

# DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

G. S. L. CITY, DESERET, JAN. 25, 1851.

VOL. 1. -- NO. 25.

## THE BEE.

BY JOSEPH CAIN.

Tune—"The Sea."

The bee, the bee, the honey bee,  
Which flies and hums from tree to tree,  
Gath'ring honey from the flowers,  
Sweetly blooming after showers,  
In sunny lands, in lovely climes,  
She seeks her food amongst the vines.  
The bee, the bee, she's never still,  
Her house, she builds with matchless skill,  
And stores her food within the hive,  
And teaches thus the Saints to thrive;  
Her home to us a pat'r'n be,  
For peace and love and unity.

The bee, the bee, the busy bee,  
Emblem of truth and industry;  
How oft like us thy lot has been,  
Thy only home the grassy green,  
Seeking a place to build thy nest,  
Wishing a home for thy Queen to rest.  
The bee, the bee, the thriving bee,  
Such as thou art, we wish to be;  
No drones you have within the cell,  
But each one seeking to excell,  
To fill the hive you do your best,  
When winter comes that you may rest.

Let us then act like the honey bee,  
Our best to do for eternity,  
And gather truth from mount and dell,  
And bring it safe to our valley cell;  
For we have a hive in which to place,  
Truth when it comes, for it's sweet to taste;  
And if perchance, mobs should try to drive  
The Saints of God from their mountain hive,  
And scatter the bees to seek a home  
As they have done in days that are gone,  
They'll find as the bees who work and sing,  
The Saints of God can also sting.

But if to God the Saints will pray,  
Their duty doing day by day,  
Acting their part like the humming bee,  
Seeking the truth from the living tree;—  
Then they will find that God will dwell,  
In the mountain hive, in the valley cell.  
And if the hive should want to swarm,  
Seeking a home from the winter storm,  
Then God will act with a fathers care,  
A hive for his Saints he will prepare;  
And Angels he'll place to guard the good,  
And truth he'll place in the cell for food.

## ROBBING A PEACH ORCHARD.

A SKETCH.

In a newly settled town "out west," there resided no more than three years ago, an old farmer, who was notorious for his penury, and his disposition for saving and turning

every thing into money. At the time to which our story relates, old Deacon Newcomb was the only man in the vicinity who raised peaches, which were a very scarce article, owing to the newness of the country. It so happened that the deacon had an abundance of these, as his fine young trees were just in their prime; but not a single peach did one of his neighbors taste unless paid for in advance.

This penuriousness on the part of the old gentleman excited the malicious propensities of many of the young men in the neighborhood, and they resolved to have a taste of the forbidden fruit at all events. At that time and in that part of the country, fruit stealing was not considered a very grave offence, but was looked upon as a mere practical joke, and was laughed at in proportion with the trespassers in committing their depredations.

Consequently, the young men, while they coveted the deacon's fruit, despised his meanness, resolved without a single scruple of conscience, to help themselves. There were only about half a dozen privy to the plot, and they soon had every thing satisfactorily arranged for carrying it into effect.

The six agreed to meet at the town tavern between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, in order to be ready to commence operations at ten precisely, which was the time appointed for setting out from the tavern.

Among the conspirators was one Ned Harvey, a bold, hot headed, humorous fellow, who, it may be premised, was an inimitable mimic. Harvey was the soul of the party, but owing to some severe practical jokes which he had perpetrated at the expense of his companions, they were all anxious on the present occasion, to put a trick upon him. This there were none of them witty enough to invent, but accident afforded them an idea.

It happened that the whole party were assembled at the tavern on the night appointed at a quarter before ten, with the exception of Harvey.

"What are we waiting for?" asked one.

"Ned Harvey," replied another.

"True; Ned is behind hand."

"No he aint; don't you see it isn't time yet! Ten's the hour."

"You're right. But I propose boys—"

"Well, what is it?"

"That we give him the slip!"

"And go without him?"

"Exactly."

"A splendid idea!" said one.

"A fine joke!" added another.

The party accordingly silently left the tavern, and disappeared in the direction of Deacon Newcomb's peach orchard.

Five minutes after, Ned Harvey came in. Surprised at not meeting his companions, whom he had supposed would be for the most part assembled, he looked at the clock, then at his watch, and finally enquired of the bar tender if he had the correct time.

"It wants eight minutes and three-quarters of ten," said the gentleman addressed, "to a fraction!"

Harvey sat down and remained quiet just eight minutes and three-quarters, when the hour having arrived at which his companions

had promised to be assembled, he began to suspect foul play.

"Has Dick W— been here to night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the bar tender.

"And Charley B—?"

"Yes."

"And Bill G—?"

"Yes, they left here just before you came in. Ned L— and Frank A— were with them."

Harvey bit his lips; he saw through the entire plot; and he asked himself, "How the deuce can I come up with the rascals?"

An idea struck him, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled audibly. He left the tavern in hot haste, and proceeded homeward in high glee. He already felt his triumph complete, and saw his companions the victims of their own treachery. Instead of alarming the deacon he resolved to play the part of deacon himself. The night was just dark enough to favor his design; although there was a moon, the sky was cloudy, and the light of the night queen was obscured.

Harvey procured an old hat similar to the one Deacon Newcomb wore, pulled it over his eyes, and disguised himself still more effectually by exchanging his jacket for an old frock coat, which bore a striking resemblance to one the old man was frequently seen to have on. Provided with this disguise, and being possessed, as before stated, of wonderful powers of mimicry, he had no doubt of his ability to counterfeit the gentleman so closely that his companions would not discover the cheat.

Having armed himself with a strong whip, Ned set out to surprise the trespassers at their work of darkness. He was not long in reaching the deacon's orchard; and not many minutes had elapsed before he had discovered the whereabouts of his companions.

Four of them were sitting upon the grass, near the fence, and directly under one of the finest peach trees on the old man's premises. They were enjoying a delightful feast on the luscious fruit, which one of the trespassers was shaking from the tree which he had climbed.

"Stolen kisses are sweet, and so are stolen peaches, I should judge!" muttered Ned Harvey, as he crept stealthily towards his companions along by the fence.

He was soon so near that he could over hear their conversation, and stopped to listen.

"This is what I call rich—decidedly!" exclaimed Dick, swallowing a ripe, mellow peach as he spoke.

"What delicious rareripes!" whispered Charley.

"Excellent!"

"But not so good as the joke, after all," said Bill.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Frank, who was on the tree.

"Ha! ha!" echoed Charley. "Ain't it a rich joke. It tells beautifully on the old man's stingy disposition."

"And pays up Ned Harvey, too!" exclaimed Dick. "Oh! didn't we give him the slip nicely?"

"Yes," said Bill, "but I'm afraid he'll expose us to the old deacon."

"Never fear," returned Charley. "Ned