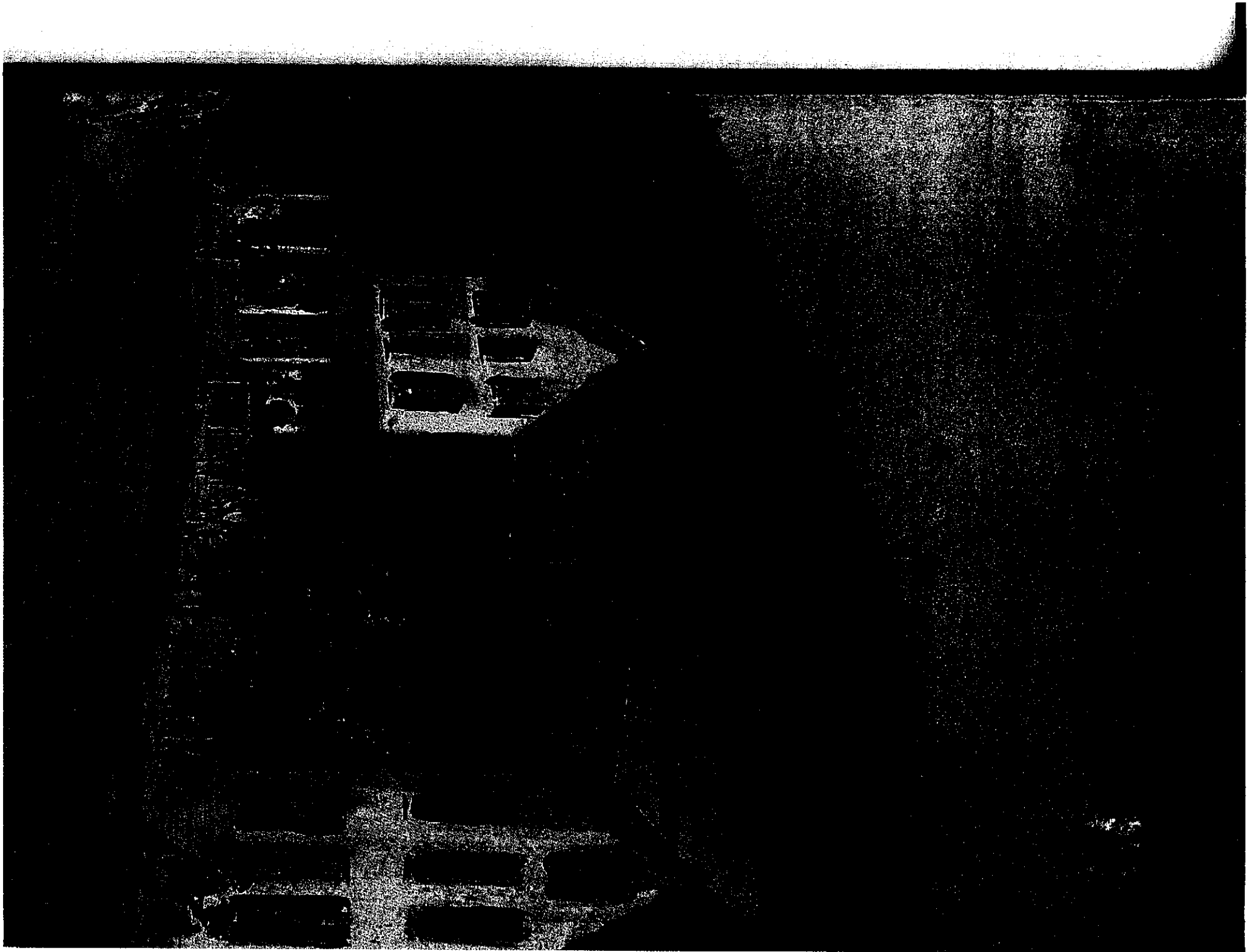

The Grand Resort Hotels and Tourism in the White Mountains

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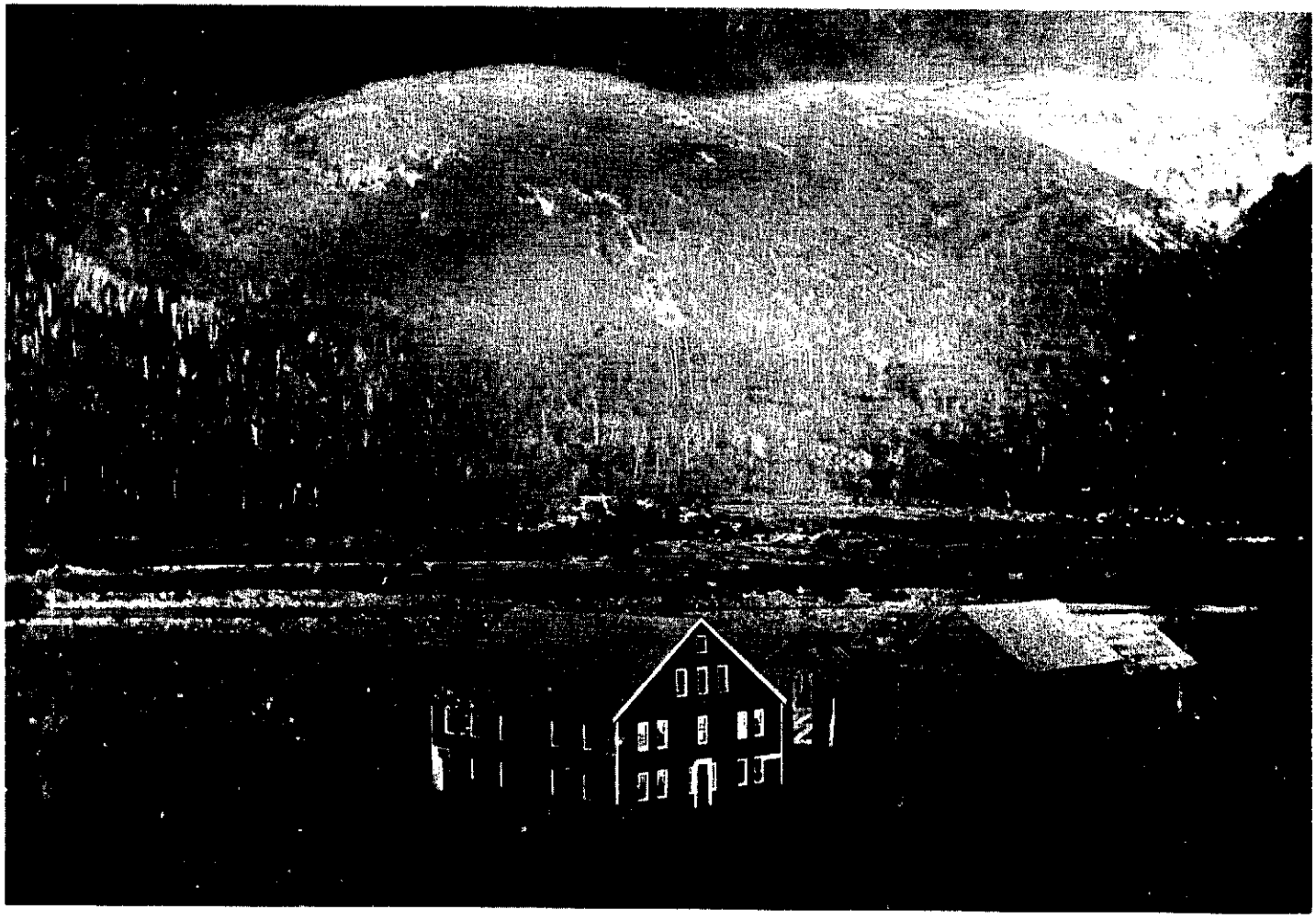
Cover Illustration: Watercolor of the Crawford House, Crawford Notch, N.H., by James Badger Bachelder (1825–1894). NHHS Collections.



Mount Crawford House, Crawford Notch, N.H. Daguerreotype by Dr. Samuel A. Bemis, c. 1840. This very early photograph of outstanding quality pictures Abel Crawford's tavern (popularly known as "Old Crawford's), and is the work of a pioneering photographer who purchased the property. Courtesy of Gilman Paper Company Collection, New York, N.Y.

Early White Mountain Taverns

James L. Garvin

Together with the home and meeting house, the tavern building was essential to New England life in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The tavern provided for every need of the person or creature on the road. It offered shelter, warmth, and light after dark; food for man and animal; a secure place to impound the herds and droves that once filled New England's roads; a place for the traveling world to exchange news and goods with the settled world; a place to hold public, corporate and private meetings; and, a refuge for those who were sick or injured away from home.

