

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 bounding 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,
And changed, at Trinidad for molasses.

For we got the West India trade too soon
From the British folks—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 indig-
nation:

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

The world, he declared, would all look glum,
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 deed," 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 noses 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 snivelling, 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 ev-
ery 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 commend to the special
attention of all wise men, more espe-
cially 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 bet-
ter 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 bottle 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 hunt-
ing; 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 genteel; 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 best
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 hearty;
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 unadvised 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, "shrunk 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
fellows, 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 am-
ateur 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
bowls 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 pre-
sent 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, "Happy 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 sharing 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 "shrunk 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.
There was one little fellow particular-
ly, who lived on an island about as big
as my thumb-nail, who talked like a
giant, and threatened to dissolve the
family union, and set up for himself, if
they did not treat him like a full grown
man. They had a great many hard
bouts at words, and some of the neigh-
bors feared they would come together
by the ears. But though they quar-
relled like so many old women, like
old women they never came to blows.
They had a kind of sneaking kindness
for one another at the bottom, which
always prevented their proceeding to
extremities.

But for all they were forever falling
out about nothing or some trifle next
to nothing, and never gave each other
a good word, except when they all put
their heads together, as they often did,
to diddle Uncle Sam out of a few thou-
sand for the improvement of their
farms. Fortunately, however, for the
old man's pocket, it was seldom they
could agree about the division of the
spoils, or it would not have been long
before he would have been as poor as
a rat.

Be this as it may, the good man had
no peace of his life, and was several
times on the point of making over all
his property to build meeting-houses,
and educate the children of other peo-
ple. Certain it is, he had good reason
to do so, for these undutiful boys
left him no rest day nor night, on ac-
count of his money.—Not being able to
agree upon the plan of dividing Uncle
Sam's income, according to weight, it
was proposed to do it by measure; but
here again the little fellows, who were
"shrunk in the boiling," made a most in-
fernal route and opposed it tooth and
nail. They swore they were as good as
the big fellows any day in the week,
and as much the sons of Uncle Sam as
the others, and insisted that the appor-
tionment should be made according to
merit, not weight or size.—They all
agreed to this, and the matter was just
on the point of being amicably settled,
had it not been that a trifling difficulty
occurred in adjusting the scale of mer-
it.

The roystering barbecue fellow
swore he was as good as any man you
could throw a stick at; the splitter of
shingles maintained the superiority of
his art; the young squire, who was fond
of riding a fine horse and doing nothing,
declared he considered himself the
most of a gentleman; the raiser of rice
and cotton claimed precedence on the
score of administering both the back
and stomach; and the little fellow that
lived on his island, put in his claim on
the score of morality. This would not
do, and so the old man escaped being
plundered this time.

But these fine boys had another iron
in the fire, which they heated till it was
red hot. Quoth one of the cunning
varlets, I believe it was the barbecue
chap, "Let us set about improving our
farms, and make the old boy pay the
piper"—upon which they all agreed,
and set up a hurrah about internal im-
provement, which used in old times to
be improvement of mind and morals,
but now means digging ditches, pulling
up snags and making roads through the
desert.

Upon this one of them went and set
up a loom in his building, as he said, for
the encouragement of domestic indus-
try, and hired other people to come
and tend it. When he had done this,
he went to Uncle Sam and insisted he
should give him a hand-till or two of
money, to encourage him in such patri-
otic and praise-worthy undertakings.

"Stop there, my little fellow," cried

the biggest brother of all, who had a fist
like a sledge hammer; "stop, if you
please, I have set up my looms at my
own expense; and I'll be switch'd if the
old man is going to pay you for doing
what I have done for myself."

Then another chap of the family set
up a blacksmith shop for making hob-
nails, and made the same claim to touch
a few thousand of the old gentleman's
money for the encouragement of domes-
tic industry, which about this time be-
gan to be very low-spirited, and want-
ed a little patting.

