

John M. Bybee, 68, Uintah.
Oliver G. Workman, 69, South Weber.

Zibenus Cheney, 78, Centreville.
Gen. W. Boyd, 70, Salt Lake City.
R. N. Alfred, —, Spring City.
G. W. Hancock, 70, Payson.
Edward Bunker, 74, St. George.
C. Layton, —, Arizona.

It was the 50th anniversary of the enlistment of the battalion, which occurred July 18, 1846. In behalf of the Old Folds' committee, Wm. Naylor presented to each of the above named members of the battalion, a hickory cane. The presentation speech was one of the features of the exercises on the platform.

The two trains which were to bear the old folks home were to start at 5:30 and 5:45 respectively, and from four o'clock until after five an unbroken procession of vehicles moved from the park to the Union depot, laden with the excursionists. All the old people so far as known were safely on board before the time of departure. There was singing in the cars on the return home, and lemonade, cake and confectionery were served.

A BIRD'S CHIRUP.

FILLMORE CITY, Utah,
July 13, 1896.

For several weeks we have waited with palpitating heart for some response to your kind invitation for the friends of our race to speak in our defense, and help allay the spirit of extermination breathed in a communication from Moab, of May 31st, and signed O. W. Warner. The only response so far as we have noticed has been taken from the Randolph, Rich county Roundup, and the favorable plea is only made for one of our large family, and that upon the grounds that our otherwise unsocial brother, kills and eats squirrels. No "city cousin" has thought proper to "trot out something in our favor." We fear the fruit season and the Carnival demand for it has dulled the generous hearts of our usual friends and left a humble bird to plead alone for food and life.

Your Moab correspondent has been oftentimes our tempter in that he has told of the large and luscious fruit produced in his orchard, some of which has entered your sanctum, and you pronounced it good—so good that we have thought of taking wing and soaring to the Grand county paradise, alight in confidence and joyously inserting our bill in these tantalizing specimens of God's and nature's bounties, and making the welkin ring with our song in satisfaction. But oh! that letter of O. W. W.'s has fallen like disappointed love upon our hopes, and hate seems to sprout from every bush and bough that beguiled our fancy before the writing, and its spirit diffused abroad will seal our doom; for even the daughters of Zion compass our destruction to their desire to possess our little poisoned and dried bodies to decorate their hair and bats. Yet you call them sweet and tender creatures, when they emulate the Ojibbeway and Zulu, whom they call savage.

Why were we created? Surely not all of us to catch rats and eat carrion (our only claim to peaceful existence in some minds); or He who sent us forth would have provided us the

means of slaughter. Neither did He speak to our father of "forbidden fruit," nor place a "flaming sword about the Moabites' cherry tree, upon which we are forbidden to sing unless like a thief in the night we sneak into the vicinity to observe whether the little "Warners" are well provided with "shoes and stockings and something to eat."

Then he says: "I can enjoy the songs of the sweet songsters as well as any city cousin." But our timid nature tells us of danger in this toleration; the lack of shoes and stockings, and with "peaches at \$1 a crate," might suggest the bringing forth of the old yanger to silence (even though leeching from a neighboring cottonwood tree) our sweetest carols for ever.

O. W. W. makes some strong and specific charges against some of our race. Unmindful of the "fifteenth amendment" he singles out the black crow and speaks bitterly of his life and habits, charging him with "eating corn, killing pigs, carrying off eggs and chickens." This arraignment sounds like an accusation against more responsible animals, but under some conditions we plead guilty, in part; for we have seen a crow while winging its way over a dilapidated shed; discover an egg, alight and pick it up and fly off with it, which stamped Mr. Crow as a thief. But the moral responsibility is still a question. Who was to blame? the crow for taking the egg, or the hen for laying it in sight? ("Lead us not into temptation.") Or the owner of the place for not making more comfortable and secure provisions for the fruit of the domestic bird?

Again, the crow is charged with "picking the eyes out of live sheep." As suggested by the editor such sheep are not very lively, and dissolution is rapidly at work. As a bird we have observed something more cruel than this. We have seen a Warner catch and cut the throat of an innocent lamb, take it to his brood when, with the assistance of the mother bird, they have devoured the whole carcass. Still our mind never suggested the shut gun or rough on rate; our sympathy went with the Warners.

When we opened the EVENING NEWS and saw our brother's letter headed "Accuses the Birds" and the editorial "About the Birds" we read them both to a friend, who had "dropped in." His immediate exclamation was, "Why, he's off on crows! They are better gopher hunters than hawks. I have seen them down in the 'old field' in the spring of the year when we have been watering the lucern the first time. They would wade and splash in the water and catch the gophers as they were driven to the surface. Then they would hop onto the fence and kill them. Yea, I've seen as many as a dozen crows at a time catching gophers in this way." Now, my informant may not be a genuine "city cousin," but he is a truthful and respected citizen of this place; a man of family, a son-in-law of Mayor Joe D. Smith, and calls your Moab correspondent "Uncle Orlando." His name is Milo Warner.

O. W. says, speaking of the crow: "All the good I have had him do for me is to hunt worms on potato vines

and eat grasshoppers." Now add the gopher killing that he does for other people, and the despised black bird has some claims to eat that which nobody in particular claim to "have produced." O. W. W. says, speaking of song birds, "our city cousins prattle so much about": "I have had them destroy my strawberries; this year they have stripped a cherry tree of all the fruit where I have had bushels other years." O, cruel Orlando! will you hold us "nice songsters" responsible for the killing frosts you told us about in the spring, and charge any of our race with "destroying cucumbers?" Next we may expect to find a hawk picking gooseberries and an owl shelling peas, for which we offer no justification; for any bird that will get down to the cucumber patch at least deserves to have the colic.

He further asks "what good have they ever done?" The Mormons have said that flocks of us were providentially sent for their salvation, in devouring crickets, and they offer us protection for this act; and He who "hear the young raven when they cry," caused them to feed Elijah the Prophet "with bread and flesh." Thus these black corn or carrion eaters were in God's service. Geese are said to have saved Rome in the night from her enemies, and in that great calamity which befel the world through disobedience, the gentle dove brought the first viad tidings of the receding waters; and in another time of sorrow the bumble barnyard fowl reminded Peter of his weakness, as the Master had predicted. The New York World recently gave us a picture of a bird which is said to herd sheep in Venezuela. If he could be imported and did not eat mutton, would not some country cousin speak a word in favor of his life? Could he not be taught to gather fruit with the orchardist's basket, and whistle all day long; or muzzle him until enough peach pits were on hand to feed him through the winter?

If this Utilitarian notion shall be taught the young, what havoc will be wrought about us? The dude will go; or will be spared to enhance the price of peaches.

A paradise without birds can hardly be conceived by us. Right when we write are two canaries, both males, who fill the room with melody. A lady comes in, goes into raptures with their songs, and demands the right to purchase one of them. "You don't need two of them, O, do spare me one of those lovely creatures, I must have one of them, name your price!" "No, he is not for sale. His song reminds us of the one who raised him. She is dead." The importuning ceases, and a respectful sympathy makes us friends. Another old lady comes in to borrow a little salt, the birds are as usual sending forth the trills and shakes from their swelling little throats. She turns and looks disdain at them and asks: "Laf you've got two birds; what do you keep them for? What good are they?" Who could explain to this utilitarian what good they were, when there is so much music in the cackle of her one old speckled hen, with eggs at 5 cents per dozen?

Our accuser says that "birds never eat worms and insects when they can