothing at all unusual about the shrieking of the wind through the Notch, yet each is glad to have his mountain solitude broken by a knock at the door. It was not that the family had no connection with the outside world, for visitors were quite frequent, and their doors were open to the weary traveller who asked for refreshment and shelter. Every member of the household from the grandmother to the youngest child rise "as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs." What a masterpiece of foreshadowing, both here and throughout the account!

The visitor, a young man, tells them that he is on his way to Burlington and that he had hoped to get to Ethan Allen Crawford's by this

1/Nathaniel Hawthorne, op. cit., p. 8.
2/Ibid., p. 81.
time but had been unable to do so. Then, just as the stranger is about to
seat himself by the fire, there is a loud sound. The father dismisses it
by saying "the old mountain has thrown a stone at us for fear we should
forget him," and then adds rather complacently that he has built a place
of refuge just in case of any untoward event such as a landslide.

During the conversation of the evening, the youth tells the family
that he has the ambition to gain fame, to become known, that he would
be willing to do almost anything rather than die in obscurity. The father
and the grandmother explain their ambitions. The grandmother requests
that, when she is dead and lying in her coffin, some one hold a mirror to
her face that she may take a last look and see if her cap were on straight.
The stranger answers:

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments. I
wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and
they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried to-
gether in the ocean,— that wide and nameless sepulcher."

Those were the last words spoken when there is a terrible roar and each
one shrieks, "The Slide! The Slide!" They rush madly to the emergency
shelter. Would they had not done so, for just above the cottage, the
avalanche splits, leaving the house intact, but completely destroying the
shelter and its occupants!

Edward Roth

The theme of Professor Edward Roth's legend of "Christus Judex" bears
a resemblance to Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face" in that the Italian

1/ Nathaniel Hawthorne, op. cit., p. 83.
2/ Ibid., p. 93-94.
3/ Ibid., p. 94.
painter, Pietro Casola, is searching for a suitable model for the face and figure of Christ sitting in judgment. Pietro had devoted his life to creating altar-pieces of saints and angels for the little church in his native village. Pietro's aged mother tells her son of having heard from a dying missionary that there is such a face on a mountain side somewhere in the wilderness of northeastern America. With no more information than this, Pietro begins his quest. He comes to Maine where a guide conducts him to a village on the Kennebec and then to the land of the Abenaki where the missionary had been. After long months of arduous travel and hardship, Pietro attains the object of his search. For many months he lives in a tent on the shore of the lake where he can look up to the Profile, spending his days painting and praying, modeling and meditating. When Casola returns to his native country, he is able to paint the picture of his dreams.

Francis Parkman

Francis Parkman was unusual in that, early in his life, while a student at Harvard University, he determined to prepare himself for a career of writing novels, the settings of which would be the wilderness stretches of the United States. Being an ardent lover of the out-of-doors, and desiring to familiarize himself with northern New England to begin with, he, when a sophomore in college, accompanied by a classmate, Daniel Slade, came to the White Mountains.

Parkman kept diaries of each of these trips and used a great deal of the material in describing the struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America. The records of his trips into the White

Mountains have, unfortunately, remained for the most part unpublished. Slade wrote an account of the trip for the "New England Magazine", September, 1894. He tells how first they visit Franconia Notch. He is greatly impressed by the beauty of the pass. In beautiful prose he describes the Old Man of the Mountains remaining always the same, in fair weather or foul. At the Basin they admire the water and catch some fish, "speckled beauties whose equals in size and beauty no disciple of Sir Izaac Walton at the present day, however skilful in the art, or however scientific his tackle, could land upon its banks." The Pool was then known to only the most experienced of hunters and woodsmen. From Franconia Notch they followed the Connecticut River to Colebrook and Dixville Notch.

The most daring exploit was an adventure that Parkman had while staying at Crawford's Tavern; it was this experience that he uses as a basis for "The Scalp Hunter, A Semi-Historical Sketch" which appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" in April, 1845. The entry in his diary as reported by Slade reads, "I walked down the Notch to the Willey House, and out of curiosity began to ascend the pathway of the avalanche on the mountain directly behind." Farnham, Parkman's biographer, has commented that this incident shows that the young man possessed unusual nerve and ambition. The rocky cliffs fascinated him so he decided to see if he could scale them:

"I began to climb, and with considerable difficulty and danger I surmounted both precipices. I climbed on, but finding that I was becoming drenched by the scanty stream,

1/Daniel D. Slade, "In the White Mountains with Francis Parkman in 1841," New England Magazine (September, 1894) 11: 95.
2/Loc. cit.
and seeing moreover a huge cloud not far up settling towards me, I bethought me of retracing my steps. So I began to descend the ravine, nothing doubting that I should find some means of getting out after reaching the critical point. But it was impossible, and I found myself at the top of the precipice, with no alternative but to slide down or to clamber the perpendicular and decaying walls to the surface of the mountain. The former was certain destruction, and the other method was scarcely less dangerous; but it was my only chance, as I braced my nerves and began to climb....I got half way up, and was clinging to the face of the precipice when the two stones which supported my feet loosened and leaped down the ravine. My finger ends among the disintegrated rock were all which sustained me, and they of course would have failed, had I not thought on the instant of lowering my body gradually, and so diminishing its weight until my feet found new supports. I sank the length of my arms, and then hung for the time in tolerable safety, with one foot resting on a projecting stone. Loosening the hold of one hand, I took my large jackknife from my pocket, opened it with the assistance of my teeth, and dug with it a hollow among the decayed rock, large enough to receive and support one foot. Then thrusting the knife as far as possible into the wall to assist my hold, I grasped it and the stones with the unoccupied hand, and raised my foot to the hollow prepared for it. Thus foot by foot I made my ascent, and in the ten minutes, as time seemed to me, I seized a projecting root at the top and drew myself up. During the entire time of climbing I felt perfectly cool, but when fairly up I confess I shuddered as I looked down at the gulf I had escaped."

"The Scalp Hunter," in which Parkman made substantial use of this experience, tells how in July, 1724 a tribe of Indians attack whites in New Hampshire. Eight white men decide that this attack shall be revenged, so they follow them past Lake Winnipesaukee and into the northern hills "into the recesses of those wild mountains that stretch from the present town of Conway toward the great father of New England hills." They find the Indians sleeping around their camp-fire, and, waiting what seemed to them hours, they finally attack, killing all but one who escapes. One of the attackers,

an old hunter, wants nothing better than to pursue him with his dogs. Fearlessly the old white tracks his enemy:

1/ "Late one afternoon, when he had all day toiled stubbornly on in twilight, and was looking upward to catch glimpses of the bright sky through the leaves, he heard again the sound of water, and by the transparency in the screen of maple saplings before him, he knew the opening was near at hand. In a moment he put aside the slender boughs, and stepped out into the broad stony bed of the Saco, just where it emerges from the Notch of the White Mountains. It was a wild and beautiful scene. The tumbling waters, the long lines of birch trees, maples and beeches that reached their branches over it; the stiff pines that shot up into the air above them; the great pile of granite crags that rose from the woods, bristling with firs, three thousand feet sheer upward; all were tinged with the crimson of approaching evening; all lay in the quiet of the wilderness, which the ripple and murmur of the stream only made more impressive."

The white man chases him up the crags and soon finds himself upon the rocky surface; to his right are dead trees, white and scarred, seeming in the dimness like skeletons. All around tower high mountains, half clothed with shaggy forests; their precipitous crags, make the surroundings seem like desolate savage wilderness. Then the hunter sees the Indian speeding up the mountain with deer-like swiftness. He climbs another sheer precipice only to find another one sixty feet high towering high above him. He can go neither up nor down. Two days he spends here in his prison. The second afternoon is particularly beautiful, and the mildness of the scene contrasts sharply with the desolation of the earlier description:

2/ "The atmosphere had a softness not uncommon in New England; and while the western mountains seemed enveloped

1/ Francis Parkman, op. cit., p. 301.
2/ Ibid., p. 302.
in a blue, transparent haze, the warm sunlight poured full on the rugged slopes of the east. The desolate valley wore the mildest aspect its savage features could put on; like a sleeping warrior dreaming of his home."

In the evening a thunderstorm comes, and the old white man is swept away and wedged between rocks. Some time later his scalp flutters in the village of St. Francis.

And so the story is brought to its conclusion: "The Indians, it is well known, believed these mountains the abode of a malignant spirit; and this, they say, was the greeting he gave to the first white man who ever found his way into the Notch." The story is, by its very nature, particularly well adapted to the pen of Francis Parkman. How well he deals with the mountain country in its savage aspects!

Lydia Maria Child

Although there have been many poetic versions of the Indian legend of the Indian chief Chocorua, and the curses that he pronounced against the white man, probably the best known prose account, and certainly the most gracefully written one is that of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child whose "Chocorua's Curse" was printed in the 1830 issue of "The Token."

In the opening paragraph she describes the wildness of the scene and the hills

"towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices from which young eagles take their flight in the sun, dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit."

One of the early settlers is Cornelius Campbell having more of the

1/ Francis Parkman, op. cit., p. 303.
dignity and the proud bearing of the aristocrat than the typical pioneer. He is a huge man, quick and energetic, frank and fearless. His wife, Caroline, a very beautiful woman had married Campbell against the wishes of her father. He had been compelled to leave England at the time of the Restoration of Charles the Second because he was an enemy of the Stuarts. Here in the wilderness of northern America, they find that life is pleasant. There are no dangers that cannot be met, and the Indians are friendly. Chocorua is their leader, and although the whites are careful never to provoke him, they realize that he could be a terrible enemy. Chocorua has a nine-year old son who frequents the home of the Campbells'. Mrs. Campbell often gives him the kind of gaudy gift that pleases him; so often does he come that he is almost like one of the family. One day, unbeknown to anyone, he drinks some poison that has been prepared for a troublesome fox; he is stricken just after he reaches his home.

One bright morning Campbell leaves as usual to work in his fields. On his return he finds that each member of his family has been cruelly murdered. He is so crazy with grief that for days his friends and neighbors fear that he will never recover his sanity. Once he does, however, he begins planning a course of action. Organizing a party of white men, he leads them to the summit of the mountain where it has been observed that Chocorua had gone, apparently awaiting the return of his tribesmen from a hunting expedition. Chocorua is astonished to hear a voice command that he "throw himself into the deep abyss below." Proudly the chief answers, "The Great Spirit gave

1/Lydia M. Child, op. cit., p. 279.
2/Loc. cit.
life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man." Then Campbell shoots him, and Chocorua reels over the edge of the precipice, but raising himself up on his hands, he pronounces his curses on the white man:

1/
"May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright. Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle. Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and the wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit--his curse stays with the white man."

And their cattle did die, there were dreadful storms, their crops were killed, and illness prevailed even among the strongest. Campbell became a hermit and died two years later.

Such is the earliest recorded version of the legend of Chocorua.

The story of Nancy is almost as much a part of the history of Crawford Notch as the account of the Willey Slide. Nor does the comparison end there, for both are dire tragedies heightened by the irony of circumstances. Starr King has said:

2/
"In Scotland, a highland pass, so wild and romantic as that from Upper Bartlett to the Crawford House, would be overhung with traditions along the whole winding wall of its wilderness; and the legends that had been enshrined in song and ballad would be plentiful as the streams that leap singing towards the Saco, down their rocky stairs. But no hill, no sheer battlement, no torrent that ploughs and drains the barriers of this narrow and tortuous glen, suggests any Indian legend. One cascade, however, about half a mile from the former residence of old Abel Crawford, is more honored by the sad story.

1/Lydia M. Child, Loc. cit.

2/Starr King, op. cit., p. 183.
associated with it, than by the picturesqueness of the crags through which it hurries for the last mile or two of its descending course. It is called "Nancy's Brook;" and the stage-drivers show to the passengers the stone which is the particular monument of the tragedy, bearing the name "Nancy's Rock."

In the "Ladies' Magazine" of March, 1828, under the initial "C", appeared the earliest account of Nancy. It bore the title of "Legend of the White Mountains." The author tells of a family coming in 1782 to a solitary spot in the northern hills to live. At that time there was not a house between Jefferson and Bartlett. Nancy has always made her home with this family since she was a very young girl, and to them she seems like a daughter. They left their native town because Nancy had there an admirer whom they believed unworthy of her. At first his letters come quite frequently, but after two months they stop altogether. Nancy seems to pine and waste away. Then one winter morning a traveler brings a letter to Nancy from her lover in which he says he will arrive in two days. He acknowledges his unworthiness but says that he is dying. Will she allow him to see her before he dies? Indeed she will, and furthermore she will hasten the hour by going to meet him.  

1/ "The sky was cloudy, and of unusual blackness—the wind was low, but sounded its note of dreadful preparation,—everything foretold one of the fierest storms of winter; but she regarded them not, and after a moment's prayer to God, she went her way."

In the morning she is found frozen to death with the letter held tight in her grasp.

"C." concludes rather succinctly that such is the "fatal constancy of

1/C., "Legend of the Notch," Ladies Magazine (March, 1828) 1: 139.
a simple and affectionate heart."

Anna C. Swasey

Nearly half a century later Anna C. Swasey told the story of Nancy in her "A Legend of Crawford Notch," published in the December, 1873 issue of "Harper's Magazine." Her account is much more detailed and much more dramatic than the earlier one told with such direct simplicity.

Henry Lorimer goes to Dartmouth, now Bartlett, seeking work. He is of the "gentlemanly" type and, unused to heavy work, oftentimes works for the housewife indoors. It is in this way that he goes to work for the wife of Colonel Hart in Bartlett where he becomes acquainted with Nancy. One day while they are picking raspberries, Henry tells Nancy the story of his early life and his gambling escapades. Later in the fall they become engaged to be married in December. Nancy tells him naively: "Doubtless God sent you here to make me your wife, and He is my witness that I would lay down my life to save you from ruin."

