

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,—
These things can never die.

AMONG THE DEAD AT POMPEII.

The disintombing city of Pompeii presents
objects of commanding interest to the stranger
and traveler, such as he can hardly find
elsewhere among the ruined cities of the
world.

very nails must have entered into the flesh,
and the body is swollen, as those of the others,
as if water had aided the cruel death.

A more touching story than that which is
told by these silent figures I have never read,
and it is with comparatively little interest
that I closed this day by visiting the sites
where the laborers are actually at work.

the invention of those around him in this
section. When a courier, after exerting his
best skill to please him, produced a dish
which he did not relish, he made the ingenious
artist himself continue to eat of that
dish and of nothing else, till his faculties,
sharpened by disgust, enabled him to find
out something superior for his master.

Like Nero and Caligula, Heliogabalus had
his jocularities—generally practical ones—
sometimes merely absurd, sometimes char-
acteristically cruel. His most harmless en-
tertainments in this way consisted of the
suppers which he would give one night to
eight men, all of them blind of one eye,
sometimes to eight afflicted with gout, then
to eight deaf men, eight black men, eight
tall and eight fat men.

He kept lions and leopards, which lay at
table with him, in order to frighten his
friends. He would get a company filled with
drink, and after locking them up for the
night would let loose amongst these lions,
leopards and bears, with their claws pared,
to terrify them; and many, it is said, died
of fright.

At other times, when daylight would
break in on the company who had been
drinking the night before, they would find
themselves in the arms of ugly old black
women. At other times he made sham en-
tertainments, like the Barmecide's feast in
the Eastern tale, setting his guests down to
dishes made of wax, ivory or stone, painted
after nature. He collected serpents together
and let them loose to bite his visitors. He
would tie his courtiers to a wheel and have
them whirled round in water, calling them,
in allusion to the mythological fable his
"Xionite friends."

Fearing a violent death from the ven-
geance of the people, Heliogabalus had made
preparations, which turned out to be all in
vain, for terminating his existence in an
elegant manner. He had poison mixed up
with the most precious articles, he had ropes
of crimson and purple silk ready to strangle
himself with, and golden swords to stab him-
self with. He had also a high tower built
with rich adornings, where he might breathe
out his last in royal state.

A SPEECH, STRONG AND EMPHATIC,
BY GENERAL LOGAN.

On Major-General Logan's arrival at Cairo
the other day, from Vicksburg, he addressed
a circle of welcoming friends, in substance,
as follows:

It makes no difference whether you call
me Democrat, Republican or Abolitionist—
as some have lately named me. It does not
change my feelings—does not alter my action.
I am for my country every time—for my
country first, last and always, and am fight-
ing for the right of that country to be num-
bered among the honored nations of the
earth. Until this is brought about, and this
Rebellion crushed out, I am but an Ameri-
can citizen. When that right shall have
been asserted, then, should we find that there
is something wrong in the fabric that our
fathers reared, something we desire to change
it will be time enough to come up and
demand the change. Now we have this accu-
sation of Rebellion to root out: It must be
rooted out. I am for using every means and
all means for putting it to an end. If the
people of the North would use the same force
Jeff. Davis and his minions use, and as
maintaining as they are—for in the South
force of arms compels every man to get
through as he is sanctioned by the Rebellion,
whether he feels inclined or not—this war would
be successfully terminated in less than six
months.

Every mother's son who is opposed to the
war should be compelled either to take up
arms against us for us. Then there would
be no talk of peace here in the North, no
talk of resistance, no such men as Vallan-
digham, no such cowards as those who sup-
port all such men and say these things.

