

R. S. Taylor (1838-1918)

Robert Stewart Taylor (1838-1918) was born near Frankfort, Ohio, the son of Presbyterian minister and missionary Isaac Newton Taylor. Isaac was an educator and founded of Liber College near Portland, Indiana. Robert was educated privately by his father and at Liber College. He studied law and moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, as a law clerk. He was admitted to the bar and became a lawyer. In his successful career, he was appointed the first prosecuting attorney of Allen County, appointed a judge of the court of common pleas, and was elected to the Indiana legislature. He declined nomination to run for Congress, but succeeded Benjamin Harrison on the Mississippi Commission; also serving on the Monetary Commission. He ran for U. S. Senate and was a charter member of the American Bar Association. He was known as one of the most expert patent attorneys in the nation. His most significant case established the right of all companies to manufacture electric lamps. He took great interest in literature and music. He studied music at a musical convention at Geneseo, New York, and his song "O, Wrap the Flag Around Me, Boys" was played by a band at Lincoln's funeral. He claimed to have written more songs than any other man in the country other than Stephen Foster. He died in Fort Wayne.

R. S. Taylor



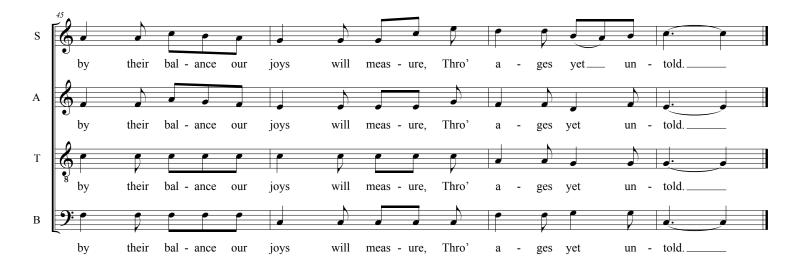


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Root & Cady (1865)

One flake at a time, one flake at a time, The feathery snow comes down; One flake at a time, one flake at a time, O'er field and grove and town:
But lo, with nimble and noiseless motion, Each on its mission flies,
Till plains extend like a foamy ocean,
And hills like billows rise.

One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The seconds and moments fly; One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The years are gliding by:
But lo, each tick in its station humbly, Helps fill the vast array,
Till nations perish and cities crumble Beneath their iron array.

One thought at a time, one thought at a time—A moment, and then 'tis gone;
One thought at a time, one thought at a time,
Our lives keep flowing on:
But lo, an issue of grief or pleasure,
Each thought will yet unfold;
For by their balance our joys will measure,
Thro' ages yet untold.

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