One day while Nancy is in Lancaster to see an old Indian squaw about making her wedding dress, Colonel Hart decides suddenly to go to Portsmouth; at the last minute Henry announces that he would like to go too. He takes with him the gold coins that are Nancy's earnings and which she has entrusted to him, just to see if, he tells himself, he could carry them to Portsmouth and back safely. When Nancy, arriving home, discovers that Henry has taken her money with him, she knows that he will not be able to resist the temptation of gambling her savings away. So she decides that

1/C., "Legend of the Notch," op.cit., 1: 139.

she will try to overtake him. The horses are all gone so she walks. At first the day is pleasant, but later a snowstorm darkens the sky. At the entrance to the notch she begins to pray for protection. She becomes faint and hungry. "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" she cried aloud in her anguish. And again the mountain walls took up the echo, and it seemed as if a thousand demons were mocking at her desolation." Finally she arrives at a brook and falls down exhausted. Ironically enough the news of Nancy's death reaches Henry on the day they were to have been married.

In concluding, the writer points out the contrast between Henry's weakness and Nancy's strength. The brook has since been named "Nancy's Brook" and visitors even today believe, so they say, that the brook sadly murmurs Nancy's tragic story. Starr King, after telling the story of Nancy's death, wrote: "And there are those who believe that often in still nights the valley walls near Mount Crawford echo the shrieks and groans of the restless ghost of Nancy's lover." Timothy Dwight in his "Travels in New England," after telling with classic simplicity the story of the young girl and the twenty-three miles that she walked, concluded:

"And here, as it would seem, finding her strength fail, wrapped herself in her long cloak; lay down under a bush, whose branches, covered with snow, were expanded like the leaf of a table; fell asleep; and died. She was found, stiffened with frost, about a month afterward by some persons who went out to search for her; and was buried."

**Annie Trumbull Slosson**

Annie Trumbull Slosson was the sister-in-law of Dr. W. C. Prime. Both

1/Anna C. Swasey, op. cit., p. 126.

2/Starr King, op. cit., p. 185.

were for years associated with the mountain region and especially with the village of Franconia. Mrs. Slosson was very fond of the Summit House on Mount Washington and the Mount Lafayette House at the foot of the Three Mile Hill in Franconia. She won renown as a naturalist as well as a short story writer. Her short stories of Franconia are exquisite; with tenderness and complete understanding she writes of people who are considered "odd" and eccentric. The best known is "Fishin' Jimmy," a story of a quaint character of "Francony," as Bradford Torrey wrote, "In truth, all my Franconia rambles (I am tempted to write the name in three syllables, as I sometimes speak it, following the example of "Fishin' Jimmy and other local worthies."") Mrs. Slosson describes Fishin' Jimmy as she first saw him:

"The newcomer was a spare, wiry man of middle height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, a thin brown face, and scanty gray hair. He carried a fishing rod, and had some small trout strung on a forked stick in one hand. A simple, homely figure, yet he stands out in my memory just as I saw him then, no more to be forgotten than the granite hills, the rushing streams, the cascades of that north country I love so well."

His life had been "one long day's fishing--an angler's holiday." As a youth, he had heard a sermon in a church "out Easton way" about the life of Jesus and His fondness for fisherfolk. He declared that he wanted to be a fisher of men, too. At seventy he regretted that he had never had the opportunity to save men's souls.

One afternoon a thunderstorm comes up very swiftly as it often does


3/Ibid., p. 10.
when it sweeps across Mount Lafayette; Fishin' Jimmy recalls that two
young boys had gone up the mountain side. The boys' families become very
anxious, and just as some one is to be sent for them, a boy from the
stables brings the information that Fishin' Jimmy has started up the moun-
tain to find the lads:

"Said if he couldn't be a fisher o' men, mebbe he
knowed nuff to catch boys," went on our informant
seeing nothing more in the speech full of pathetic
meaning to us who knew him, than the idle talk of one
whom many considered "lackin."

With no thought of himself, Fishin' Jimmy has gone to rescue them. The
boys return almost immediately, but Fishin' Jimmy does not. He has gone
down a steep pinnacle to rescue Dash, the Slosson's loved dog. Fishin'
Jimmy loves Dash because he is a fishing enthusiast too. The rescue party
finally find the old fisherman lying dead with Dash keeping watch over him.
A trail leading from Lonesome Lake to Kinsman Pond has since been named the
"Fishin' Jimmy Trail."

Another of Mrs. Slosson's short stories, "Deacon Pheby's Selfish
Natur'" has its setting in the vicinity of the Indian burying ground and
Gale River in Franconia. In the family are twins, Phebus, a real tomboy,
and Pheby, a gentle lovable girl. When Pheby dies, Phebus, to comfort his
mother who is nearly blind, pretends to be the sister, realizing that his
mother would be completely overcome by grief to have lost her daughter.
Never for all the rest of her days, does the mother learn of the sacrifices
that her son makes for her. To give up his tomboyish pursuits, to do the
dishes, and to prepare the meals—these things he never seemed to resent.

1/ Annie T. Slosson, Ibid., p. 41.
Years after, when the mother dies, he found that he couldn't seem to change back to Phebus. In Franconia he was, of course, considered a most eccentric character.

Another of the short stories in the collection, "Seven Dreamers", is "Aunt Randy." Aunt Randy lives on the Landaff Valley road, a short distance out of Franconia. The neighbors think her to be half-crazy at least, but the author becomes quite well acquainted with her because of their mutual interests in caterpillars and butterflies. The story tells how Aunt Randy becomes reconciled to the death of her son when she sees the butterfly emerge from its cocoon in the spring. Only then does resurrection take on meaning for her.

Charles Dudley Warner

Charles Dudley Warner's "Their Pilgrimage" is a romantic novel although in parts it bears a resemblance to a guidebook. The two leading characters visit the resorts that were popular in the eighties: Atlantic City, the Isles of Shoals, Saratoga, the Thousand Islands, and finally the White Mountains. At the Profile House, where they are guests, they ask the advice of Mrs. Cortlandt, their hostess, where the best view of the hills may be obtained. She tells them that the Waumbeck House in superior to the Profile House for a panoramic view of both the Washington and the Lafayette Ranges. The best limited view is from the top of Mt. Willard.

"If you would like to take a walk that you will remember forever, go by the carriage road from the top of Mount Washington to the Glen House, and look into the great gulfs, and study the tawny sides of the mountains. I don't know anything more impressive herabouts. Close to, those

granite ranges have the color of the hide of the rhinoceros; when you look up to them from the Glen House shouldering up into the sky, and rising to the cloud-capped summit of Washington, it is like a purple highway into the infinite heaven."

This is the only novel written in the nineteenth century by an American author which has the White Mountains for a part of its setting.
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN THE DIARIES, JOURNALS, AND
LETTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER III

Henry D. Thoreau
CHAPTER III

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN THE DIARIES, JOURNALS, AND LETTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Henry Thoreau

Henry Thoreau, sincere lover of the hills and valleys and all nature that he was, was greatly attracted to the White Mountains. Although he was born and brought up in Concord, Massachusetts, he often climbed Fairhaven Hill and looked north that he might observe the New Hampshire mountains.

On the last day of August, 1839, he and his brother John set out to go by rowboat down the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers to make a walking tour of the White Mountains. They left their boat at Hooksett on September 4, walked to Concord, New Hampshire, the next day and then went to Plymouth by stagecoach on the sixth. While there, they called on their friend, Nathaniel P. Rogers. From here they walked through Holderness, Lincoln, Franconia, and Bethlehem, and on the eighth stayed at Tom Crawford's Tavern in Crawford Notch. The ninth being Sunday, they rested. The next day they went to the summit of Mount Washington, which Thoreau refers to in his diary as Agiochook. They returned by the way of North Conway to Hooksett, September 12, having been absent from their boat a week. 1/ "They had successfully achieved an adventure as widely known now as Jason's voyage in his Argo; and their village is now more famous than Jason's Iolchos."


-82-
In "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Thoreau has recorded the diversified beauties of the Merrimack River in a manner unparalleled in American literary chronicles:

"I have traced its stream from where it bubbles out of the rocks of the White Mountains above the clouds, to where it is lost amid the salt billows of the ocean on Plum Island beach. At first it comes on murmuring to itself by the base of stately and retired mountains, through moist primitive woods whose juices it receives, where the bear still drinks it, and the cabins of settlers are far between, and there are few to cross its stream; enjoying in solitude its cascades still unknown to fame; by long ranges of mountains of Sandwich and Squam, slumbering like tumuli of Titans, with the peaks of Moosehillock, the Haystack, and Keearsarge reflected in its water; where the maple and the raspberry, these lovers of the hills, flourish amid temperate dews flowing long and full of meaning, but untranslatable as its name Pemigewasset, by many a pastured Pelion and Ossa, where unnamed muses haunt, tended by Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, and receiving the tribute of many an untasted Hippocrene. There are earth, air, fire, and water,—very well, this is water and down it comes.

"Such waters do the gods distill,
And pour down every hill
For their New England men:
A draught of this wild nectar bring
And I'll not taste the spring
Of Helicon again."

In 1858 Thoreau made his longest and most leisurely trip to the White Mountains with his friend, Edward Hoar. He recorded far more about this trip than the earlier one with his brother. They left Concord, July 2, and in his "Journal" for July 5, an entry states that he climbed Red Hill in Moultonboro and there enjoyed the views of Winnepesaukee and Squam Lakes.

Like so many others, he was greatly attracted to Chocorua, "Which is in


some respects the wildest and most imposing of all the White Mountain peaks."

Journeying northward he especially liked Conway which impressed him for its contrasts between the peaceful intervales and the rugged mountains.

"Often from the midst of level maple groves which remind you only of classic lowlands, you look out through a vista of the most rugged scenery of New England. It is quite unlike New Hampshire generally, quite unexpected by me, and suggests a superior culture."

On July 7 they arrived at the Glen House and there they engaged a Mr. Wentworth to be their guide. On the eighth they reached the summit of Mount Washington and then, through the fog which was very dense, they started to Tuckerman's Ravine. The Ravine had been explored as early as 1774 and again ten years later by Dr. Cutler, and his party who had named it in honor of Professor Edward Tuckerman of Amherst College. One of the greatest attractions of the Ravine is the snow arch which is often several hundred feet long, formed by a stream flowing under the bank of snow which remains under the shadow of the head-wall sometimes until late in August. A great number of little brooks form the "Fall of a Thousand Streams."

In the "Journal" for July 8 Thoreau describes the plants that he observed growing in the Ravine. The keen observer of nature who could predict with such unfailing accuracy on what days certain plants would bloom in Concord found much to interest him here.

"Here were the phenomena of winter and earliest spring contrasted with summer. On the edge and beneath the overarching snow, many plants were just pushing up as in spring. The great plaited elliptical buds of the hellbore had just pushed up there, even under the edge of the snow, and also bluets. Also close to the edge of the snow, the


2/ Ibid., p. 294.
bare upright twigs of a willow, with small, silvery buds, not yet expanded, of a satiny luster, one to two feet high, but not, as I noticed, procumbent, while a rod off, on each side, where it had been melted for some time, it was going to seed and fully leaved out."

He describes the snow field and the source of the Ellis River. They had planned to camp at Hermit Lake. Wentworth, the guide, build a fire against Thoreau's advice. The fire soon got away and roared up the ravine. It spread rapidly. Thoreau had arranged with two of his friends, Blake and Brown of Worcester, to meet them that afternoon, remarking that they were to look for smoke and a white tent. Thoreau humorously comments that there was surely enough smoke to attract their attention. That night it rained and put the fire out; his friends camped with them.

On July 12, in jumping a brook, Thoreau stumbled and sprained his ankle. Legend has it that he had not limped more than five steps when he found some "arnica mollis." Truth, far less romantic, has it that he had found the arnica the night before. On this day they started for the carriage road and that night camped on the banks of the Moose River just outside Gorham. On the thirteenth in a downpour, they went through Randolph and Kilkenny to Jefferson Hill. After sunset the weather cleared, and they enjoyed a fine view of the hills which repaid them, he comments, for the drenching. Thoreau's awareness of lights and shadows, as well as color is remarkable:

"After the sun set to us, the bare summits were of a delicate rosaceous color, passing through violet into the deep dark-blue or purple of the night, which already invested the lower parts. This night-shadow was wonderfully blue, reminding me of the blue shadows on snow. There was an afterglow in which these tints and variations

were repeated. It was the grandest mountain view I ever got. In the meanwhile, white clouds were gathering again about the summits, first about the highest, appearing to form there, but sometimes to send off an emissary to initiate a cloud upon a lower neighboring peak. You could tell little about the comparative distance of a cloud and peak till you saw that the former actually impinged on the latter."

On July 14 they rode from Whitefield to Bethlehem and camped on Mt. Lafayette which they climbed the next day. From the summit he enjoyed the wildness of the scene; the cleared spaces made the landscape appear "leopard-spotted." He writes enthusiastically of the bear tracks in the mud of a bog that they saw while descending. He speaks affectionately of the pine grosbeak and the rose-breasted grosbeak that he saw. That afternoon they rode to West Thornton and the night following stayed at Franklin. On arriving home, July 19, he wrote until late into the night about Tuckerman's Ravine and a review of his trip. Here he says that the best views of mountain scenery were from Conway, Jefferson, Bethlehem, and Campton.