Vallandigham says he has traveled over
the Confederacy—using the term "Confed-
eracy"—not the phrase-called Confederacy
(for I do not acknowledge the existence of
any authority or Government in America
aside from that of the United States)—and
has not met man, woman or child who does
not sustain the war, and who is not deter-
mined to fight it out to the death of the
bitter end. Vallandigham there simply lies.
He tells what is not true, and he knows it.
Vallandigham, aside from the leading men
—Jeff. Davis, Toombs and Stephens—did
not, I venture to say, speak with a dozen
persons while taking his involuntary trip
through Dixie. Had he done so, his report
would have been of a different color. The
people who are fighting against the Govern-
ment—the poor whites comprising the rank
and file of the Rebellion—nine-tenths of them
do not know what they are fighting for—do
not know what they are fighting against.
A majority of them do not know anything,
and hundreds of them never saw the Ameri-
can flag in their lives until they saw it march
into Vicksburg in triumph. They do not
know the Fourth of July, or anything else
that is good; but poor and ignorant as they
are, let them express their own free minds,
and they will, almost to a man, demand a
speedy termination of this war—would sub-
mit to almost anything rather than fight one
day longer as they have been fighting. It
is only by the force of bayonets that their
army is kept together. Even that cannot
prevent their deserters from flocking into
Jackson by hundreds, to take the oath of
allegiance or to join the Union ranks. And
I tell you what I know when I say that it
will not be many days ere the entire States
of Mississippi and Tennessee will be knock-
ing loudly for readmission to a Union which
not long since they thought their puny ef-
forts could quickly dissolve. They are talk-
ing of it even now.

Speaking of being united, I tell you, by
the Eternal God, there never was a more
truthful sentence than that of Douglass:
"Those who are not with us are against us;"
and I reiterate it, and add, those who are not
with us should be hung, or should be with
their Southern brethren, fighting with them.
Let them either aid the Government or go
where they can bolster up the tottering for-
tunes of Rebellion. Better have a dozen
foes in the field than one fighting us behind
our backs.

To all Copperheads, peace men, agitators,
anti-war men, be they Republicans or Dem-
ocrats, for we have them here pretending to
be both, I have a word to say in behalf of
our brave soldiers. You have undoubtedly
been told that the war has its opposers in the
ranks of the Union army. It is an accused
and foul aspersion upon the fair fame of men
who are willing to spill their blood and give
their lives for their country. They are for

the Union. They fight for the people and
their country, for the suppression of the Re-
bellion. Let me say to all opposers of the
war:—The time will come when men com-
posing this great army will come to their
homes. They have had their eyes upon these
unmitigated cowards, these opponents of the
Union and Administration; the Adminis-
tration, I contend, is the country, and when
they return, it will do the soul of every truly
loyal man good to see the summary man-
ner in which they will cause these sneaks and
peace-agitators to seek their holes.

You will excuse me, gentlemen, if, in say-
ing what I have said, I have been rather
profuse and heavy in the way of emphasis.
Two years away from civilization, with my
men, has made me rather emphatic in all
thoughts and words in regard to certain
things. I speak emphatically because I em-
phatically feel that which my tongue finds
to say.

THE WOOF OF LIFE.

Sweetly sang the morning stars, heralding
the rosy dawn, and arrowy sunbeams that
glanced in golden light over the dew-gem-
med earth, wakened its dwellers from slum-
ber to the activity of life.

Within a quiet dwelling, on a shore of a
lake whose rippling surface is glowing with
the reflection of golden light, a mother clasps
the frail form of an infant son to her bosom;
raising her heart in prayer to God that his
life may be useful and happy—such a life as
fit the immortal soul for a home of eternal
light and joy. Low bending from above is
a beautiful angel clothed in garments of puri-
ty, and the silver radiance of its wings
overshadows the new-born babe with a halo
of guardian love. The web of life just begun
stretches onward through this mortal to the
immortal beyond the shores of time, and as
with prophetic eye the guardian angel sees
the dark, silver and golden threads, that
make the woof of life, woven into it, she
breathes a vow to shield it from danger; and
music, sweet-toned as a seraph's lyre, floats
out upon the soft air, as on the shining wing
she soars to heaven to write the name of that
babe in the book of immortal life.

Childhood is past, and youth has come.
The woof of life is now silver and golden
threads, with here and there a shadowy tint,
while he whom we saw so frail and helpless
in his mother's arms, now with noble aspi-
rations, looks forward, seeing only shades
of a brighter and more enduring hue. The
sky above him is calm and shining, and flow-
ers grow on either side of his pathway, while
that sweet angel spreads above him her over-
shadowing wings.

