

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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Choice Poetry.

THE PREACHING OF THE TREES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GREEN. At midnight hour, when silence reigns Through all the woodland space, Reign the bushes and the trees To wave and whisper in the breeze, All talking in their places.

Thunder-storms.

From the Student and Schoolmate. BY A. B. POPE. June, the pleasant month in the year, in the Northern States, forms a part of the season for thunder-storms.

But, as great as Franklin was, he could not understand the production of electricity in the clouds so well as much humbler persons can understand it now.

Most persons are now aware that it is not safe to seek shelter from the rain, which usually accompanies a thunder-storm, under a tree. It may be well to know the reason for this danger.

Bayard Taylor's Opinion of Female Virtue in the Frigid Zone.

Bayard Taylor, writing from Jacongi, in the Frigid Zone, on the 9th of January, tells of a nurse named Frederica, who attended to his case when suffering the horrors of tooth-ache, makes some remarks of womankind in general, in the paragraph annexed.

In Turkey, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Comical Report of a Fish Convention.

It is to be understood that all the marine monsters, "big fish," and "small fry" of the great deep are assembled in conference—the Whale "in the chair."

The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale an "old swell-head," and was then summarily put out of the convention.

Curiosities of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

There was one of his neighbors, he said—he would not call any names, for he scorned scandal—who was very early and crabbed. He was a one-sided individual, and nobody approved of his motion.

A Spring Morning.

To walk abroad among rural scenery on a fine sunny morning, is to ramble on the temple of Deity, and witness the creative process. Every day, almost every hour, witnesses some change; buds, blossoms, leaves and flowers are woven by unseen hands, painted by invisible artists, and perfumed from vials full of odors sweet.

OUR HOUSES.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced some way or other to live where we do not choose; and in continual expectation of changing our places of abode.

SAVE HONOR, AND OBEY.

Promises to love! why, woman thinks To love a prius, not a task; If thou wilt truly take my heart, And keep it, this I seal I ask.

The Junata Sentinel, published in Millintown contained on Wednesday last, the farewell address and confession of its retiring editor, A. J. Gasen, who after being trepanned into the support of Fremont last fall, has no ideas that by the "bound himself to the ultra car of Black Republicanism for all coming time."

Miscellaneous.

Who writes the Negro Songs.—The principal writer of our national music is said to be Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned," "O Susannah," &c. Mr. Foster resides near Pittsburg, where he occupies a moderate clerkship, upon which, and a percentage on the sale of his songs, he depends for a living.

The Law of Trees.

The law of trees, it is now a well settled law, by several judicial decisions, that if a tree growing upon any land, overhangs the ground of my neighbor, the fruit belongs to me, and I may enter upon his land for the purpose of gathering it, provided I do no damage beyond what may be necessary in carefully gathering the fruit.

Not long since.

Not long since, a youth, older in wit than in years after being catechized concerning the power of Nature, replied—"Ma, I think there is one thing Nature can't do."

Had Her There.

Had her there.—Two little girls, one a daughter of a clergyman, and the other of a parishioner, fell into angry dispute. To mortify and spite her antagonist, the layman's little girl saw fit to remind her of her father's poverty, and intimated rather tartly that it had not been for her father's benevolent interference, the poor minister would have been in the workhouse.

Beauty, devoid of grace.

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