

Resolutions by Lee Camp Fort Worth Texas adopted April^{III} 1908:
on the death of its late Commander, Col Ennis Ward Taylor, whose demise
occurred April 3 1908:

The golden bowl is broken, the silver cord is
loosed, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken
at the cistern, and the mourners go about the streets, for a great man
has fallen in Isreal.

Col Ennis Ward Taylor, who so long graced the chair
as head of our great camp, with his benign countenance, which was indeed
a benediction to all who came under its pleasing magnetism, in spirit
ascended to the portals of the blessed Elusian fields, April 3 1908,
and has found rest after a life of usefulness, nearing three score
years and ten.

Born in the state of Alabama, whose aboriginal name de-
notes here we rest, in the liquid tones of the red man, he came with his
at three years of age
fathers family in 1842 to Texas and ever since has been identified with
every interest of the republic first and when Texas came under ^{then} ~~then~~ *then*
Stars and stripes in 1845, his father was for years one of the leading
men of the state and when he departed his mantle fell upon the worthy
shoulders of the son.

Col Taylor for years devoted his best thoughts in
advancement of the best interests of the Camp he served so long and
with such great zeal and fidelity that as long as he lived his comrades
thought only of him as their leader.

So it was in his service in the Confederate
army as Col of the 19 Texas infantry, enlisting early in the war as a sub-
altern field office, when the end came it found him at the head of these
-scarred
battle-veterans and with them he folded the beloved banner of
South and laid it carefully away as a blessed relic which was his coffin's
shroud at his burial with his magnificent form ^{wrapped} ~~wrapped~~ in his colonel's
uniform, as he ever requested, should be done at his demise.

O! life, life, with thy beauty and bloom, O death, death with
thy grandeur and gloom, in thee we find a constant law, with her seat
in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in
heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the
greatest as not exempt from her power, and why should we weep?

For the old griefs die, and new ones are born
And after the midnight cometh the morn.

