

Shade Trees along the Pavements.

It is a matter of surprise that our citizens manifest so much apathy in regard to having shade trees along the sidewalks. Of course it would not do in the business part of Hamilton street, but in the side streets it would indeed prove an ornament. How beautiful would be the sight, and in the heat of summer how cool and refreshing would prove the branching trees on either side, by sheltering us from the burning sun. We would then have vast lengths of parks where our people could enjoy themselves at leisure. It would also be a strong inducement for city folks to take up their abode among us during the warm season. The fall season for planting trees will soon be at hand. Then let the property holders in the side streets go forward and plant trees. Does any one say it will not pay? Why, the growth of trees in ten or twenty years to sell for firewood, will pay all expenses with interest added; so that if the experiment should not prove satisfactory, he has but to cut down his trees. The other day we heard a gentleman say whose pavement in Seventh street is adorned with five beautiful trees, that he would not have them destroyed for two hundred dollars. Even in midwinter, a tree is not ungraceful, with its fine outline and delicate tracery of interwoven twigs and branches. A large tree standing alone and leafless, and battling with the December blast, is a grand spectacle; but when leafy June has made of it a verdant pyramid and bower,—when the birds, building among its branches, have made its green interior vocal,—when the winds sigh or murmur through its foliage, like a Aeolian harp, and its grateful shadow in the sultry summer noontide lies broad and cool upon all within its embrace,—or when the welcome raindrops patter musically on its garniture of leaves then, indeed, as we behold its gladsome glory, we realize that, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Spalding and Rogers' Circus.

Our readers will bear in mind that this extensive establishment will give an exhibition in Allentown on the 16th of October next.—The combination of the Northern Circus with the Floating Palace Company from the South will undoubtedly render it the most attractive as well as amusing exhibition ever given in the place. The far-famed clown, BILL LAKE, is a whole team in himself, and his name is enough to draw a crowd at any "me. Our exchanges speak in very flattering terms of them. Here is what the Rochester (N. Y.) American says: "LAST AND BEST.—We have had all the Circuses here, and last of all SPALDING & ROGERS' two Circuses, which gave us the only idea we have had, of what a Circus should be. We suppose this double establishment must have cost twice as much as any of the others, as it appeared to embrace double the usual number of people and horses—at least it more than doubled the others in merit and originality. A fair moiety of the acts have never before been performed in New-York, and these we have seen executed before, were now done twice as gracefully and gallantly. Now that the excitement is abated, we think we speak the sentiments of the visitors, when we pronounce Bill Lake, the clown, Clarence Palmer, the rider, the Man Monkey, the Motley Brothers, and those singular performers upon the poles and ladders, the greatest men we have ever seen in a Circus. Ned Kendall the bugler, M'le Agnes, the gymnast, and the equestrienne, Mad. Ormond, were equally wonderful."

A Welcome Present.

We return our thanks to Mr. J. T. LEAMING, agent for the Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., for a splendid lot of pears and apples,—consisting of twenty-three different kinds, and which for beauty and delicacy of flavor we have never seen equalled. He has been among us several months, and during that time he has received orders for several thousand fruit trees. He had a large variety of fruit on exhibition at the Fair last week, for which he received the first premium, and also a diploma.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. Where Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Melancholy Occurrence.

On Monday the 1st instant, a Canal boat, heavily laden, and having two men, a woman and two children on board, went over Schwartz's Dam, above Catsaugua, and all drowned. The accident was occasioned by the tow-line of the boat becoming fastened under a passing boat, and to save the mules from being dragged into the canal, one of the men on the boat told the driver to cut the line, which was instantly done, but the very heavy rain the night previous, raised the river to a great height, and the current was so strong that all efforts to save the unfortunate persons were unavailing. We were unable to learn any of the names. Earlier in the day a man went over the same spot and was also drowned.

Farmers Educate Your Sons.

"Eron I, the descendant of a poor line of cultivators, stretching back, very likely, to him who through his own blindness and fatuity lost the situation of head-gardener in Eden—even I feel the all-prevailing impulse towards improvement and reform. I can never be a scientific farmer—I am too old and too heavily laden with duties and cares for that—but my son, if he lives, shall be. The little I can teach him shall at least inspire him with a craving for more, and set him on the right track to learn it."