Tavern buildings tended to reflect the architectural norms of the community. In older and more prosperous towns, taverns had capacious kitchen fireplaces and brick ovens, sometimes more than one of each. Such taverns usually supported extensive larders, having ample pantry space, large cellars for storage, and well-framed barns offering provender for animals. Many taverns had enclosed bars for liquor, which was considered essential for any physical undertaking until temperance reformers introduced other ideas in the early nineteenth century; bars often had a hinged wicket that could be hooked to the ceiling when the bar was open and locked when no liquor was being served. Many taverns boasted a number of comfortable feather beds, although rugged teamsters and drovers, accustomed to hard fare, were frequently permitted to wrap themselves in bearskins and

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lie on the floor or in plain wooden bunks. Some taverns had spacious ballrooms, frequently also employed as comfortable locations for meetings or public entertainments. Even in cities, taverns often maintained extensive kitchen gardens for fresh vegetables; in the country, gardens were supplemented by large orchards for cider and fenced fields where traveling livestock could graze.[1]

By contrast with this image of comfort and plenty, taverns in frontier areas were far apart and were sometimes little better than hovels. When Jeremy Belknap attempted to scale Mount Washington in 1784, he found no tavern north of Macmillan's in Conway. The only house on Belknap's route north through what is today called Pinkham Notch was that of Benjamin Copp in present-day Jackson. The road through Pinkham Notch, which had been authorized by the provincial government twelve years earlier, had been untraveled for years and was already "grown up with bushes as high as a man's head on horseback, full of wind-fallen trees, deep mires, and broken bridges." Belknap and his party were obliged to follow slowly behind a "pilot," who cleared the new growth with an axe.[2]

Under such circumstances, travelers of the late 1700s were happy to find even the rudest public house in the rugged territory within the White Mountains. This was especially true in the narrow defile that later took the name of Crawford Notch—a place that mapmaker Samuel Holland simply called "The Notch" in 1784, and that Belknap, unaware of Franconia Notch, called "the western notch." The dangers of this bleak pass had been proven in December 1782, when Nancy Barton, a servant at Col. Joseph Whipple's plantation in present-day Jefferson,

1. For further information on taverns in New Hampshire, see Donna-Belle Garvin and James L. Garvin, *On the Road North of Boston: New Hampshire Taverns and Turnpikes, 1700–1900* (Concord, N.H.: New Hampshire Historical Society, 1988), especially chapter 2, "The Tavern Building."

2. "The Belknap Papers," pt. 2, *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, vol. 3, 5th ser., p. 171. For Belknap's sketch map of his route, see ibid., opposite 188.

attempted to follow her absconding lover on foot to Portsmouth. After traveling twenty-three miles, the girl succumbed to cold and fatigue, "wrapped herself in her long cloak, lay down under a bush whose branches covered with a heavy weight of snow were like the lead of a table, fell asleep, and died."[3] About a month later, her frozen body was found in the notch and buried beside the stream that has since borne the name of "Nancy's Brook."

Although the route through the notch had been discovered in 1771, there was no shelter for travelers along the way until about 1788. Journeying through the White Mountains in 1797, Yale College president Timothy Dwight, an inveterate traveler and chronicler of his own adventures, visited Eleazer Rosebrook (1747–1817), whose dwelling was the first in the area to be opened as a public house. Rosebrook's solitary place, which Dwight described as "a log hut, in which he has entertained most of the persons traveling in this road during the past eight years," was located about four miles north of the gate of the notch on the side of a glacial esker long known as Giant's Grave. Despite its simplicity, Rosebrook's house stood within a cleared farmstead of 150 or 200 acres, had two large barns, and provided Dwight with "comfortable beds, good food, and excellent fare for our horses." "But for this single man," continued Dwight,

3. Timothy Dwight, *Travels in New England and New York*, ed. Barbara Miller Solomon with the assistance of Patricia M. King, 4 vols. (1821–22; reprint, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, Belknap Press, 1969), 2:102–3. Dwight gives the date of 1782 for this "melancholy event," but does not supply Nancy Barton's name. Theodore Dwight, Jr., *The Northern Traveller, and Northern Tour*, 5th ed. (New York: Goodrich & Wiley, 1834), 304–5, gives the date of 1773 for Nancy's death. George C. Evans, *History of the Town of Jefferson, New Hampshire, 1773–1927* (Manchester, N.H.: Granite State Press, 1927), 103, supplies Nancy's surname as "Baron or (Livesmore)" and gives the date of her death as 1788. Lucy Crawford, *Lucy Crawford's History of the White Mountains* (Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club, 1978), 98–100, gives a detailed version of the story. Still another version of the story, in which Nancy's lover is not portrayed as unfaithful, is given by Anne Royall, *The Black Book, or a Continuation of Travels in the United States*, 3 vols. (Washington, D.C.: By the author, 1828–29), 2:385–86.

