

THE LEHIGH REGISTER, published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.

BY AUGUSTUS F. BUELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Has taken the Office of the late Samuel Runk, Esq., and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in this and the adjoining counties.

Selling off at First Cost! Great Bargains! Great bargains are now offered to the public at the store of Wm. S. Weil, consisting of all kinds of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.

Life Insurance. The Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, Office No. 169 Chestnut Street, Charter Perpetual, CAPITAL 300,000.

Hart's Gold Paint. All children new articles, used for the purpose of gilding signs, regarding Looking-Glasses, Writing visiting cards, &c.

Table with 4 columns: No. of Policy Insured, Sum of Policy, Bonus or Addition, Amount of policy and bonus payable at the party's decease.

Brandy and Wright's Pills. Country merchants and others, are hereby notified, that the famous Pills of Doctors William A. Wright and Benjamin Brandy are constantly kept for sale at the office of the Lehigh Register.

REMOVAL. The undersigned takes the liberty of informing his friends and customers that he removed his Store, from No. 24 North 4 St. TO NO. 140 MARKET STREET.

Looking Glasses, in Gilt, Mahogany, and Common Frames, well adapted to the Southern and Western Markets.

Brass and Gilt Curtain Cornices and Ornaments, Brass Andirons and Fenders, Shovels and Tongues and Standards, Fine Gothic Tea Trays and Waiters, Ivory and Self Tip Handle Knives and Forks.

PERFUMERY. The Ladies of Allentown and vicinity are invited to his new and splendid assortment of fashionable

Henry Laurence, DENTIST. Office at Steckel's Hotel, Allentown, Pa. Has just returned from the City of New York where he has procured newly invented instruments which greatly facilitate the operation of removing teeth.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL CLOCK STORE. No. 238 Market St., above 7th, south side, PHILADELPHIA.

Although we can scarcely estimate the value of Time commercially, yet by calling at the above Establishment, James Barber will furnish his friends, among whom he includes all who duly appreciate its preciousness, with a beautiful and perfect Index for making its progress, of whose value they can judge.

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Poetical Department.

Courting Days. A Yankee lad—a courting man, A sprightly lass to see, Determined quite to marry her, If they could both agree.

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Miscellaneous Selections. A Night among the Jacobin Club. A Terrible Scene in the French Revolution.

The following is an extract from a paper in a late number of Blackwood, entitled "Marston, or the Adventures of a Statesman." The narrator had just escaped from death by the guillotine, and in dashing along through dark lanes, suddenly encounters a crowd of Sans Culottes.

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and the deliberation of this special night, must settle the question whether the monarch or the Jacobin club was to ascend the scaffold. It was the debate on the execution of Louis XVI.

The arrival of the crowd among whom I had taken an unwilling seat, evidently gave new spirit to the regicides—the moment was critical. Even in Jacobinism all were not equally black, and the fear of the national revolution at so desperate a deed started many, who might not have been withheld by feelings of humanity.

Danton immediately rushed into the tribune. I had seen him before, on the fearful night which prepared the attack on the palace; but he then was in the haste and effective savageness of the rabble. He now played the part of the leader of a particular sect; and the commencement of his address adopted something of the decorum of public oration.

In this there was an artifice; for restless as the club was, it still retained a jealousy of the superior legislative rank of the assembly of National representatives, the convention. The foros of the convention were strictly adhered to, and even those Jacobins who usually led the debate, scrupulously wore the dress of the best orders.

I was struck with his showy stature, bold forehead, and commanding attitude, as he stood waving his hand over the multitude below, as if he waved a sceptre. His appearance was received with a general applause from the gallery, which he returned with a profound bow, and then stood erect until all sounds had sunk.

No language can describe the shout and scene that followed. The daring word was spoken which all anticipated, but which Danton alone had the audacity to utter. The gallery screamed, howled, roared, danced, flourished their weapons, and sang the Marseilles and the Caranogole.

I saw Danton start back as if he had been shot. At length, recovering his breath he feebly said—"Citizens of what am I accused?" Of the three days of September, uttered the voice again, in a tone so strong, so sepulchral, that it palpably awed the whole assemblage.

Who is it that insulted me? Who dares to malign me? What spy of the Girondists, what traitor of the Burbons, what hireling of the gold of Pitt, is among us? exclaimed the bold ruffian, yet with a visage which even at a distance, I could see had lost his fire, and turned clay color.

figure stalk up the length of the hall, and stand at the foot of the tribune. "Danton" was the word which he spoke; and Danton as if under a spell, to my astonishment obeyed without a word, and came down. The stranger took his place; none knew his name; and the rapidity and bloodiness of his assault, suspended all in wonder like my own.

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and a crowd, one half of whom appeared to be in the last state of intoxication, and the other half from insanity, came dancing and courting into the body of the building. In the midst of their body, they carried two busts covered with laurels—the busts of the regicides Ravallac and Clement, with flags before them, inscribed—"They are glorious, for they slow kings!"

The president returned, invited them to the honors of sitting, and thus reinforced the discussion of the death of the unhappy monarch commenced once more, and the vote was carried by acclamation. The National Convention was still to be applied to for the completion of the sentence; but the decree of the Jacobins was the law of the land.

A Modern Wife. "You're a pretty girl to be married," said an aged aunt to her niece; "why what do you know about housekeeping, just from a boarding school, I'm sure your husband has need of a maid of honor."

The woman passed away. Belinda lived in style, paid her \$15 for board, received her "general" acquaintance, worked some tapestry, drew a few sketches from old paintings, grew tired of boring, and was entering upon fashionable house-keeping when, lo, defalcation came out!

"How came you, Madge, to do so?" inquired the same old aunt. "To please my wife's fancy," was the reply. "She wanted to live like other people, and I wished to gratify her, and in this way I committed my first breach of trust."

The plain road to ruin was to her plainly marked out. We see what has been the result of such a course; but are not thousands of others sacrificing their husband's reputation by less obvious, but still as certain courses of extravagance? Always with the non-sensical thought that gentility demands such sacrifice beyond one's ability.

Predestination. A Missouri paper contains the following, which will pass without much urging:—D, you believe in predestination I am the captain of a Missouri steamer, to a California destination, who happened to be travelling with me.

A week's wind stills under propriety as well as adversity. A strong and deep mind has the highest title—when the moon is at its full, and when there is no moon.