If any man in the community may be presumed to understand fully, and to be imbued thoroughly with the progressive spirit of the age, that man is Horace Greeley. With his peculiar political and social views and feelings, we have nothing to do; but with noble, energetic spirit he has ever displayed, and with the immense influence he has for years wielded with such prodigious success, effects everything. The extract which we give above is strictly characteristic of the man, and embodies sentiments which we should like to believe pervaded the breast of every farmer in the land. It is useless to attempt a concealment of the great fact, that the spirit of progress has laid her hand upon almost every tiller of the soil, and that slowly, but certainly, the slumbering spirit of the giant agriculture is awaking to a consciousness of its own immense importance. Ope by one the old fashioned prejudices of by gone days are thrown aside, and those who a few years since indignantly discarded the idea of making a single step in advance of "daddy's plan of farming," are either conforming in full to the onward movements of the age, or gradually adopting improved implements, seeds, and methods of tillage. But there are very many, who like Horace Greeley, "feel the all pervading impulse towards improvement," but who are too old and too heavily laden with cares and business duties to devote themselves to scientific farming. To such we say, educate your sons, and educate them with special reference to the profession which you intend they shall pursue in after life.—Do not be afraid that in filling their minds with the great truths of science you unfit them for the physical duties of life. The man who tills the earth understandingly—who is acquainted with the character of the soil he cultivates—the manures he applies—the seed he sows, and the harvest he gathers—surely such a man's daily toil is materially lessened by the fact that every department of it is conducted intelligently. Every plant and leaf and blossom is to him a subject of the deepest interest, because a thorough knowledge of each, so far from unfitting him for his work, only enables him to prosecute it more easily and more economically. Where the farmer doggedly attributes his want of success to the weather, or to Providence, the educated man, knowing that nature is rarely in the wrong, investigates the cause of the failure, and generally succeeds in tracing it to its proper source. "Forewarned, forearmed," is a trite but truthfukadage. The educated man provides against a recurrence of the failure, while the ignorant one, without either the ability or inclination to search out the reasons why he failed in a particular direction, "trusts to luck," and succeeds no better than at first.

Ye that are skeptical in regard to progressive farming, look around you for a single moment, and if the snows of forty winters have fallen upon you, go back twenty years only, and compare the farming of that day with the farming of the present day. Look at the farms which in the period of twenty years have been improved most, and our word for it, they were those, the cultivators of which were, if not highly educated men, at least those who did not condemn book farming as a humbug. They were men, who if they had not, as the farmers of the present day have, access to reliable agricultural information in the form of periodicals without number, and newspapers at mere nominal prices, were possessed of an indomitable spirit of inquiry and energy—the men, in fact, to whom we are most largely indebted for the facilities the present generation of farmers enjoy for cultivating the soil intelligently, pleasantly and profitably.—*Pro. Farmer.*

Iowa.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser speaks as follows of the young and growing State:

"Iowa with its 50,000 square miles of territory, was a perfect wilderness twenty-five years ago, and in 1840 contained only 43,112 inhabitants. Ten years later its population was 194,214 an increase of three hundred and forty-seven per cent. Five years ago it had 824,680 acres of improved land, and the value of farms was \$16,657,567. In this young State there are to-day fifty thousand horses, a large number of milch cows, and nearly as many working oxen a hundred and seventy thousand sheep, and five hundred thousand swine; and the value of live stock cannot be much short of five millions of dollars. It now yields annually upward of two million bushels of Indian corn. Iowa will certainly be the New York of the West in an agricultural point. She has 4,000 square miles of territory more than the Empire State, and has now only four or five persons to the square-mile, while New York has nearly seventy. Iowa has a million and a half acres of good land unimproved. When all her agricultural resources are developed, when she ships her hundred million bushels of corn annually, by one or more of her "Pacific railroads," to China and the islands along the route, then will the Union feel enriched by the Iowa link in the bright chain of Western Commonwealths."

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—Samuel Robbins, aged 18 years, died at Salisbury, Connecticut, on the 8th of September, from disease of the lungs, brought on about nine years ago.—When playfully running and holding a head of hardsgrass by its stem in his mouth, he drew it with his breath into the lungs, from which it was removed after death in a perfect state of preservation, about an inch in length.

Dan Rice's Gratitude.

