

Gotham Gossip.

Return of Summer Excursionists.—Ski-parlors in Fifth Avenue.—Coming fashions.—Decollete Dresses Coming in Vogue Again.—Oscar Wilde said to have Secured the Affections of a Young Western Widow.—New Tenor and Love Among the Roses.—Mr. Bonner and his Trotters.

Special Correspondence to the DEMOCRAT.

New York, Aug. 21, 1882.

The first harbingers of the coming cooler season are making their appearance. Every incoming train brings back thousands of New Yorkers who have spent the summer days away from the city, and expressmen and hack drivers are kept busy from early morn until late at night in removing them and their luggage.

As yet the returning contingent comprises mainly those who have been to the mountains. These worthies come back with wonderful tales of how cold it was where they have been. Overcoats it seems were the rule by day and three or four blankets with a bone obligato, played by chattering teeth, the correct thing at night.

As a result of their mendacity, or to give it a milder term, wealth of imagination, the heat is again growing intense within Gotham's precincts, and the presence of a cool wave is looked forward to with all the eagerness of the ancient mariner looking for a cloud.

Of course the season is not yet ended, and most of the people who have returned thus far, that is those who have wealth and leisure sufficient to make time their own, will round it off with a brief sojourn at Long Branch, Coney Island or other seaside resorts which are never more attractive than at this season of the year.

But how close we are to the end of the term of enjoyment is best seen by the fact that the boarding house keepers have commenced to raise their prices nearer to the winter schedule, and as a result the young man who intends to own a sky parlor in Fifth Avenue during the winter must needs be quick if he wishes to make at all favorable arrangements for the next ten months.

It is really remarkable how this eagerness to live in fashionable quarters has spread among those whose means are limited. Not only single men but small families forego comfort and real economy in order to be able to have their letters addressed or their friends call at No. — Fifth Avenue.

A small room under the roof of a five or six story house in a noisy street and an absence of all homelike enjoyment, brings a fancy price to satisfy the occupant's vanity. As population increases thus on the Avenue, the wealthier residents are beginning to move further uptown, and in less than a year we will see the fashionable and classic precincts of Murray Hill transformed into a region of boarding houses.

The modistes are naturally busy putting the finishing touches to their designs for the new fall and winter fashions. As yet of course it is a bit too early to peep into the sanctum sanctorum where La Mode reigns and imparts to her menials those cunning devices which cost husbands and fathers such ocean's of money, but chic will require this winter that in the matter of full dress, ladies will have to follow the English fashion.

At the summer resorts this year, high necked dresses were all the go at evening reunions, and very comfortable they were to ladies whom nature has not endowed with plasticity of shoulder and arm, or the contour of whose neck does not show the true lines of art.

In fashionable London however decollete is growing more and more pronounced. The amount of material for the corsage is growing less and less; sleeves are giving way almost entirely to invisible shoulder straps, and even the old fashioned bit of lace is getting too much for the ultra fashionable wearer.

Of course such ladies who have very little divinity in the forms which nature has given them will find such attire very trying, but fashion like death, makes all alike in her presence, and thus they will have to put up with the inevitable, while those gifted by nature will have every reason to rejoice in the fact that the same dictatorial goddess of fashion, which has frowned upon them so long, will no longer sternly forbid them to hide their repugnance under a bushel.

At the same time the length of the skirt in front is increasing while that of the waist is decreasing. Thus it seems we are again reviving the bizarre fashions of the Directory days in France, when the waists of ladies began almost under the arms. Perhaps this is intended as a compromise with the mandates of aestheticism, which has held a limited sway ever since its apostle Oscar Wilde commenced the crusade in its behalf.

By the way Oscar Wilde in this country is about passe, or to use a much more expressive Americanism, "played out!" He has made the round of fashionable watering places and failed to arouse the interest which he anticipated. If rumor is to be credited however, his pilgrimage has not been entirely profitless, for he is said to have gained the affections of a widow who claims the great and expansive West as her birthplace.

She is young, handsome and gay, and what may interest Oscar more, her first husband who made money in lard, had the kindness to resign the ownership of this treasure and die before an adverse turn in the tide landed him high and dry on the sand of financial failure.

This happy creature is said to be not overburdened with book-learning and spells the name of Oscar's favorite period, medieval, in the rather unusual way medieval. The poor thing thinks the name is meant to designate those wicked days, when the monks used to roast men alive for not buying new vestments for the statues of the saints.