Two years later he returned to northern New Hampshire, camping for nearly a week with his friend, Ellery Channing. Unfortunately, death cut short his life and prevented him from putting the records of his mountain experiences into book form as he doubtless intended to do.
CHAPTER IV

Major Essayists
Starr King
William Prime
Bradford Torrey
Frank Bolles

Minor Essayists
James Russell Lowell
John Carver
Thomas W. Higginson
Henry Ward Beecher
Bayard Taylor
Henry Van Dyke
CHAPTER IV

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN THE ESSAYS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Starr King

It is interesting that the three most noted preachers in America during the nineteenth century, Philips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and Thomas Starr King were lovers of the White Mountains. It is the latter who is their foremost interpreter in prose.

It was Starr King whom Tuckerman called "the historian, painter, and poet of the White Hills whose genius has given our New England Alps an abiding place among the noblest mountains of literature."

Starr King was born December 17, 1821, in Portsmouth. His father was a Universalist minister who moved later to New York and then to Charlestown, Massachusetts. It is not known just when Starr King first visited the White Mountains. Richard Frothingham wrote: "He first visited the White Hills at the age of thirteen, probably with his father; but I have no facts as to this visit." Yet Starr King himself tells in "The White Hills" of seeing Abel Crawford. "We have a very pleasant recollection of the venerable appearance of the patriarch in front of his house under Mount Crawford, in the year 1829, when we made our first visit to the White Hills."

Kilbourne says that it was an article by Dr. Hosea Ballou, 2d, entitled:

1/Frederick Tuckerman, op. cit., p. 7.
2/Richard Frothingham, A Tribute to Starr King. Ticknor and Fields, Boston, 1865, p. 4.
3/Starr King, op. cit., p. 222.
4/Frederick W. Kilbourne, op. cit., p. 129.
"The White Mountains" which appeared in "The Universalist Quarterly" for April, 1846 that "turned Starr King's attention to the White Hills, led him to visit them, and was thus a progenitor of the greater work."

On his first recorded trip into northern New Hampshire, one of his three companions was Benjamin F. Tweed, principal of the Bunker Hill Grammar School. They went to Center Harbor the first day, ascended Red Hill the second day and that afternoon and night traveled in an overcrowded stagecoach to Conway. The next day they went through Crawford Notch to Crawford's Inn. In a letter from Boston dated July 30, 1849, Starr King makes it evident in these first recorded impressions of the mountains that he was influenced greatly by their grandeur and sublimity:

"To any one who has not seen wild mountain-scenery, language has no measures of meaning that will represent the physical grandeur and the strange impressions that break at once upon the eye and soul in a place like that. All rhetoric is out of place; and if it were not, it would be baffled. It is the place to read the Psalms and the Book of Isaiah; to feel our insignificance, and the glory of the Creator."

After spending Sunday at Crawford's, they went to the summit of Mount Washington, traveling on horseback. In a letter dated Boston, July 31, 1849, he described the view from Mount Washington: "It is as if the ocean, when the storm had lashed its billows into enormous size, had suddenly become hardened, and stood with upreared granite waves." They completed their tour by visiting Franconia Notch.

From 1849 to 1860 when he left the East to go to California, he visited

1/Richard Frothingham, op. cit., p. 140.
2/Ibid., p. 145.
the mountains many times. Edward Everett Hale said of him: "The grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the forests fed a sacred hunger and thirst in him, which he had not before satisfied and could not account for."

In 1853 he began to publish accounts of his explorations in the "Boston Transcript." In 1859, after observing the mountains in every season, winter as well as summer, over a ten year period, he used some of the accounts that had appeared in the "Transcript" together with new material and published "The White Hills: Their Legend, Landscape, and Poetry," the finest collection of descriptive essays ever written about the White Mountains. It is noteworthy that he was but thirty-five years old when the book that was received with such wide acclaim was published.

The work was a labor of love. It could never be said of Starr King that he visited the mountains so that he could get material for the publishing of a book. His enthusiasm is never affectation, even though the criticism that he does seem, once in a while, to be overexuberant is justified. Certainly few men have been so admirably qualified to write such a book. A contemporary, T. B. Fox, in reviewing "The White Hills" for "The Christian Examiner," stated:

"He has mined their ravines, climbed their summits by old and new paths, gone up and down their "notches," traced their streams, made the circuit of them again and again, looked at them from numerous points of view, noted their changeful moods, analyzed them, separated them, grouped them, communed with them in every possible way with the senses; and this not from love of adventure, but


because he was fascinated by the huge upheavals, and enamored of them in all their work."

If Starr King has revealed any partiality at all, it is for the Androscoggin Valley although Winnipesaukee and North Conway are rivals in his affections.

Many have been the tributes paid to the author and this volume, together of course, with an occasional unflattering criticism. Samuel Drake said:

"The name of Starr King has become a household word with all travelers in the White Mountains... To him the mountains were emblematic of her highest perfection. He loved them. His tone in speaking of them is always tender and caressing. They appealed to his rare and exquisite perception of the beautiful, to his fine and sensitive nature, capable of detecting intuitively what was hid from common eyes."

An article by William Rideing in "Harper's Magazine" in 1877 reads:

"The White Mountains found their truest interpreter long ago in Thomas Starr King, who had as intimate a knowledge of them and as subtle a sympathy with them as Herrick had with the English country lanes, and Irving with the quaint life of New Amsterdam."

William Downes said of the book in 1891 that it "was, and still remains, chief among all the writers who have been inspired by the beauty and grandeur of these mountains. His book has in some sort the permanency of a classic, and it is certain that it can never be bettered on the same lines."

Starr King excels in capturing for the printed page the moods and lights of the changing landscape. With the eye of an artist he has observed the kaleidoscopic scenes. With equal skill he can picture the graceful cascades and the gloomy cataracts, the solemn peaks and the undulating fields.

1/ Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 294.
2/ William H. Rideing, op. cit., p. 322.
He resembles Ruskin, whom he so often quotes, in his detection of the variety of colorings. "His palette is crowded with every hue and shade of language, and his rhetoric becomes painting."

His style may be on occasion, sharp and crystalline, or musical and liquid. An example of the former is his beautiful description of a winter scene viewed from Lancaster:

"We had warm weather and savage cold; gray skies and cloudless blue; the mountains were wrapped in frosty veils, and stood up chiselled sharp on the spotless sky; still mornings dawned, when smoke,—the azure pillars of the hearth."—rose to the heights of the neighboring peaks without bending, and were swiftly succeeded by furious gusts; golden evenings followed hard upon thick afternoons, and died into sparkling nights, when the valleys were lustrous with the spears of moon-freezing crystals."

Another particularly beautiful example of his skill in description is the following:

"Varying with each hour the favored visitors will have the full range of summer views, the anthology of a season's art, gathered into a portion of a single week. The mountains seem to overhaul their meteorological wardrobe. They will array themselves, by rapid turns, in their violets and purples and mode colors, their cloaks of azure and caps of gold, their laces and velvets, and their iris-scarfs."

He speaks of a clear day, when "Every sharp ridge lies in the sky like the curving blade of an adze, and the pinnacles tower sharp as spears."

Then, for contrast, a day when it is cloudy, or a south wind is blowing or there are mists—"Then what mischief and frolic! It brindles the mountain..."
sides with them." Again in describing the mountains he says:

"They are huge lay figures on which Nature shows off the splendors of her aerial wardrobe. She makes them wear mourning veils of shadow, exquisite lacework of distant rain, hoary wigs of cloud, the blue costume of northwest winds, the sallow dress of sultry southern airs, white wrappers of dog-day fog, purple and scarlet vests of sunset light, gauzy films of moon light, the gorgeous embroidery of auroral chemistries, the flashing ermine dropped from the winter sky, and the glittering jewelry strewn over their snowy vestments by the cunning fingers of the frost."

Or in describing Mount Carter and Mount Madison:

"One is tempted to believe that those two points—the tops of Carter and Madison—were lifted up gently from the level land at first, and held off from each other just far enough to let the forests droop in the most gracious folds from them, and meet with trails soft as velvet upon the valley. The ballrooms of Saratoga could not outshine the splendors of color displayed in a season upon Mount Carter. And is human nature to be abased by the gorgeous costumes that counterfeit the most precious satins, cloths, and shawls, which the tilted granite is allowed to wear."

It is in lines such as these that the reader feels as if the observer must have been a feminine one so keen is the writer's eye for jeweled tones, wardrobe colors, textures, and fabrics.

How difficult it would be to improve upon his description of Mount Chocorua:

"How rich and sonorous that word Chocorua is! Does not its rhythm suggest the wildness and loneliness of the great hills? To our ears it always brings with it the sigh of the winds through mountain pines... It is everything that a New Hampshire mountain should be. It bears the name of an Indian chief. It is invested with traditional and poetical interest. In form it is massive

1/ Starr King, op. cit., p. 104.
2/Ibid., p. 288.
3/Ibid., p. 141.
and symmetrical. The forests of its lower slopes are crowned with rock that is sculptured into a peak with lines full of haughty energy, in whose gorges huge shadows are entrapped, and whose cliffs blaze with morning gold."

Occasionally there does seem to be a striving after effect, as if the writer were indulging in rhetoric for rhetoric's sake. Yet it must, in fairness, be recognized also that he can write with brevity and terseness. Writers again and again quote his lines, for they are unable to find words more fitting than his, even after the lapse of nearly a century. A glance at random reveals the pithiness of his descriptions:

1/ "the ragged crest of Adams;"
2/ "gallant Chocorua with his steel hooded head;"
3/ "the whale back of Moosehilllock;"
4/ "Mount Washington, rearing his broad Jove-like throne amid his great brothers and supporters;"
5/ Of North Conway: "Such calm and profuse beauty sometimes reigns over the whole village, that it seems to be a little quotation from Arcadia, or a suburb of Paradise."
6/ Of Mount Lafayette: "he hides his rough head, as far as possible, behind his neighbor, but pushes out that limb which looks like an arm from a statue of a struggling Hercules that some Titan Angelo might have hewn."

When Starr King passed away, the White Mountains lost their greatest

1/Starr King, op. cit., p. 288.
2/Ibid., p. 84-85.
4/Ibid., p. 159.
5/Ibid., p. 152.
6/Ibid., p. 22.
prose-poet. No other writer seems so much like the Psalmist pouring forth his praises.

Dr. William C. Prime

In 1876 Dr. William Prime and William F. Bridge built a fishing lodge on Tamarack Pond which was later named Lonesome Lake. It lies half way up the side of Cannon Mountain. It is not definitely known whether they were the actual discoverers of the lake or not; however, they were the first to make known to the world its beauties. In Dr. Prime's "Among the Northern Hills" he describes his cabin built of spruce logs:

"Lonesome Lake cabin stands three thousand feet above the sea, in the primeval forest. It is reached by a zigzag bridle-path, cut in the mountain-side, which leads up from the Franconia Notch road. The cabin and the lake are a thousand feet above the road. Both road and bridle-path go through primeval forest. No axe or lumberman, has, hitherto, desecrated this forest sanctuary."

It was here at this cabin that Dr. Prime wrote parts of "I Go A-Fishing," "Among the Northern Hills," and "Along New England Roads." For a period of nearly fifty years he came each summer to Tamarack Pond; his time was largely spent in writing and in fishing the lakes and brooks of the White Mountains.

"I Go A-Fishing" is perhaps the nearest approach in nineteenth-century American literature to Izaac Walton's classic, "The Compleat Angler." Dr. Prime knew the habits of the many varieties of fish found in mountain waters, as well as when and where and how to angle for them. He enjoys telling, in true sportsman fashion, of taking a three-pound trout in Echo Lake where for years no one had caught anything but pickerel. His travel experiences that took him over all the world lend an air of cosmopolitanism to his fishing

stories that one hardly expects to find.

He is loud in his praises of Franconia Notch both for the fisherman and for the nature-lover. Especially did he enjoy the evening twilight: 1/

"The grandeur of evening in Franconia Notch is beyond all words—nay, is beyond human ability to appreciate. There are higher mountains, deeper ravines, more precipitous cliffs in the world, but nowhere in my wanderings have I found such lights as the departing sun leaves in the White Hills of New Hampshire."

He contrasts the Old Man of the Mountain, which always seems to look stern and sad because of the noble race that has gone, never to return, with the Sphinx which always seems to smile. He contrasts the fishing of the St. Regis waters with that of Echo and Lonesome Lakes. When he goes to worship in the little white Franconia church, he cannot help but recall the service he attended a year or so ago  2/  "in an ancient church where kings and kaisers and stout old knights of many old centuries were at rest." The reader never feels that the disadvantage lies with the little white Franconia church nor to the region of Franconia Notch.

Perhaps there is no more beautiful description of the snow cross that can be seen on the sides of Mount Lafayette, usually in May,  3/  

"when the advancing spring melts the snow from the sides of Mount Lafayette, it always leaves a wonderful sign on the western slope of the great hill........There every day in the spring is a great white cross, a thousand feet in height, five hundred feet from arm to arm, stands on the mountainside, caused by the snow which lies in deep masses in three ravines."

The chapters of Dr. Prime's "Along New England Roads" were written as

2/Ibid., p. 289.
3/Ibid., p. 239.
letters to the daily newspaper, "The New York Journal of Commerce," ex-
tending over a period of more than forty years. He praises certain drives
and their mountain scenery, but the hills serve only as a background. The
autumn foliage and coloring in the Pemigewasset Valley he found the love-
liest of all. In "Among the Northern Hills" he tells of people he has met
here in the north country and stories that they have told him. Here again
he sings the praises of the fisherman's paradise that he knew so well.

