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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

Little Longings.

I wish I had a little wife
And owned a little land,
I'd have a little house upon 't,
And feel a little grand,
I'd want a little daughter, and
Likewise a little son,
And when I'd a little time to spare,
I'd have a little fun.

A little lake I'd have,
Well stocked with little fishes;
My little pantry shelves should shine
With little pewter dishes.
Around my cot the little birds
Should tune their little throats,
And on a little hill should trisk
My little nanny goats.

I'd lounge a little after meals,
And take a little ease—
And if my little wife should scold,
I'd raise a little breeze.
I'd let it rage a little—then
I'd take a little "horn,"
And, little "snapped," go out and hoe
My little field of corn.

As I should want a little cash,
I'd take some little pains,
(Since every little trifle helps)
To make up little grains.
And then I'd smile at little ills,
Avoid life's little snares,
Enjoy a little paradise,
And laugh at little cares.

These little longings though are vain—
Yet little minds they bore,
And when a mortal little gets,
He sighs for little more,
Despite the little ballad says,
Or, call it little song:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following just tribute of respect to the memory of the Rev. JOHN CARES we take from the German Reformed Messenger. For eleven years Mr. Cares was pastor of the German Reformed Church in York, Pa., where he died, on the evening of the 5th of April last, in the 52nd year of his age. In life he was highly esteemed as a man, as a Christian, and as a preacher; and his death is mourned by his widow, kindred, friends and acquaintances.

"None knew him but to love him—
None named him but to praise!"

Death of the Rev. John Cares.

The Rev. John Cares was born in Turbot township, Northumberland county, Pa., in September, 1811. At an early period in life, he was impressed with the importance of Divine things, and manifested a concern for the salvation of his soul. Nor were these impressions ever effaced from his mind. Under the ministrations of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Guterius, and subsequently those of the Rev. Mr. Wagner, (by whom he was received into the communion of the Church) he advanced step by step in spiritual knowledge and grace. During this period of his life (in 1825) a discussion between a Unitarian and a Presbyterian clergyman was carried on in the public papers of Milton, in reference to the doctrine of the Atonement, in which he felt a great interest, and which aided him in no small degree in arriving at a clear and satisfactory view of this important doctrine of the Christian system. He felt a deep personal interest in the subject, and from that he felt satisfied, that his salvation was secured through the alone merits of Christ crucified—and fully and entirely committed himself to the blessed Redeemer.

Deeply impressed with the conviction, that God had called him to the office of

the Ministry, he availed himself of the Academy at Milton, then under the care of the Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick, and for several years he walked the distance of 12 or 14 miles, daily, in going to and returning from school.

In 1829 or '30 he entered the Theological Seminary then located at York, and over which the Rev. Dr. Mayer presided. Here he applied himself with all possible diligence in acquiring the requisite knowledge, which he afterwards applied with such singleness of aim and purpose for the glory of God and the welfare of immortal souls. During the whole time he spent in the Seminary, he had the esteem of his Professors, the confidence and love of his fellow-students, and the respect of all who knew him.

In 1832, the congregation in York became vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Reily, and the choice fell on Mr. Cares, who was then a student, and scarcely 21 years of age. He shrank from assuming the pastoral duties of one of the oldest and most difficult pastoral charges in our connection. The location of our Literary and Theological Institutions in that place—the ability of his predecessors—his extreme youth and inexperience, and his well known modesty and distrust of his abilities, were well calculated to make him wish, to use his own words, "to go to a more retired and less prominent field." But the solicitations of the congregation and the advice of brethren in the Ministry at length prevailed with him, and in the fall of 1832, he was licensed at the Synod in Frederick city, and shortly afterwards ordained and installed as the pastor of that congregation. It was his first and his only charge. He loved his people, and his people loved him. Although frequently called to other and prominent fields of labor, he could not see his way clear to abandon a people, among whom God was blessing his labors so richly, especially during the last two or three years. And just at the time when he was laid on the bed of sickness, an unusual work of God's Grace was manifesting itself among his people, to an extent perhaps unknown in the history of that congregation. His spirit went up to Heaven, borne along, as it were, by the prayers of a multitude of penitent and new-born souls, who were just beginning to know how much he loved, and how ardently he prayed for them.