This of course ought to make no difference to the hirsute evangelist of kneebreeches and sunflowers. In his leisure moments, for she has money enough to secure him many of them, he will have plenty of time to instruct her and even if he would not care to waste his spare hours he ought to be able to endure such slight defects in a picture otherwise perfect for the sake of the solid gilding of the frame.

If the new tenor means to succeed from the outset he should not fail to appear in a role requiring military shoulder straps and brass buttons. It is passing strange that in this free country where we nominally have such a horror of the pomp and pageantry of war, it needs but the sight of bullion and gold lace to make a band of love-sick maidens out of girls otherwise quickwitted and soberminded enough.

The most recent escapade in militia life is a case in point. It is melodrama, tragedy and comedy all in one. The scene is the camp of the Twenty-second Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., at Peekskill, Dramatis personae: Private Rosenheim and Cora Lent a fine healthy Peekskill girl. The argument tells us that Private Rosenheim is a descendant of a very ancient family which came from the East and at one time emigrated from Egypt without the aid of the Russian Hebrew Relief Society.

soil of continents is by far the most serious problem of modern civilization. Dr. Oswald in an able essay on "Weather Factories" in the current number of the International Review gives the results of some historical research into the subject which are startling in the warning they give to modern man. The denudation of the forests has turned Asia Minor from a luxuriant garden to a howling, blinding, thirsty desert.

The past and present condition of Asia Minor can be approximated if one imagines what would be the appearance of Massachusetts after a twelve days visitation from a sand storm. The luxuriant vegetation of Central Asia even in the days of the Roman Empire of the West surpassed anything of the kind that can be attained to-day on the American continent by cultivation.

In an area of thirty thousand square miles Mithridates raised armies that for twenty-two years defied the all-conquering hosts of Rome. Cyrus the Great passed his vacations in Babylon, in "a region of perpetual spring," where now the sand storms have covered the gigantic ruins of that once mighty city.

There was a time when Greek emperors located their country seats in Central Asia and enchanted by a delightful climate and perfect scenery a Greek could forget his native land. But the destroying axe worked steadily on the protecting forests and to-day the meadow brooks are gone, the lovely dells and cool retreats are no more and the rich stretches of productive land have vanished.

The traveler meets only weary wastes of waterless deserts, blinding sand storms and insufferable heat. Asia Minor no longer needs armies to repel her enemies. The fire-wind of the Arabian desert is an effectual protection against invaders.

Europe in the destruction of her forests has been following in the footsteps of Asia. There was a time in Italy when winters were sharp and cold, when it was a yearly occurrence to see the yellow Tiber ice-bound. Now the winter season brings warm, wet, unhealthy weather and the summers are hot and dry.

Southern Europe is fading as Africa did twelve centuries ago. Italy is preparing the way for visitations from Sirocoes. Portions of the once fertile coasts of Spain are degenerating into treeless deserts. The sand drifts struck the west coast of France near Cape Breton in the seventeenth century and their encroachments drove half a hundred hamlets from arable soil to locations further inland, until the proprietor of an endangered farm stopped the work of destruction by protecting his garden with brush wattles.

The abundance of forests in America has thus far prevented any serious climatic changes although the effects of stripping the hills of trees are already beginning to appear. Within the last forty years the temperature of the five mountain states of the Alleghenies has steadily moderated in winter and increased in summer.

Streams in the southern states, which in the first half of the century were solidly frozen every winter have been covered but once or twice in the last fifteen years. In Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia heavy snow storms have become shorter in duration and come at longer intervals.

In the Gulf states and the West Indies the clearing of the forests has already produced extensive sand barrens. Experience dearly bought has taught the value and necessity of tree culture. The manufacture of weather is destined to become a science.

The destroyer has already turned too many lands of Eden into uninhabitable deserts. The imperial council of Russia has sanctioned amendments to legislative acts which provide for the taking of measures to improve the climatic condition of southern Russia. The destruction of trees has reduced the lowlands in France in value at least one-half, and those of Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, Armenia, Persia, Greece and Spain eighty per cent.

A scientific system of tree culture has enabled the dwellers on the coast of Europe to reclaim ten thousand acres per year in Denmark, Belgium and eastern Prussia. The planting of umbrella pines in portions of Belgium has more than doubled the average monthly rain fall in summer, and decreased it in winter.