An interesting incident is related of DAN RICE, the celebrated circus performer, in a late number of the Reading Gazette. When Dan left Reading with "the pig," fourteen years ago, he went towards Kutztown. Here he was completely stuck—the pig didn't draw, and Dan found himself out of cash, with scarcely a coat to his back, and altogether in one of those awkward quandaries from which extrication is hopeless, short of a miracle. But, in the depth of his distress, Dan found a Good Samaritan in our worthy friend, Judge Heidenreich, who lifted him out of the mud, put him in a suit of new broad-cloth, and lent him a horse and wagon to take his pork to another market—"in short," as Mr. Micawber would say, to Allentown. Here Dan's evil genius again beset him—the pig proved too little pork for the Allentowners' shillings, and Dan fell deeper into the mire of debt and destitution than before. To add to his troubles, a crisis in his wife's health was approaching, when to travel any longer with Dan, was periling the travail she must shortly undergo on her own account. In this sad dilemma, Dan had no other resource but to sell the horse and wagon Judge Heidenreich had loaned him, and with the proceeds take his wife home to Pittsburg, buy a cradle, and prepare for the stern realities of married life. He made a notch, however, in the corner of his brain, of his indebtedness to the Judge, which he determined no statute of limitation should ever obliterate. Time passed on—Dan dissolved partnership with the pig, took a step higher, and reached the stage of one of the Philadelphia theatres. Here the Judge saw and recognized him one night—discovered his lodgings next morning, and gave him a friendly call. Dan, although in improved circumstances, was still poor, and wore a thread-bare coat; but the Judge, in the hardness of his heart, arrested him, and took him before—not the Mayor, but—a Clothier, and ordered a suit to be brought. But Dan would not stand that proceeding—he suffered a non-suit, and left the Judge to an empty judgment. From that time to this, they never met, until last Tuesday, when Dan and his Company came to Reading to perform, and the Judge came down to attend Court. DAN's first duty was to hunt up his old friend, and invited him to take a short drive about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon at the door. Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turn-out. It consisted of a bran carriage of elegant make, a cream colored Arabian pony, and a spick and span new set of glistening harness—worth, when you come to estimate such things by dollars, some \$400 or \$500. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. DAN drove the Judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and before the Judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said: "These are yours, Judge—the old horse and wagon restored, with interest—take them, with DAN RICE'S warmest gratitude!" The Judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession and began to remonstrate. But DAN was inexorable—he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off his hotel, and left the Judge to drive the handsome equipage now really his own, to the stable. An honest man, and a man of honor, DAN RICE, the Circus Clown!

STOCKING STORY.—The following account of the murder of a slave by her mistress, which we copy from the New York Times, seems too monstrous for belief:

FRANKLIN, Tenn., Thursday, September 20, 1855.—A most sickening tragedy occurred three miles from this place on Monday and Tuesday last, which throws the fictitious performances in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" entirely in the shade.—A notorious woman named Ellen Borden, had her jealousy aroused on Sunday last by the conduct of her husband towards a negro woman employed in the house, began on Monday to whip and torture the woman, and persevered in her cruelty until some time the next day, when the negro died. When the fact of her death became known a Coroner's inquest was held, and a warrant issued for the arrest of the murderer. The preliminary trial is now going on, and from testimony elicited upon it, there seems to be no doubt but the negro was made to endure the most awful torments for nearly two days before she was killed outright.

She was first tied and whipped, then boiling water was poured over the abdomen and legs, until the skin was all scalded off and the fatty tissue soaked, leaving the muscles bare; she was then taken into a smoke house and locked up, and probably on the next day the remaining injuries were inflicted which put an end to her misery. These last injuries were the hanging of the negro by a rope attached to a joist in the smoke house, and a severe blow on the temple with some pointed instrument, which pierced and fractured the skull. On a post mortem examination the neck was found to be broken, the back part of the head badly bruised and two other gashes with the same sharp instrument on the head. The back was also found to be considerably scalded, though not so badly as the front part of the body.

The woman, Borden, made no attempt to escape, and exhibits perfect indifference about the affair. The excitement in town is very great.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.—By a strange coincidence, which will not again occur for a long time, the new year of 1855 commenced on the same day as in 1846, and consequently all through the year the date will be on the same day. But what is more singular is, that all the moveable holidays, from Septuagesima to Advent, fall on the same dates and the same days. The almanacs of 1849 might therefore serve for the present year.

