Poetry

John Smith.

BY A. L. CANTON.

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.
And Pocahontas dusky maid
Who saved him, him 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 not for his name.
But yesterday he was quite small—
Can we believe our eyes?
To-day he's very large and tall;
A man of portly size.

Though turned to ashes, like the bird
We read of in the myth,
Speedily would be arise
Re-phocnliod—plain John Smith
His 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 to be.
To-day he gets a frightful scalp,
To-morrow his sprain,
And then we read that he is dead
With softening of the brain.

And next, we learn he's lost his wifT
We call to sympathize.
Lo! there is Smith as large as life,
Quite red-dish at the eyes.
He buys Mrs. Smith at two.
Marries again at three.
And then he is suing for divorce
Before the hour for ten.

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.