In 1832 Mehemet Ali undertook to reclaim the sand plains on the coast of Egypt. Fifteen millions of fruit and forest trees were planted, eighty per cent. of which took root and flourished. The result has been that the average yearly rain fall has increased from 0. to 14 inches, and the average temperature at Suez decreased from 92 degrees Fahrenheit to 86 degrees.

If the increase of population in this country continues at anything near the present rate of six hundred and eighty thousand foreigners a year, in another century there will be as many inhabitants to the square mile here as in the most thickly populated portions of Europe. Climatic influences will then be a matter of vital importance, but it then may be too late to give them attention. Now is the time. Laws are needed in all the states of the Union looking to the preservation of the forests.

To use the expression of an ancient Roman, the destroyer of a tree nymph should be held as guilty as a murderer. The forestry associations which are here and there being organized should be encouraged and their number increased. They may prove the saviours of the nation. Trees propagate themselves. They assist in the

fertilizing of the soil, they are the natural defense against heavy winds and they regulate the climate. With the proper cultivation of the climatic science the age may not be far distant when men will blame themselves for permitting a drouth and when the weather may be controlled as lightning is utilized.

AFTER BURNSIDE'S HOARD.

Welcome News to the Claimants.

Lawyer Brunner Returns From Ireland Confident That His Clients are John Burnside's Heirs.—The Contest for the Sugar Planter's Eight Millions.

Henry U. Brunner, of the Montgomery county bar, who early in June sailed for Ireland to inquire into the history and family connections of the late John Burnside, the millionaire sugar planter and speculator of New Orleans, has just arrived at his home in Norristown. His investigations in Ireland were attended with difficulty and required hard and protracted work, but he has satisfied himself that the clients who he represents are in right and law entitled to a share in the dead man's millions.

John Burnside, according to his own statement, made to numerous living witnesses, left County Tyrone, Ireland, for America, in 1819, being at the time about eighteen years old. He came to Louisiana and, shrewd, well educated and with the touch of a Mides, he soon acquired a large fortune as a sugar planter. Several of his partners retired with handsome fortunes, but he still stuck to his business.

The war found him one of the richest planters in the South and the possessor of over three thousand slaves. These were of course freed, but as he had retained his allegiance to the British Government his property was not confiscated and by giving him the opportunity to buy up at nominal prices the land taken from Confederate planters the war greatly added to his wealth.

Shortly afterwards he took out naturalization papers. On June 29, 1881, he died of apoplexy, at White Sulphur Springs, the richest sugar planter of the United States, his fortune being estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars.

THE CLAIMANTS FOR THE MILLIONS.

In 1857 he made a will disposing of about \$300,000 of his estate, but containing no residuary clause. As he was a bachelor and had no known relatives the State of Louisiana laid claim to his fortune.

Several other claims were soon presented. The would-be heirs, represented by Mr. Brunner, are the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of William Burnside, who came to this country from County Tyrone in 1792 and died in 1819. William, according to their claim, was the brother of John's father, and Mr. Brunner's investigations have convinced him that such was indeed the case.

William Burnside had four children, Thomas, Francis, John and a daughter, who afterwards married a gentleman named Kilpatrick. Thomas Burnside was for the greater part of his life a resident of Centre county, where he was in early life appointed to a Judgeship. In 1841 Governor Porter appointed him President Judge of the Montgomery County Court, and four years later he was elevated to the Supreme Bench of the State, where he remained until his death in Philadelphia in 1856.

It is said that Judge Burnside and the Louisiana planter were for years intimately acquainted, and that letters which passed between them, showing that they were both satisfied of their relationship to each other, are still in existence. Francis, the brother of the Judge also long since deceased, resided during the later portion of his life in Gwynedd township, Montgomery county, and was for years prominent as a local Democratic politician.

PHILADELPHIANS HAVE A SHARE.

John left two children, who are both dead, but whose children are living in Clarion county, Ohio, and Sussex county, Delaware. One of Judge Burnside's sons, who also attained judicial honors, married Simon Cameron's eldest daughter. He is now dead, but has left three children. The living children of the Judge are William Burnside and Mrs. Mary Morris, of Philadelphia, Thomas Burnside, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Bowe, of Centre county.

The children of Francis Burnside are Thomas and Mrs. Ellen Keesey, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Amelia Bean, of Montgomery; James, residing in Gwynedd; Washington, who lives in Maryland, and William, of Sussex county, Delaware. Mrs. Margaret Law, of Lower Providence, is the only daughter of the Judge's sister, Mrs. Kilpatrick.