"Avast there, you land lubber," ex-
claimed one of the brothers, a bold,
hearty Jack tar, who had sailed round
and round the world, and was a mighty
navigator; "avast there, none of your
freshwater gabble. I should like to
know the reason why you should be
paid for making hob-nails, any more
than I am for building ships. Avast
there, I say, you lubber, or I'll be foul
of you dead lights."

Next came another brother, who was
a great hand at raising sheep, which
he called being a wool-grower, to de-
mand that, as people could not live
without clothes, Uncle Sam should
shell out a few dollars to reward him
for being a great public benefactor.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the cotton
growing brother, "where one man is
clothed in wool, a thousand wear cot-
ton. Why not encourage me then, in-
stead of this welly? Away with your
bleating, or I'll be into your mutton
before you can say Jack Robinson."

Next came a sober, sedate, economi-
cal brother, who had set up a shoe-
shop, and wanted Uncle Sam's protec-
tion—that is to say, some of his money.

"Rot your sole," cried the high-band-
ed gentleman who despised hard work,
and had rather ride a blood horse than
make his own shoes a thousand times,
—"What are you talking about there?
It's mighty natural to be sure that you
should be asking encouragement for
making shoes. If they were horse
shoes now I'd talk to you." So say-
ing, he mounted his horse and chal-
lenged Uncle Sam to run a race for a thou-
sand dollars.

After this, for there was no end to
their persecution of the poor old man;
after this came another, a great me-
chanical genius, who had invented a
machine for peeling apples, and wanted
encouragement from Uncle Sam for
the great saving of time and labor in
making apple pies.

"Whoop! whoop! whoop!" cried the
wild harem-scarem barbecue, one of
Uncle Sam's youngest sons who had
just settled a town way off west, and
not yet thrown off his moccasins;
whoop! Mister, mind which way you
point your ride there—I can turn a flip-
flop somerset, grease your head with
bear's meat and swallow you whole
without a pang. You had better take
keer how you steer your steam boat
or you'll run foul of a snag."

By and by came another of this
hopeful family, with a long story of
the great advantage Uncle Sam would
derive from clearing out a ditch, at his
own expense, for the benefit of other
people.

Here the great big fellow mentioned
before, who was the richest of the bro-
thers, put in his bar and cried out—

"None of that fun, brother Jonathan;
I've done all my own ditching
myself, and I'll be totally ramswished
if I'm going to let daddy pay for
what I did all myself. Dig your own
ditches, my boy, as I have done."

Then came a fine fellow, one of the
young fry, who wanted to persuade
Uncle Sam to pony up for a lane he
was about making from his barn to his
hog pen, which he assured the old man
would be a vast public improvement;
for that whereas his carts stuck in the
mud now, they would be able to get
along like a streak of lightning as soon
as the improvement was made.

"Thunder and blarney!" exclaimed
three or four of the elder brothers at
once, "hav'nt we made our own roads
at our own cost, and without asking
daddy for a cent; and do you think,
you snivelling blackhead, we'll stand
by and see the old man cheated out of
what belongs to us?"

"Goody gracious!" at length cried
Uncle Sam, throwing up his eyes,
"goody gracious! what can be the mat-
ter with these boys? I believe they
mean to eat me up alive! I wish—I
wish I was as poor as Job's turkey."

Now all that was required for Uncle
Sam to be just as he wished, was to
let the boys have all his money, as
they wanted to do. But what is very
remarkable he never thought of this,
and continued wishing himself poor,
without once hitting on the best pos-
sible way of getting so.

Things went on getting worse for
some time afterwards. Uncle Sam was
almost every day pestered for money
to pay for some improvement or other
in the boys' farms. He kept an ac-
count of these, and the amount they
would cost, and found that it would
take all he was worth in the world,
and more besides, to get through with
half of them. So one day he put his
hand in his breeches pockets, and

swore roundly they were a brood of
ungrateful rogues, that wanted to get
him on the parish, and not another
cent would he pony up for man or
beast.