> it is not easy to conceive how the road could well have been traveled at all. The distance between the houses previously built is so great and the region so inhospitable that travelers would always have been exposed to suffer, and in the cold season to perish, and their horses to starve, were it not that they here found the necessary shelter and supplies. What these hardships and exposures mean you cannot conceive, and will naturally smile at the assertion that a log house can be of so much consequence.

Returning in 1803, Dwight was gratified to find Rosebrook "in possession of a large, well-built farmer's house, mills, and various other conveniences, and could not help feeling a very sensible pleasure at finding his industry, patience, and integrity thus rewarded."[4]

Rosebrook was not the first to occupy the site at Giant's Grave. A year or two before Rosebrook's arrival, his son-in-law, Abel Crawford (c. 1765–1851), had begun to clear the site. After relinquishing the property to his father-in-law, Crawford moved some twelve miles south into the notch. Here, he occupied one of those rare tracts of "interval land" or flood plain that Belknap had noted on his trip southward through the notch in 1784, and established himself as the patriarch of a family of mountaineers who would dominate the tavern era in the White Mountains. Like his father-in-law, Crawford opened his house as a tavern.[5]

This inn, which became known as the "Mount Crawford House" or "Old Crawford's," stood at the locale later named Bemis (for Samuel A. Bemis, a subsequent owner) or Notchland.

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4. Dwight, *Travels*, 2:96–97. Dwight gives the date of Rosebrook's arrival at Giant's Grave as 1788. Crawford, *History*, 22–23, dates Rosebrook's arrival at 1792, and later authors have repeated this date. For further reminiscences of the Rosebrook tavern, see ibid., 177–79, 243–47.

5. Crawford, *History*, 22. For an obituary of Abel Crawford, who died "at the advanced age of 86 years," see the *Portsmouth Journal*, July 26, 1851. For an extended biographical sketch of Abel and Ethan Allen Crawford, see Georgia Drew Merrill, comp., *The History of Coos County*, facsimile of the 1888 ed. (Somersworth, N.H.: N.H. Publishing Company, 1972), 439–43.

Here, as Dwight proclaimed in 1797, "the mountains assumed the form of an immense amphitheater, elliptical in figure, from twelve to fifteen miles in length, from two to four in breadth, and crowned with summits of vast height and amazing grandeur."[6]

We cannot know what sort of dwelling Abel Crawford first built here. Sometime in the early 1800s, however, he replaced his first house with a comfortable, broad-gabled tavern that would have looked inviting even in a more settled locale. As recorded in a series of daguerreotypes made around 1840 by Dr. Samuel A. Bemis (1789–1881), a later owner, Abel Crawford's tavern stood amid large barns and outbuildings, surrounded by a hundred acres of cleared land and by an orchard of 700 trees.[7]

The best description of this mountain tavern was given by Mary Jane Thomas, who passed through the notch in the summer of 1831.

> I can distinctly remember the appearance of the house of Abel Crawford as we entered it—The inevitable bar room on the right—its white floor carpeted with sand, where those of the "male persuasion" mostly congregated—the goodly array of bottles behind the bar, the tempting display of pipes and tobacco on the mantel shelf, offering irresistible inducement to the most of them—On the other hand the nicely scrubbed white floor, guiltless of carpet or even mats—6 hardbottomed wooden chairs, one common rocking chair with its plethoric cushion of feathers, the fire place filled with green branches, the mantel with two oil lamps at one end,

6. Dwight, *Travels*, 2:102.

7. Bemis' daguerreotypes were among the earliest photographs made in North America; see Beaumont Newhall, *The Daguerreotype in America* (New York: Dover Publications, 1976), 30–31; and Richard S. Field and Robin Jaffee Frank, *American Daguerreotypes from the Matthew R. Isenburg Collection* (New Haven: Yale University Art Gallery, 1990), 35–36. The Mount Crawford House was enlarged in 1848, but Bemis' photographs show it as originally built. For an extended description of the tavern, see Florence Morey, "Abel Crawford and His Mount Crawford House," *Appalachia* 30 (June 15, 1954): 1–9.

> and two candles of domestic manufacture at the other—some ordinary prints on the wall, a small looking glass, under which was a table containing . . . a Bible, a hymn book, an almanac, and some New Hampshire Patriots . . .[8]

In this comfortable tavern, whose description is a near match for that of every other New Hampshire inn of the period, Mrs. Thomas found a supper table "arranged in rather primitive fashion" but laden with a wholesome meal composed of baked beans, bread "made from wheat raised on the paternal acres, from which the sweetness and nutriment had not been *bolted out*," berries, honey in the honeycomb, cream, and butter.