In 1857 John Burnside revisited his native land, and from people who there saw and dealt with him Mr. Brunner has heard many facts concerning his early history. In Belfast he had a confidential agent, to whom it is said that at the opening of the war he sent for safe keeping nearly \$800,000 in specie. The litigation over the estate promises to be long and remarkable, and a number of eminent lawyers, both here and in Louisiana, have already been retained by the contending parties.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "There are more than 1,000 cats connected with the United States postal service, their especial duties being to distribute rats and vanquish mice that are prone to make mail bags their habitat." Have they been assessed?

Signing the Declaration. The Men who Pledged their Lives, Fortunes and Sacred Honor. In looking at the signatures to the Declaration, not one is written with a trembling hand except Stephen Hopkins. It was not fear that made him tremble, for he was as true a patriot as any of them, but he was afflicted with the palsy.

But one of the residences of the signers is attached to his name, and that is of Charles Carroll. It is said that one was looking over his shoulder when he wrote his name, and said to him, "There are several of your name, and if we are unsuccessful they will not know whom to arrest." He immediately wrote "of Carrollton," as much as to say if there is reproach connected with this, I wish to bear my share; if any danger, I am ready to face it. There was genuine patriotism.

It was rather amusing, after they had signed their names, to hear Benjamin Franklin say to Samuel Adams: "Now, I think we will all hang together." "Yes," said Mr. Adams, "or we shall all hang separately." Many have supposed that all the names were signed on the 4th of July, 1776. Not so. It was signed on that day only by the President, John Hancock, and with his signature it was sent forth to the world. On the second day of August it was signed by all but one of the fifty-six signers whose names are appended to it. The other attached his name in November.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence were all natives of the American soil with the exception of eight. Sixteen of them were from the Eastern or New England Colonies, fourteen from the Middle, and eighteen from the Southern Colonies. One was a native of Maine, nine were natives of Massachusetts, two of Rhode Island, four of Connecticut, three of New Jersey, five of Pennsylvania, two of Delaware, five of Maryland, nine of Virginia and four of South Carolina. Two were born in England, three in Ireland, two in Scotland, and one was born in Wales.

Twenty-seven of the signers had been regularly graduated in colleges, or about one-half. Twenty others had received a thorough academic education, and the remainder had each been taught at a plain school for at home. Of the fifty-six signers twenty-five had studied the institutions of Great Britain while sojourning in that country. All had something to lose if the struggle should result in failure to them. Many of them were very wealthy, and with very few exceptions, all of them were blessed with a competence.

Thirty-four of the signers were lawyers, thirteen were planters or farmers, nine were merchants, five were mechanics, one was a clergyman, one a mason, and one a surveyor. The youngest member of Congress when the Declaration was signed, (Rutledge) was twenty-seven years of age; the oldest one (Dr. Franklin) was seventy. Forty-two of the fifty-six were between thirty and fifty years of age; the average age of all was forty-three years and ten months.

They all lived to a good old age. The average of fifty-three at the time of their decease was over sixty-eight years. The last survivor was Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton, being over ninety when he died. Fourteen signers lived to be eighty years old, and four past ninety. The pen used by the signers is preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston. What tales that pen could speak! What a history there is connected with it!

Not one of the signers ever fell from the high estate to which that great act had elevated him. It had been well said that "the annals of the world can present no political body the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the zeal of the patriot, dignified and chastened by the virtues of the man."

THE Tariff Commissioners are having a good time at Long Branch. They struck the Branch just in the height of the season, when beauty and fashion abound, and are calmly sniffing the exhilarating breezes that come in from the vasty deep. All things in nature, both animate and inanimate, are charming. The rolling waves, upon which no one ever wearies of gazing, stir the soul and inspire the noblest and the grandest thoughts; the white-winged vessels skimming the sea are beautiful to behold; hundreds of young ladies, superlatively attractive in their elegant bathing suits, disport like mermaids in the surf; or, richly attired and sparkling with diamonds, dizzily float in the mazes of the dance.

Nothing is lacking to make the Commission's sojourn at the Branch delightful. Besides, each member gets ten dollars a day, and they are aware of the fact that the country does not expect their report to be of any special value. So, with minds at ease and expenses paid, to them the days pass dreamily away. Who would not be a Tariff Commissioner at Long Branch in midsummer?—Times Star.