In January last, he was attacked with a severe cold, from which he had not sufficiently recovered, when the special meeting of the Synod in Lebanon took place. Still, in his anxiety to be present, he ventured to go—and those brethren who were present on that occasion, will remember, that he was in much pain during the greater part of the meeting, while performing the duties of his office as President. In returning to York, amid the severest of weather, he increased his cold. He preached on the succeeding Sabbath to his people, and never perhaps did he feel more anxious to continue to preach the gospel,—for on the evening of that day, numbers of his hearers began to inquire after the Way of Life. But God was about to teach him, that He can carry on His work either with or without instrumentality, just as he pleases. It was Mr. Cares' last public effort in the pulpit.—Naturally of a delicate constitution, his strength soon gave way—a complication of diseases ensued, and a local inflammation brought on his premature death—premature to us; to his flock, and to the Church, but we have reason to believe, not to him. He wished to live longer, if it had pleased God—but not for his own sake, but for Christ's and the Church's sake.

Brother Cares was an able and successful preacher. He possessed talents of a high order, and these were consecrated to the cause of God and the welfare of souls. Thousands have heard him, not only with delight, but with profit. His sermons were generally of a practical character.—His reasoning was clear, logical and to the point. Few men of his age communicate as much with as few words as he did. His appeals to the conscience and heart, were earnest, always affectionate, pungent, and often eloquent and irresistible. He preached both in the English and German language, with an accuracy and a facility, rarely attainable by one man. We know of no other man in our own or any other Church, who was his superior in this respect. More than once have we heard intelligent persons express their astonishment, after hearing him in one language, to learn that he preached in the other also—and so well.

But what gave such weight to his public labors was, the conviction which was unavoidable in every mind, that he spoke from the heart. His piety was of the most elevated character. So consistent in his deportment—in the family—in the world—in the pulpit—everywhere, he was the same sincere, straightforward, humble, affectionate, friend, brother and Christian. A more amiable, disinterested, liberal, and truly humble Christian we have never

known—and we knew him well and intimately. His piety was enlightened, and aided by his naturally sweet and amiable disposition, it shone with a lustre, such as we but rarely meet with in this world. He was zealous, without being ostentatious or denunciatory—liberal, without profane—cheerful without levity—humble, without affectation, and amiable, without weakness.

It is no wonder, therefore, that such a man, and such a minister of the gospel, should upon his removal, be universally lamented. It is no wonder, that the whole town in which he lived and died, should feel sadness and sorrow—not that every minister who knew him, and indeed the whole church at large, should feel a pang in parting with one, who was such "a burning and shining light" in the Lord's House. We were permitted to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of following his corpse to the grave, and if ever we saw the sublime effect of moral power manifested, it was on that mournful occasion. Here was the spectacle of an humble, retiring minister of Jesus, just beginning to be known as to his real ability and worth—and yet by the graces which were wrought in him by God's Spirit, and modestly shone out to view, he had obtained a hold upon an entire community, such as was scarcely known before. The beautiful and commandous church, now veiled in mourning, could contain but a tithe of the vast concourse who were eager to enter on the occasion of the funeral obsequies. And when the shrouded body of the departed one was placed beneath the pulpit—and the mournful sweet tones of the organ began to steal over the already subdued and sobbing congregation, the deep fountains of feeling could only with difficulty be suppressed. The Rev. Mr. Hemer, of Baltimore, improved the occasion with a judicious and beautiful address, in which he had been for some time his fellow-student and knew him intimately. The tribute which he paid to the character of his friend and brother, was judiciously moderate, and was listened to with absorbing interest. The character of the departed pastor was too vividly impressed upon the minds of the hearers, not to feel the correctness of the picture as it was drawn before them. The Rev. Mr. Luchman, of the Lutheran church, followed with a brief and appropriate address in the German language, after which the remains of brother Cares were deposited in the cemetery adjoining the Church.—Quietly and peacefully may they rest there, until the morning of the Great Day!

From Sargent's New Monthly Magazine for April.

LADY BULWER.

From the Portfolio of one who knew her.

BY HELEN BERKLEY.

