

Poetry

John Smith.

BY A. L. CRELTON.

When I was younger than I am,
A score of years or so
I liked the picture in my book
Of John Smith lying low
Of old Powhatan, with his club
Uplifted high in air
And Pocahontas dusky maid
Who saved him then and there.

But now the picture's lost its charm,
And pleases me no more.
John Smith has died a thousand deaths,
Yet lives to be a bore
He teaches, preaches and he pleads,
A lawyer at the bar,
And full as numerous as his name,
The man's professions are.

He has so many styles and shapes,
No two of them the same,
That one would never know the man,
If 'twere not for his name,
But yesterday he was quite small—
Can we believe our eyes?
To-day, he's a very large and tall;
A man of portly size.

Though turned to ashes, like the bird
We read of in the myth,
Speedily would he arise
Re-phoenixed—plain John Smith
Tis vain to try to keep him down
Beneath the heavy clod,
For John is bound to see the sights
On this side of the sod.

Kill him in every railroad smash,
Or drown him in the sea
You soon will see him round again
A rising man is he
To-day he gets a frightful scald,
To-morrow has a sprain,
And then we read that he is dead
With softening of the brain.

And next, we learn he's lost his wife,
We call to sympathize
Lo! there is Smith as large as life,
Quite reddish at the eyes,
He buried Mrs. Smith at two,
Marries again at three,
And then is suing for divorce
Before the hour for tea.

But time is short. I cannot pause
In truthful words to tell
How many thousand accidents
The numerous John befell.
How many thousand times he died,
And came to life again,
And, still as numerous as before,
He walks the haunts of men.