Time moves on with noiseless step—nobly
he enters upon the arena of active life, and
into the woof of life is weaving a name that
future generations shall repeat and bless. It
is a summer's eve; and within the room where
he first opened his eyes upon the light of life
he sits by the couch of her who kindly cared
and loved him in infancy and childhood, and
with moistened eye watches for her lamp of
life to go out. Then there are dark threads
in the woof of life, but the angel wings that
overshadowed him on the day of his birth are
hovering over him still.

Again are the golden threads in the woof
of life. He stands before the altar with her
whom he has chosen to be the partner of his
days, and utters the responses that bind two
willing hearts in bonds stronger and more
enduring than his life. Again the beautiful
angel bends the low whispering of a home
of peace and love, and he walks the earth with
a happy, trusting heart, while threads that
make up the woof of life are only of silver
and gold.

Years are gone. They are many darkly
wed threads mingled in the woof of life,
years: here and there are dark tints where
the timorous breath of disappointment swept
across his pathway—a darker thread, as a
beautiful immortal exotic, that had bloomed
while in his home, was exalted to heaven,
in its native clime, leaving a memento both
as bright as the noonday sun, and dark as
midnight, while a lonely mound tells us
where rests the mortal casket.

Silver locks shade his brow, but his arm
is strong to protect her who has walked by
his side for many years, and hopefully strug-
gles to hold her back from the embrace of
the Angel of Death. In vain he hopes—the
loved form he presses to his heart becomes
pale and cold. In that dread hour of
darkness he is not alone—the angel is near,
and one who folds him in her shining
wings, tells him of that other life, upon an-
other shore, where hearts severed may be re-
united; only a little while—the weaving of
a few more threads in the woof of life, and
he, too, will no longer walk life's pathway.

From the windows of a dwelling a light
streams out in the still midnight darkness.
Within, a weary form is resting on a low
couch, the eye dimmed by four-score years
wanders from one to another of the group
around; and as the hand of a fair grand-child
puts back the snow-white hair from the thin,
furrowed brow, on which the dew of death
is gathering, and kisses the sunken cheek,
his mind wanders back to that golden morn-
ing when before the altar, and he repeats the
name of her who, with him, there pledged
their vows.

The beautiful angel that has followed him
through life, is with him in the hour of
death—the silvery brightness of her wings
overshadows him; yet still he lingers upon
earth's cold shore; till the morning stars
pale in the eastern sky, and the golden sun-
light glances over the dew-gemmed earth.
The last thread in the woof of life is woven,
and the guardian angel spreads its wings to
guide the freed immortal to a heavenly home,
while strains of seraphic music never heard
by mortal ears welcome another dweller to
that clime where no dark threads are woven
in the golden woof of life, beyond the river
of death.

THE STORM OF SHELL.

Mr. Wilkeson, a special correspondent of
the N. Y. Times, with the Army of the Po-
tomac, thus thrillingly describes the terrible
storm of shell which the enemy poured upon
the headquarters of Gen. Meade:

Eleven o'clock—twelve o'clock—one
o'clock. In the shadow cast by the tiny
farm house 16 by 20, which Gen. Meade had
made his headquarters, lay worried staff
officers and tired reporters. There was not
wanting to the peace-lovers of the scene, the
singing of a bird which had nestled in a peach tree
within the yard of the white-washed cottage.
In the midst of its warbling, a shell screamed
over the house, instantly followed by another,
and another, and in a moment the air was
full of the most complete artillery prelude to
every infantry battle that was ever exhibited.
An enemy and form of shell known to British
and American gunnery, shrieked, whirled,
moaned, whistled, and wrathfully fluttered
over our ground. As many as six in a second,
constantly two in a second, bursting
and screaming over and around headquarters,
made a hell of fire that amazed the oldest
officers. They burst in the yard—burst next
to the fence on both sides, garnished, as
usual, with hitched horses of aids and orderlies.
The fastened animals reared and
plunged with terror. Then one fell, then