By the time of Mrs. Thomas' excursion, the road through the notch had been vastly improved from the horse path on which Nancy Barton had perished in 1788. In 1803, the road was taken over by the proprietors of the Tenth New Hampshire Turnpike. This private corporation was empowered to run a lottery to raise funds to widen and improve the highway in return for the privilege of collecting tolls from its users.[9] The turnpike corporation widened the road by blasting ledges at some of its steepest parts, leveled it by constructing causeways of logs and earth, and built twenty-three bridges along its length; prior to those improvements, "the road passed over the summit of the rocks, at so precipitous a pitch that the farmers were obliged to carry their produce on its way to Portland over that part of the road themselves, assisting their horses by means of ropes and the bridle up the ascent."[10] Despite the work of the turnpike corporation, the road was described as late as 1842 as

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8. Harriet S. Lacy, ed., "Reminiscences of the White Mountains," *Historical New Hampshire* 28 (Spring 1973): 37–52.

9. New Hampshire, Laws, December 28, 1803, Chapter 40.

10. Theodore Dwight, Jr., *The Northern Traveller*, 302, 305–6; *New-Hampshire Statesman and Concord Register*, November 4, 1826; E. T. Coke, *A Subaltern's Furlough: Descriptive of Scenes in Various Parts of the United States* . . . 2 vols. (New York: J. & J. Harper, 1833), 2:148.

> . . . wilder, the farther you penetrate. The road becomes rougher, ascends higher, & plunges deeper into gloom, and the sides grow steeper and more jagged. And particularly at a place called the Elbow, the cavernous descent into which you look from the road is so savagely torn & distracted, so to speak, by the confused mingling of black depths and contending masses of old and young trees, & scattered & monstrous rocks, while the heights above are perhaps higher than anywhere else, that the scene is more imposing than in any other part.[11]

Despite the awe-inspiring and dangerous nature of this highway even after its transformation into a turnpike, the road was traveled more heavily in the winter than in the summer during early tavern days. At this period, commercial traffic greatly exceeded that of pleasure-seekers. Frozen roads and snow were the allies of teamsters, and it was during the coldest months that most of New England's freight found its way to market. In 1838, the traveler Harriet Martineau described the cycles of traffic on the road:

> During the long season of thaw, no one comes in sight. . . . During two months, August and September, while the solitaries [who live in the notch] are trying to get some sort of harvest out of the impracticable soil, while bringing their grain from a distance, a flock of summer tourists take wing throughout the region. Then the Crawfords lay down beds in every corner of their dwellings, and spread their longest tables, and bustle from morning till night, the hosts acting as guides to every accessible point in the neighbourhood, and the women of the family cooking and waiting from sunrise till midnight. After the 1st of October comes a pause—dead silence again for three months, till the snow is frozen hard, and trains of loaded sleighs appear in the passes. Traders from many distant points come down with their goods, while the roads are in a state which enables one horse to draw the load of five. This is a season of great jollity; and the houses are gay with roaring fires,

11. Bryant F. Tolles, Jr., ed., "'Journal of a Tour to the White Hills': An 1842 Chronicle by Samuel Johnson," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 120 (January 1984): 12.

> hot provisions, good liquor, loud songs, and romantic travelers' tales—tales of pranking wild beasts, bold sleigh-drivers, and hardy woodsmen.[12]

The truth of this picture is proven by the *New-Hampshire Spectator* of April 23, 1831, which gives "the following facts, received from Mr. Crawford: During five days in the latter part of January last, four hundred and sixty-two horse teams passed his house. Three nights in succession, in the same month, he put up, on the first night 124 horses, on the second 86, and on the third night 137 horses, and 80 two-horse teams passed on, which could not be accommodated."

As Abel Crawford was improving his property, change had also overtaken the old Rosebrook stand at Giant's Grave. In 1816, suffering from cancer, Rosebrook had summoned one of his grandsons to come and care for him and his farm. That grandson was Ethan Allen Crawford (1792–1846), one of Abel's sons. A youth filled with privation and hard work had given the young Crawford a stoical indifference to hardship; he had matured into a young man of immense strength, capable of lifting a 500-pound potash cask two feet and placing it gently in a boat.[13] Standing "six feet two and a half inches in height, and proportionably made," as Anne Royall reported, Ethan Allen Crawford soon came to be known as "the giant of the hills."[14]

Ethan Crawford arrived at Rosebrook's tavern in 1816, and the following year brought his cousin Lucy Howe to help him nurse the ailing grandfather. Ethan and Lucy married in November 1817, following Rosebrook's death. The following July, just after the birth of their first child, the Crawfords watched as the fine, two-story Rosebrook tavern and all its contents were consumed by fire starting from a neglected candle.[15]

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12. Harriet Martineau, *Retrospect of Western Travel*, 3 vols. (London: Saunders & Otley, 1838), 3:60–61.

