

Devil's Cave, situated on Mt. Crawford, which we were assured has an opening of fifty feet in width, but which aperture, from the railroad level, looked no larger than an ordinary plate. The railroad track is also a curiosity, for it runs at the base of one mountain, which towers thousands of feet above, while you can look down into the valley just as far again;—this part of the mountain is called "Crawford Notch."

Here, also, thousands of feet below, it was barely possible for us to discern a two story and attic frame building, known as the "Willey House," of which the following interesting story is related:—

"In the year 1829 the house was inhabited by a family named Willey, who gained a livelihood by farming. One night they had retired to bed early, as was their wont, not dreaming of danger, when they were startled by a loud, rumbling noise, whose significance they only too well knew;—it portended that terrible phenomenon, "a land-slide.

"They rushed out of their dwelling, intending to get out of harm's way, and had gone only a short distance, when the moving mass of earth and stones overwhelmed them and they all miserably perished. The house, queer to say, was not harmed in the least." The path of the slide was plainly marked on the side of the mountain. We arrived at our hotel, the Crawford House, at about 5 o'clock that afternoon; it is prettily situated in a small valley, from which there are only two outlets, and is hemmed in on all sides by mountains; the hotel was well patronized, every room being engaged. Here, as indeed everywhere on our whole journey, we found quite a number of New Yorkers. We had a very fine supper, one course of which consisted of fried mountain trout,—small but delicious.

Here we had an opportunity of seeing the full moon, slowly but surely, rise above the mountain top. After a good night's rest, the party arose early, and a visit was