MR. SKILLET read in a rash household journal that a man should treat his servant girl as he would his daughter. Mr. Skillet was in the habit of taking his daughter on his lap and kissing her, and as his servant was sweet eighteen and pretty, he undertook to treat her the same way, but his wife objected. She objected so violently that the lump on the left side of Skillet's head has not yet subsided.

The Fourteenth District.

COLONEL SAM BARR'S DANGER SIGNALS.—WILL JUDGE McPHERSON BE TRADED FOR BARR?

HARRISBURG, August 8. The outlook for Cameron's machine is far from flattering in this district. Heretofore the Senator had no difficulty in his way that was not easy of removal. He sent Mr. Sam Barr to Congress two years ago, just as he would have sent him on an errand, and has always been able to manipulate delegates and conventions, without consulting popular feeling or the public interest. There is trouble ahead this year for him and his dependents. Josiah Funk, Esq., may get the Lebanon delegates for Associate Judge, and it has been intimated here that it may become necessary to trade off the present Judge, John B. McPherson, Esq., to make sure of Lebanon's support for Barr. This would be likely to raise a breeze, even among the subservient Cameron politicians of Lebanon county, and there are none more so in the State, judging by the specimens that come here to represent that county. Barr is the Jumbo in the Cameron menagerie and would be bounced if he did not know too much. Still, the displacement of Judge McPherson will be a high price to pay for another term of Barr, and will be resented by our people, without distinction of party. McPherson gives promise of becoming one of the leading jurists of the State, and if sound policy controls the selection, rather than partisan intrigue, the result cannot be in doubt.

Wolfe had over 3,000 votes in the district and the Independent ticket is considerably stronger this year. There will be thorough organization and the certainty of success inspires all with enthusiasm. Barr wants no Independent support and scorns the movement for reform. In one of his spirited interviews, recently published in the Press, he declared the Independent Republicans to be "so many asses." They certainly would deserve the appellation if they re-elected him to Congress. Cameron may, however, be compelled by the pressure of public opinion to withdraw him from the canvass, with a view of strengthening himself and his State ticket. Barr will be a heavy load for Beaver. His candidacy means fight a third candidate and the probable loss of the Fourteenth district to the Republicans.—Times.

THE Republican Senators, reinforced by their latest recruit, Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, yesterday voted against while all the Democratic Senators voted for Senator Bayard's amendment to the Knit-Goods bill. This rascality was passed after a speech by Wood Pulp Miller, who seems to hold retainers from every branch of the lobby. Thus in order to enrich about twenty-five manufacturers and a powerful lobby and possibly some Senators, and in the very face of a tariff revision conference (over which it has been understood that a flag of legislative truce as to protection has been raised,) every sailor and miner in the United States who wears a woolen cap, every man, woman and child in the United States who wears knitted woolen drawers, undershirts or socks, is to be amerced in the sum of fifty cents and upwards upon each of these articles purchased for the benefit of two dozen monopolists, their attorneys and their tools. Let the Knit-Goods bill be pressed to the account of the Republican Congressional robbers upon every stump in the country.—N. Y. World.

TEMPTATION is far better shunned than grappled with. We may get strength by a victorious encounter, and so gain the beatitude, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." But we may be worsted in the trial, and so get the spoils of the conquered—wounds and bruises and dishonor. Southy says truly: "To grapple with temptation is a venture; to fly from it is a victory."

WE ask our young readers to say the following alliteration as rapidly as their tongues will allow after they have committed it to memory: Five brave maids sitting on five broad beds braiding broad braids; said I to these five brave maids sitting on five broad beds braiding broad braids, braid broad braids brave maids.

A PERSON overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in the field collecting insects, say to one another, "What's that fellow doing, John?" "Why, he's a naturalist." "What's that?" "One who catches gnats, to be sure."

A POEM commences, "Under the willow he's lying." He must be a tramp. They lie under all sorts of trees. One was discovered lying under an axle tree the other morning. The owner of the wagon made him wheel wright around and leave.

BOYS are so very careless and impulsive where their pleasures are concerned. Two Brooklyn juveniles were severely punished last week for stoning their mother's new bonnet, under the impression that it was a wasp's nest.

THE greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its depth is 84 mean feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

"YOUNG man," said the master "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new apprentice replied: "Just so; I am leaving it for you."