

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

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THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40th YEAR.

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The Poet's Corner.

If anything more beautiful than the following, in reference to the coming of Spring-time, has ever been written, we have yet to see it.

The Story Book.

THE ANCHORET.

Lonely in a solitary wood, Amid the majesty of nature's God, Sat brooding o'er an untold, hopeless woe, A thing like man.

strong as death, it would almost burst the gates of that potent monarch, and worst its victim from his dominion. But love, love had its way, with a force that time itself could not diminish.

all was still; no illumined hall, no festive re-echoed sound—the voice of mirth and gladness there was hushed. I entered; there was none to welcome me. The door of my sister's chamber stood partly open. She was singing a low, plaintive air. The words to this day remain imprinted on my memory.

uncle had left me the bulk of his immense fortune. Riches were therefore mine, far beyond the utmost extent of my wishes. Evey followed my footsteps; praise and flattery were whistled in my ear. Apparently the "gayest of the gay," I rushed into the vortex of dissipation. Fortune brought me friends, lovers, every thing that the heart of man could wish—but all around me were false; their pretensions of friendship were hollow and fleeting as the evening echo.

and the whirlwind! I have gazed upon the giant walls of Constantinople, where the first Christian Emperor erected the standard of the cross, now vanishing before me, as though the wand of a magician had opened the mighty portals of distant worlds, and suffered me to gaze upon the effects of towering ambition—the folly of man in endeavoring to perpetuate his name, as though he would bid the generations of undecorated futurity to gaze with wonder on his works, and listen to his name with awe.

witted to know the name of one, to whose generous exertions I owe my life. "Certainly: my name is Charles M. My birth place, America. You are then an American. The sound of that mighty revolution, which gave you liberty and a name among the nations of the earth, has reached these distant shores. Our hearts have bleated at the recital of your wrongs, and rejoiced at their glorious termination.

some former! My hand has touched the invisible, the intangible, the ethereal, and the pale of age is fast stealing upon me. Scarcely could the trembling hand direct the pen that records these lines. For years has this manuscript lain untouched. Once more, to wile away the dreary winter of age, I trace back the events of my life, yet unrolled. Thirty years since the fairest, happiest prospects of the future, lay open before me. My heart looked forward to long years of bliss. Now, oh! how dark, float by the visions of the past. A year after our marriage Rosella presented me with an heir. With what fond delight would I gaze upon the image of his mother, as it hung upon her breast, and clasped its little innocent arms around her neck—and when its lisping tongue first pronounced the name of father, my heart swelled with unutterableapture, to see her hug her bosom the blooming babe, and hang over its untroubled slumber, with such fondness. Parent—husband! you alone can understand my emotions at such moments. How feeling, how transportive, is all human happiness! Scarce had my infant spirit sailed a year upon the world, when it was called away. I gazed upon its quivering limbs with- in agony, the rolling gushy eyes, the convulsive shudder, the faint, feeble moan, and the ghastly features, blackened over by the hand of death! Gladly would I have endured all its sufferings, to relieve it for one moment—but, it slept at length, in peace. But the calm, cold glow of an European to that of one who has been fostered beneath the fervid sun of Italy? With them there is no middle path—their hearts open to the highest happiness of mortality, or the lowest depth of misery.