

LEAVITT'S POEMS

OF THE

White and Franconia Mountains, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY FRANKLIN LEAVITT, LANCASTER, N. H.

Entered according to an Act of Congress in the year of our Lord, 1890, by Franklin Leavitt in the office of Librarian of Congress at Washington District.

THE KILKENNY SMASHUP.

Eighteen hundred and ninety has come,
Frank Leavitt has made another poem and got it done;
It tells you all about the Kilkenny railroad,
And how they got smashed up with a big load.

Len. Crouch run the Mount Washington engine.
Run over the Kilkenny railroad many a time.
And on that railroad he always took down a big load.

And in the winter of eighty-nine,
He run on this road all the time.
And when eighteen hundred and ninety come,
They gave him another engine to run.
And he went up and took a big load,
And started down the railroad.

He went up all right but coming back,
Just below Rowell's farm the engine jumped the track.
And when the engine struck a stump,
The fireman and brakeman jumped.

And in a minute's time Crouch was smashed all up fine,
With a carload of logs on top of the engine.
And when he was taken out his hand was on the brake,
And he was burned in an awful shape.
And he will be missed throughtout the state,
For running an engine he was great.

I went up to see that railroad wreck,
I watched the other train when it came back;
Such logging I never see before,
Done in Kilkenny or Lancaster Gore.

Twelve cars all loaded to the top of the stakes,
Come thundering along and it made the earth shake;
They went like lightning down the hill,
And in a few minutes all was still.

I want to see them engineers,
And tell them not to have much fears;
For if they run into a stump,
Just toot the whistle and then all jump;
And let the whole carload go,
Down to the Lancaster depot.

January 31, 1890.

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Entered according to act of Congress in the year of our Lord 1825, by Franklin Leavitt in the office of
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Eighteen hundred and fifty-one
The Glen House was begun,
They worked upon it 'till they got it done,
'Tis the nearest house to Mount Washington.
Thompson built it and named it Glen.
And it is kept now by a man named Milliken.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six
The Willey mountain down did slip,
It missed the house and hit 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 the house they all did run
And on to them the mountains 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.

The Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad line
Starts through the notch of the White Mountains about nine,
And is the best railroad I ever did find.
They have good conductors and engineers too,
When "all aboard" they'll put you through.

The White Mountain snowdrifts are very high,
When the snow plow strikes them it makes them fly.

Sometimes they fly up in the air,
Then all on board it will scare.
But I, for such things don't stand aside
Because I was the mountain guide.

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.

Franconia Mountains are very high
You will find it so when you pass down by.
The Echo Lake, too, is in sight,
But it was so dark I couldn't see it in the night

When I got up to Echo Lake
There I had an awful scrape,
I hollered and hooted loud as I could yell
But the echo did not sound very well.

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.

The Profile house is in Franconia Notch,
And is a good place to stop,
And when you see the Profile you will laugh,
And the house is kept by Greenleaf & Taft

Alfred Mudge's printing press
I really believe it is the best;
He prints my maps and prints them neat,
No. 32 on Scholl Street.

When I got up to Winnepiseogee Lake
There I was wide awake
At the upper end of the Winnepiseogee
There the ground is awful rocky,
And about that Lake there is something queer,
There is as many islands as days in the year.

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.

Glen Ellis Falls
Pitches over two mighty walls.

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*Entered according to act of Congress in the year of our Lord 1885, by Franklin Leavitt in the office of
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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 want 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 married
Stanley's girl for his wife.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad line
Brings up a big load every time;
And on that road you will have some fun,
They will carry you up to the top of Mt. Wash-
ington.

When I got up to Winnipiseogee Lake
There I was wide awake
At the upper end of the Winnipiseogee
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And about that Lake there is something queer,
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With three windows in the chimney side.

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

Glen Ellis Falls
Pitches over two mighty walls.

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.

And if you want a pleasant ride
Come on the Jefferson Railroad to the Slide;
And then come up to Jefferson Hill
You will find them hotels all well filled;
And if you want to know the rest
Just come up to Jefferson and they will feed you
on the best.

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.

Franconia Mountains are very high
You will find it so when you pass down by.
The Echo Lake, too, is in sight,
But it was so dark I couldn't see it in the night

When I got up to Echo Lake
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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.

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Greatest castle you can find anywhere;
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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.

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