

is first love. She had been for some years a widow and was living dependent upon the charity of her deceased husband's brother, a few miles out in the country. Next morning the little girl out there, and was by her introduced to her mother. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Of course there was a scene—all sorts of a scene. The old pretension of first love melted on both sides. The widow told her story. It was a good counter-part to that of the widow. She had married and despaired, and sought consolation in marriage with another; time had made her mother to one child, and left her a widow.

The Columbia Spy.

A PENNSYLVANIA INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.
COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

The Ball.
The ball of Thursday evening came duly off, and a glorious one it was in every respect; well attended, well conducted, well-kept, well-entertained, and we feel well assured that the proceeds will be welcome to many a suffering, struggling creature, during the approaching winter of want. Whether the consciousness of ministering to the poor in this their pleasure, or whether the fact of the ball being the opening one of the season, and every one fresh and eager, contributed to inspire the dancers with fire and energy, certain it is that everything moved briskly; there was no mournfulness, no solemn duty about the performance. The dancing of the ladies was graceful (of course) and spirited, while the gyrations of the males may be safely styled impetuous. The motions were the combined solitary and rotary; but, we chronicle with satisfaction the absence of anything approaching the potatory; we saw nothing but sobriety and decorum in the conduct of every gentleman in the ball room. The ladies turned out nobly, and we never remember seeing happier faces than among the merry company assembled on the floor. The attendance of gentlemen was large, and we noticed a number of strange faces from the neighboring towns.

The lovers seemed to have met by Providential direction, and were young again, and ineffably happy. Of course the rest may be anticipated. The couple reached this city a few days ago, having married during the passage down the river—the little girl of course being along—and put off by the earliest conveyance to Texas.—N. G. G.

New Advertisements.—F. X. Ziegler, Adams Express Company, Telegraph Office; Murray Young & Co., New Books; John Herr, Cheap Goods; H. C. Fundermish, Cheap Dry Goods; Passell Morris & Co., Agricultural Implements; Henry Brandt, Railroad Carriages; Const. Betner, New Confectionery.

Union Dancers Society.—We are requested to state that a meeting, which the female members of the different congregations in Columbia are invited to attend, will be held in the Second Street School House, on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of forming a Union Dancers Society. Since the above was put in type, we have been requested to add that owing to the School House being occupied, the meeting will be held in the Lecture Room of the Lutheran Church.

—Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected? Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguit of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wind in which he dips.—Where one has had all his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

Monday Evening's Concert.—The concert for the benefit of the poor, announced by us last week, was given in the Old Fellow's Hall on Monday evening, and was most meagerly attended by our sympathizing citizens. We must confess to disappointment, not in the performance, but in the patronage bestowed on a benevolent undertaking. The talent of the musicians engaged, both professional and amateur, was such as should have insured a full house, had the proceeds of the entertainment gone to the individual profit of the performers; but as they most generally bestowed their time skill for a charitable purpose, we think their efforts deserved sufficient encouragement to prove Columbians not entirely indifferent to a laudable endeavor to aid to the fund which all agree must be created and expended in our town, in relief of distress. Of the audience, nine-tenths were ladies; and it is but another proof of their ever ready response to the cry of suffering and poverty. Of the performance we can speak with satisfaction. We feel certain that the entire company of auditors participated in the pleasure with which we listened to good music well executed. Although the sparsely filled room must have had a chilling effect upon the performers, they, one and all, acquitted themselves with more than credit. We must not particularize, further than to compliment Mr. Keffler, Professor Schmiel, and Dr. Longenecker, of Lancaster, and Dr. E. Haldeman, of Chiques, who so kindly lent their assistance, and contributed so materially to the success (musical) of the concert. We do not mean to ignore the services and merits of our own townsmen, but know that they will feel amply repaid for their trouble by the exceedingly liberal encouragement received at the hands and pockets of the thousands of their fellow citizens who didn't turn out.

What an institution that same waltz is! Dull care cannot stand up against it. Hard times and the money market are forgotten in the entangling thread of its fascinating spirals. Earth is spurned by the swift-spinning feet of the dancers. As they forget the floor beneath, so do they scorn the ceiling and roof above them, and rising plumb through Red Men and Odd Fellows, soar even to Mi-motte's Paradise, and only descend to this dull plodding world to taper off on us—no, we forget, this was not a Lager Ball. The couple which cannot rise above the chandeliers must be physically at fault—the gentlemen's feet must be large, or the ladies wait thick—otherwise the waltz motion, which is in effect that of the jack screw, must inevitably elevate us above. We will not attempt to measure the perpendicular of our ascension (we did not "get high") nor to chronicle our confusion of mind after awakening from our intoxicating trance. We had seen the elephant, and retired satisfied.

—You admire converted people, do you? said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off—for the duties of life. I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles, that five minutes' conversation gives you an air long enough to determine their whole curve. An air in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vessel as its centre, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual centre.

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From Patch.
PROVERBS FOR ALL AGES.—Sorrow grows less and less every time they are told, just like the age of a woman!
BLACK STRAP BERRIES
A medicinal fruit, its berries
Lent a ruddy puce,
When at the point of death, it cures
From a man's feet
A basket as an open-top crown,
The mirror of the eye
Mr. Cook, the reform, and set it down
At the same Tavern-door
The basket being full of fruit,
Did my attention serve,
'Twas framed up with letters, like a root
In some word like berries,
New, but in the same way,
And happened to be of
There, a case of it I bought, I found
I'd rather go to Port wine

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A Hiding Place of Robespierre.—A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great revolution, and now known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honoré. The Club which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no further; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular scene any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinions of the club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could have so long maintained his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed: A small room—a hiding place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and, thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen, the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing paper, from which had been torn small portions, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum.—The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-collar, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles with which the flooring is composed.

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