another—sixteen lay dead and mangled be-
fore the fire ceased, still fastened by their
halters, which gave the expression of being
wickedly tied up to die painfully. Those
brute victims of a cruel war touched all
hearts. Through the midst of the storm of
screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance,
driven by its furious conductor at full speed,
presented to us the marvelous spectacle of a
horse going on three legs. A hinder one
had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore
up the little step of the headquarters cottage,
and ripped bags of oats as with a knife.—
Another soon carried off one of its two pillars.
Soon a spherical shell burst opposite the open
door—another ripped through the low garret.
The remaining pillar went almost immedi-
ately to the bowl of a fixed shot that Whit-
worth must have made. During this fire,
the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant,
were receiving their death, and the soldiers
in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the
road, and died with the peculiar yells that
blend the extorted cry of pain with horror
and despair. Not an orderly—not an ambu-
lance—not a straggler was to be seen upon
the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral
death, thirty minutes after it commenced.—
Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of
artillery trying to cut from the field every
battery we had in position to resist their
purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away
the slight defenses behind which our infantry
were waiting? Forty minutes—fifty min-
utes—counted on watches that ran—oh, so
longitudinally! Shells through the two lower
rooms. A shell into the chimney, that dar-
ingly did not explode. Shells in the yard.
The air thicker and fuller and more deafen-
ing with the howling, whirring of these in-
fernal missiles. The chief of staff struck—
Seth Williams—loved and respected through-
out the army, separated from instant death by
two inches of space vertically measured. An
aid bored with a fragment of iron through
the bone of the arm. Another cut with an
exploded piece. And the time, measured on
the sluggish watches; was an hour and forty
minutes.

VALLANDIGHAM STOCK DOWN.

The American Union, a Democratic paper,
published at Steubenville, Ohio, and edited
by John Sheridan, refuses to support Val-
landigham for Governor. It has been the
Democratic organ of Jefferson county for
more than thirty years. In an article pub-
lished on the 15th of July, the Union refers to
the noise made by Vallandigham about
States' right, and an armistice, and observes:

"If the party adopt the peculiar views on
this subject (State rights) of the great South
Carolinite, John C. Calhoun, then the former
position occupied by the Democratic
party has been wrong, and we have but found
out since the latter day Democracy are play-
ing the deuce with the party, that Jackson and
all such ordinary men as him didn't know
what Democracy consisted of, and of what
ingredients it was composed, notwithstanding
the history of the country shows that
when secession raised its head with John C.
Calhoun for its leader, that he proved to be
the man for the crisis, and the 'Pilot' weath-
ered the storm' crushed the great Nullifier
and his followers, and as long as he lived was
thanked by the whole nation for his prompt
action forso doing. It was never mooted
again until after Jackson and Calhoun
died."

WHITE SWAN HOTEL, Cham-
bersburg, Pa.—Michael Grov, Proprietor.

Having purchased this well-known Hotel, (long known
as the Diamond) on the corner of Chambersburg
and Queen Streets, the undersigned respectfully
announces to the traveling community that this
Hotel has been remodeled. It has been raised to
THREE STORIES in height. A fine
new story back building has been added to it, giving
an immense amount of room for the accommodation
of the public generally. The rooms are large and com-
fortable, numbering in all, thirty-five. They are all well
furnished with GOOD NEW FURNITURE. Persons
stopping at this Hotel can have either double or single
rooms, with or without fire in them. The Table is al-
ways supplied with the BEST IN THE MARKET, and
costs not over 100 percent.

The Bar is filled with the CHOICEST LIQUORS. The
Stable is two stories, of the most modern style, and the
best in the borough of Chambersburg.
JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
June 17, '63.

FRANKLIN HOTEL, West side of
the Public Square, Chambersburg, Pa.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the Traveling
Community that he has leased and taken possession
of this Commodious Hotel. He hopes to make it one
of the most desirable places for strangers and others to
stop that can be found in any country town.
HIS TABLE will at all times be spread with the lux-
uries and substantial of the season.
HIS CHAMBERS are large, well ventilated, and fitted
up in modern style.
HIS BAR will be well supplied with a large and choice
selection of the very best liquors.
HIS STABLE will always be provided with good
wholesome provender for stock, and attended by careful
ostlers.
Persons will be spared to render entire satisfaction to
all his guests; and pledging himself to endeavor to please
all, he solicits a liberal share of the public patronage.
June 17, '63. DANIEL TROSBEL.