Bradford Torrey

The literary naturalist, Bradford Torrey, has written of his experien-
ces in discovering the haunts of birds in and around Franconia Notch. Inter-
spersed are excellent descriptions of the mountains. He spent many of his
summers at the Mount Lafayette Hotel. On the hotel grounds Dr. Prime had
built a home where he lived with his sister, Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson.
The three were intimate friends, and while Dr. Prime angled for fish, and
Mrs. Slosson was gathering specimens of moths and butterflies, Bradford
Torrey observed the habits of the birds in the tamarack swamps on the Easton
road.

"Footing It in Franconia," the village which he aptly called "The
Valley of the Cinnamon Roses," is probably the most enjoyable to the moun-
tain lover, of all his books, because it is here that he most often de-
scribes the mountain backgrounds. His style is leisurely and rambling; he
moralizes on occasion and philosophizes every now and then. Of Lonesome
Lake he was especially fond; to him it was a refuge and a sanctuary:

"I could stay here, forever, I think, till I became a
tree. That feeling I have often had,—a state of ravish-

1/Bradford Torrey, op. cit., p. 18.
ment, a kind of absorption into the life of things about me. It will not last, and I know it will not; but it is like heaven, for the time it is one me,—a foretaste, perhaps, of the true Nirvana."

Mount Lafayette was to him the most beautiful mountain in the world.

Torrey's "A Rambler's Lease" deals more especially with his excursions into Massachusetts than into New Hampshire. "Birds in the Bush" does digress to give an account of Mount Willard and the Crawford bridle path. In "The Footpath Way" the mountains are referred to only as the background for the birds he sought. "Nature's Invitation" is an account of a trip he made to Mount Moosilauke, Mount Lafayette, and Bald Mountain.

Frank Bolles was the secretary of Harvard University. In 1853 he became very interested in the countryside round about Chocorua. After spending many vacations in this vicinity, he bought an old abandoned farm on the west shore of Lake Chocorua. He describes, with considerable pride, his acres with "my own red-roofed cottage with squares of flax, millet, corn, and buckwheat giving patchwork colors to its clearing." From 1887 on, during each summer, and occasionally during very brief periods in the winter, he vacationed at his cottage. He expresses his philosophy of work and recreation in his admirably written sketch, "My Heart's in the Highlands":

"Well it is for him who labors early and late at the desk, if his soul can thus spread its wings and soar to deep forests, clear lakes, and rugged mountain peaks, drawing from memory, imagination, and sweet forecast,


something to inspire itself to patient action, and something to strengthen the heart in its wish to do its appointed task manfully."

It never occurs to the reader of Frank Bolles that here is an intruder from the city, for he is too much a part of the scene. So keen an observer is he that his practical knowledge of the landscape and of the animals and birds exceeds many times that of country-dwellers. "Perhaps no student of the haunts and habits of the "tenants" of the woods has identified himself more successfully with the Granite state than the busy secretary of Harvard."

In "The Land of the Lingering Snow: Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from January to June," Frank Bolles takes his readers from Boston and its suburbs, further and further to the north; the book closes with two sketches concerning life in the Chocorua district, namely, "A Forest Anthem" and "Chocorua." In "At the North of Bearcamp Water," he leaves the city completely behind him, and Chocorua and its neighboring mountains, Passaconaway, Paugus, and Tripyramid form the setting. The first glimpse that the reader is permitted to get is an intriguing one:

"Presently a vista opened northward, and at its end rose the dark peak of Chocorua. After a rain this towering rock presents a noticeably different appearance from its normal coloring. Most of its surface is covered with lichens, one species of which, when dry, resembles burnt paper. When rain falls upon these lichens they alter their tints and the burnt paper species in particular becomes so green that a wonderful change takes place in the whole coloring of the mountain. Looked through the birch vista, the air becomes clear and clean and the colors of the mountain uncommonly bright, the peak seemed near at hand, and even grander than usual. There are few things in New England as truly picturesque


2/Frank Bolles, op. cit., p. 7-8.
as this horn of Chocorua. Three thousand feet above its lake and the level of the Saco, the great rock lifts itself with bold and naked outline into the midst of the sky."

John Greenleaf Whittier and Lucy Larcom knew and loved this Bearcamp Valley well, but while they portrayed it in its summer settings only, with Frank Bolles the picture is a much more complete one. Not only did he know Chocorua intimately in its every mood and seasonal change, but from every angle, north and south, east and west, in storm as well as sunshine, as well by night as by day. Few have observed more keenly or described more graphically. Of Chocorua he writes: "From the south it looks like a huge lion crouching; from the Albany intervale it is an irregular ridge resembling a breaking wave; from Paugus it seems more like a giant fortress, with battered ramparts lifted high against the sky." Again he writes of Chocorua, "Southward, just across a deep ravine and behind a heavily timbered spur, was Chocorua, its great tooth cutting into the blue heavens." Perhaps it is when he uses the simplest words that he can describe Chocorua as if he were a druidical worshipper of old:

"The stars burned like altar candles. The smoke of fires rose around it like incense, the song of myriad frogs floated softly from the lakes below like the distant chanting of a choir, and the whispering of the wind in the pines was like the moving of many lips in prayer."

Bolles is one of the first to sing the praises of the scenic beauties of the mountain landscapes in winter, the invigorating coldness, the gleam-
ing whiteness, and the blackness of the shadows. Of Moat and Chocorua he writes:

"They are comparatively treeless mountains and were consequently snowy white. Their outlines suggest combing breakers. Chocorua, being under the low-hanging sun, was reflecting light from every crusted snowbank and ice-wrapped boulder. It was like a mountain of cut glass."

"Snow adds greatly to the dignity and grandeur of our New England mountains, making them more akin to the Alps, perpetual in their winter coverings. Chocorua, always a reminder of the Matterhorn, is much more like it when clad in ice, and rose-tinted by the morning sun."

In many of the descriptive passages the reader gains a feeling of being completely in harmony with the Infinite, a feeling of space and timelessness, a sense of the sublime.

"There is something inexpressibly touching and inspiring in the combination of fading night, with its planets still glowing, and the bird's song of welcome to the day. Night is more eloquent than day in telling of the wonders of the vast creation. Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable. The sun, with its dazzling light and burning heat hides from us the stars, and those still depths as yet without stars. It narrows our limit of vision, and at the same time hurries and worries us with our own tasks which we will not take cheerfully, and the tasks of others which are done so ill. Night tells not only of repose on earth, but of life in that far heaven where every star is a thing of motion and creation full of mystery."

1/Frank Bolles, op. cit., p. 249.
2/Ibid., p. 142.
3/Ibid., p. 80-81.
If it is, as Bolles says, "the function of art, to liberate, for the
delight of all, that which nature keeps secret for the eye of her lovers,"
then surely Bolles himself is a literary artist of no mean reputation.

That no mountain, with the possible exception of Mount Washington, has
attracted so many persons as Chocorua testifies to the fact that the gentle
spirits of Whittier, Lucy Larcom, and Frank Bolles have continued to per-
vade the valley of the Bearcamp River.

James Russell Lowell

In the first pages of "Moosehead Papers" published in 1835, James
Russell Lowell describes a visit to Franconia Notch. He tells, in a home-
spun manner, of walking through Franconia Notch and stopping to talk with a
hermit. Lowell asks him what he considered the best place to view the Old
Man of the Mountain, to which the hermit replies that he doesn't know since
he has never seen it. In the course of their conversation, the hermit asks
the visitor if he comes from "Bawse." When the answer is in the affirmative,
he said he supposes there is a good deal to be seen there, but that he
should like most of all to stand on Bunker Hill. When he asks Lowell if he
has been there often, he is somewhat chagrined to confess that he had not.

"'Awl, my young frien', you've larned neow that wut a man kin see any day
for nawthin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay, naw-
thin' vally."

John Carver

Nathaniel S. Dodge, whose pseudonym is John Carver, published his

1/Frank Bolles, "Chocorua in Literature," Atlantic Monthly (June, 1893) 71:
486.

2/James Russell Lowell, Moosehead Papers. James R. Osgood and Company,
Boston, 1877, p. 14
"Sketches of New England" in 1842. In the one called "The Notch," he tells of staying at Abel Crawford's. Of Crawford's sons he writes: "His sons, all of them mountain men, descendants in height and strength of limb, from Anak, live farther on." He judges that it must be a strange life to live for nine months of the year in solitude and then for the remaining three months to entertain visitors from all parts of the world. The White Mountain Notch, wonderful though it is, would not be so well worth visiting, if it were not for the Crawford family. He calls Ethan Allen Crawford, "Par eminence, the Man of the Hills. No person who has visited the White Hills, will ever forget the good nature, directness, honesty, and mirthfulness, of mine host of the mountains." Carver's description of Crawford's appearance is excellent:

"In personal appearance, he is a most imposing man, standing six feet seven inches in his stockings, and exceedingly stout and well-proportioned....He is very strong too, having oftentimes carried a lady in his arms half-way up Mount Washington. Imagine such a man, with a rough, brown face, well tanned by exposure to sun and wind, but smiling benevolence upon you, putting on a fur hat, over which brush has never been drawn, with a coarse home-spun coat and pantaloons, a shirt-collar open at the neck, and stout cow-hide shoes, and you have a glimpse of our host and friend, Ethan A. Crawford."

There is nothing that he will not do for his guests and friends. Carver says of Lucy Crawford that in kindness, cheerfulness, and graciousness she was fully the equal of her husband.

The writer tells how the Crawfords acquired their property. Since the


2/Ibid., p. 92.

3/Ibid., p. 92-93.
account is to be found nowhere else, its authenticity is open to considerable question; nevertheless, the story is an interesting one. Governor Wentworth was fond of traveling incognito. One day he journeys through the White Mountain Notch to Crawford's. Only Mrs. Crawford is at home, and the Governor tries  "to render himself very agreeable." She, resenting his gallantries, complains to her husband as soon as he returns. He considers the whole matter a huge joke. That evening, "The ale flowed more freely, and the song resounded from the old rafters; the governor's wit enraptured the host, and the lady, even, overcoming her first dislike, grew gracious to so merry-hearted a guest." The next morning as the Governor is leaving, he insists that the visit be returned saying that he is known in Wolfborough as "old Wentworth." The Crawfords repay the visit. The Wentworth's servants have been warned in advance not to disclose the secret and when the Crawfords finally discover that they are visiting the governor, they are greatly astonished. During the week, they are entertained royally, and at their departure, are given a deed to the thousand acres of land in the White Mountain Notch where they had settled.

In addition to giving one of the most complete pen-pictures of the Crawford family, Carver tells of an ascent he, with Ethan Allen Crawford, made up Mount Washington. They reached the base just as sunrise.

"The bald tops were red in the first rays of morning and stood in a strange, bold relief against the sky. Behind them long strata of clouds were tinged with glorious coloring, growing deeped every moment, and

1/John Carver, op. cit., p. 94.
2/Ibid., p. 95.
3/Ibid., p. 97-98.
tints of purple and gold touched the fleecy mists, that lay in several places on the outlines and cliffs of the mountains. In the higher heavens not a cloud was to be seen, the darkness was rapidly giving place to the deep blue, and the morning star glimmered faintly directly above the sharp summit of Mount Monroe."

Carver is one of the few mid-century writers who writes humorously. In describing Ethan Allen Crawford, whom he calls Tom, he says, "He was a long bony individual whose appearance perpetually reminded me of Aristotle's definition of a man, who was as grave as he was bony, and far prosier than he was long." Although his companion rode a sturdy brown mare, whose "trot was so long and high that he rose and fell at each step like the prices current of Bank Stock in a panic," he himself had a "spavined gelding, whose paces would have puzzled the calculation of the shrewdest horse dealer in Christendom." As they climb, he is impressed with the untrodden, untouched wilderness all about him. They stop to watch two bald eagles trying to capture a "white swan," and finally succeeding. They are bitterly disappointed when a mist prevents their seeing anything. Fortunately, a little later it rolled away. Then his description of Mountain Washington, reminding one of the style of Starr King, is magnificent:

"The huge Kremlin, piled up of eternal rocks, on which we stood in the midst of a metropolis of mountains, towered in its grandeur far above every object around. I had stood on Red Hill, and feasted my vision with the rich beauty of its bespangled and sequestered hamlets--I had reclined amid the spicy airs and woodland music of Mount Holyoke, and luxuriated in dreamy gaze on the green meadows, and thick foliage, and bending grain,

2/Ibid., p. 99.
3/Ibid., p. 102.
4/Ibid., p.105.
which deck the beautiful line of the Connecticut, waving
far over that landscape, where, as if on the soft bosom
of a charmer sleeps the "over-weared giant"--I had
crossed the Catskills--had seen the Shenandoah and
Potomac, dashed through the narrow pass of the Blue
Ridge--had listened to the roar of Niagara and seen
the white-crested rapids as they sped tumultuously for-
ward to the brink of the fall "a hell of waters" but
they had each and all failed to fill my mind with such
emotions of awe and greatness, as the scene which the
opening clouds on the top of Mount Washington, spread
out before me."

On the downward journey, he describes Crawford, who, when he saw a sleeping
bear, flung himself upon him and grappled with him singlehanded. Contrary
to the usual account of Crawford's prowess, the bear got away.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

When Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote his article in "Putnam's Monthly"
in 1853, Carter Notch, the highest and wildest of the mountain passes was
practically unknown. He said of it, "It was a Jungfrau among Notches,
dimly mentioned in guide-books, hinted at by hunters, only distantly ap-
proached by trout-fishers--known thoroughly only to the bears, to the deer,
and to old Bill Perkins." Bill Perkins was their guide, and on the twenty-
third of September, the party of nine, including six artists, a doctor,
their host at the Kearsarge House, and the author, after reaching the
first eminence, stopped to survey the landscape. Carter Mountain's rocky
height rose before them,

"And over all those heights, and the autumnal beauty
of the woods, there hung the silence and the gloom of an
unknown land. All the lovely colors of the foliage could
not burn through the veil of quiet awe that rested on that

1/Thomas W. Higginson, "A Day in Carter Notch," Putnam's Monthly (December,
1853) 2 : 672.
2/Ibid., p. 673.
lonely glen. Black shadows sailed over it like eagles, blacked fromed the rocks; the delicious sunshine streamed up the long valley, but faltered before that stern passageway; and our steps faltered too. One by one our party came, and stood and gazed as Cortez when he stared at the Pacific.