It was in Paris during the winter of 1840, that I first beheld Lady Bulwer.—General Cass, the American Ambassador, was giving one of the most splendid balls of the season. About the time that his magnificent suite of apartments began to be oppressively crowded, a gentleman approached me and said, "Let me get out of this throng. There is something in the boudoir, that is better worth seeing than all these panting people, that look as if they were going to melt away with heat. Lady Bulwer is there. She is a great Lion. Would you not like to see her?" "Oh! yes," I replied, with so little interest in my tone, that I now cannot help feeling wonder and provocation at the recollection of my own listless indifference. "You must discover her, then, without my assistance," said my friend. "I shall leave you while you make the experiment."

"That will be rather difficult," I returned: "for I have never heard her person described. However, I have no objection to try my skill in Physiognomy." We entered the boudoir. There was not more than fifty persons assembled.—My companion found me a seat, and retired, while I made a survey of the apartment, and endeavored to select the one who bore most resemblance to the portrait in my imagination of Lady Bulwer. A number of beautiful women were present. Several of them belonging to the English nobility. As my eyes glanced around the room they were soon riveted, as by a spell, upon the form of a majestic looking woman, whose queen-like and peculiarly graceful carriage was unequalled by the bearing of any that surrounded. She was attired in a robe of crimson velvet. Its long train, bordered with ermine, lay in rich folds at her feet. Her form might have been considered too expansive for perfect beauty, were it not that faultless symmetry made you forget the size in admiration of the proportions. Her soft dark hair was supple parted on the whitest of foreheads, and its exuberant tresses gathered into one graceful knot behind. Her exquisitely moulded head was encircled

by a tiara of diamonds. Those gems remind me of her eyes, which were of blue so intense, and so brilliant, that you mistook them at first for black. And they always spoke in advance of her lips. Her complexion was of a transparent whiteness, softly bleeding on her cheeks with peach blossom hue, which is seldom possessed except by the daughters of the "Ocean Isle." Her parted lips, when she smiled, disclosed a set of teeth, that almost seemed to reflect back the same light as a bed of snow upon which the noonday sun was shining. But that smile—it was more sweet than g. As you looked upon her you felt, that it was not the perfections which centered in her person that rendered her beautiful. It was the expression—the brilliancy—nay—it was the reflection of a soul beaming over all!

I beckoned to my friend, and, designating the lady who had arrested my attention, said—"Surely that must be Lady Bulwer!" "You are right," he replied triumphantly—"I made a bet that you would discover her, for when she is present there seems to be nobody else in the room. I she not a magnificent woman!"

The history of Lady Bulwer was at that time upon every lip. The envious blamed, the compassionate pitied, the disinterested praised. But her conduct was so unimpeachable, her character so unblemished, that the voice of slander was hushed in awe. Even calumny sought not to despoil her of her richest, almost her only possession—her fair fame.

The day succeeding the ball given by General Cass, I became personally acquainted with Lady Bulwer. For several months after that period I saw her almost daily, sometimes passing two or three hours in her society. And the more intimately I became acquainted with her, I reproached myself for ever having breathed a word, or harbored a thought, to her disparagement.

Lady Bulwer, then Rosina Wheeler, was married at the age of eighteen, to Mr. Bulwer, now Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. She gave him her heart and hand, and had every reason to believe that he returned his own, until she discovered that he was not embarrassed with so troublesome a possession. Before she had been married a year, she had proofs, too incontestable, of her husband's being a lawless and remorseless libertine. But she was then about to become a mother, and, what will not a woman endure for the sake of her child? What will not a woman, who loves, or has loved, forgive? On the birth of that child, in whose endearment she had fondly hoped to find consolation for the neglect and cruelty of her husband, his tyranny assumed a new and more dreadful shape. Almost before the young mother was considered out of danger, her infant, in spite of her expostulations, and prayers and tears, was taken from her and placed under the charge of a wet nurse, who resided several miles from London. Bulwer declared that he would not permit his wife to become a nursery-maid; that children were his detestation; and that the "noisy little imp" should be kept at a respectable distance. Lady Bulwer did not submit to this unnatural and despot decree without remonstrating. But her grief and entreaties only called forth the most virulent abuse from her inflexible husband. After this incident he neglected her more than ever, and not unfrequently, in his moments of ungovernable passion, she was forced to submit to personal violence.