COVERLY & HURCHISON

Have become the Proprietors of the UNITED
STATES HOTEL, near the Railroad Depot at HARRIS-
BURG, Pa. This popular and commodious Hotel
has been newly refitted and furnished throughout its
parlors and chambers, and is now ready for the reception
of guests.
The traveling public will find the United States Hotel the
most comfortable, in all particulars, of any Hotel in
the State Capital, on account of its location on the rail-
road, being immediately between the two great depots
in this city.
(HARRISBURG, June 17, '63-tf.
Esp. Waynesboro' Record, Mercersburg Journal, and
Greencastle Post, copy 3c., and charge Agency.

INDIAN QUEEN HOTEL, Main
Street, Chambersburg, Pa. JOHN W. TAYLOR,
Proprietor.

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MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET ORGANS.

WITH ONE OR TWO SETS OF REEDS.
Containing the
AUTOMATIC SWELL, DOUBLE BELLOW, KEY-
BOARD, AND COMBINATION VALVE.
Every Instrument warranted for Five Years.
The Cabinet Organ is the only instrument which
combines the requisites for church and parlor music;
for the school room and the social festival gathering.
While it possesses sufficient power for the accompani-
ment of a large chorus, it is, from its capability of
all shades of expression, and its wonderful accom-
panying and diminishing effects as a solo instrument.
It is capable of orchestral effects, and imitates such
as trills, arpeggios, etc. From its sustained tones, it has
a decided advantage over the Piano-forte, for the ren-
dering of many of the choicest morceaux of the masters,
such as symphonies, quartettes, etc.
K. A. McCLURE, Chambersburg, Pa.
General Agent for Pennsylvania.
N. B. The undersigned will send and deliver, in great
quantity, Cabinet Organ and other instruments, at
reduced prices. All inquiries by letter promptly an-
swered. [June 17, '63-tf.] R. A. Mc.

PIANOS!

R. A. McCLURE, sole agent for the celebrated
DECKER BROTHERS' (NEW YORK) PIANO.
Pianos delivered, and put up in perfect condition, in any
part of the State, and warranted for five years.
FACTORY RETAIL PRICES.
All instruments warranted for five years.
Pianos from other factories will be furnished, if desired.
K. A. McCLURE, Chambersburg, Pa.
June 17, '63.

HATS AND CAPS.

HATS, CAPS AND STRAW
GOODS. I am now prepared to furnish my
customers with all the new styles of Hats, Caps and Straw
Goods, which I will sell low. J. L. DEUBERT,
4 doors South of Zyster & Bro's.

NEW STOCK OF STRAW GOODS

at old prices, at
DECHERTS.
SOFT HATS of all colors, styles,
and qualities, from fifty cents up, can be had here.
DECHERTS.
MANUFACTURERS can reach a
large class of thirty dealers by advertising in the
FRANKLIN REPOSITORY.
FRANCY PRINTING, in every va-
riety of colors, done neatness and cheaply at
the FRANKLIN REPOSITORY office.

Hotels.

WESTERN HOTEL, West Market
Street, Near the Bridge, Chambersburg, Pa.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the Traveling
community that he has leased and taken possession
of this Commodious Hotel. He hopes to make it one
of the most desirable places for strangers and others to
stop that can be found in any country town.
HIS TABLE will at all times be spread with the lux-
uries and substantial of the season.
HIS CHAMBERS are large, well ventilated, and fitted
up in modern style.
HIS BAR will be well supplied with a large and choice
selection of the very best liquors.
HIS STABLE will always be provided with good
wholesome provender for stock, and attended by careful
ostlers.
Persons will be spared to render entire satisfaction to
all his guests; and pledging himself to endeavor to please
all, he solicits a liberal share of the public patronage.
June 17, '63. JOHN MILLER.

UNION HOTEL.—This Hotel is
situated on the corner of Main and Queen Streets;

near the Diamond on the corner of Chambersburg
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