They reach the slide, or "great slip" as Bill Perkins called it, with its jagged rocks, stunted trees and great holes where ice had not yet been melted by the summer sun. It was the wildest place in all the New Hampshire mountains.

In the November, 1880, issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" Higginson describes the journey that took him on "A Search for the Pleiades," a group of cascades in the Jobildunk Ravine on the east side of Mount Moosilauke. The desolation of the ravine contrasted sharply with the graceful beauty of the waterfalls.

Henry Ward Beecher

Henry Ward Beecher, the famous pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, first came to the White Mountains in 1856. He described that experience in an article written as one of his regular contributions to "The Independent," for July 31, 1856. It was afterwards reprinted in his collection of essays, "Eyes and Ears." It begins modestly:

"After a week or two among the White Mountains, I have concluded not to write about them. They are a university of mountains. One must enter regularly, pursue the course of study, and graduate, before he is worthy of a mountaineer's degree, and before he undertakes to write in any worthy manner. As I am only a freshman, and in the first term at that, I do not propose to set forth and write out the whole of the White Mountains."

One is reminded on reading these lines that only the wise can afford to be

humble. He describes coming down from the summit of Mount Washington on horseback and becoming separated from the rest of the group, but this was nothing to be concerned about, for instead he could enjoy the opportunity to think in solitude. He came across a pool in the stream that is a tributary of the Saco. One of the cascades was afterwards named "Beecher's Falls." He enjoyed a refreshing bath in the cold mountain water and then observing that there were trout in the pool begins to wonder what the fish must have thought to have their peaceful abode disturbed. His account is altogether delightful:

"It is evident that the old people had sent them out to see if the coast were clear and whether any damage had been done. Probably it was thought that there had been a slide in the mountain and that a huge icicle or lump of stone had plunged into their pool and melted away there."

He decides that it would be a desecration to angle for fish there, for that would certainly be defying the courtesies and the hospitality extended to him.

During the seventies, year after year, Beecher came to the White Mountains and stayed at the Twin Mountain House. Every Sunday morning he preached in the large hotel parlor. So many persons were attracted to the service that it was necessary to procure a large tent. The region became famous for his sermons.

Bayard Taylor

"At Home and Abroad: A Sketch Book of Life, Scenery, and Men" by Bayard Taylor is written in a very informal manner. Customs, fashions, conversations, all seem grist that comes to his mill, yet the reader finds the
comments highly enjoyable. Taylor had won renown as a world-wide traveler; one is not surprised to find that he often likens New Hampshire to Norway and Sweden and occasionally to Switzerland. He speaks only briefly of his visits to the New England hills, and never does he seem to try to outdo what others had written.

His approach to the mountain district is by way of Lake Winnepesaukee:

"Chocorua with his pyramid of rock, on the right, and peaked Kearsarge on the left, stood in advance, like sentinels at the entrance of the deep, dim valley, whose walls of increasing elevation seemed buttresses, resting against the shoulders of Mount Washington, the central dome-shaped monarch of the group."

He is one of the many who share the opinion that the Saco valley is the finest introduction the visitor may have to the White Mountains. Then the traveler is not plunged suddenly into the wilderness.

"You are carried so gently and with such sweetly prolonged surprise, into their heart,—touched first, as it were, with their outstretched fingers, held awhile in their arms, and finally taken to their bosom. Their beauty wins before their sublimity awes you."

With what liveliness he pictures the preparations for an ascent of Mount Washington from Crawford's, and how the ladies have to exchange their hoop skirts for "collapsed skirts."

"Mr. Gibb, with a list in his hand, took his place like a master of the ring, in the midst of a whirlpool of rough-looking horses, and the travellers mounted as their names were called, the beasts which he had assigned to them. A little confusion ensued, slight shrieks were heard, saddles were adjusted, girths looked after,


2/Ibid., p. 345.

stirrup-leathers regulated, and then, falling into promiscuous lines, we defiled into the bridle path, while the band played, "Away to the mountain brow."

Henry Van Dyke

Henry Van Dyke in "Fisherman's Luck and Some Other Uncertain Things" wrote of the White Mountains in the essay, "Who Owns the Mountains." He was a guest at the Forest Hills Lodge in Franconia. One quite Sunday evening, he and "the little lad" set out for a walk. The boy asks who owns the mountains, and he answers with the names of lumber companies. But the boy, with the logic of the very young, replies that maybe they do, but anyone could look at them. Then Van Dyke, after thinking of the philosophy underlying the little boy's statement, describes the scene that lies before them:

"Far to the east, the long comb of Twin Mountain extended itself back into the untrdden wilderness. Mount Garfield lifted a clear-cut pyramid through the translucent air. The huge bulk of Lafayette ascended majestically in front of us, crowned with a rosy diadem of rocks. Eagle Cliff and Bald Mountain stretched their line of scalloped peaks across the entrance to the Notch. Beyond that shadowy vale the swelling summits of Cannon Mountain rolled away to meet the tumbling waves of Kinsman, dominated by one loftier crested billow that seemed almost ready to curl and break out of green silence into snowy foam. Far down the sleeping Landaff valley the undulating dome of Moosilauke trembled in the distant blue."

1/Henry Van Dyke, Fisherman's Luck and Some Other Uncertain Things. Scribner's, New York, 1899, p. 203.
CHAPTER V

Timothy Dwight
Theodore Dwight
Nathan Hale
Lucy Crawford
Nathaniel Peabody Rogers
William Oakes
Benjamin Ball
Benjamin Willey
Susan N. Carter
Samuel Adams Drake
Julius Ward
Henry M. Burt
Sylvester Beckett
John Bradlee
Samuel Eastman
Moses F. Sweetser
Samuel Osgood
CHAPTER V
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN OTHER LITERATURE
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Timothy Dwight

Reverend Dr. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College from 1794 to 1817 was one of the most daring travelers of the early nineteenth century. Doubtless he was the first whose avowed purpose was health and recreation as well as the securing of information. The first journey he undertook in 1797 and the second in 1803. Nine years later, in the autumn of 1812 and again in 1813, he came on horseback to Lake Winnepesaukee, passing through Plymouth both times and climbing Red Hill on the second trip. He took extensive notes concerning the incidents of the journey and the people whom he met. Downes said that his "Travels in New England and New York" in four volumes contain

"the first appreciative and extended descriptions of the scenery of the region....He may be said to be one of the discoverors of the rare beauties of the lakes, particularly of Lake Winnepesaukee, and his descriptions of the White Mountains have never been excelled."

Starr King was in complete accord with Downes, for he wrote that Dwight's "description of the scenery is still valuable for its particularity and appreciativeness, and an interesting account of the first settlers of Nash and Sawyer's, and Hart's Locations."

2/Starr King, op. cit., p. 41
In 1797 his traveling companion, whom he designates as Mr. L., was a tutor at Yale. They went first to Lancaster and then proceeded through the Notch. His description of the beauties of Crawford Notch, as it appeared in the autumn after a frost, is excellent.

"When we entered the Notch we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale, on which all the objects in view were formed, was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled on each other, by a hand, operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of the ages, recalling to the mind the "Saxum vetustum" of Vergil, speedily rose to a mountainous height."

They stayed overnight at Rosebrook's, and Dwight praises highly the hardihood and persistence that this fifty-year old "Patriarch of the Mountains" had shown:

"This man, with a spirit of enterprise, industry, and perseverance, which has surmounted obstacles, demanding more patience and firmness, than are in many instances required for the acquisition of empire, planted himself in this spot, in the year 1788. Here he stationed himself in an absolute wilderness; and was necessitated to look for everything which was either to comfort or to support life, to those, who lived at least twenty miles from him, and to whom he must make his way without a road."

Dwight tells the tragic story of Nancy. He gives much information about the mountain villages and about the ways of wresting a living from the soil. After leaving the Notch, he and his companion went on to Portland.

When he visited the mountains in 1803, he had three traveling com-

2/Ibid., p. 142.
panions, two were graduates of Yale and the other was a senior. Their purpose was to ride to the Canadian boundary line. They journeyed by way of the Connecticut River, the Lower Ammonoosuc, and visited the Notch on September 30. He stayed again at Rosebrook's and then went by way of Jefferson and Lancaster to Canada.

Theodore Dwight

Early in the nineteenth century another member of the distinguished Dwight family wrote of his travels into the White Mountains; this was Theodore Dwight, Jr., a nephew of Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, who had previously visited the region. Because of ill health, it became necessary for him to give up his theological studies. About 1825, he traveled on horseback, through New England, going up the Connecticut River as far as the mouth of the Ammonoosuc and following that to the White Mountains, going through Crawford Notch, and then returning to Boston.

In 1829, his "Sketches of Scenery and Manners in the United States" was published; in the chapter entitled "The White Mountains," he writes an account of the Willey Slide, a description of the house and

"a long quotation having to do with the description of a storm experienced by a traveler through the Notch who took shelter from the elements in the solitary dwelling when it stood untenanted previous to the advent of the Willeys."

One of the earliest versions of Chocorua's Curse is that recorded here as it was told to him by "the keeper of a small inn." He called the Indian Chocaway; the Indian chieftain has none of the qualities of savagery that later writers attribute to him. Instead he is portrayed as ageing and infirm, managing to eke out a bare sustenance from hunting and from tilling

1/Frederick Kilbourne, op. cit., p. 111.
the soil. The nearest settlements of white men were at Dover, but hunters often came, tracking these extensive forests for deer, bears, and "buffalo." 1/

"One day a band of intruders came, accoutred like half-hunters, half murderers," anxious to get the gold which the government of Massachusetts would pay for every Indian scalp. They told the old Indian that he must die, and they allowed him a moment to pray. His incantation made them shudder:

"He prayed the Great Spirit that "no animal that parted the hoof might ever live on the mountain's side, believing that white men could not subsist without assistance from the labor of the ox, and it is an unquestionable fact, and one to which I am a witness, that the finest cattle begin to lose their vigor on being pastured on that ground, and if kept there a few weeks pine away and die without any assignable cause, and in spite of every precaution and remedy."

The second edition he called "The Northern Traveller," and added information about roads and turnpikes through the Notch. A detailed account of his trip was given in "Things as They Are; of Notes of a Traveller through Some of the Middle and Northern States," which was published anonymously in 1834.

It was the various moods and phenomena of nature that were a never-failing source of joy and wonderment to him--the rain, the clouds, the snow and the ice, the storms and the floods. In speaking of the visitor to the mountains, Dwight says,

"His attention he will often find aroused, his curiosity

1/Theodore Dwight, Jr., op. cit., p. 33.
2/Ibid., p. 34.
3/Ibid., p. 35.
4/Ibid., p. 70.
excited; and probably feelings of solemnity, if not almost of superstition, will crowd upon him, as he sees the path suddenly hidden in a mist, as dense as that which Venus threw around Aeneas at Carthage, and finds himself involved in a shade which his eyes cannot penetrate; he is startled by a shadow passing over neighboring objects, and observed what seems a moody figure, shrouded in white, with face averted and bowed head moving silently and solemnly up the side of a mountain—or a column of heavy form rising perpendicularly to a great height, and suddenly dissipated into nothing."

Perhaps he was the first traveler who described the beauties of the mountain snow scenes:

"The snows by which they are invested during eight or nine months of the year, assume various degrees of light and shadow, from the different directions in which they are struck by the beams of the sun; and the dazzling rays which they sometimes pour back in reflection, seem as if they had been rejected from a surface of polished steel. . . . To the eye of a novice, however, the most singular and unaccountable appearance is sometimes perceived, when the greater part of the mountains are divested of snow and only a mass or two remain to reflect the light of the sun. This dazzling glare is rendered doubly striking by the contrast of the color of the mountains, and the stranger often seeks in vain to account for so singular a phenomenon. No one, it may be boldly affirmed, unacquainted with similar scenes, would be prepared for so brilliant a reflection from a body of snow at so great a distance; and when a cloud intervenes, as is so often the case, with a veil just sufficient to hide the mountain, while the gleam is distinctly perceptible, from its undefined form and its apparent independence of every terrestrial thing, it seems almost like a supernatural light."

Dwight's style is very leisurely, as slow-moving as the pace at which he traveled.

At the turn of the century and continuing into the 40's, travelers like the Dwights and Francis Parkman were deeply impressed by the rugged and stern aspects of the mountains. Dwight was only as far north as where

1/Theodore Dwight, Jr., op. cit., p. 59-60.
the Wild Ammonoosuc joins the Ammonoosuc River when he wrote:

"The traveler does not realize his approach to the White Mountains until he turns off to follow the course of the Wild Ammonoosuc. If he is alone, as I was, he will find his feelings deeply impressed by the gloom of the overshadowing forest trees, the occasional sight of rugged and rocky eminences, and the noise of the rushing stream. I do not know another which so well deserves the epithet of Wild."

How very desolate and savage he found the scene as he neared the very heart of the mountain region!