This raised a terrible hue and cry
among the boys, who threatened to
dismantle the old man, and set up for
themselves. But he was a pretty stiff
old fellow when his pluck was up and
he thought himself in the right. You
might as well try to move a mountain
as him, when he put his foot down and
toed the mark. He told the boys he
had honest debts to pay, and meant to
pay every penny he owed in the world
before he began to talk about laying
out money in improvements.

These graceless young rogues were
a little stumped at the stand Uncle
Sam had taken, and began to plot to-
gether to turn the old man out of
house and home, and take possession
of all his estate, as soon as they could
bring matters to bear.

Accordingly they went about among
their neighbors and people, insinuating
that the old man was in his dotage,
and could not manage his affairs any
longer. It was high time, they said,
that he should give up his estate into
their hands, and set about preparing
for a better world. They raised all
sorts of stories against him, as how he
did not care any more about the law
or the gospel than a pagan; how he
tucked up people, just for the pleasure
of seeing them kick their heels in the
air; and how he threatened to cut off
the ears of a member of Congress, only
because he told stories about him.

In this way those roystering boys raised a
great clamor against Uncle Sam, which em-
boldened them at last to hatch a diabolical plan
for taking all his lands away at one blow. They
were not content with getting them by degrees,
to pay for the schooling of their children,
building school houses, teaching dumb people
philosophy, and a thousand other ways, but
they now determined to make one business of
it, and strip the old gentleman as bare as my
hand.

Not finding any law for this, they determined
to get one passed for the purpose; accordingly
they went among the people, and told them a
hundred cock and bull stories about this, that
and the other thing.—They swore the land of
right belonged to them when they came of age
according to an old settlement, which declared
that Uncle Sam's children should all share his
estates equally after his death. But they kept
the last part to themselves, as you may suppose,
and pretended that they had a right to take
the old man's property while he was alive.
Besides, they would say, the poor old gen-
tleman don't know what to do with so much land;
half of it lies waste for want of proper atten-
tion, and if we only had it, we would make it
ten times more valuable, and pay the taxes,
which he is exempted from, by virtue of an old
charter.

The notion of getting money by taxation is a
bait which generally takes with people whose
business is law making, not tax paying, as I
have always heard. So the legislature which
governed where Uncle Sam's property lay, rub-
bed their hands, and were mightily tickled with
the idea of being able to squeeze a little money
from Uncle Sam's new lands. Perceiving this
argument told, the boys hatched another no-
tion, about Uncle Sam receiving all the money
for the lands he sold, and then forcing those
who bought them to work their fingers to the
bone to make themselves whole again, as if this
were not the way all over the world.

Uncle Sam defended his bacon to the last,
like a stout old hero, as he was; but by de-
grees the influence of these ungrateful rogues
prevailed, and a law was passed taking away
all his property, and dividing it equally among
the boys, so that those who were "shrunk in the
boiling," got the same proportion as the big
roystering blades, who rather than come in
for a slice, consented at last to share, and share
equally. They were all specially enjoined to
take care of Uncle Sam, and that he wanted for
nothing, but the poor old man fared pretty
much as people generally do, when they make
over all their property to their children in their
life time. At first they treated him pretty well
for decency's sake, but by degrees they began
to deprive him of his usual comforts. First
they took away his pipe, because the young
madams the sons had married could not bear
tobacco smoke. Then the eldest boy took pos-
session of his arm chair, and his seat in the
chimney corner. Next they took the blankets
from his bed, because they said it would injure
his health to lie too warm; and next they all
but starved him to death, for fear he should die
of apoplexy.—Finally, losing all respect for the
ties of blood, and all recollection of the early
benefits they had derived from the old man,
they fairly turned him out of doors. The last
I heard of Uncle Sam he was in the poor house.

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LEMUEL MOSS.

March 5, 1831

9—tf.

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