

# LEAVITT'S POEMS.

— OF THE —

White and Franconia Mountains, N. H.

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I suppose you have heard of the Androscoggin  
Where Pingre & Coe have done a pile of log  
ging?

And then you have heard of the Berlin Falls,  
Where the water pitches and foams through  
between two mighty walls?

On the opposite shore stands the Glen Corpora-  
tion,

The greatest paper mill in the nation;  
Thirty-nine feet head on the wheel,  
They can grind spruce logs as fine as meal.  
They take spruce logs into that mill soon as  
light

And make them into paper before night.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six  
The Willey mountain down did slip;  
It missed the house and took the barn,  
If they'd all staid in they'd met no harm

It being in the dark of night  
The Willey family took a fright,  
And out of the house they all did run  
And on to them the mountain come.

It buried them all up so deep  
They did not find them for three weeks,  
And three of them were never found  
They were buried there so deep in the ground.

I just come up through the Pinkham Notch  
And to the Glen House I did stop.  
They have built a new house and called it Glen  
And it is kept by C. R. Milliken.

The top of the house is painted green  
And is the most wonderful house that ever  
was seen;

And Solomon's temple did not begin  
With the finish of the Glen.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-three  
The coldest summer I ever see,  
The Lafayette mountain down did slip  
And knocked that flume all to pieces very  
quick;

Come down at eleven o'clock in the forenoon  
And knocked that big rock right out the  
flume.

General Wentworth's Castle in the air,  
Greatest castle you can find anywhere;  
He's got a fireplace that is ten foot wide  
With three windows in the chimney side.

The Tuckerman's Ravine,  
The most wonderful place that ever was seen.

I went over to St. Johnsbury the other day,  
I stopped so long I like to never got away.  
I walked into the Congregational Church,—  
The outside was stone the inside was birch,—  
I walked up in to the pulpit and made a speech,  
It sounded good as far as it would reach.  
I then went up the Passumpsic railroad line,  
It was the best railroad I ever did find;  
They soon took me up to Magog lake  
And there I was wide awake.

And on that lake we had some fun  
Looking at the Yankees and Englishmen.  
I then went up to Beeby Plain—  
I should like to go there again—  
They had a campmeeting in the wood,  
Every word they spoke it sounded good,  
And the man that spoke his name was Hiram  
Monger,  
And when he speaks his voice roared like  
thunder.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-five  
Cherry Mountain down did slide,  
Past Bordrow's house with a lightning flash,  
Give Stanley's house and barn a smash.  
It buried all his cattle, horse and hogs,  
And covered his farm all over with mud and  
logs;

It buried Walker under the slide,  
They took him out, four days he died.  
Now people are coming far and wide  
To see that great and wonderful slide.  
To Stanley it wan't much of a loss,  
He saved the cow and saved the horse.  
Great loss to Walker, he lost his life,  
If he had lived one day longer he would mar-  
ried Stanley's girl for his wife.

The Old Man of the Mountain will at you grin;  
It is sixty feet from his nose to his chin,  
And ninety feet across his face,  
And it is quite a curiosity to see that place.

I went up in Tuckerman's Ravine and lay down  
to sleep,  
Some spirit up to me softly did creep  
And said: "Frank Leavitt, wake up and print  
your rhymes,  
Everybody will buy them if it is hard times."

Glen Ellis Falls  
Pitches over two mighty falls.