She again became a mother, and her child was a son. Through the influence of a compassionate physician, the child was left under her care, and her little daughter recalled from exile. The wife and mother was now comparatively happy. When her husband was at home she could only visit the nursery by stealth, but he generally spent his days and nights in dissipation, and seldom troubled her with his undesirable society. But in his absence she was continually subjected to the persecutions of his mother, who was originally opposed to the marriage, and showed an open detestation of her daughter-in-law from the beginning.

This woman became a spy upon Lady Bulwer's actions, and was continually exciting Bulwer's anger against his wife. This state of affairs continued until the daughter was about six or seven years old. The grandmother then declared that the child must have a governess. Bulwer agreed with her, and procured the desired governess.

And now, indeed, Lady Bulwer's misery soon baffled description. She was not permitted to have a voice in any thing that concerned the child. Her studies, her dress, her exercise, her food, were all at the command of the governess. And this lady in authority did not scruple to tell the anxious mother, when she remonstrated, that such were Sir Edward's orders. Lady Bulwer complained to her husband. But he sometimes laughed in

her face, and told her the woman was as competent a person as could be found, "and very pretty withal," and at other times he flew into a rage, and forbade her mentioning the subject.

Before many months elapsed, Lady Bulwer certainly discovered that this unfortunate woman was, beyond a doubt, another of her husband's victims. The woman herself evinced no shame at her situation; but, elated at the helplessness of Lady Bulwer, and her supposed superiority, assumed perfect control over the household. Lady Bulwer's orders to the domestics were countermanded, her most trivial arrangements interfered with, and her children invariably ordered to their studies, precisely at the hour which she had appointed for taking the air with them. Thus she was annoyed and irritated in every manner by a person who made her degradation the excuse for her assumption of authority. Once more she appealed to her husband, and, it may have been angrily insisted, that the governess should be discharged. He replied, that she should remain as long as it suited his convenience, and when the wife answered him, he struck her a blow which felled her to the ground! What resource had she? She was fatherless and brotherless—poor and an orphan, while he was all powerful. She lived but for her children, and for their sakes endured even this indignity.

A few days after this last occurrence, she received an insult from the governess, which exceeded in grossness every former impertinence. It was late in the evening, and for once her husband was at home.—She sought the parlor, where he was luxuriating over his wine and segar, and repeating to him what had occurred, added:—"I will bear it no longer—I cannot bear it any longer. Either Miss ——— must leave the house, or I shall leave it. You may choose between the two."

"Certainly," replied Bulwer with provoking calmness, "I have chosen long ago. You shall leave it. And since you have made up your mind to go, I don't intend to give you your own time. You shall pack off at once—this very moment—and Miss ——— remain where she is. I have promised her my protection, and she shall have it."

Lady Bulwer acknowledged that she was deeply incensed. She hastily left the room, went up stairs and told her two bewildered children to put on their cloaks and bonnets. Bulwer soon followed her to demand why she was not gone. She walked from the apartment, leading her children, and without replying. He accompanied her, saying with mock gallantry:—"Permit me the pleasure of closing the door upon you, madam."

This act of politeness he in reality performed, but not without hastening it by giving his wife a rude push. The unfortunate mother and luckless children sought protection under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Home, who resided at a very short distance, and who had been Lady Bulwer's bosom friend from childhood.

That the above tale is strictly true I have other testimony besides the words of Lady Bulwer. Before leaving Paris I became acquainted with Mr. Home, the husband of the lady at whose house she sought refuge; and he verified to me the history of her misfortunes and wrongs.

It was about a year after the publication of "Chevley," that I became acquainted with Lady Bulwer. She was residing in Paris as the only city in which she could live respectably on her scanty income. She had many friends there, and was universally courted. But her thoughts were occupied by her children; and she was daily forming some new project to regain them. Bulwer was then living openly in London with the governess who had created his domestic disturbance, and who was then the mother of several of his children. Worse than this, Lady Bulwer's unfortunate little ones were under the care of this infamous woman; and brought up with her illegitimate progeny! It was dreadful enough for their mother to feel that they were no longer under her guidance; but to know that they were subjected to the most contaminating influence—inhaling an atmosphere of vice—their pure spirits becoming accustomed to iniquity—she would sometimes say that to hear they were dead would be comparative happiness!

