

## KANAB STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.

The Kanab Stake Quarterly Conference convened at Orderville at 10 o'clock a. m., June 7th, Elder John Rider presiding.

The forenoon was occupied by members of the High Council and Bishop Seth Johnson, of Hillsdale, who spoke chiefly upon keeping the commandments of God, building temples, etc.

2 p. m.

Shortly after the opening exercises we had the pleasure of beholding the faces of Apostles Erastus Snow and John W. Taylor, who had arrived from the north.

The afternoon was mostly taken up by hearing verbal reports from the Bishops of the Wards, which showed that the people generally were endeavoring to live the lives of Saints. Much damage had been done in Long Valley and Kanab by the high waters.

Apostle John W. Taylor addressed the Conference, giving much good advice to the young, and was pleased to hear the people acknowledge the hand of God, even in the damage done by the floods. He referred to the word of wisdom, and to preparing to escape the diseases that would soon pass through the land.

Sunday, 10 a. m.

President Jesse W. Crosby, of Pan-utich Stake, was the first speaker and was followed by Apostle E. Snow, who dwelt upon the subjects of the Word of Wisdom, gathering of Israel, our sons and daughters, keeping the first great commandment, that we should cleave to things that are eternal more than to the perishable things of the earth.

2 o'clock p. m.

Apostle John W. Taylor again addressed the Conference, speaking on the duties pertaining to the Sacrament. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to fill every heart, and all voted by uplifted hand to forgive each other, and hold no feelings toward anyone.

The general Church authorities were unanimously sustained.

Apostle E. Snow presented the matter of the Stake Presidency; said that President L. John Nuttall, having been for some time past engaged in a very responsible position in the Church, at Salt Lake City, and where his labors are needed, so much so that he cannot devote the necessary personal attention to the duties of the President of this Stake. The First Presidency have considered the matter and consented that in consequence of the circumstances of the Saints through their losses by the recent floods and the unorganized condition of the Stake for some time past that a Presidency of the Stake be appointed; and that Elder Edwin D. Woolley, had been approved for the position of President.

Edwin D. Woolley was then presented to the Conference and unanimously sustained as President of the Kanab Stake of Zion.

Elder John Rider spoke of his labors in the Legislative Assembly during the winter, as the Representative from this part of the country.

The spirit of God was poured out on both speakers and hearers, and it was one of the best conferences ever held in this Stake.

Conference adjourned, to meet at Kanab September 6th and 7th.

Apostles Snow and Taylor held a meeting at Kanab on Monday evening, June 9th, and further encouraged the people in good works and in performing the great amount of labor in getting out the water for the town irrigation.

Prest E. D. Woolley chose as his first counselor W. D. Johnson, Jr., and Thomas Chamberlain for second, and all were fully sustained by vote and were set apart for their responsible callings.

L. C. MARIGER,  
Stake Recorder.

## WORMS.

### THE HAWK-MOTH CATERPILLAR.

#### THE DESTROYER OF THE FRUIT TREES, AND HOW TO DESTROY IT.

This pest, which has destroyed the leaves and fruit of our apple and other fruit trees throughout the city, has been gradually increasing for several years, is now a public nuisance, and next year is liable to become a great calamity. The worms are now marching to find a good place to spin their cocoons. Each worm spins a little cocoon for itself, usually in the crevices of the bark of trees or the cracks in the fences. Within two weeks the worms will have disappeared and be transforming in their cocoons. Within two weeks more they will emerge from their hiding places as perfect moths. The perfect insect (of which the worm is only the rudimentary state) is called the hawk-moth. It is yellow, with a body about half an inch long, and their wings when extended are not over an inch across. The moth is woolly all over, usually with a bare spot on the back between the bases of the wings. The insect flies only during the night, and within four weeks will become a perfect nuisance around the electric lights.

As soon as it begins to fly, the moth seeks the apple trees and lays its eggs upon the twigs carefully covering them. The moth then dies. Soon after the leaves start to grow the eggs hatch, the tender worms spin a web-like nest to protect them from the cold nights and go forth during the day to destroy the leaves. They then attack the young

fruit, and when that is gone they seek pastures new on the rose bushes, other fruit trees, cottonwoods, box elders, etc.

The worm never lays eggs, and the female moth never except in the night and then only on the twigs of trees. There are many other enemies of fruit trees, such as the blight moth, the borer, the curculio, etc., but all are entirely different from the hawk moth.