THE PESTILENCE AT NORFOLK.—A letter from the Mayor of Norfolk, dated the 18th, says that the money received there from abroad, amounts to \$100,000 and that the expenses of the Howard Association average \$2500 or \$3000 daily. He says:

"The need of the Association has not ceased and cannot until the disease ceases; we had hoped that the fever for the last few days was on the decrease, but our hopes are gone. The disease is raging with equal violence as heretofore; not at the hospitals, for no one will go there unless some stranger who has no home.—But the suffering and misery in private houses is beyond description. The association is looking into this condition of things, and will see every family and supply their wants, and relieve their sufferings as far as possible. We have no papers published among us. Both editors of the Beacon, Cunningham and Galeswood, dead. All hands at the Herald and Argus offices, also News and Courier, down sick. Several of our valuable people have lately died. Wm. D. Delany, Esq., our late worthy and estimable Mayor, breathed his last this morning. Between now and frost, a space of 60 days at least, unless a kind Providence should interpose and arrest the disease, I fear that the greater part of the remaining population, about 5,000, will be swept off. Norfolk is the most complete wreck you ever saw, or could imagine. 2000 or 2500 of the people have been snapt off; and whilst the obscene and profligate that filled our lanes and alleys, have been removed like autumn leaves, the very stamina and bone of our society the mechanics, merchants, physicians, lawyers, ministers, are all gone. And still they fall."

PROFITS OF THE WHEAT CULTURE.—The Alton (Ill.) Courier recently gave two or three instances of the successful and profitable culture of Wheat. One instance was that of Col. W. B. Warren, of Jacksonville, whose crop of wheat netted him \$20 per acre, clear of all expenses at present prices. Another case was that of Mr. Constant, of Sangamon county, where the net profit was \$17 per acre. But these examples of good wheat culture are thrown in the shade by Mr. J. E. Arnold, of Shipman, Illinois. He cultivated 7½ acres this season, and realized therefrom a net profit of \$320.84—or \$41.49 per acre. He says:—"The land had been some time in cultivation, and for the last few years rented out for corn. The wheat was sown the first of October in the standing corn, and was put in with a joint cultivator, by going one in a row. Nothing else was done to the wheat or ground except what I have told you. Last year I had twenty acres in May wheat, on the same farm, which cleared me about \$25 per acre, though I sold four hundred bushels at ninety-five cents in Alton."

PAPER FROM WOOD.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser describes the manufacture of paper from wood, as carried on at Little Falls, New York. The paper that has been produced, with the disadvantage of improper machinery for its manufacture is pronounced of superior quality. The wood, manufactured by this process, it is said, is capable of producing all grades of paper, and what is of the most importance, the stock costs nothing. In this way an inch and a quarter plank is bought and introduced in its rough state into a planing machine, from which it comes out a three-eighth clear planed board, worth more in the market than the plank. The shavings of the stock from which the paper is made. Anything that will cheapen and increase the production of paper will tend to the advancement of intelligence, and is a matter in which we hold an interest.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—At Gloucester, Massachusetts, last week, the schooner "Shooting Star" was taken upon a marine railway for the purpose of discovering the cause of a leak in her bottom. Upon examination, a place about one foot in length and eight inches width, was discovered to be worn nearly to the thickness of a wafer. On taking off the plank, two pebble stones, each a little larger than a hen's egg, were found, and their constant rolling, caused by the motion of the vessel, had worn the plank, which was upwards of two inches thick, nearly through. It is supposed they were dropped inside of the ceiling while the vessel was building, and there remained. Had the vessel gone to sea again without discovering this leak, she might have suddenly filled, and no cause could have been assigned for it.

A CURIOUSITY.—The Homestead states that there is on the farm of C. R. Alsop, in Middletown a curious freak of nature in the shape of a tree. It stands among a number of magnificent sugar maples, has a trunk some three feet in diameter, and to a casual observer presents nothing of special notice. But on closer inspection it is discovered that one side of the tree is sugar maple and the other white oak. The body of the tree is round and smooth, and the junction of the two varieties is marked by a slight ridge in the bark, which would hardly be noticed. Some twelve feet from the ground, the tree divides: one side is maple and the other oak. The maple throws out a branch that has become entirely surrounded by the oak, and offers on that side the singular appearance of a white oak tree throwing out a maple limb. It is very singular, and worth the ride from this city to see.—*Hartford Times.*

