

SELECTED POETRY.  
THE GAME OF LIFE.

This life is but a game of cards,  
Which mortals have to learn;  
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack,  
And each a trump doth turn;  
Some bring a high card to the top,  
And others bring a low;  
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,  
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,  
And pack their cards with care,  
So they may know when they are dealt,  
Where all the leaders are;  
Thus fools are made the dupe of rogues,  
While rogues each other cheat;  
And he is very wise, indeed,  
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,  
The counting cards to save;  
Some play the deuce, and some the ten,  
But many play the knave;  
Some play for money, some for fun,  
And some for worldly fame;  
But not until the game's played out  
Can they court up their game.

When hearts are trump we play for love,  
And pleasure rules the hour—  
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy,  
In Beauty's rosy bower;  
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,  
Our cards at random play,  
And while our trumps remain on top,  
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the  
The players stake their gold, [pack,  
And heavy sums are lost and won  
By players young and old;  
Intent on winning, each his game  
Doth watch with eager eye,  
How he may see his neighbor's cards,  
And beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war,  
On ocean and on land;  
For bloody horrors always come  
When clubs are held in hand;  
Then lives are staked instead of gold,  
The dogs of war are freed—  
Across the broad Atlantic now,  
See! clubs have got the lead!

Last game of all is when the spade  
Is turned by hand of Time;  
He always deals the closing game  
In every age and clime.  
No matter how much each man wins,  
Or how much each man saves,  
The spade will finish up the game  
And dig the player's graves.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSOME.

There was once a little slim-built fellow,  
rich as a Jew, riding along a highway  
in the State of Georgia, when he  
overtook a man driving a drove of hogs,  
by the help of a big rawboned six-foot-  
two specimen of humanity. Stopping  
the last-named individual, he accosted  
him:

"I say, are those your hogs?"

"No, sir; I am at work by the  
month."

"What pay might you be getting,  
friend?"

"Ten dollars a month, and whiskey  
thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here, I'm a weak, little  
inoffensive man, and people are apt to  
impose upon me d'ye see. Now, I'll  
give you twenty-five dollars a month to  
ride along with me and protect me,"  
said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added,  
as a thought struck him, "how might  
you be on a fight?"

"Never been licked in my life," re-  
joined the six-footer.

"Just the man I want. Is it a bar-  
gain?" queried Gardner.

Six-footer ruminated.

"Twenty-five dollars; double wages;  
nothing to do but ride around and  
smash a fellow's mug occasionally, when  
he is assy."

Six-footer accepted. They rode along  
till, just at night, they reached a vil-  
lage inn. Gardner immediately singled  
out the biggest fellow in the room, and  
picked a fuss with him. After consid-  
erable promiscuous jawing, Gardner  
turned to his fighting friend and in-  
timated that the whipping of that man  
had become a sad necessity.

Six-footer peeled, went in, and came  
out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the  
same scene was re-enacted, Gardner  
getting into a row with the biggest man  
in the place, and six-footer doing the  
fighting.

At last, on the third day, they came  
to a ferry, kept by a huge, double-fisted  
man, who had never been licked in his  
life. While crossing the river, Gard-  
ner, as usual, began to find fault, and  
"blow." The ferryman naturally got  
mad, threw things round, and told him  
his opinion of their kind. Gardner then  
turned to his friend and gently broke  
the intelligence to him, "that he was  
sorry, but it was absolutely necessary  
to thrash the ferryman."

Six-footer patted his head, but said  
nothing. It was plainly to be seen  
that he did not relish the job by the  
way he shrugged his shoulders; but  
there was no help for it. So when they

reached the shore, loth stripped and at  
it they went. Up and down the bank,  
over the sand, into the water, they  
fought, scratched, gouged, bit and rolled,  
till at the end of an hour the fer-  
ryman gave in. Six-footer was triumphant,  
but it had been rough work. Go-  
ing up to his employer, he scratched  
his head for a moment, and then broke  
forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary  
sets mighty well—but I'm—of—the—  
opinion—that you're inclined to be  
quarrelsome. Here, I've only been  
with you three days, and I've licked the  
three biggest men in the country! So  
this firm had better dissolve; for you  
see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're in-  
clined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon  
I'll draw."

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

President Johnson is still following  
the tailoring business—  
(The radicals call it the Tylering  
business)—

But that don't make any difference—  
He is giving Sumner and Stevens  
fits, and—  
Is making breeches in the Republi-  
can party.

It don't suit them a bit.  
He has sewed up Forney—  
The tailor's goose has turned out to  
be a dead duck.

Andy don't like patchwork—  
Otherwise called amendments.  
The Republicans will have enough to  
do mending their ruptured party, with-  
out troubling the Constitution.

The radicals don't like the spirit of  
Johnson's speech—  
They say it is the spirit of Rye.

We should think so, from the way it  
rile! them.  
The Republicans now spell the name  
of the second month, Feb-rue ary.

They rue the President's speech.  
We don't blame them.  
The Freedman's bureau was to have  
been composed of many drawers—from  
the public treasury—

It was fitting that it should be bro't  
to a close (clothes).  
In view of his many letters, Governor  
Cox may be said to be all write—  
From the way they pitch in to his  
last epistle—

MY COURTSHIP.

When I was sixteen, I fell in love.—  
There was nothing remarkable in that,  
for most young men of that age do the  
same thing. But what I am going to  
tell you is, how my courtship terminat-  
ed.