To protect trees from the worms put a circle of wagon grease around the trunks of the trees or tie a tarred rope around them. The worms will not crawl over either tar or grease, but they will go and eat up your neighbors or your own rose bush, grass, etc.

The way to prevent the total destruction of our fruit crop next year is to have in every lot in the city at least one tub filled with water and a lantern burning in the center. The moths attracted by the light will fly to it, strike the glass, fall into the water and drown. Besides this, at least one board, a foot wide and three feet long, should be put in every lot and smeared with molasses. The "sugar tooth" of the moth will be too much for its discretion and it will fly from afar to get a taste. Its feet will stick fast and next morning a heap of moths can be scooped off, the molasses renewed and made ready for the next night. Thus few eggs will be laid and thousands of dollars saved. The worms, if any are hatched the next spring should be burnt off with coal oil, or rubbed off and mashed.

Another valuable means of destroying the worms is to import several thousand English sparrows (such as we have here now.) The birds will soon put an end to the worms, but are liable to become a nuisance themselves. However, the "small boy" could be let loose upon the sparrows and would quickly get the better of them.

The trees will not die by reason of the loss of their leaves once, nor are they in any way permanently injured. To cut them down will only destroy your orchard and not affect the worms a particle.

This is a matter of great importance to every citizen; and if all act together we shall see the last of the pest at once. The moth flies only a short time, and can easily be destroyed.

In case some people will not attend to their own premises, the City Council should do it for them, at the expense of the owners of the lots.

The "apple blight" is a small insect that stays over winter in the ground around the roots of the trees. In the early spring the female insect crawls up the trunk and lays its eggs in the holes which it bores in the branches. The young worm, when hatched bores all through the wood of the branch and that part above where it works withers and the leaves dry up as though scorched by heat. A tarred rope or a girdle of wagon grease around the base of the tree will protect it from the insect if put on by the 15th of February and kept fresh till April 15th.

One of the worms that destroys the apples themselves is the curculio worm. This is the rudimentary state of a small beetle, which flies during the night, and lays its eggs in the young fruit. It can be caught by the lantern and water spoken of above.

At some future time I may have time to give a full list of the enemies of our fruit trees and how to destroy them.

MARCUS E. JONES.

## PATRICK HENRY'S ORATION.

### A SPEECH WHICH SECURED THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[The following account of the proceedings of the convention that adopted the Declaration of Independence is taken from the Boston Independence of 1776. It is not to be elsewhere found and the words then and there uttered by Patrick Henry have been, and are still, systematically suppressed. Truth is indebted to George Everett Schenck for the articles. They have been preserved in his family for over 60 years. Let Americans read and ponder.]

It is the old hall of Philadelphia, on July 4th, 1776. There is a silence in this hall, every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility!

Why turns every glance to that door? Why is it so terribly still?

The committee of three who have been out all night planning a parchment, are about to appear. That parchment, with the signatures of these men, written with the pen lying on yonder table, may either make the world free, or stretch these necks upon the gibbet yonder in Potter's field, or nail these heads to the door-posts of these halls. That was the time for solemn faces and deep silence.

At last, hark! The door opens, the committee appears. Who are these men who come walking on to John Hancock's chair?

The tall man with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand is the Virginian farmer, Thomas Jefferson. The stout-built man, with resolute look and sparkling eye—that is a Boston man, one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders, that dressed in a plain coat and such odious home-made blue stockings—that is the Philadelphia printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not?

Then ensues a high debate; then all the faint-hearted cringe in corners, while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

The soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll is heard undulating in syllables of deep music.

But still there is doubt, and that pale-faced man shrinking in one corner, squeaks out something about axes, scaffolds, and a—gibbet.

"Gibbet!" echoed a fierce bold tone, that startled men from their seats,—and look yonder! a tall, slender form rises, dressed, although it is summer time, in a faded red cloak. Look how his white hand trembles, as it is stretched slowly out; how that dark eye burns, while his words ring through the hall.

"Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold, every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die.

They may pour blood upon a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drops on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into birth!

The British king may blot out the stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on the parchment there. The work of God may perish; His word, never!

These words will go forth to the world when our homes are dust. To the slave in bondage, they will speak hope; to the mechanic in his workshop, freedom; to the coward kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's walls; The days of pride and glory are numbered! The days of judgment draw near!