She experienced great pleasure in the conviction, that her children cherished her memory in spite of their long separation. On entering her apartment one day I observed that her eyes were swollen with tears, and her manner unusually agitated. I ventured to inquire whether she had received news from London? Pointing to a passage in an open letter, she said with deep emotion—"Read that. My poor boy! he has not forgotten his mother!"

The letter was from a friend in London. The passage contained the following anecdote. Bulwer was sitting in his drawing-room, which was filled with company, when lady Bulwer's little son, then about eight or nine years of age, entered the apartment and stood beside his father's

knee. Bulwer had not seen the child for some time. After looking at him for a moment, without speaking, he turned to the gentleman beside him, and remarked, with a frown. "He's devilish like his mother!" The boy heard him, looked up, with indignation glowing on his fine countenance, and said:—"He's devilish glad of it, sir!"

Lady Bulwer's peculiar expressions in conversation, the force and vigor of her language, left deeper impressions on my mind, than those of almost any other person, with whom I ever conversed. When we were talking over the impossibility of her taking a divorce, and thus recovering her children, without the possession of a larger sum of money than she had any prospect of commanding, she would say;—"England boasts of her laws; and she has good ones. But men made them to protect themselves—to guard beasts and birds from injury—to guard no law to shield the woman."

At another time, when I was vainly trying to persuade her that she would in the end receive justice even from a harsh judging public, she replied:—"I do not doubt it. There is a species of justice that comes to all, when death has placed them beyond the reach of injury; but the sun that shines on our graves cannot benefit our bones."

She was rather apt to be severe, though generally there was much of playfulness even in her severity, upon the whole male sex. She did not disguise her belief that interest was the only barrier that could prevent them from gratifying their worst passions. I once said to her laughingly, when she was drawing a half ludicrous, half stern picture of the male character:—"Come, come; you should not speak so without making some exceptions; remember I have a husband!" She answered in a tone, the mingled bitterness and sadness of which I shall never forget:—"I have a husband too; or perhaps I should not speak so."

There appeared to be a union of opposites in the character of Lady Bulwer.—Though strikingly spirited in her manner; always self-possessed, quick to decide and prompt to act, though she was gifted with peculiar tact in repelling the advances of a looper, who believed her accessible, because she was unprotected; and though her very glance commanded respect from the most frivolous, yet gentleness, grace and suavity, were her especial attributes.

I had many opportunities during my residence in Paris of becoming acquainted with the firmness and energy of Lady Bulwer's character. I also witnessed some of the persecutions to which she was even then subjected by her misguided husband. One instance in particular, by which all Paris was kept in a state of excitement for several days, is worthy of record. If a man is an ordinary villain, at least half the world will give him the credit of being a monster. But if the atrocities he commits are of a more heroic nature than the imagination can readily picture, then they surpass belief, and he is generally considered a tolerably good sort of a person, who has been unjustly traduced. This is Bulwer's case; and I should not expect the history I am about to relate to gain credence, were it not authenticated by the publicity, which it obtained at the time, and by the facts, which were brought to light before a court of justice.

Lady Bulwer had in her possession several letters, from her husband, filled with fearful menaces and the most insulting accusations. Bulwer, when informed by lady Bulwer's lawyer of the existence of those papers, said, in reply, "I do assure you, the letters are mere forgeries.—I never wrote any thing of the kind in my life."

"But my dear sir," replied the lawyer, "admitting that the hand-writing, and your own seal might have been imitated, the post-marks could not have been forged. And then a woman would hardly write herself the accusations the letters contain."

Bulwer, in the haste and blindness of his exciting passions, not seeing the snare in which he was caught, retorted;—"Let me tell you, sir, that every word of these accusations is true." In one breath he denied all knowledge of the letters, in the next he showed himself so perfectly acquainted with their contents, that he was ready to maintain their truth and justice!

These papers he became exceedingly anxious to regain, as they might be some time used to his disadvantage. In the daily habit of framing fictitious plots to delight the public, he now essayed to form one which should be realized in actual life for his own private gratification.

Lady Bulwer was then residing in Paris, and her husband in London. Her femme de chambre, who was much attached to her, was one evening way-laid in the street by a couple of men. They commenced conversation by saying they knew her to be in Lady Bulwer's employment, and that they had something to communicate which would be of service to her