13. Crawford, *History*, 28–29.

14. Royal, *The Black Book*, 2:386.

15. Crawford, *History*, 33–38.

The Crawfords immediately began again, moving a small house to the vicinity of the old tavern and finding travelers flocking to their door during the winter of 1819. The new building was only twenty-four feet square, and, as Ethan later recalled, "Lucy would many times have to make a large bed on the floor for them to lie down upon, with their clothes on, and I would build a large fire in a large rock or stone chimney that would keep them warm through the night. It was no uncommon thing to burn in that fire-place a cord of wood in twenty-four hours, and sometimes more."[16]

Despite this ebb in their fortunes, the Crawfords noticed that the following summer brought another kind of traveler: gentlemen who came specifically to climb and explore the mountains. In 1819, Ethan and his father Abel "made a foot path from the Notch out through the woods, and it was advertised in the newspapers, and we soon began to have a few visitors."[17] This was the beginning of the famous Crawford Path, now considered to be the oldest continuously-used mountain trail in North America.[18] The handful of curious travelers of 1819 and the humble taverns of the Crawfords thus presaged the vast tourist industry that found its fullest expression in the grand hotels of the latter half of the century.

With the encouragement of an increasing summer business to supplement the traditional wintertime travel through the notch, Ethan and Lucy Crawford enlarged or rebuilt their tavern in 1824 and 1825, with a new stable and shed the following year. Accounts agree that the house was painted red and that it

16. Ibid., 40.

17. Ibid., 41. For some of the earliest users of the Crawford Path, see Gary Thomas Lord, "Alden Partridge's Excursions to the White Mountains in the Early 1820's: The Emergence of Modern Views of the Mountain Environment," in *Darby Field and His Indian Guides: Native Americans and Europeans in the White Mountains*, Mount Washington Observatory, 1994.

18. Paul T. Doherty, "Pathway of the Giant: The History of the Crawford Path," *Appalachia* 37 (December 15, 1969): 595–610.

sported a pair of moose antlers over its doorway, from which it derived the popular name of "The Old Moosehorn Tavern." Having a flair for showmanship and a gift for embellishing his own legend, Ethan Crawford furnished the tavern with pet deer, a semi-tame wolf, and a peacock. Guests delighted alternately in the thundering echoes from small artillery pieces that Crawford fired from the Giant's Grave until the cannons exploded from enthusiastic overcharging, or in the "chorus of sweet responses from the far hill sides" awakened by a mountain horn.[19]

Several other taverns served travelers through the White Mountains. A small dwelling, sometimes called the "Notch House," had been constructed at one of the narrowest points of the notch road, part way between Rosebrook's and Abel Crawford's, about 1792.[20] Theodore Dwight, Jr., Timothy's nephew, noted in 1826 that this tavern "has sometimes been uninhabited during the summer season, [but] in winter a family occupied it to keep a fire, lodgings, and a little food, for travelers and wagoners who might otherwise perish."[21]

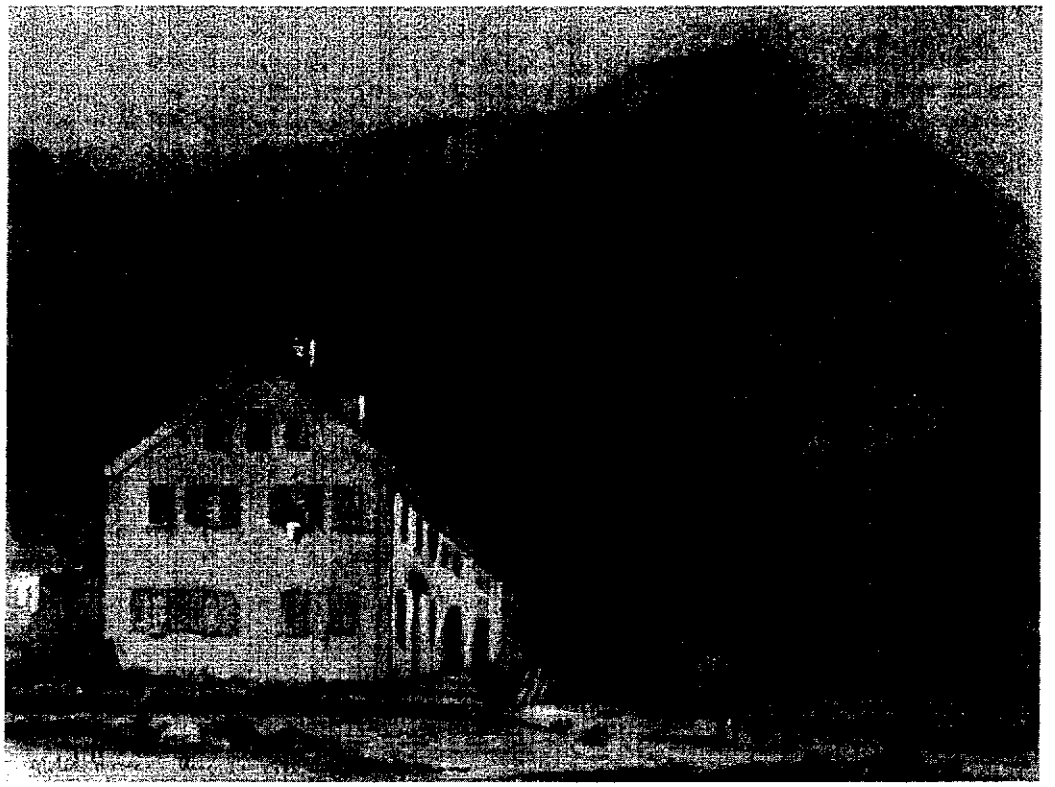
In the summer of 1826, this little house was occupied by Samuel Willey, Jr., and his family and hired men—nine people in all. The Willey name was destined to be added to that of "frozen Nancy" in the tragic annals of the notch.