"When a visitor to the White Mountains begins to get involved among the peculiar scenery which denotes his approach to those magnificent regions, every feature of nature seems to partake of the same general wildness. The rocks overhead the hills look darker, more uncultivated and more inaccessible, the music of singing birds gives place to the discordant notes of birds of prey, and the streams hurry by in a wild and impetuous manner, while the marks of devastation along their banks show with how rude a hand they often brush away the shrubs and flowers, the fields, and sometimes the habitations of men. They seem to partake of the wild and untameable disposition of the savage beasts which drink at their fountains; and when the dashing of their boisterous waters unexpectedly assails the ear of the traveler, he instinctively starts as if a wolf had howled."

One of the most interesting descriptions of the Rosebrook family is the one Dwight gives in telling of his arrival.

"A door was soon opened, and I found nearly a dozen men standing by the walls round a table, courteously waiting for the stranger to take his seat. They looked so rough in features, dress, and complexion, and were so


2/Theodore Dwight, Jr., Sketches of Scenery and Manners in the United States, op. cit., p. 78.

3/Theodore Dwight, Jr., Summer Tours: or Notes of a Traveler through Some of the Middle and Northern States, op. cit., p. 149.
tall and robust, that I felt as if they would hardly own common nature with a puny mortal like me. Over their heads were deers' horns with old hats, and heads of flax hung upon them; and there was an array of the coarsest and shaggiest garments, which intimated that we were hard by the regions of perpetual winter. But a greater hilarity, more good nature, good sense, and ready humour, I rarely witnessed among any dinner-circle of the size. They talked as familiarly of a friendly call on a neighbor six or eight miles deep in the forest, as if it were but a step across the street; and as for wild turkeys, bears,

"And such small deer,
They'd been Tom's food for many a year."

Dwight found that there was a group at Rosebrook's who had planned to climb Mount Washington, so he joined them, and found the ascent thoroughly delightful, if difficult. With Ethan Crawford as their guide, they started by the morning moonlight. He says that he was greatly cheered to find

"the little shelters thatched with birch bark, stuffed with green moss, and strewn with spruce branches where we were to breakfast. A roaring fire was soon kindled between the two wigwams and, stretching ourselves upon the green and sloping couch which had been prepared for the weary, in the warmth of the blaze, and amid the delightful perfume of the evergreen leaves beneath us, we fell asleep. When we awoke, it was broad daylight, even in that valley, of such apparently immeasurable depth; and after a hasty meal of dry bread and flitches of salt meat, roasted in the flame, on forked sticks, with the best of all sauces and the highest spirits, we prepared for the most arduous part of our expedition, which now lay before us. Nature seems rousing from her slumbers; and in such a region motion and repose are alike sublime."

Arriving on the summit, he looked for signs of life, for he states that when a spot is found where men can not exist, he wants to find out what could. His efforts were amply repaid with the discovery of one small black bug! He was much interested in the wood and branches of trees lying

1/Theodore Dwight, Jr., Summer Tours: op. cit., p. 152.
about which he recalled as having been described in an article that he had read some time previously as "stag's horns," a comparison that he thought to be excellent.

Nathan Hale

Nathan Hale came to the White Mountains in 1833. The trip bore literary fruit in his "Notes Made during an Excursion to the Highlands of New Hampshire," signed by "A Gentleman from Boston." Hale writes with quiet humor and great simplicity, using this account of his trip as a point of departure for discussing manners, religion, or government; occasionally there is a description of a mountain panorama that is excellent. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Red Hill as was President Dwight of Yale. "Mountain after mountain seems floating in the midst of many a lake," The dynamic quality of the landscape he especially enjoyed.

"Fix the summer clouds of twilight like a frozen ocean, and their beauty would soon vanish; deprive the mountains of their waving forests, their tumbling cataracts, their immediate accompaniments, and they would be lifeless as the desert. It is the splendid radiance of shifting forms, ever moving, ever assuming new shapes; ever seeming to be animated with active power, ever performing new and singular evolutions, both in the sky and on the earth, and all under the pressure of unseen energy, sensibly referring to some agency; mysterious without fearfulness and superstition; grand without abasement of art; beautiful without a tinge of pettiness; immeasurable, without any standard of comparison, any rule of adjustment, any geometrical outline, any nicety of coloring—that arrest the eye, expand the imagination, absorb every feeling of the heart, and fill the whole soul with inexpressible and contemplative delight."


2/Ibid., p. 53.
Lucy Crawford

If there is one family which, not for one generation alone but for several, is associated with the White Mountains, in both their history and their literature, that family is the Crawfords. There is scarcely a visitor to the White Mountain Notch, in the first half of the nineteenth century, who was not greatly impressed by the hospitality, the good nature, and the great physical strength and stamina of Abel Crawford and his sons. As Benjamin Willey points out, "Ethan Crawford was nearly as well known to all the earlier visitors and of almost as much interest, as Mount Washington itself."

"The History of the White Mountains, from the first settlement of Upper Coos and Pequawket. By Lucy, wife of Ethan Allen Crawford, Esq., White Hills, 1846" is, as Downes, said, "while purporting to be a history of the White Mountains was actually nothing of the sort." In reality it is an autobiography of Ethan Allen Crawford, the "Giant of the Hills." It is highly probable that he himself dictated much of the narrative to her. It is written with utter simplicity and quaintness of style. It is informative, describing the hardihood and courage that were necessary to face the vicissitudes of the wilderness in the early 1800's. It is a plain unvarnished tale told by humble, God-fearing folk. Lucy Crawford's philosophy is that "God always provides suitably for every one who depends upon him and will apply

1/ Benjamin Willey, Incidents in White Mountain History. The Noyes Company, Boston, 1856, p. 80.


3/ Lucy Crawford, History of White Mountains from the First Settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket. Hoyt, Fogg, and Dunham, Portland, Maine, 1845, p. 11.
himself industriously to obtain." She indulges in no flights of fancy; her homely phrases and naive manner make this work deserving of a permanent place in American literature.

In 1792, Captain Eleazar Rosebrook settled in Nash and Sawyer's Location. He was Lucy Crawford's grandfather, and of him, she says,

"I have heard my grandfather say that while living in Monadnock, at one time he went on foot to Haverhill, and bought one bushel of salt, and carried it home, through the woods, on his back, a distance, at that time as they followed the river most of the way, of not less than eighty miles."

Monadnock was the early name for the town of Colebrook.

Eleazar Rosebrook bought out his son-in-law, Abel Crawford, who soon after, rather than to be crowded out by neighbors moved twelve miles down the Saco River into Hart's Location. He was the first guide for the mountain district, and it was he who rode the first horse that ever went up Mount Washington. At that time Crawford was seventy-five years old. He lived to be eight-five and was often referred to as the "Patriarch of the Mountains" and the "Veteran Pilot." Starr King says of Mount Crawford that it is "a perpetual monument to the old patriarch of the district, who kept, for years, a small inn for travellers in this secluded bowl, and drove a team, four in hand, to the Crawford House, when he was over eighty."

Shortly after the twenty-mile turnpike through the Notch to Bartlett was build in 1803, traffic of course increased, it being recorded that "sometimes a hundred sleighs pass through the Notch in a single day." Rose-

1/Lucy Crawford, op. cit., p.11.
brook build a large two-story house for the accomodation of travellers. In 1819 he opened a path to Mount Washington and for more than sixty years entertained travelers and served as their guide. At his death he left his property to his grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, who, with his wife, had patiently cared for him in this last illness.

Ethan was born in 1792 and in 1811 he enlisted in the army for eighteen months. When this period of service expired, he tried farming, building roads, and then settled in Louisville, New York. In 1816, when his grandfather pleaded with him to return home, he came, though he did not intend to stay permanently. He took over Rosebrook's house in 1817. In 1822 he opened a new foot-path to the summit of Mount Washington following the course of the Ammonoosuc River. Spaulding, the historian, says of him,

"He was, in fact, the bold pioneer, who, with his old father opened the way whereby the "Crystal Hills" became known to the world. "Honor to him to whom honor is due." Then let us not be unmindful of Ethan who grappled with nature in her wildness, and made gigantic difficulties surmountable."

Theodore Dwight recorded his feelings as he approached Crawford's in the White Mountain Notch in 1829.

"Being applied to the same humane purpose as the solitary monasteries and strangers' houses in the Alps, the Andes, etc., it excites similar feelings in the traveller who seeks its aid, in the dreary months of the long winters, when nature presents only an aspect fierce and relentless to man. He feels that he is to contest for life, against the blast that would freeze the blood in his veins, as it has covered the mountains with snow and the valleys with ice, and whose power seems illimitable."

In the Crawford account one reads how in the cold winter of 1819,

2/Theodore Dwight, Jr., Sketches of Scenery and Manners in the United States, op. cit., p. 64.
3/Lucy Crawford, op. cit., p. 46.
"It was no uncommon thing to burn in that fireplace a cord of wood in twenty-four hours, and sometimes more." Lucy Crawford records how Ethan never had a hat, a mitten, or a pair of shoes until he was nearly thirteen but never complained of the cold because he was "tough and healthy"; how "the wind comes down through the narrows of the Notch with such violence, that it requires two men to hold one man's hat on, as I have heard them say," and then hastens to add, lest her readers be too credulous, "I have never found it to blow so hard here as to equal this, yet it has blown so hard as to take loaded sleighs and carry them several rods to a stone wall, which was frozen down so firmly that it was impenetrable, and there the sleigh stopped."

She tells how Ethan Crawford built the first hut on the summit of Washington; how he carried on his head a potash kettle weighing four hundred pounds; how he caught a full grown deer four miles from home and as the trap had not broken the leg of the deer and he seemed quite gentle, he thought he would lead him home, but finally he shouldered the deer and made his way homeward; how he caught ten bears in a certain wild glen; how Daniel Webster arrived one afternoon in 1831 and wanted to be guided "up the Hill."

"accordingly consented to, and we went up without meeting anything worthy of note, more than was common for me to find. But to him things appeared interesting, and when we arrived there, he addressed himself in this way, saying 'Mount Washington, I have come a long distance, have toiled hard to arrive at your summit, and now you seem to give me a cold shoulder, for which I am extremely sorry, as I shall not have enough time to view

1/Lucy Crawford, op. cit., p. 64.
2/Ibid., p. 68.
3/Loc. cit.
4/Ibid., p. 139.
this grand prospect which now lies before and nothing prevents but this uncomfortable atmosphere in which you reside."

Tuckerman in his "The Golden Age of the White Hills," says:

"By 1840 the general and beneficent reign of the Crawfords—Abel, Ethan, Harrison, Lucy, and Thomas— a span of sixty years or more was drawing to a close. It has been said with truth that the heroic age of the White Hills expired when Abel Crawford ceased to breathe."

Surely the lives of Abel and Ethan and Lucy are worthy of a place in the sagas of literature.

Nathaniel Peabody Rogers

Nathaniel Peabody Rogers was one of the most brilliant of the early anti-slavery editors. It was he who gave encouragement to Whittier in 1833 after he had published his pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency," favoring immediate emancipation. Two years later, Whittier, together with George Thompson, visited Rogers at his home on the banks of the Pemigewasset in Plymouth. In 1838 he gave up his law practice and went to Concord to edit "The Herald of Freedom." It is said that he had few, if any, equals in his day as a newspaper writer. He also wrote articles for "The New York Tribune" under the signature of "The Old Man of the Mountains." In 1845 he bought a small farm not far from his former home, hoping that he could recover his health. Shortly afterward, in October, 1846, death claimed him.

Whittier in "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" quotes Rogers' description of the mountain scenery as he viewed it from Holderness Mountain.

1/ Frederick Tuckerman, op. cit., p. 1.
and North Hill in Plymouth, now called Mount Prospect, during a visit to
his native valley in the autumn of 1841.

"The little village lay right at our feet, with its
beautiful expanse of intervale opening on the eye like
a lake among the woods and hills, and the Pemigewasset
bordered along its crooked way with rows of maples,
meandering from upland to upland through the meadows....
To the south stretched a broken, swelling upland country,
her champaign from the top of North Hill, patched all
over with grain fields and green wood lots, the roofs of
the farmhouses shining in the sun. Southwest, the
Cardigan Mountain showed its bald forehead among the
smoke of a thousand fires, kindled in the woods in the
long drought. Westward Moose Hillock heaved up his long
back, black as a whale."

He describes the valley through which Baker River flowed, the northern
Franconia mountains, and beyond Mount Washington overtopping them all. To
the south are the Ossipees and the Sandwich Mountains and jewel-like lakes
and ponds everywhere.

In "The Herald of Freedom" of September 10, 1841, there was an article,
"Anti-Slavery Jaunt to the Mountains." He describes the journey from Con-
cord to Plymouth arriving there at sunset. He writes lovingly of the

"Old North Hill with its bare forehead and commanding
peak, which in Scotland would have been crowned with
immortality in a hundred songs, standing there un-
honored and unsung, a black hill top, climbed now and
then for prospect, but chiefly for the blueberries
that grow upon its brow."

On that same trip he describes stopping at Fabyan's. The best prose de-
description of the famous tin horn, six feet long, made by a tinker in

1/John Greenleaf Whittier, Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, op. cit.,
p. 263-264.

2/Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, op. cit., p. 158.
Littleton is given here. Whittier in "The Bridal of Pennacook" had spoken of it:

We had passed
The high source of the Saco, and bewildered
In the spruce belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the clouds,
The horn of Fabyan sounding."

Lucy Larcom in her "An Idyl of Work" mentions it:

They heard the roar
Of Ammonoosuc! Fabyan's breezy horn
Wakening the mountain echoes.

