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THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

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The "Jounnal" will be published every Vednesday morning, at two dollars a year, f paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half.

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hetime an advertisement is to be con it will be kept in till ordered out, rged accordingly.



POSTRY.

A Mother's Grief. To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow,
To meet the meek uplifted eye;
That fain would ask relief, That fain would ask reflection.—Yet can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief. hrough dreary days and darker nights

To trace the mark of death ; To bear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near, And pray that struggle brief, Though all is ended with its close,— This is a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decay'd
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave must now close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys on earth,
This is a mother's grief.

him. Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, apostrophizing her absent lover "would that you were here. But what do I say?— For months he has not written to me, and alas! I cannot conceal from myself that I am lorgotten. No, it is sinful in me thus to think of one who has deserted me.—Oh! that ever he could forget those dear, dear moments when we walked together under the old avenue, while the moon simmered down through the leaves, and our hearts beat in unison with the music of all nature around us. Oh! Henry, "dear Henry," and she clasped her hands, "that ever you should forget those hours."

"Nor have I forgotten them, dear Isabel?" exclaimed a voice beside her, that thrilled every nerve with ecstacy; and, looking around, she perceived her lover, who had entered the little parlor unperceived.

who had entered the little parlor unperceived.

We will not describe the thousand things that were said at this meeting.—
Suffice it to say, they were like all lovers' proteatations. But the explanation of Henry must be laid before our readers, though in a more succinct, and less broken manner than he gave it. His tale however, even as told by himself, was short. He had written, according to promise, to Isabel, but received no answer. Again and again he had written, but always with the like success, until at length his pride forbade him to write again.—
But his love had survived, notwithstanding the apparent coldness of Isabel, and having incidentally neard that she was at the Springs, he had resolved to see her, and learn the worst.

"Then it was your mother that inter-

and learn the worst.

"Then it was your mother that intercepted your letters," said Henry, when Isabel had, in turn, narrated her story; "and this marriage—oh! Isabel, dear Isabel, can you sacrifice yourself?"

What need to tell the result? Love ever triumphs, and it was arranged that, that night, Isabel should elope with her lover.

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