

## MISCELLANY.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

### The Bee in the Tar barrel.

I heard a bee, on a summer day,  
Brisk and busy, and ripe for quarrel—  
Bustling, and buzzing, and bouncing away,  
In the fragrant depth of an old tar barrel.

Do you ask what his buzzing was all about?  
Oh, he was wondrous shrewd and critical—  
Twas sport to hear him scold and flout,  
And the topics he chose were all political.

And first and foremost he buzzed of tar,  
And called the heads of the government  
To let it be carried off so far, [asses,  
And changed, at Trimid for molasses,

For we got the West India trade too soon  
From the British forks—he had not a doubt  
of it;

For himself, he'd have scorned the thing "as a  
boon."

But kept at work till he cheated them out of  
it.

Then plaintive and piteous his humming grew,  
And I thought him complaining of indiges-  
tion;

But I listened again, and at length I knew  
He had got upon the Indian question.

The world, he declared, would all look gloom,  
To see us coax the Cherokee nation  
From their father's graves, from the whites  
and rum,

Their pockets lined with a compensation.

Next, tones of fury and wrath were heard—  
And I started back with sudden wonder;  
For the staves were shaken, the hoops were  
jarred,

And it seemed the barrel was filled with  
thunder.

"Twas a crime to fill the land with groans,  
"Twas a dead," said he, "most foul and ugly,  
To turn out poor unfortunate drones  
From the public hive, where they lodged so  
snugly."

And next—but I started at the sound  
Of voices blown and people walking;  
And I saw some thirty "Nationals" round,  
And found I had dozed while Ketchum was  
talking.

From the New York Mirror.

### Uncle Sam and his boys.

A tale for politicians—by Paulding.

Once upon a time there lived, and  
lives still, in a country lying far to the  
west, a famous squire, rich in lands  
and paper money. Reports made him  
out to be the son of John Bull, who  
every one knows has children in all  
parts of the world. But if the truth  
were known, I believe he had a great  
many fathers, though his mother was  
a very honest woman, for he looked  
like as many people as there were  
hairs on his chin. But old Squire Bull  
had the credit of being his father, and  
truly there was a great likeness be-  
tween them.—Like Bull he was some-  
what given to boasting, tippling, fight-  
ing, and sailing boats; and was apt to  
hold his neighbors in contempt, dub-  
bing them a pack of sniveling, pitiful  
rascals, that did not dare to call their  
souls their own, or look their king in  
the face, as every cat has a right to do.  
He took after his father in another re-  
spect, that is to say, nobody could tell  
which he was most fond of, making  
money like a horse, or spending it like  
an ass. But for all this he did not so  
much favor John Bull, but that you  
could now and then catch an expression  
in his face that put you in mind of every  
body you had ever seen in the  
world.

John Bull had christened this son of  
his by the name of Jonathan; but by  
and by, when he became a man grown,  
being a good hearty fellow about half  
horse and half alligator, his friends and  
neighbors gave him the nick-name of  
Uncle Sam; a sure sign that they liked  
him, for I never knew a respectable  
nick-name given to a scurvy fellow in  
my life. Be this as it may, his family  
and all his neighbors at last came to  
call him nothing else but Uncle Sam;  
and all his beef, pork, and flour, in fact  
every thing that belonged to him, was  
marked with a huge U. S. six inches  
long. As I have a great respect for  
universal example, I shall give him  
this name in the sequel of my history,  
which I hereby command to the special  
attention of all wise men, more especially  
the wise men of the east. As to  
the fools, every body knows they are  
so scarce now-a-days, that I hereby  
snap my fingers and defy them.

I flatter myself no man living is better  
qualified for this piece of biography.  
Uncle Sam and I have been hand and  
glove these fifty years. Many are the  
bouts we have kicked up among the  
buxom young hussies, who are now all  
honest sober mothers of families, and  
many the bottles we have cracked to-  
gether at sundry times and on divers  
occasions, during the good old days  
when, if a man did not choose to be  
merry sometimes himself, he did not  
cry out against those who did. Uncle  
Sam was a sad fellow at raccoon hunting;  
and a barbecue was his delight,  
until it got to be the custom to talk  
politics and make long speeches at  
them.

Uncle Sam, in early life, gave some  
offence to his father about going to the  
meeting house instead of the church.  
One word brought on another until  
John Bull at length took to beating  
the poor fellow into conformity with  
his notions. He was a lad of spirit  
that would put up with this from no  
man, not even his father; and accord-  
ingly, without saying a word to any  
body, he packed up his all, and little

enough it was, and marched off into  
the wide world to seek his fortune.

You may suppose Uncle Sam had  
but little to begin with; but he was a  
stirring blade, who did not mind trou-  
ble at first, if he could only see his  
way clear to something better in the  
end. He set himself to the business  
of clearing and selling new lands. As

fast as he became pretty comfortable

in one farm, he sold out at a profit and  
set off for another, so that he was sel-  
dom or ever more than two or three

years in the same place. But for all

this he never lost sight of the main

chance; for there was nothing on the

face of the earth he loved so dearly as a

bargain or a profitable speculation.