It was at a party I saw Sallie B—  
who was one of the sweetest girls in  
Ticktown; and I tell you, she looked  
sweet in her white muslin ball dress,  
with her hair falling loosely over her  
shoulders.

I got an introduction, danced with  
her once, twice, thrice, and I was just  
the happiest man in all Ticktown.

Well, at last the party broke up; but  
I had an invitation to call on Miss B—  
That was all I wanted, and I didn't  
sleep much before Sunday evening—  
for that was the time I'd fixed to call.

I called; saw Miss Sallie to church  
—saw her home; and when I left I had  
a pressing invitation to call again, and I  
did not forget it, I assure you.

At the end of a month I was com-  
pletely gone. At last I resolved to  
"pop the question," and fixed on my  
next visit for the time, studied Court-  
ship made Easy thoroughly, and con-  
cluded I was ready for the task.

The time arrived. Here I was sit-  
ting by the side of my beloved, with my  
arm around her waist! I took her  
hand in mine, and screwed up my cour-  
age to say, "Dear Sallie, do you love  
me?"

She made no answer; but her eyes  
were cast down, and I hoped—yes, I  
was certain—she loved me. I put both  
my arms around her neck, and pressed  
one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips.  
She did not resist, but raised her head  
and said:

"You're as bad as Sam Simmons!"

The veto power has not been exer-  
cised much of late years, though the  
predecessors of President Johnson have  
frequently exercised the prerogative.—  
President Washington issued two vetoes  
during the term of his administration,  
Madison 6, Monroe 1, Andrew Jackson  
9, John Tyler 4, Polk 3, Buchanan 1,  
and Andrew Johnson 2—total, 26.

One of the milestones erected by  
Benjamin Franklin when he was Post-  
master General, and was measuring the  
road between Philadelphia and Boston,  
is still standing in Stratford, Conn.

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

KNOCKING, EVER-KNOCKING.

By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOW.  
[Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the "Light  
of the World"]

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!  
Who is there?  
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before—  
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder  
Undo the door.

No—that door is hard to open;  
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;  
Bid him go.  
Wherefore will that knocking-dreary  
Seize the sleep of one so weary?  
Say Him, No.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!  
What! still there?  
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,  
With that glory-crowned hair;  
And those eyes, so strange and tender,  
Waiting there.

Open! Open! Once behold Him,  
Him, so fair.  
Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,  
Coming over to perplex me?  
For the key is stiff and rusty,  
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;  
Many-fingered ivy vine,  
Seals it fast with twist and twine;  
Weeds of years and years before,  
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What! still knock'g?  
He still there?  
What's the hour? The night is waning—  
In my heart adrear complaining.  
And a chilly, sad unrest!  
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!  
Soars with sleep my dreams unblest!  
Give me rest,  
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;  
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,  
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,  
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,  
Waked to weariness of weeping;  
Open to thy soul's one Lover,  
And thy night of dream is over—  
The true gifts He brings have seem'g  
More than all thy fated dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?  
So as wand'ring we behold,  
Grow the picture to a sign,  
Press upon your soul and mine;  
For in every breath that liveth  
Is that strange, mysterious door;  
The forsaken and betangled,  
Dusty, rusty and forgotten;

There the pierced hand still knocketh,  
And with ever patient watching,  
With the sad eye true and tender,  
With the glory-crowned hair,—  
Still a God is waiting there.

Wise and Otherwise.

—At twilight every hen becomes a  
rooster.

—A Military definition for a kiss—a  
report at headquarters.

—Why is U the gayest letter in the  
alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

—Features without grace are like a  
clock without a face.

—Marriage without means is like a  
horse without his beans.

—Indulge in humor as much as you  
please, if it is not ill humor.

—Why are the girls of Missouri  
sweet? Because they are Mo-lasses.

—What game does a lady's bustle re-  
semble? Backgammon.

—When are carpenters like circum-  
stances? When they alter cases.

—A Misnomer—Calling a certain  
nether garment, between five and six  
feet in diameter, a "petticoat."

—People who travel in cannibal  
countries are apt to be turned into In-  
dian meal.

—Why is a chicken pie, like a gun-  
smith's store? Because it contains  
four-in pieces.

—When a man is saddled with a bad  
wife there is sure to be stir-up's in the  
family.

—Mrs. Partington asks, very indig-  
nantly, if the bills before Congress are  
not counterfeits, why there should be so  
much difficulty in passing them?

—A lady visiting a girls' school asked  
one of the children if she was mak-  
ing a chemise. "No, ma'am," said  
the girl bashfully, "It's a he-mise."

—Josh Billings says—"When a  
man's dog deserts him on account of his  
poverty he can't get any lower down in  
the world—he's not by land."

—"Do you like novels?" asked Miss  
Fizerland of her backward lover. "I  
can't say," he replied, "I never ate  
any; but I tell you I'm death on pos-  
sum."

—A learned coroner being asked how  
he accounted for the great mortality this  
year exclaimed,—  
"I can not tell; people seem to die  
this year that never died before."

—A gentleman in Boston has received  
a telegraphic dispatch, via San Fran-  
cisco, from Japan which was only two  
days coming. This is believed to be  
the quickest time yet made.

"I would steal myself," said Sambo,  
"if I was not afraid of de debble."  
"Well I believe you would," said  
Dick, "for you are a bad bigger any-  
how; and if you ain't watched you'll  
steal, debble or no debble."

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