

LEAVITT'S POEMS

— OF THE —

White and Franconia Mountains, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY FRANKLIN LEAVITT, LANCASTER, N. H.

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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.