By good management and good luck

he at last got to have a vast property in

lands, which he was every day adding to

by buying out the Indians, or taking

farms for debts that were owing him.

In short, he prospered in all his under-  
takings, and became, in process of time,

a great man among his neighbors.

But to my mind he was not above half

as clever a fellow as when he was

poor. Then he was a jolly, careless,

high-minded dog—generous as a

prince, and hospitable as a Turk.

He would swear a little at times, but

he never meant any harm by it. But

as he got rich he set himself to be

mighty gentle; aped the manners of

all the would-be fashionable stragglers

that came that way; never invited any

body to his house except to show off

his new finery, and left off all his hon-  
est old habits by little and little.

The fact is, and I don't care who  
knows it, he took to canting, and turned  
the embroidered side of his jacket outwards,  
as a Turk does when he goes to court.

Many people doubted whether he was any thing the better

for this; and, if I must speak my mind,

I think he lost more than he gained!

for, as it respects myself I had rather a

man would swear and drink punch a

little, than pick my pocket while he is

canting about brotherly love and good

will to all men. If Uncle Sam is an-  
gry at this, let him scratch his back

and get pleased again.

As Uncle Sam got rich, and withal  
stout and hearty as a young giant, the

neighboring gentry, who called him

an upstart and looked askance at his

prosperity, would shake their heads

very wisely and cry out, "Ah! poor

man, to be sure he looks well and heart-  
y: but any body can see, with half an

eye, he is not long for this world."

And then they would sigh and take a

pinch of snuff to the success of their

prognostications. But it happened

somehow or other that every attack

he had, and every rub he met with,

only served to show the strength of his

constitution, and make it still stronger,

until at last these false prophets began

to say to themselves—"the rogue will

certainly last forever."

Now I don't pretend to say this

would have been the case, seeing there

is an end of all things; but I verily

believe he would have lived to a happy

and green old age, had it not been for

the undutiful behaviour of his children,

which made his latter days one scene

of trouble and turmoil.

You must know that as soon as Uncle

Sam thought himself able to main-  
tain a family comfortably, he got him

a wife; who proved an excellent house-  
keeper, and in the course of twice as

many years his children amounted to

four and twenty; all jolly, strapping,

roystering blades, with the exception of

two or three, that were rather stin-  
ted in the growth, or as Uncle Sam

used to say in joke, "shrunken in the

boiling." These last were rather

conceited and jealous, as most little

people I believe are.

As fast as these lads grew up, Uncle

Sam portioned them off on his farms,

which they were to pay for when they

were able, at very low prices. They

all turned out pretty clever industrious

fathers, with the exception of here and

there one who was rather lazy, and

got all his work done by negroes.

They all differed in some respects; but

there was a family likeness among

them—all took after the mother, who

was a pretty considerable particular

talker. One was a famous fellow for

cod fishing; another a great hand at

splitting shingles; a third was an ama-  
teur of road making and ditching; a

fourth was mighty fond of barbecues,

taking after his father in that particu-  
lar; a fifth dealt largely in wooden

bows and onions; a sixth was a great

cultivator of rice and cotton; a seventh

was a pretty high-minded fellow, fond

of a good horse, and of an independent,

open-handed spirit, and so on. They

all lived together like loving brothers,

having a rich father who could do what

he pleased with his money—that is to

say, they were as jealous of each other

as two cocks running in the same yard.

If Uncle Sam made a Christmas pres-  
ent to one, or conferred a particular

kindness on another, there was the

deuce to pay among the rest. They ac-  
cused the old man of being more partial

to one than to the other, and never gave

him any rest till he put them all on a

level; which he had no sooner done

than they, one and all, began to grum-  
ble and find fault, saying the poor man  
was in his dotage, only because he had  
not given each one a preference over  
his brother. Uncle Sam sometimes

said to himself, "Harry is the man  
who has nothing to give away, for his  
children won't quarrel about his  
estate."

But this was not the worst of it.  
The old Harry got into them about  
improving their farms, which they all  
swore was Uncle Sam's business; he  
was devouring all the money they  
could rake and scrape together to pay  
for the lands he had sold them. They  
said it was a sin and a shame for him  
to make them pay every thing, seeing  
they were his natural born children;  
entitled to bed, board, education, and  
an outfit. Besides, the old man was  
now become so rich he did not know  
what to do with his money, and it was  
actually a kindness to rid him of its  
management in his old age.

Thus those cunning varlets agreed in  
the propriety of shairing Uncle Sam's  
money, but they fell out about the  
manner of dividing it, like a parcel of  
undutiful rogues as they were. The  
big fellows argued that they ought to  
share according to weight, and insisted  
they should all go down to the mill  
and be weighed. But the little fel-  
lows, who had been "shrunken in the  
boiling," demurred to this, and swore it  
was all in my eye, Betty Martin. They  
were as much the lawful sons of Uncle  
Sam as the best and biggest of them,  
and were determined to have their  
share at the point of the bayonet.

They were as much the lawful sons of Uncle  
Sam as the best and biggest of them,  
and were determined to have their  
share at the point of the bayonet.

They were as much the lawful sons of Uncle  
Sam as the best and biggest of them,  
and were determined to have their  
share at the point of the