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.—We are indebted to a friend following summary of the number of Railroads in the several States, and the total number in the United States, &c.
New York has 16, Maryland 4, Canada 2, Delaware 1, Maine 1, Georgia 5, New Hampshire 7, Vermont 4, Massachusetts 14, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 6, Pennsylvania 12, New Jersey 4, Virginia 7, North Carolina 4, South Carolina 3, Alabama 1, Illinois 3, Indiana 3, Ohio 14, Kentucky 1, Mississippi 1, Louisiana 1, Tennessee 3.—Total 110.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.—The arrival of the Pacific has furnished us with more ample and particular information regarding the fall of the south side of Sebastopol. The reports from different quarters, however, vary much, sometimes plainly contradicting each other, so that we have to rely mainly on the official dispatches. Of the despatches of the Allied Generals, that of Pelissier contains the most important and startling information. According to this, four thousand cannon, 40,000 balls, besides round shot and large quantities of powder and a variety of other valuable materials, had been left behind by the Russians. Two of the principal forts of the south side—fort Nicholas, which counted 200, and fort Quarantine, 90 guns—had been destroyed. General Simpson's despatch tells us that the French carried the Malakoff at noon on the eighth of September.—"The panic cannot have been very great, as after this important event the Russians repulsed the attack of the British upon the adjoining work, the Redan, as well as several subsequent ones by the French, and kept their position until night, when under the cover of darkness they crossed the bay. As to whether they will be able to hold the position of the north side, the late news furnish no reliable data. All that has transpired on the subject amounts to nothing but surmises. It is extremely doubtful whether the forts on the north side contain sufficiently ample stores of ammunition and materials, workshop for the repair of artillery, and all the numerous establishments which a protracted siege requires. It is also doubtful whether the communication with Simpheropol, upon which depends the provisioning of the garrison and of the corps on the Tchernaya, can be maintained now that the fall of the south side has relieved the whole force of the Allied army. However this may be, whether the siege will be prosecuted or the Russians retreat into the interior, the most important question for the moment has found its solution in the words of the Czar to the King of Prussia: "Russia never makes peace after a disaster."

HOW TO MAKE TOMATO FIGS.—We find the following receipt in the Scientific American:

"Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good, if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years."

OHIO STATE FAIR.—The receipts of the Agricultural Fair that was recently held in Ohio, amounted to about \$10,000, exclusive of \$3000 contributed by the citizens of Columbia. The premiums distributed amounted to \$9000. It is stated that \$6000 was offered and refused for one of the bulls exhibited. Another was held at \$5000, and two others at \$3000 each. There were eleven imported bulls exhibited, the aggregate value of which amounted to \$25,200 and ten cows valued at \$12,400.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The State election in Georgia was held on Monday. The returns have been received from about two thirds of the State. HENRIETTES V. JOHNSON, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is elected by a majority of from seven to ten thousand. Later despatches say that five Democrats are elected, and probably three Know-Nothings.

TO GROW APPLES WITHOUT CORES.—Bury the ends of such limbs as are low enough into the ground (or turn down a scion), let a scion spring up from it, and then cut away the limb and take up and plant the scion where you want it to grow. It will produce fruit without core or seeds.

Odds and Ends.

Poverty is the father of philosophers, and the worst kind of a father, too.
Egg Items—There are 37,000 dozen eggs consumed at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, per week.
Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.
There are about seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size. If these were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty-eight miles long!
The Rev. Mr. Gates recently married Mr. Joseph Post to Miss Martha Ralls. If that trio don't make a good fence, we should like to know what will.
Dr. C. F. Shaeffer, of Easton, Pa., has been elected Professor of German Theology in the Seminary, and also of German Literature in the College, at Gettysburg. Dr. S. has accepted the position tendered him.
Pure Native Iron, the existence of which the scientific world has been disposed to doubt, has recently been found in Liberia. It was sent to this country, and has been analyzed in Boston by Dr. Hayes, who pronounces it, by conclusive proofs, to be a true native iron, not meteoric, nor reduced in any way from an ore.
A Bedouin Arab stallion has just arrived in Philadelphia, of the celebrated Kylan breed in Eastern Arabia. He is of gray color, and four years old. Ten thousand dollars has been refused for him, and his owner requires twelve thousand five hundred. The horse was one hundred and sixty-six days on shipboard, during which time he never laid down.