Susan Carter describes it briefly but well: "A bugle blown at this spot starts the echoes, repeating them back and forth, heavier and louder than the first blast; one almost fancies it the music of a band of giants hidden among the trees on the mountain-slope." Rogers said:

"We have heard the bursts from the orchestra of the theater, (a good while ago) the Handel and Haydn concerts, and Zemmer's organ; we have heard the wild laments of the Boston Brass Band, as they with their nodding, black ostrich feathers, swept through Summer Street. We have heard the chants of Westminster Abbey, and the breath of the mighty organ towering up from its chancel like a little church, as it reverberated away among its arches, and along its interminable aisles. But we never heard mortal sounds to be named with the echoes of Fabyan's horn."

This custom begun by Ethan Allen Crawford of sounding welcome to his quests as well as showing to them the unusual echo that can be heard at Giant's Grave gave pleasure, over a long period of years, to visitors.


2/Lucy Larcom, An Idyl of Work, op. cit., p. 123.


4/Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, op. cit., p. 185.
In a letter to a friend, Rogers described his last visit to his native valley in the autumn of 1845. At the beginning of the paragraph, the reader cannot but sense his feeling of nostalgia which reach their climax in the premonitions he had of his own death:

"I have been many a time among those Alps, and never without a kindling of wildest enthusiasm in my blood. But I never saw them till last Thursday. They never loomed distinctly to my eye before, and the sun never shone on them from heaven till then. They were so near me, I seemed to hear the voice of their cataracts, as I could count their great slides, streaming down their lone and desolate sides. Old slides, some of them, overgrown with young woods, like half-healed scars on the breast of a giant....But the Peaks,—the eternal, the solitary, the beautiful, the glorious and dear mountain peaks, my own Moose Hillock and my native Haystacks—these were the things on which my eye and heart gazed and lingered, and I seemed to see them for the last time."

William Oakes

William Oakes of Ipswich, Massachusetts, a distinguished botanist as well as explorer of the White Mountain region, published his folio volume, "The Scenery of the White Mountains" with sixteen lithographic plates from the drawings of Isaac Sprague, in 1848. It was not only the earliest, but also probably the best known and most famous of the illustrated works of the White Hills. Previously he had written a book on the lichens of the White Mountains, and it was while visiting the mountains in order to complete his collection of alpine plants that he conceived the idea of adding to this work a White Mountain Guide with engravings. Then he decided to have the two published in separate volumes. Unfortunately, he was drowned the summer of the year this second book was printed.

1/John Greenleaf Whittier, "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, op. cit., p. 278."
When "The Scenery of the White Mountains" appeared, it was the drawings that attracted the attention, and even today Sprague's sketches of the Profile are among the finest that have ever been done. Yet with the passage of time the four pages of the Introduction and the descriptions accompanying the drawings have received the recognition that they merit. Tuckerman said of them that they "are often eloquent, and marked by rare faithfulness and accuracy."

Oakes' style is graceful and leisurely. One of the finest descriptions is that in which he tells of the appearance of the Great Gulf as seen from Mount Washington in an oncoming storm. Another is that accompanying the plate of Profile Mountain in which he tells of the optical illusion which he observed through a spy-glass over the top of the mountain in October, 1845.

"Near the middle of the afternoon, when the declining sun has just sunk behind the top of the mountain, the spruce and fir trees seen against the sky near the sun, and a large space of the sky above them, are bathed in a pure golden light, bright and intense, in which the branches and trunks of the trees are distinctly visible, but of the same brightness as the surrounding space, as if they were transparent gold. Around this mountain pyre I saw hovering, floating and gliding, issuing and returning, with the most graceful motion, beautiful white birds, like the departed spirits of eastern fire-worshippers around the element they adore. I found, at last, that these phantom birds were thistle down, wafted over the lake by the gentle south wind, in reality quite near the eye, but only visible in the light at the top of the mountain."

Oakes named Mount Clay and Mount Jackson, and the deep ravine to the east

1/Frederick Tuckerman, op. cit., p. 2.

of Mounts Pleasant and Franklin was named for him.

Benjamin Ball

"Three Days on the White Mountains; Being the Perilous Adventure of Dr. B. L. Ball on Mount Washington during October 25, 26, and 27, 1855" is the account of the agonies and excruciating sufferings the thirty-five year old physician underwent. He was an extensive traveler and an experienced mountaineer having made the ascent of the volcanic peak Marapee in Java, and an Alpine peak near the Baines de Loeuk in Switzerland. On his return he expressed the desire to visit the White Mountains to compare them with the finest scenery that he had seen in Europe and in Asia. It was not until the fall of 1855, however, that he was sufficiently free from his professional duties to take even a short trip into northern New Hampshire. Then it was so late in the season that he thought that the October foliage would have lost its splendor. He has described the evening of October 23rd thus:

"The previous evening in making a call at the house of a friend, I met Rev. T. Starr King with whom I conversed respecting the White Mountains at this season of the year. In speaking of their grandeur and beauty, Mr. King remarked, that, although he had visited them several times, yet he should like to visit them in their gray costume of autumn, and in their white robe of winter."

Starr King's remark brought Dr. Ball to a sudden decision, and the next morning he took the train to Portland, thence to Gorham. Arriving at the Glen House, he discussed the weather with Mr. Thompson, the landlord, who suggested that he walk up the new carriage road to the Camp House, but

1/ Benjamin L. Ball, Three Days on the White Mountains: Being the Perilous Adventure of Dr. B. L. Ball during October 25, 26, and 27, 1855. Written By Himself. Nathaniel Noyes, Boston, 1856, p. 7.
under no condition to go further. Once there, however, he wanted to go up over the Ledge. A sleet ing, driving rain forced him, exhausted and thoroughly chilled, to go back to the Camp House. From the vividly written account and by his own admission, he knew he was being foolhardy when he went against the advice of men far more wise than he in the knowledge of storms on Mount Washington. After being caught in the storm the first day, why must he persist in going back up above the tree-line to see if he could reach the summit? But persist he did! The reader experiences, by turns, pity, amazement, sorrow, disgust, and surprise in suffering vicariously with him. The description strikes terror to one's heart:

"If ten hurricanes had been in deadly strife with each other, it would have been no worse. The winds, as if locked in mortal embrace, tore along, twisting and whirling, and mingling their roaring with the flinty rattling of the snow-grains in one confused din."

He was without food, shelter, or fire for sixty hours during which time there was only ice to be had to quench his thirst. He had no sleep for eighty hours. His medical knowledge and the realization that he must not go to sleep, together with his umbrella, no doubt were largely responsible for saving his life.

How could a man endure so much cold and yet live?

"The storm pours down as if I was the only object of its wrath, and as if avenging itself for some unknown offense. Blasts of the confused elements grapple each other, in rapid succession, and envelop me in commingled sheets of impenetrable snow. The wind, encircling me with its powerful folds, presses the cold to my very vitals, colder than the coldest robe of ice."


2/ Ibid., p. 27.
No wonder that the members of the searching party who found him were completely astonished to find him alive! One is not surprised that it was not until the following March, after months of excellent medical care, that his health was moderately restored!

**Benjamin Willey**

"Incidents in White Mountain History" published in 1856 by the Reverend Benjamin G. Willey, who served as pastor of the Congregational Church in Conway, was the first actual history of the whole mountain region. When it was revised and edited by Frederick Thompson in 1870, it appeared under the title of "History of the White Mountains." Like Lucy Crawford's "History of the White Mountains," it contains many stories, quaintly told, of the lives of the pioneers and their struggles against adversities, Indians, wild beasts, storms and floods. The most interesting part of the book is the two chapters containing probably the best account of the Willey Slide. The author is writing from more of a subjective viewpoint, it must be remembered, than any of the others, for he was the brother of Samuel Willey, Jr., whose family was destroyed the night of the avalanche in August, 1826.

After the turnpike through the Notch had been built in 1803, and traffic had increased, taverns and inns to accommodate the travelers were found to be a very profitable business. There is some doubt as to when the Willey House itself was built; perhaps it was as early as 1795. At any rate, it had been occupied for some years when Ethan Allen Crawford engaged it in 1823. In 1825 Samuel Willey, Jr., of Upper Bartlett moved his family into it. Benjamin Willey tells how, although the place was isolated, nothing, with one exception occurred to make the family fearful. One rainy
afternoon in June, 1826, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, looking from a window, saw a mass of earth begin to move, and increasing in extent and volume, slid into the valley below. Another lesser avalanche followed. At first Samuel Willey thought that he would move his family elsewhere, but Abel Crawford strongly advised him not to, and he did not.

The weather in the summer of 1826 was hotter than usual. There was a severe drought. On Monday, August 28, there were occasional showers during the day, followed in the late afternoon by heavy black clouds. Benjamin Willey, viewing them from North Conway, said of the skies:

"As they sailed up the giant outline of mountain range extending from Chocorua peak northward for miles, till you come to the White Mountains, and then, pressing upon them, covering them fold after fold with their dark solemn drapery, I could but think of the march of Napoleon, and the measured tread of his infantry, loaded heavily with armor, moving on to some warlike encounter."

The severe thunder-storm was followed by a terrific downpour which continued for hours. At some time during the night came the avalanche that took the lives of nine persons.

The next morning there was evidence everywhere of the devastation caused by the storm, the scarred mountain side, the flooded intervales, the impassable road, yet, strangely enough, there were no fears for the Willey family. Not until Thursday morning was a search begun. The house gave the appearance of the family having left in great haste, but the building itself was intact. Theodore Dwight, in giving his account of the Willey Slide, said, "One of the slides one hundred feet high, stopped within three feet

1/ Benjamin Willey, op. cit., p. 117.
of the house." After Samuel Drake has given the history of it, he inquires
the reason that so many tourists and travelers are so affected. Surely
there have been worse fates, and accidents involving the loss of many more
lives. His answer seems to be logical: "It seems altogether natural to
the place. The ravine might well be the sepulcher of a million human beings,
instead of the grave of a single family."

Susan N. Carter

William Cullen Bryant came to the White Mountains in 1847. He climbed
Mount Washington and spent a few days in Franconia Notch. He wrote no poems
concerning the mountains, perhaps because his many duties as editor of the
"Evening Post" kept him very busy. As editor of "Picturesque America; a
Land We Live In" he included in Volume I a chapter on "The White Mountains"
by Susan N. Carter.

She at first describes a stagecoach journey from Center Harbor to North
Conway. She writes with charm and grace and takes almost a sensuous de-
light in color and smell and sounds.

"Driving over the mountain-road in a hot summer after-
noon, one watches the great hill-tops come up like
billows, one after another, from the sea of mountains
round about, as the coach winds and twists among them.
The soft afternoon light and atmosphere rest over the
land, which, as the sun sinks lower, becomes streaked
with pale bars of light when the sides and shoulders
of the hills are developed by the failing day. All
at once over their sides, bands of a still softer blue
appear, which, after interlacing the mountains for a
while, are succeeded by a cool purple that steals up
these hill-sides, and chases in its path the sunny
haze; and this in turn gives place to a pinkish gray

1/ Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 81.
2/ William Cullen Bryant, Editor, op. cit., p. 152.
of almost rosy hue, each tint changing from minute to
minute, till they are all finally merged in a dark-purple
tone, over which rests a tint as soft as bloom on a plum
enwrapping each mountain-peak clear cut against the
evening sky."
The peak of Chocorua, "sharp and proud" dominates the scene for miles
around.

With a light deftness of touch she describes the pink and purple tints
of the sunset lights on Mount Washington. She greatly admires the beauty
of the scenery at Conway; its curving streams, its intervales, its hills
in the distances, settings which she pronounces "almost feminine." Not
only the hills, but the village itself, and the gentle meadows of the Saco
add to the soft charm of this very "Arcadia of the White Hills." The climax
of her account is the description of the view from Mount Washington:

"A sea of mountains stretches on every hand; the near
peaks, bald and scarred, are clothes with forests black
and purple, and sloping to valleys so remote as to be
very insignificant. Beyond the near peaks, grand and
solemn, the more distant mountains fall away rapidly
into every tint of blue and purple glittering with lakes,
till the eye reaches the sea-line ninety miles away."

Samuel Adams Drake

In 1882 Samuel Adams Drake published his "The Heart of the White
Mountains," one of the finest treatments of the legends and traditions and
the scenery of the mountains. It is worthy of a place beside Starr King's
classic, "The White Hills." Drake has the gift of taking his reader with
him whether it is to the summits of the Presidential Range, or to see the
Fall of a Thousand Streams in Tuckerman's Ravine. His appeal to universal

1/William Cullen Bryant, Editor, op. cit., p. 152.
2/Ibid., p. 162.
experience makes the reader murmur to himself, "Yes, this is just the way I felt when I was there."

Drake often likens the mountains to castles; again and again the reader notes the use of such terms as citadel, parapet, bastion, crown, turret, tower, rampart, fortress; armored knights, gauntlets, burnished steel, armor plate, corselet, prince, monarch, potentate, king, queen,—it would seem that Drake had steeped himself in the stories and histories of the medieval period. He has a penchant for unusual adjectives that would make his style clearly recognizable anywhere: castellated, sepulchral, imperial, formidable, Herculean, and arabesque which he uses with recurring frequency. Jewel-like colors appeal to him as they did to Starr King: lapis-lazuli, garnet, amethyst, sapphire, turquoise, ruby, and emerald.

There are many excellent descriptions of the crystalline whiteness of winter scenes. These he seems to prefer to autumn colorings. From the top of Mount Kearsarge he views the panorama before him:

"I looked across the valley where Mount Mountain reared its magnificent dark wave. Passing to the north side, the eye wandered over the wooded summits to the silvery heap of Washington, to which frozen, rose-colored mists were clinging. A great ice-cataract rolled down over the edge of Tuckerman's Ravine, its wave of glittering emerald. It shone with enchanting brilliancy, cheating the imagination with the idea that it moved; that the thin spectral rose from the depths of the ice-cold gorge below. There gaped, wide open, the enormous hole of Carter Notch; there the pale-blue Saco wound in and out of the hills, with hamlets and villages strung along its serpentine course; and, as the sea sparkling like a plain of quicksilver with ponds and lakes unnumerable between."

