## VJLLACE RECORD.

By Wi Blatr
A Family Notorepapor: INeutral in Politios ana Foligion
mbo Por Yeax
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HEART-CONGINGS.
by charles mempord.
Gliding, sliding, gwiinly gliding
 Riding at youth's eventide.
Sady, sally creep the shadows Mistst fueg gathering on tho meed

Dreary, dreary are the mountains,

Scatterd is life's fires foun

L.oosed the elinging arms' embroces,
Cold the lips that presesed my brow

All companionless $\mathrm{I}^{2} m$ sailing,
Sailigig with the rushicr tin

## Sairng with the rushirg tide, None to cheer when strength is failing, Noone, when murmers rise, to chide.

 Sorely, sorely I'm repenting_Sins to which I still am pron As the current, unrelenting,
Sweeps me mon with hollow moan. Bäck warl, baak ward I're been $t$
Turning with a teanful lye
o that years of sore heart.
Once again to ferl the tenting
$\qquad$
Start anew, entwined togecher,
Down the stream. We' $\ddagger$ loot,
$\qquad$

## MIISOMITAINY.

 MY REVENGE. The heart knoweth not its own bitterness;
and the details, while tiost paintul to me
would be of trifing interest to you. Sutice it that our feud was not a political ono.-
For ten years we were the closest inmates
that the same studies, the same tastes, and
the ho same arms could make ns. I was the
ider of the we, and stronger physically it, and had no near relatives. Young, solit
ary and visionary sa we were, Yit is hard that to
make you understand what we were to each





 ave my revenge
And this was And this was the way we met.
I wonder if he thought of that day when
he laid his hand uponimy bridto rein and
looked up at me with his treacherous blue eges. I scarcely think hic did, or he coul
pot have given me that look. He was beat fair, aristocratio face with the regular out
line ond red curving lip, to my own rough
dark exterior, might have been partly tue
secret of my fornite attraction to him. Biat the loveliness of an angle if it had been $h$ h
Would not have saved hin froum me then.
There was a pistol in his hand butbefore $h$. There was a pistol in his hand, but before ho
hadd time to disclarge it, $I$ out at hime with my swort, and as the line swort on tike
githering wave, Isaw him stager under th
blow, throw up his arms and mo down wit blow: throw up his arms and yo down wit
the press. Bitterly as I hated hiun the ghas 1y. face haunted me the long day through.
You all renivenber how it was at Freder
ieksbury. How we crossed the river nt the enemy, were so dissstronsly repulsed.
It was a sad nuistake, and fital to many
brave heart. Wlien night fell, T liny upo



 I. Poor fellows t there was many a moth
ers darling suffering there. Muny of m
comadies, Iud.



