

A TRAGEDY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

(Written for THE CONSERVATIVE.)

Rev. James Caldwell was born in Charlotte county, Virginia. At the age of 15 he was sent to Princeton college, where he graduated in 1759. He was ordained and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Elizabethtown, N. J., in December, 1761.

On the 14th of March, 1763, he married Miss Hannah Ogden, of Newark, N. J., and by her cheerful piety and unshaken fortitude she sustained and comforted him amid the dark and stormy scenes through which he was called to pass.

Mr. Caldwell was of Huguenot descent, and shared in that distinct and positive character which has been so marked and conspicuous in all our early history. The very things that made him popular with the friends of his country rendered him odious to its enemies.

The church in which he preached was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded. Its steeple was the watch tower, and its bell sent out the notes of warning upon the approach of the foe.

On the 25th of January, 1780, the church was fired by a refugee and burned to the ground.

On the 25th of the following June Mrs. Caldwell was shot at Connecticut Farms, whilst General Kuyphausen was on his way to Springfield, and on the 24th of November, 1781, Mr. Caldwell himself was shot at Elizabeth-town-Point, whither he had gone, under a flag of truce, to protect a young lady who was coming from New York.

It is some comfort to know that the man who committed the deed was tried and found guilty of murder and hung. It was afterward found that he had been urged to the murderous act.

By these barbarous acts, which I have hastily described, nine helpless orphans were left and the annals of our country show that they all became useful members of the church and filled places of honor and usefulness with distinction.

I have thus gleaned from the records of my native state this tragic history, in order to place before your readers the conduct of one of the most distinguished of the heroes that gave lustre to those trying years of our early history.

The aid rendered to the colonial cause by the Marquis de Lafayette has never been overstated, nor fully estimated by the American people; but when we view this simple act which I have recorded, it seems to me that it as fully reveals the nobility of this great man as do his services and bravery in the field and his diplomatic aid secured for us from France.

Grant never appears so great to me, in his whole career, as when he was issuing rations to Lee's army, twenty minutes after its surrender, and when he

gave his laconic order; "Let the men take their horses and go home and plow." Fighting Bob was never so dangerous to our country's foes as when, above the din and roar of battle, he cried: "Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are drowning." And so here, when General Lafayette took the third eldest orphan of this Protestant clergyman, John E. Caldwell, to France and educated him at his own expense and returned him as he went, to fill places of high usefulness, I say this showed a greatness of soul which no pen can glorify or language exaggerate.

Consider that Lafayette was not of the same race or religious creed (doubtless a Catholic); consider, also, that this was the period of warfare, when fighting was the chief thing, not alone with guns and swords, but the conflict of ideas and opinions; these all accentuate and enlarge this action and make it noble.

About twelve miles from the city of Newark, Essex county, New Jersey, lies the beautiful village of Caldwell, named for this martyred clergyman, whose tragic fate I have herein described,

This village, if I mistake not, is the birth-place of ex-President Cleveland, whose father was a minister of the Presbyterian church at that place, some forty or fifty years ago.

I will only add, that when all men are able to look at one another through the eye of true charity, forgetting creeds, to do good deeds, then will come the millenium.

Let us never forget Sir Philip Sydney when he said to the wounded soldiers lying on the battlefield; "Drink; thy need is greater than mine."

A. H. CONDIOT.

Mansfield, Ohio, June 15, 1901.

DR. PATTON AND THE CORRESPONDENTS.

Burton Egbert Stevenson, the author of the capital college story in the June Lippincott's, is 29 years old, and entered Princeton college in 1890. The story in question, the author says, is in a sense autobiographical. Stevenson went to Princeton, just as Murray did, from a small Ohio town, knowing nothing about the history or traditions of the university, but persuaded to the step by an old Presbyterian clergyman who lived there. Stevenson relates the following story of his experience with President Patton when he, the writer, as a correspondent for daily papers, in company with the other college correspondents, waited on President Patton with a request for the text of a baccalaureate sermon. "There won't be any manuscript," said President Patton; "only a few notes." "Perhaps we might be able to use the notes," suggested Stevenson. "No, you will have to get a

stenographer," said the president. Stevenson hunted high and low for a stenographer, but in vain. The young Princetonian then went to Dr. Patton again and told him his troubles, but got little encouragement. The result was that each college correspondent copied what he could of the president's speech as it was delivered, and these pieces were fitted together. Stevenson took the word-map thus made to Dr. Patton for "correction." Dr. Patton read three or four sentences gravely, then jumped up and began walking the room and pulling his whiskers. "I can't stand any more," he declared. "I never said anything even remotely resembling this stuff." Then Stevenson told how the report had been made. The Doctor smiled, threw the report in the waste-basket and said: "Come back in half an hour and I will give you an outline of the sermon." The story which the papers thus got was one which delighted the editors. The incident is an excellent reflection of Dr. Patton's kindheartedness.

Wells Fargo & Company Bank.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

President, JOHN J. VALENTINE, San Francisco
 Manager, - HOMER S. KING, San Francisco
 Cashier, - H. WADSWORTH, San Francisco
 Asst. Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN, San Francisco
 2d Asst. Cashier, H. L. MILLER, San Francisco

BRANCHES

NEW YORK, - H. B. PARSONS, Cashier
 SALT LAKE, - J. E. DOOLY, Cashier
 PORTLAND, OR., - R. M. DOOLY, Cashier

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS JULY 31, 1900.

| ASSETS | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| Loans | \$9,446,888.10 |
| Bonds, Stocks and Warrants | 1,261,290.47 |
| Real Estate | 1,281,914.57 |
| Miscellaneous Assets | 9,205.58 |
| Due from Banks and Bankers | 1,111,501.91 |
| Cash | 4,090,413.55 |
| | <u>\$17,091,214.18</u> |
| LIABILITIES | |
| Capital, paid up | \$ 500,000.00 |
| Surplus | 5,750,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 1,926,895.68 |
| Deposits, Banks and Bankers | 1,084,015.95 |
| " Individual | 7,890,902.60 |
| | <u>\$17,091,214.18</u> |

General Banking Business in all its branches. Correspondents throughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

Parties writing to advertisers will please mention The Conservative.