Among those who were exploring the White Mountains for pleasure at the end of August 1826, was Jacob Bailey Moore, a young printer from Concord. Ethan Crawford guided Moore and his party to a mountain shelter on the side of Mount Washington, then returned to his tavern and sent his brother Thomas to take his place. At about five in the morning of August 28, the mountaineers were overtaken by wind and rain, which increased in intensity until they saw "the trees and shrubbery

19. Crawford, *History*, 58, 132–33; Harriet Martineau, *Society in America*, 2 vols. (New York: Saunders & Otley, 1837), 1:169.

20. Crawford, *History*, 176. Writing in 1845, Crawford says that the old Notch House was built "about fifty-three years ago by one Mr. Davis."

21. Theodore Dwight, Jr., *The Northern Traveller*, 305.



New Notch House (1828–29), Saco Lake, Crawford Notch, N.H. Wash drawing, 1845, by James Elliot Cabot. Built in 1828 by Ethan Allen Crawford and kept as a hotel by Thomas Jefferson Crawford from 1829 until 1852, the Notch House became one of the most famous of the White Mountain taverns. It stood at the Gate of the Notch, below the ledge called Elephant Head. NHHS Collections, Neg. F3592.

bending in every direction, and above them the bare rocks smoking, as it were, from the violence of the storm. . . . and the sudden gusts swept over our heads, dashing down streams of water upon us." The party barely succeeded in crossing swollen streams, using trees felled by Thomas as makeshift bridges, finally gaining the Moosehorn Tavern "as the winds drove down from the mountains through the valley—mingling their roar with that of the [Ammonoosuc] river, which now tumbled along in a white foam, like a tremendous cataract."[22] The following morning, as Ethan Crawford reported, "all was still and silent excepting the rushing sound of the water as it poured down the hills, leaping over huge precipices and centering in one vast ocean in the valley beneath."[23]

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22. J. B. Moore, "Account of the Storm and Avalanches at the White Mountains, in 1826," *Collections of the New-Hampshire Historical Society* 3 (1832): 224–32.

23. Crawford, *History*, 86.

The fears of those north of the notch now focused on those within the narrow valley below. As soon as the waters receded, anxious rescuers entered the notch. "The road from Crawford's down to the Notch House," as Moore later recounted,

> was a perfect ruin—the bridges being all torn up, deep gullies and new streams formed along the path, and masses of rocks of great size thrown together, apparently by the waters—which, in some places along the road, must have risen to the height of 20 or 25 feet. . . . Nearly in range of the [Notch] house, a slide from the extreme point of the westerly hill came down in a deep and horrible mass to within about five rods of the dwelling, where its course appears to have been checked by a large block of granite, which, falling on a flat surfaced, backed the rolling mass for a moment, until it separated into two streams—one of which rushed down by the north end of the house, crushing the barn, and spreading itself over the meadow—the other passing down on the south side, and swallowing up the unfortunate beings, who probably attempted to fly to a shelter, which, it is said, had been erected a few rods distant. . . . The house remained untouched, although large stones and trunks of trees made fearful approaches to its walls, and the moving mass, which separated behind the building, *again united in its front!*[24]

