

MEDICINES.

DR. STEELLING'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

The Great Panacea for Consumption!!

For Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Pain in the Breast, and all other diseases of the Lungs.

Extraordinary cure of Asthma, by Steelling's Pulmonary Syrup, attended by Capt. Samuel H. Bunn, merchant of Pottsville, Creek, Monmouth county, New Jersey, the father of the unfortunate young soldier.

POTTSMORE, June 5th, 1841. Dr. STEELLING—Dear Sir—I have the pleasure of being able to state that my daughter, who has been suffering under severe Asthma for 5 or 6 years, has been entirely cured by your Pulmonary Syrup.

Read the following strong testimony in favour of Steelling's Pulmonary Syrup, given by the late V. O. Thompson, Pastor of the Methodist Church, Philadelphia.

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MINNESOTA AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, AGENT FOR THE PROPRIETOR, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA. VOL XX SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1844. NO. 46.

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Capital \$400,000, Paid in Charter Perpetual.

CONTINUE to make Insurance, permanent and limited, on every description of property, in town and country, at the lowest rates.

CHARLES N. HANCKER, President. DIRECTORS: Charles N. Hancker, Samuel Grant, James Scott, Frederick Brown, Thomas S. Hays, Geo. W. Richards, Tobias Wagner, Gordon D. Lewis.

THE BRILLIANT LOCKET. A Tale. BY A CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE BELLMAN," &c., &c.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney, Moreau, Lant, &c., and other of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, that the circumstances were about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition, and the hope of plunder, then so frequently held out to the French soldiers, as the reward of victory, caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call *Erstein*—had ample reasons for their misgivings; the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kimmeyer, a merchant-citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the afflicting intelligence. His household consisted of his wife and only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence.

His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places, for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win for a husband of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining from thence; in the evening, a man might easily and unperceivedly to the adjacent wood, and there he proposed that the merchant should, at night-time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided at two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kimmeyer resisted every importunity of his wife; but he had evidently added to a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing, with savage satisfaction, the horrid tortures of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities which he had just escaped, and to which many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a stranger, who sat, almost motionless, smoking in an obscure part of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where he sat.

"I go," he said, "and I leave you in the trust of One whose all-powerful hand will protect you; unless, indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocents fall as an example and terror to the guilty."

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he besought her to part; and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter, the namesake of her mother, he gave the necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell he departed, unknown to any but himself.

It was in the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drum, and the tumult of the trumpet calling to arms, and the marching of the man that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious troops of the French that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their process.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his house, or even to attain admittance within the town previous to the termination was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to be barricaded; and after causing the door to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters closed, she proceeded with her daughter to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses, rifled of their contents,

the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted; I, moreover, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion—for it was no time for reflection—I stabbed her.

"Have you the portrait still?" asked the German.

"I have; though it has been taken from the setting, in which one of my own novelties—You said you knew ERSTEIN."

"I did, years ago."

"And probably the original of this picture?" said the officer, producing it.

"Well, well!"

"Ah! is he alive?"

"He is—to be the AVENGER!" And, before a movement was observed by the bystanders, Paul Kimmeyer had, with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

Mortally wounded, but not quite dead, he had braved the heart of a hundred battles and whom death had proved that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion did not attempt to do so; and he was, of course, taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firmer step and a lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished; he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination, he was commanded to stand forth; a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless on the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

"It is my father!" said she, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kimmeyer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circlet of brilliants; but now it contained the portrait of whom—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife!

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man snatched his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

"Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure!"

In consequence of the state of the witnesses, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prison, together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On his arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of the retribution; he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army; that she was forced from the apartment previous to her departure, and knew nothing of her mother's fate; and that repenting of his act, he had had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years, her virtues increased; and she, known in his only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was relieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sank under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the 'Sisters of Mercy'; and in the still beautiful abode, whose piety and benevolence so many have, with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kimmeyer.

It was something beyond twelve years after the scene related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes of Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of the glorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors.

His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened nature. War however, had not tamed but had evidently added to a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing, with savage satisfaction, the horrid tortures of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities which he had just escaped, and to which many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

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From the German of N. Muller. The Paradise of Tears. BY WM. COLLIER BRYANT.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low, And slender leaves, the funeral willow grow;

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh, The rocks moan wail as it rushes by,

There comes a child, whose face is like the sun, And dips the ghilly waters as they run,

Where fall the tears of love, the rose appears, And where the moist wet violet, heavenly-blue, Springs, glittering with the cheerful dew like dew.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart, There in a long embrace, that none may part, Beholds its dearest happy evermore.

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