The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Muses' Bower.

To the Flowers.

Wake! little wild flowers under the snow, Laying all winter, waiting to blow, Wake, for the storm clouds of winter are p Wake, now, nor fear the cold, chilling blas

Up through the mossy grown meadows now Opening dewy eyes, fresh from your sleep. Nestled in grassy bed, close in the fold Of your lealiness wrapped from the cold.

"Maybe not, but those red dogs have sharp eyes, and see things, sometimes, that an ordinary man would take a telescope to make out."

"At any rate we will have a good shot at them when they do come, if they are ten thousand."

As yet, it was not certain which route the French would take—this way or up the Bay. Both were practicable, but there was every reason to believe that the former would be their choice. There was no doubt they would come in considerable strength, and with a goodly number of boats to carry back the plunder they were sure of securing. At that time the French knew there were enormous trains going forward, by way of Saratoga, to the head of Lake George. At this very time Lord Howe's army was pressing forward and occupied fully five miles of the narrow road over which it was passing.

Time always passes wearily to those in make the sharp of the detected a noise upon the shore, which it was passing.

French leader of the advance, fancied he detected a noise upon the shore, which is hor, and their a thrill of apprehension. A simultaneous halt of this part of the fleet was made, an Indian exclamation of alarm passed from boat to boat, and the paddles were withdrawn and pointed upward. They then clustered together, in fearful suspense. For they knew that they were under the cloud of danger.

The preconcerted signal was the discharge of Putnam's gun, and as it burst out upon the solemn stilness, it was instantly followed by the other forty double-baded rifles, that hurried death and destruction among the crowded enemy. The Indians and French were terror-stricken. Their canoes riddled by balls, their skipper in the presence of Heaven, and every benefit of the fleet was made, an Indian exclamation of alarm passed from boat to boat, and the paddles were withen the solemn at the under the clustered together, in fearful suspense. For the partial suspense, for they were under the cloud of danger.

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Fig. 1.5.1.

Fig. 1.5.2.

Fig.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 10, 1872.

Maxims of Workingmen.

Protection, by sustaining wages here, levates labor everywhere.

Free trade condemns labor to mere mus-

No civilized country tolerates free trade.
Why tax the poor man's tea and coffee of fill an overflowing treasury?
The introduction of manufactures diver-

the inconduction of manuactures diver-les agriculture.

Where all must shovel and hoe, wages must be low.

must be low.

Whoever does anything useful in civilized society is a laborer.

Now that Southern labor is free it demands protection.

Free trade was the father and support

of slavery.
Nine-tenths of American consumers are

The control of the co

The Jokers' Budget.

A Stupid Husband.

Riding horseback just at night through the woods in Saginaw county, Michigan, I came into a clearing, in the middle of which stood a log house, the owner sitting in the open door smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse before him the following con-versation ensued:

versation ensued:
"Good evening, sir," said I.

"Good evening."
"Can I get a glass of milk of you to drink

"Well I don't know. Ask the old wo-By this time his wife was standing by his side.
While drinking it I asked:

The Home Circle.

What is Faith.

BY JOHN FINLEY.

Faith is the Christian's prop Whereupon our sorrows lean; It is the substance of his hope, His proof of things unseen; It is the anchor of the soil When tempests rage and billows roll. Faith is the polar star That guides the Christian bark-That guides the Christian bark— Directs his wandering from afar, To reach his holy ark; It points his course where'er he roams, And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form