Yes, that parchment will speak to kings in language sad and terrible as the trumpet of the Archangel! You have trampled on the rights of mankind long enough. At last, the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God and called His judgment down. You have waded on to thrones through seas of blood; you have trampled on to power over the necks of millions; you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms; into crowns for your anointed brows. Now kings! Now, purpled hangmen of the world! For you comes the day of axes, and gibbets, and scaffolds; for you the wrath of man; for you the lightnings of God.

Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight air! Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws! Not from the people, for you stand baptized in their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet! There, and a scaffold stares you in the face! All around you—death—but nowhere pity! Now, executioners of the human race, kneel down; yes, kneel down on the sawdust of the scaffold; lay your perfumed heads upon the block; bless the axe as it falls—the axe sharpened for the poor man's neck.

Such is the message of the declaration of man to the kings of the world. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet press the very threshold of freedom? Do you see quailing faces around you, when our wives have been butchered; when our hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children? What! Are there shrinking hearts or faltering voices here, when the very dead of our battle-field have arisen and call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed.

Sign! If the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! If the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe. Sign! By all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, fathers—as men, sign your names to the parchment or be accursed forever!

Sign, not only for yourselves, but for all ages; for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the bible of the rights of man forever.

Sign, for the declaration will go forth to American hearts forever, and speak to those hearts like the voice of God. And its work will not be done until throughout this wide continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of a tyrant or a power.

Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise. It is a truth. Your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. This continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arms, but mighty in God-like faith. Nay, look at the history of your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the people of British arms, and then tell me if you can, that God has not given America to the free. It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies, to pierce the councils of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to the throne, and speaking his dread message.

Father! The Old World is baptized in blood. Father! It is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression. Father, look! With one glance of Thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold everywhere a terrible sight—man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a

single voice to whisper hope to man.

He stands there (the angel), his hand trembling with the black record of human guilt. But, hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell my people, the poor, downtrodden millions, to go out from the Old World. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the Old World, to build up my altar in the New.

As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be his voice. Yes, were my soul trembling on the wing of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were my voice choking with the last struggle I would still, with the last wave of the hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember the truth, God has given America to be free. Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that parchment in the name of the one who made you, the Savior who redeemed you, in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed, in intense expectation, as they look up to you for the awful words, YOU ARE FREE!

Many years have gone by since that hour. The speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but the records of that hour still exist, and they tell us, that it would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that speaker's look, the deep, terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophet-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame shooting from his eyes, that fired every heart throughout the hall. He fell exhausted in his seat, but the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall. Sign? Ha! There is no doubt now. Sign! How they rush forward! Stout hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen is grasped by another, another and another. Look how their names blaze on the parchment, Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now Roger Sherman, the shoemaker. And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins; yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward, quivering from head to foot. With his shaking hand he seizes the pen and scratches his patriot name. Then comes Benjamin Franklin, the printer. And now the tall man in the red cloak advances the man who made the fiery speech a moment ago. With the same hand that waved in such fiery scorn, he writes his name—Patrick Henry.

And now the parchment is signed; and now let the word go forth to the people in the streets, to the homes of America, to the camp of Washington, to the palace of George, the idiot king; let the word go out to all the earth.

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and grasp the iron tongue, and let the bell speak out the grand truth.

Fifty-six farmers and mechanics have this day struck at the shackles of the world.—San Francisco Thrall.

## ITEMS FROM NEPHI.

NEPHI, JUAB CO., U. T.  
June 19th, 1884.

### Editor Deseret News:

On Saturday and Sunday last, the conference of the Relief Societies of this Stake, the Primaries and the Y. L. M. I. A. were held. They were well attended and the reports very satisfactory. The young ladies read a most excellent paper. "The Young Ladies Journal" showing a very marked improvement. On Saturday a very interesting dedication took place. Our good sisters with the assistance of their liberal brethren, had built a two room house for the needy on a lot where they already had a building which they bought with the lot some time ago. Apostle George Teasdale offered the dedicatory prayer. President W. Paxman and others expressed their satisfaction at this, another movement of the faith, unity and good works of the people of Nephi encouraging them to continue in the laudable work of kindly taking care of the aged and needy. To visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction and keep themselves pure and unspotted from the world. It was indeed a very interesting occasion.