Again he writes of an attempt to ascend Mount Kearsarge in 1876 although two-thirds of the mountain was snow-covered:

1/ Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 51.
2/ Ibid., p. 47.
"I was up early enough to surprise, all at once, the unwonted and curiously-blended effect of moonlight, starlight, and the twilight of the dawn. The new moon, with the old in her arms, balanced her shining crescent on the curved peak of Moat Mountain. All these high, surrounding peaks, carved in marble and flooded with effulgence, impress the spirit with that mingled awe and devotion felt among the antique monuments of some vast cemetery. Glittering stars, snow-draped summits, black mountains casting sable draperies upon the dead white of the valley, constituted a scene of sepulchral pomp into which the supernatural entered unchallenged. One by one the stars went out. The moon grew pale. A clear emerald, overspreading the east, was reflected from lofty peak and tapering spire."

He can describe with brevity and terseness:

1/ "In the west arose the shattered peak of Monroe--- a mass of splintered granite, conspicuous at every turn for its irreclaimable deformity."

2/ Of Mount Washington, "the cupola of New England."

3/ On entering the snow arch in Tuckerman's Ravine, "It was like joining January and July with a step."

4/ Of Kearsarge for which he shows a special fondness. "It patronizes Moat, measures itself proudly with Chocorua, and maintains a distant acquaintance with Monadnock."

5/ Of the comparison between the peaks of the Presidential range, "But for refinement of form, delicacy of outline and a predominant inexplicable grace, Adams stands forth here without a rival."

6/ "The absolutely regal Lafayette."

7/ "The granite parapet of Mount Cannon."

1/Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 160.

2/Ibid., p. 188.

3/Ibid., p. 164.


5/Ibid., p. 52.

6/Ibid., p. 164.

7/Ibid., p. 232.
Unlike Starr King who is inclined to look at the hills and all pertaining to them through "rose-colored glasses" and to omit anything that is unpleasant to the eye, Drake does depict wild and desolate places to give the reader a feeling of awe-stricken wonder; this is evident in the paragraph describing Frankenstein Cliff:

"Thrust out before us, athwart the pass, a black and castellated pile of precipices shot upward to a dizzy height, and broke off abruptly against the sky. Its bulging sides and regular outlines resembled the clustered towers and frowning battlements of some antique fortress built to command the pass. Gashed, splintered, defaced, it seemed to have withstood for ages the artillery of heaven and the assaults of time. With what solitary grandeur it lifted its mailed front above the forest, and seemed even to regard the mountains with disdain. Silent, gloomy, impregnable, it wanted nothing to recall the dark abodes of the Thousand and One Nights, in which malignant genii are imprisoned for thousands of years."

Or in describing Imp Mountain in the Carter chain:

"One imagines that some goblin, imprisoned for ages within the mountain, and suddenly liberated by an earthquake, exhibits its hideous countenance, still wearing the same look it wore at the moment it was entombed in its mask of granite."

From Darby Field's ascent three hundred years ago, the view from the summit of Mount Washington has been extolled many times. Drake's description is without a peer in American literature:

"All seemed chaos. On every side the great mountains fell away like mists of the morning, dispersing, receding to an endless distance, diminishing, growing more and more vague, and finally vanishing on a limitless horizon neither earth nor sky. Never before had such a spectacle offered itself to my gaze. The first idea was

1/Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 73-74.
2/Ibid., p. 94.
3/Ibid., p. 189.
of standing on the threshold of another planet, and of
looking down upon this world of ours outspread beneath,
the second, of being face to face with eternity itself.
No one ever felt exhilaration at first. The scene is
solemnizing. But by degrees order came out of this
chaos. The bewildering throng of mountains arranged
itself in chains, clusters, or families. Hills drew
apart, valleys opened, streams twinkled in the sun,
towns and villages clung to the skirts of the mountains
or dotted the rich meadows; but all was mysterious, all
as yet unread. Comprehending at last that all New
England was under my feet, I began to search out certain
landmarks."

He concludes, rightfully, that the view is inferior to that of mountains
of lower altitudes because everything does lie below the observer; there is
need of a crowning point. One mountain should be monarch of them all. The
beauty of the view "resides rather in the immediate surroundings, than in
the extent of the panorama, great as that unquestionably is."

Throughout Drake's volume, the reader's interest is sustained, partly
because of his style of writing and partly because he enlivens the pages
with amusing anecdotes from his own personal experiences, and the dialogues
between the Colonel and George. He has the old stage drivers tell their
bear stories. He visits Dr. Samuel A. Bemis of Notchland at the base of
Mount Crawford; it is Dr. Bemis who has probably named more of the White
Mountains than any other person.

Julius Ward

The Reverend Julius H. Ward's "The White Mountains; a Guide to Their
Interpretation" contains descriptions of the mountains and the thought and
emotions that were evoked as he observed them or stood on their summits.
The essays appeared originally in the Boston Sunday Herald. He, like Starr

1/Samuel Drake, op. cit., p. 191.
King, is exhilarated by their beauty and the grandeur, and he endeavors to kindle a like spirit within the reader’s heart. The style is somewhat strained, and the descriptions seem, at times, over-elaborate. One longs for greater simplicity and fewer superlatives. After all, page after page of ecstasies do become monotonous; there are, however, occasionally passages of singular beauty. Ward, like so many others, is particularly fond of Chocorua. This description of it is fairly typical.

"It commanded my larger life. It did not fill me with awe, as Mount Washington does; it did not shut up my soul within itself as Mount Carrigain did; it did not send out my spirit on the mountain breeze as Mount Lafayette does; it did not fill me with a sense of my littleness as the view from the Glen does; it awakened joy; it brought peace; it was as if I were in a boat on the Vesuvian bay, the spirit of the breeze, the freedom of the sea matching the freedom of the mountain outlook, the spirit as light and glad as were the airy nothings in the sky that gave it wing and made it their confidant, the whole world moving to the rhythmical harmony that was borne into the silence of the soul as the message of Nature to man."

In an article in the "New England Magazine," he describes the shifting scene as seen from the summit of Mount Washington and then from Bethlehem;

"You look out upon it and see it crowned with clouds, which apparently move not, and yet rest not, but brood upon the mountain as if they had a mission to its soul. You think that this will last forever; but even while you are thinking about it there is a rift in the vapor, and the sunlight brightens the dark mass, and the bald peak of Mount Washington stands out against the hazy sky in full sharpness of outline,—and you see and feel that the clouds are simply phantoms of the air, made of the baseless fabric of a vision, not the realities which they seem to be. At another time, from the gates of Bethlehem, you look out to the east and see the shadows of the clouds


moving up its western slopes with the majesty and the regularity of an army with banners, and there they move for hour and hours as if the battalions of the sky would never complete their procession."

John H. Spaulding

Another book appearing about the middle of the century was John H. Spaulding's "Historical Relics of the White Mountains" published on the summit of Mount Washington in 1858. It is an interesting collection of Indian legends, traditions, unusual and foolhardy adventures experienced in the mountains region. There is the account of the man who climbed the mountain barefooted, of another, who made the ascent in one hour and fifty-seven minutes, of the woman, dressed like a Swiss peasant, who ascended the mountain without a guide by way of Tuckerman's Ravine, of the woman who weighed two hundred and thirty pounds who won a wager of a thousand dollars by climbing from the Glen to the summit and returning the same day, of Lizzie Bourne, of Dr. Ball, of Benjamin Chandler. It is not, on the basis of historical accuracy or literary merit to be classed with Lucy Crawford's "History of the White Mountains" or Benjamin Willey's "Incidents of White Mountain History."

Henry M. Burt

The White Mountains are unique in that Mount Washington has the distinction of being the first mountain in the world to have had a newspaper published on its summit, and for many years it was the only one. The attention of Henry M. Burt of Springfield, Massachusetts who was to be the editor, was first drawn to the White Mountains by the reading of Starr King's "The White Hills." Burt had first visited Mount Washington in 1866 and

again in 1874. This second time he was detained on the summit by a storm. The lack of reading material suggested to him the idea of having a newspaper. "Among the Clouds" was established July 18, 1877, and it was published during the summer seasons for over thirty years. It was an eight-page, six-column sheet printed in the front room of the old Tip Top House which for seven years served as a printing office; thereafter it was printed in its own building. When the building was destroyed by fire in 1908, the paper was discontinued.

Guide Books

Of significance to the avid reader and the lover of the White Mountains, although not of literary value, are the guide books. William H. Downes writes, 2/ "Guide Books, I hardly need to remind the reader, are oftentimes much more entertaining than books of travel which might be supposed to have higher literary pretensions."

Sylvester B. Beckett's "Guide Book" is not at all the usual one. His description of watching the dawning of a new day from the summit of Mount Washington is unusual. Perhaps he was one of the earliest to sing the praises of the beauties of the White Mountains in winter.

John Bradlee in his "Guide to the White Mountains" describes the mountains in winter as well as in summer. There is apparent a striking resemblance in his descriptions of light and shadow and of cloud effect to those of Starr King.

A third is the "White Mountain Guide Book" by Eastman. His felicity

of phrase, his manner of likening the scene to a type of person set this
1/ apart from the others; "There is a youthful and masculine energy in the
Glen Ellis Fall. The Crystal Cascade shows rather a feminine, maidenly
delicacy and grace." Writing of the view from the summit of Mount Washing-
ton, he 2/ says,

"One might easily fancy it the Stonehenge of a pre-
Adamite race,—the unroofed ruins of a temple, reared
by ancient Anaks long before the birth of man, for
which the dome of Mt. Washington was piled as the
western tower."

Sweetser's "A Guide to the White Mountains" published in 1876 is
probably the most indispensable of all; it contains the necessary infor-
mation and facts and figures together with about one hundred sixty quo-
tations, exclusive of those of Starr King, quotations which are chosen
with admirable judgment and suggestive of the traditions and the folklore
of the early settlers. The only criticism of this work is that sources
of the quoted material are not always given.

1/ Samuel C. Eastman, op. cit., p. 60-61.
2/Ibid., p. 63.
CONCLUSION

The White Mountains, comprising a very limited area and of comparatively low elevation, have inspired, during the hundred year period from 1800 to 1900, much fine literature. Nearly every writer who visited these northern hills recorded his impressions. The great poets, preachers, essayists, short-story writers, and journalists of the nineteenth century have written of the mountains. Paradoxically enough, almost without exception, not one of the interpreters of the mountain region during this hundred year period were native to the northern part of New Hampshire. However, one would be naturally led to suppose that if the beauty of the hills made an appeal to the visitor, how much greater would be their appeal to the person born and brought up under their shadows. An interesting study would be to make a similar survey of nineteenth century literature inspired by the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, or the Adirondacks of New York to see if a similar conclusion were warranted.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Ball, Benjamin L., Three Days on the White Mountains: Being the Perilous Adventure of Dr. B. L. Ball during October 25, 26, and 27, 1855. Written By Himself, Nathaniel Noyes, Boston, 1855. 72 p.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


At the North of Bearcamp Water: Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from July to December, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1893. (3) 297 p.


From Blomidon to Smoky and Other Papers, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1894. 278 p.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Bradlee, John E., (Publisher) *Pocket Guide to the White Mountains and Lake Winnipiseogee*, John E. Bradlee, Boston, 1862. 113p.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books

Caverly, Robert B., Chocorua in the Mountains. An Historical Drama. Published by the Author, Boston, 1885. 351p.


Cochrane, Clark B., Voices from the Granite Hills, Cupples and Patterson, Boston, 1894. x (2) 120p.

Crawford, Lucy, History of White Mountains from the First Settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket, Hoyt, Fogg, and Dunham, Portland, Maine: 1845. 204p.


Heart of the White Mountains, Their Legend and Scenery, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1882. xii, 318p.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Summer Tours: or, Notes of a Traveller through Some of the Middle and Northern States, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1847. 252 p.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Hillard, George S. (Editor), The Boston Book, G. W. Light, Boston, 1841. xi, 352 p.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


________________ Poems, Field, Osgood, and Company, Boston, 1891. x, 275 p.


Longfellow, Samuel, A Few Verses of Many Years, Privately printed, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1887. 104 p.


Lummis, Charles Fletcher, Birch Bark Poems, Conant, Boston, 1883. 9 p.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Among the Northern Hills, Harper Brothers, New York, 1895. 203p.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books

   vii, 363 p.

   xv, 368 p.

---


---

*Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, 1850. 304 p.

Willey, Benjamin Glazier, *History of the White Mountains*, Isaac N. Andrews,
   North Conway, N.H., 1870. xii, 296 p.

---

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Periodicals


C. "Legend of the White Mountains." Ladies Magazine (March, 1828) 1: 133-159.

Colby, Fred M. "The White and Franconia Mountains." Bay State Monthly (May, 1885) 3: 76-96.


Davis, Franklin Ware. "In the Chocorua Country." Granite Monthly (September, 1895) 19: 176-186.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Periodicals


Goodall, Frances H. "Chocorua." Granite Monthly (September, 1910) 44: 271-274.


Higginson, Thomas W. "A Day in Carter Notch." Putnam's Monthly (December, 1853) 2: 672-678.


BIBLIOGRAPHY

Periodicals


Musgrove, Eugene R. "Whittier, the Poet of the White Hills." Granite Monthly (July, 1903) 35: 3-8.


Sedgwick, Catherine M. "The White Hills in October." Harper's Magazine (December, 1856) 14: 44-56.

SLADE, Daniel D. "In the White Mountains with Francis Parkman in 1841."

