

Old Masters—Zachary Taylor

By C. C. G.

GENERAL Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, September 24, 1784.

It is wonderful to note how many men in our country made great names, who were born when the war for independence was raging or just after its close. Evidently the souls of their parents were all enlisted in the great cause out of which a nation emerged, founded on a plan which it clung to would give equal opportunities under its flag. Zachary Taylor was one of these. The picture of his face looking up to it as it is suspended on the wall of our country's history, contains nothing to attract attention save its resemblance to some of the great Indian chieftains who for two hundred and sixty years and more, from time to time made their impossible fight against the pale-faced invader upon their territory. Dress the picture in Indian costume with the head-dress of quills and feathers and it would pass for King Phillip, or Red Cloud, or the great Shawnee.

General Taylor was not a great captain in any scientific sense, but he was a great fighter of the kind that never knows when he is beaten.

He was generally stationed on the frontier and his fighting was against savages until the Mexican war came on. He was then sixty-two years of age but he never thought of retiring. He did not believe that we ought to have a war with Mexico, but he was an American soldier, and with him it was not to question why and if in doing that he was to die, that with him would have been but an incident. He was sent with an army to the Rio Grande frontier of Texas. His was but a little army but the material in it was marvelous.

Of the old army officers he had Generals Wool and Worth and others, while of the younger set a splendid array was present eager to make names.

Then aside from a few regulars there were state regiments and all these were determined that their particular state should bear off the highest honors. Many of these were killed in the first two battles, perhaps the most famous one being Colonel Ringold. In those battles South Carolina claimed first honors. Then General Taylor moved against Monterey.

There a stubborn resistance awaited them. They had to take the city street by street, the enemy opposing them in front and fighting, too, from the flat house top. They did the other day at Vera Cruz. An old black church with three foot adobe walls held out two or three days after the balance of the city was taken. That church was finally taken one morning by General Worth with a regiment of regulars and the New York volunteers. There was no large sacrifice of life, the church was taken by Worth's strategy and the superb discipline of his command.

The culminating battle under General Taylor was Buena Vista. There in the open field he was opposed by an enemy that outnumbered his army four and a half to one. The battle lasted all day. Early in the morning old General Wool in full old fashioned uniform, with the epaulets and a white plumed hat as striking as was that of Navarre, rode along the lines crying to the men: "This is Washington's birthday men, no enemy can defeat us on this day."

At Thymbrina, the first pitched battle descended in history, the account say that the signal of the opening of the battle by the Persians was the chanting of the battle hymn.

At Buena Vista the bands played the Star Spangled Banner.

It was a furious day. General Lincoln was killed early in the day. A little later Hardin, McGee and Clay went down to death. Jefferson

Davis with his regiment of Mississippi rifles, without a bayonet in the regiment rolled back a charge of four thousand lances.

It was there that when Bragg sent for reinforcements General Taylor sent back word that he would reinforce him, rode his white horse to him and said: "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

There, our General P. E. Connor was grievously wounded.

Prodigies of valor were performed in every part of the field.

When the sun went down the enemy sullenly retired, as the soldiers believed the battle would be renewed next morning. General Taylor swept the field with his glass and exclaiming: "They will not come in the morning, they are whipped," wrapped himself in his cloak, dropped upon the ground and in a moment fell asleep.

On the prestige of that battle he was nominated for the presidency and was elected, though he carried no accomplishments into the office save his courage, clear, practical judgment and stainless integrity. He never should have been a candidate. The measure of his fame was full; the new life he was called to changed all his habits; involved him with responsibilities which his former life had never prepared him to meet—at best he was a tameless eagle in captivity. He was inaugurated March 4th, 1849 and died July 9th, 1850.

He is held in remembrance as one of the bravest of the brave and one as honest and true.

THE MAKIN'S

By Carl Werner.

Kin I trouble you, pal, for the makin's?

Much obliged to you; I've got the watch.

I'm a-likin' to choke for the want of a smoke,

For I jes' got away by a scratch.

I'm up on the Cruiser Montana,

She's layin' out there in the Bay.

I ain't in her crew, but I came along, too,

For I—Well, pard, it happened this way:

When Billy an' me joined the Navy

The Mother took on pretty bad;

Not thinkin' o' me—I was older, you see—

But Billy was only a lad.

Who's Billy? Aw, he's my kid brother,

An' his cheek was as smooth as a girl's.

He was twenty, at that, and a brave little brat,

But he never growed out of his curls.

Well, I promised the Mother I'd watch him—

I'd have a sharp eye on the Kid,

An' keep him as good and as snug as I could.

I told her I would, and I did.

Jes' two year ago it was, neighbor,

There wasn't no sign of a storm.

It was only the joy of a lark for the boy,

An' the pride of a new uniform.

But the Mexicans started to mix it

An' we steamed into old Vera Cruz,

An' for ages we lay in the lazy old Bay

Without feelin' the sand in our shoes.

Then at last we got hep thro' the wireless

Of orders for landin' next day.

An' the boys was adre with a burnin' desire

To founder the first boat away.

The Kid was as wild as the others,

Jes' crazy to join in the spiel;

But I made up my mind I would leave him behind.

For I knew how the Mother would feel.

So I put some cut-plug in his coffee—

He never got wise to the trick—

'Twas the evenin' before we was goin' ashore,

An' I figgered on makin' him sick.

Well, he staggered on deck in the mornin',

With the whites of his eyes turnin' green.

He was sick as a pup. But he wouldn't give up;

He was spunky clear in to his spleen.

I saw him salutin' the surgeon,

With the manner a soldier employs,

An' he said: "For God's sake, give me somethin' to take;

I've got to go on with the boys!"

They pumped the stuff out of his stummick,

An' he went over-side with th' rest,

An' he cheered at the race of the boats to the place

Where the dockage lay low in the West.

He stood in the bow as they warped her,

Wet thro' from the wash of an oar,

An' he sprang when she bumped, with a laugh as he jumped—

The first of the army ashore.

Then we charged up the long avenida.

At first it was like a parade.

Then a shout an' a shot—an' I kind o' forgot

To look after Billy, I'm 'fraid.

For the next thing I knew he was standin'

'Afore me an' takin' my hand.

"Well, I guess they got me; don't tell mother!" says he.

An' he dropped in his tracks on the sand.

So I'm up on the Cruiser Montana,

We're bringin' the poor beggars home.

Mebbe some o' you guys that are willin' an' wise

Will write 'em a bit of a pome.

It was only a brush with the snipers,

A shot from a roof, an' a run;

Not a regular fight, by a h—l of a sight,

But we did what there was to be done.

I'm keepin' my weather eye open

For a little old lady in black.

She's a stranger in town. If you see her aroun'

Jes' tell her we're bringin' him back.

You'll know at a glance she's the Mother,

The family resemblance is strong,

Only she is a quaint little thing—an' I ain't.

Much obliged for the makin's. So long!

—From The Sun.

All the gentlement who have thus far announced their candidacy for office this year in Utah are good men, but with some of them it is hard to keep down a belief that their motive is to see how much the people can stand.



Where Are Your Valuables?

Keep them in the vault, at this convenient location and you can laugh at the burglar. Safe deposit boxes for jewelry, valuable papers and similar articles, or storage space for trunks of silverware may be rented at reasonable rates. "Better be safe than sorry."

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"At the Hub of Business."

When you BUY—Buy the Famous

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Ask Your Dealer

Utah Fuel Company, Judge Bldg.
SALT LAKE CITY