On Wednesday evening, our respected Patriarch, Jacob G. Bigler, gave a wedding supper in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of his wedding day to Sister Amy Lorette Bigler. They were married in Nauvoo on the 18th day of June, 1844, a short time previous to the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. They have had quite an experience since that time, but their faithfulness has brought the recompense of reward. Speeches, songs and recitations with expressions of gratitude to our heavenly Father for the restoration of the gospel and our redemption from priestcraft, ignorance and death was the order of the evening. It was a very pleasant evening, one never to be forgotten. May our Patriarch live to celebrate his fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Health of the people good. They are putting a gallery in the meeting-house, which we hope to be able to use at our next Conference. Improvement, unity and good feeling amongst the Saints is the order of the day.

NEBO.

It is estimated that Mr. Beecher has expended \$180,000 in books. A catalogue of the collection is in preparation. A part of the library is likely to be sold.

## A BILL.

To amend an act entitled "An act to amend section fifty-three hundred and fifty-two of the Revised Statutes of the United States, in reference to bigamy, and for other purposes," approved March twenty-second, eighteen hundred and eighty-two.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in any proceeding and examination before a grand jury, a judge, justice, or a United States commissioner, or a court in any prosecution for bigamy, polygamy, or unlawful cohabitation, under any statute of the United States, the lawful husband or wife of the person accused shall be a competent witness and may be called and may be compelled to testify in such proceeding, examination, or prosecution without the consent of the husband or wife, as the case may be. But such witness shall not be permitted to testify as to any confidential statement or communication made by either husband or wife to each other during the existence of the marriage relation.

Sec. 2. That in any prosecution for bigamy, polygamy, or unlawful cohabitation under any statute of the United States, whether before a United States commissioner, justice, judge, a grand jury, or any court, an attachment for any witness may be issued by the court, judge, or commissioner, without a previous subpoena, compelling the immediate attendance of such witness, when it shall appear to the commissioner, justice, judge, or court, as the case may be, that there is reasonable ground to believe that such witness will unlawfully fail to obey a subpoena issued and served in the usual course in such cases; and in such case the usual witness fees shall be paid to such witness so attached. Provided that no person shall be held in custody under any attachment issued as provided by this section for a longer time than (10) ten days; and the person attached may at any time receive his or her discharge from custody by executing a recognizance of such person at the proper time as a witness in the cause or proceeding wherein the attachment may be issued.

Sec. 3. That any prosecution under any statute of the United States for bigamy, polygamy, or unlawful cohabitation may be commenced at any time within five years next after the commission of the offense; but this provision shall not be construed to apply to any offense already barred by an existing statute of limitation.

Sec. 4. That every ceremony of marriage, or in the nature of a marriage ceremony, of any kind, in any of the Territories of the United States, whether either or both or more of the parties to such ceremony be lawfully competent to be the subjects of such marriage or ceremony or not, shall be certified in writing by a certificate stating the fact and nature of such ceremony, the full name of each of the parties concerned, and the full name of every officer, priest, and person, by whatever style or designation called or known, in any way taking part in the performance of such ceremony, which certificate shall be drawn up and signed by the parties to such ceremony, and by every officer, priest, and person taking part in the performance of such ceremony, and shall be, by the officer, priest, or other person solemnizing such marriage or ceremony filed in the office of the probate court, or, if there be none, in the office of the court having probate powers in the county or district in which such ceremony shall take place, for record, and shall be immediately recorded. Such certificate shall be prima facie evidence of the fact required by this act to be stated therein, in any proceeding, civil or criminal, in which the matter shall be drawn in question. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not longer than two years, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 5. That every certificate, record, and entry of any kind concerning any ceremony of marriage, or in the nature of a marriage ceremony of any kind, made or kept by any officer, clergyman, priest, or person performing civil or ecclesiastical functions, whether lawful or not, in any Territory of the United States, and any record thereof in any office or place, shall be subject to inspection at all reasonable times, by any judge, magistrate, or officer of justice appointed under the authority of the United States, and shall, on request, be produced and shown to such judge, magistrate, or officer, by any person in whose possession or control the same may be. Every person who shall violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not longer than two years, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court. And it shall be lawful for any United States commissioner, justice, judge, or court before whom any proceeding shall be pending in which such certificate, record, or entry may be material, by proper warrant, to cause such certificate, record, or entry, and the book, document, or paper containing the same, to be taken or brought before him or it for the purposes of such proceeding.

Sec. 6. That nothing in this act shall be held to prevent the proof of marriage whether lawful or unlawful, by