FERMS

MUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Vednesday morning, at two dollars a year, paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid with six months, two dollars and a half.
Every person who obtains five subscribers, and forwards price of subscription, shall be a proper to the subscribers of the subscription of the subscribers of the subscription of

surnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year.
No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

##All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post Paid, or they will not be attended to.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents per square will be charged. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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Daniel Teague, Orbisonia; David Blair, Esq. Shade Gai; Benjamin Lease, Shirleysbur; Eliel Smith, Esq. Chilcottstovon: Jas. Entriken, jv. Ceffee Run; Hugh Madden, Esq. Stringfield; Dv. S. S. Dewey, Birmingham; James Morrow, Union Furnoce; John Sisler, Warrior Mark; James Davis, Esq. West township; D. H. Moore, Esq. Frankstown; Eph. Gabreath, Esq. Holtidaysbure; Henry Neff, Alexandria; Aaron Burns, Williamsburg; A. J. Stewart, Water Street; Wim. Reed, Esq. Morris township; Solomon Humer, A.eff's Mill; James Dysart, Mouth Spruce Creek; Wim. Murray, Esq. Grayswille; John Crum, Manor Hill; Jas. E. Stewart, Sinking Falley; L. C. Kessler, Mill Creek.



POETRY.

HARRISON SONG.

AIR-"Gaily the Troubadour." Gully did Harrison Gily did Harrison
Come from his home,
Whilst he was yet a youth,
Not twenty o.d,
He joined the gallant band
On our frontiers.
Harrison—Harrison—
Give him three cheers,

Hark all ye gallant Whigs, Firm, brave and true,
After he'd join'd the band,
What did he do? He led to victory, Free from all fears; Harrison-Harrison-Give him three cheers.

Huzza for Harrison!
Success to hun,
He makes the Vanocrats
Look rather slim:
He is the People's man!
Away with your tears.
Harrison—Harrison—
Clin him thus charge Give him three cheers.

Then let us stick to him,
Young, old and all,
And like old Proctor's men,
Matty must fall!
Turn, then ye Vanocrats,
Fear not their sneers,
Harrison—Harrison—
Give him three cheers.

LOG CABIN SONG.

I love the rough Log Cabin, It, tells of olden time, When an hardy and an honest class Of freemen in their prime, First left their father? peaceful home, Where all was joy and rest. With their axes on their shoulders, And sailed for the west.

Of logs they built a sturdy pile,
With slabs they roofed it o'er:
With wooden latch and hinges rude,
They hung the clumys door,
And for the little window lights,
In size two feet by two,
They used such sash as could be got
In regions that were new.

The chimney was composed of slats Well interlaid with clay, Forming a sight we often see, In this a latter day, And here on stones for fire-dogs, A rousing fire was made, While round it sat a hearty crew, "With none to make afraid."

I love the old Log Cabin,
For here in early days,
Long dwelled the honest Harrison,
As every Vanny says:
And when he is our President,
Which one more year will see,
In good "Hard Cider" we will tosst,
And cheer him three times three.

A. W. HENDITE FELLINGE AND PROPARITION.

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