Newspapers throughout the region immediately reported this horrifying incident, which instantly entered New Hampshire legend and soon became part of New England literature.[25]

In 1827, increasing tourism along the highway (much of it focused on the locale of the Willey slide) seemed to warrant the building of a new tavern at the very gate of the notch. "Having a disposition to accommodate the public," Ethan Crawford later wrote, "and feeling a little self-pride to have another Crawford

24. Moore, "Account of the Storm . . .," 229–30.

25. *New-Hampshire Patriot & State Gazette*, September 4, 1826; repairs to the road are described in the *New-Hampshire Statesman & Concord Register*, November 4, 1826. For an account of the literary significance of the slide, see John F. Sears, *Sacred Places: American Tourist Attractions in the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), 72–86.

settled here . . . I consulted with my father, and we agreed to build there and place a brother of mine in the house."[26] Accordingly, the Crawfords assembled the materials for a large house frame of 120 feet in length and 36 in depth, and in the early months of 1828 hauled lumber to enclose the building and bricks for the chimneys. The tavern was finished during the summer by a crew of professional joiners, and was ready to open under the management of Thomas Jefferson Crawford in January 1829. "It being a new thing," wrote Ethan, "and so convenient and accommodating, he had a great share of the winter company."[27] Before long, Thomas also had much of the summer company, since the Crawford's old mountain path began close to the tavern and made the house a favorite of naturalists and explorers.

The new tavern appropriated the name of the "Notch House," formerly applied to the ill-fated place occupied by the Willeys in 1826. Thanks largely to an engraved view published by William H. Bartlett in 1838 and later copied in lithographs by Isaac Sprague and Currier and Ives, the Notch House became the most widely-illustrated of the White Mountain taverns. As proven by a daguerreotype of the building made by Samuel Bemis around 1840, the Notch House was a staunch and attractive building that had none of the picturesque sags and irregularities portrayed by imaginative printmakers.

The opening of the new Notch House in 1829 marked the final happy chapter in the Crawford's struggle to provide simple hospitality in the White Mountains. In the fall of 1831 a William Denison from Jefferson quietly bought a house a short distance west of Ethan Allen Crawford's tavern. Opening a rival inn he called the White Mountain House, the interloper induced stage drivers to stop at his tavern by offering free feed for their horses. Greatly troubled by Denison's opportunism (which included inviting his guests to use one of Crawford's hard-won mountain paths), Crawford borrowed $1,500 from a bank in

26. Crawford, *History*, 103.

27. Ibid., 111.

"Furniture Belonging to the Willey Family," stereo by Clough & Kimball, photographers, Concord, N.H., c. 1870. In 1826, a fateful landslide left one of the area's early taverns intact while burying its fleeing inhabitants. This stereoview, showing items recovered from the abandoned building, reflects the public's fascination with this event. NHHS Collections, Neg. 265G.

Concord and erected a new two-story tavern building (or an addition to the old one) measuring sixty by forty feet, with a two-story piazza facing Mount Washington.[28] In the autumn of 1833, Crawford proclaimed to the newspapers that

> . . . he has his "*new* house," which is to be the largest in the county, and which by right of preoccupancy, he proposes to christen as the "*Old* White Mountain House," almost finished; painted "inside and out;" plastered and papered "in good style," ready to receive company—can accommodate "28 couple" and more if *necessary* . . ."[29]

28. Ibid., 135–42, 149–50.

29. *Dover Gazette & Strafford Advertiser*, September 3, 1833. This article in-

Crawford's venture proved ill-fated. Sick in body and distracted in mind, Crawford was unequal to the task of managing his hotel, and ultimately lost it through foreclosure. It burned in 1853. All traces of the tavern disappeared with the leveling of Giant's Grave in 1872–73 during construction of the Fabyan House on the same site.[30]

In 1851, Thomas Jefferson Crawford likewise attempted to advance from tavern to hotel, building the structure that became the first Crawford House but selling the unfinished building to a syndicate. His former tavern, the Notch House of 1829, became a mere annex for overflow guests at the larger hotel and burned in 1854.[31] This left only the original Notch House (then preserved as a relic and called the Willey House) and "Old Crawford's" as the survivors of the first age of tavern-building in the region. Both disappeared around 1900, erasing all remnants of the rude but heroic era that had given birth to travel in the White Mountains.

cludes a statement of Ethan Allen Crawford's complaints against William Denison, which are also alluded to in Coke, *A Subaltern's Furlough*, 2:149.

30. Crawford, *History*, 212–22.

31. *Portsmouth Journal*, January 4, 1851 and June 17, 1854.