

VERDENAL'S CHAT.

Old Californians in the Metropolis.

A Happy Family From San Francisco.

People Who Fail to Appreciate the Eastern Climate—Minor Notes.

Special Dispatch to the CHRONICLE.
New York, October 4.—No deaths in recent years have caused such general regret in the California colony as those of Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt in San Francisco and Frederick Billings at his Vermont country seat. Both were lawyers in San Francisco contemporaneously, popular in profession and with their many friends. Mr. Billings was well known to the colony in this city and he was always happy to meet his old-time California friends. His eldest son was born in the then palace of San Francisco office buildings, Montgomery Block, the upper floors of which were used as apartments for residence purposes. San Francisco has lost a good citizen in Heydenfeldt and New York one in Billings. Such is the consensus of opinion in the California colony.

PROMINENT FIRST NIGHTERS.

Prominent among first nighters of the fall season theatricals are Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Theresa and Miss Birdie Fair. They occupy boxes at all first nights, and are the observed of all observers. There is hardly a theater-goer who does not know Mr. Oelrichs, and every one quickly catches on to the identity of his companions. Last evening they slowly promenaded up Broadway arm in arm, and formed as pretty a picture of a happy family as could anywhere be found.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Governor Romualdo Pacheco arrived during the week and visited many of his old-time friends. He is as much admired by the ladies for his handsome presence as his daughter Mabel was for her beauty and grace.

California plungers came to grief the other day when Haggin's beautiful Firenze was beaten by Belmont's ungallant Raceland. They stood to win pools galore, but at the last moment Raceland won by a neck. Hearst's Tournament was in another race, but it was practically a walk-over, and the losers on Firenze could not recoup.

John Landers finally completed his Eastern labors on Wednesday, folded his tents and finally stole away for home on Thursday. He declared that there was no place like home. At the same time John J. Valentine, Wells-Fargo's active managerial spirit, concluded that he would return. Lloyd Tevis still tarries.

Frank X. Cicott is viewing the metropolitan sights prior to leaving for Europe on Wednesday. His quarters are at the Everett.

E. W. Lesser, secretary of the New Almaden Quicksilver Works, has been at the Coleman House for a week, accompanied by his wife. They leave for an extended tour of Europe on Wednesday.

Young Juan C. Alvarado returned from Europe on Thursday, as good-looking as ever. He leaves presently for California and Mexico.

AT THE HOTELS.

At the Brunswick this week were Senator Hearst, G. H. Morrison, J. D. Grissim, James Vance Cheney. At the Fifth Avenue, L. R. Mead, Augustus Taylor, Misses Lulu and Hattie Bishop, E. O. Rix, J. S. Moore and wife, E. A. Brackenridge and wife. At the Coleman, Frank Underhill, C. Winship, Mrs. Woodruff, Ed A. Swope and William King. At the Albemarle, Mrs. Richard Ivers. At the Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest, C. C. Clay and wife, C. E. Miller. At the Gilsey, John Birmingham, F. Conant. Scattered around are C. C. Desmond, R. N. C. Wilson and Mrs. West of Los Angeles; H. N. Lear, San Diego; J. Collier, A. C. Donnell, E. Tutweel, E. Roberts, F. A. Fox, W. S. McClure, A. H. Walton, C. G. Wickson, C. W. Reed, C. F. Davis, W. B. Hall, G. D. Hight, Mrs. Sheldon, A. Brown, C. W. Ford, Mr. Rutherford, C. J. Simon and Robert Sudden.

NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO.

"As you move along lower Broadway and Wall street in the morning and upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in the afternoon and evening, you would imagine yourself back in San Francisco." So said Consul Frederick A. Bee the other evening, as he fondly stroked those well-cultured white side whiskers, and he continued: "Yes, and as you drop into the Fifth Avenue, the Hoffman, the Coleman or the Gilsey lobbies you would easily imagine you were at the Palace, Grand or Baldwin." William P. Dewey interrupted the Consul's remark by saying, "Yes, but that illusion would disappear when you asked for your key and went up to your room, not big enough as a general thing to sling a cat in comfortably. That's the time when you appreciate the difference between the comforts of New York hotels and those of San Francisco. Another time is when you pay your bill—the difference is even bigger. I'm going to hurry back home to save money enough to live comfortably." And handsome William went off in the direction of the nearest railroad ticket office.

VISITORS AND COLONISTS.

Yet there were lots of Californians in town last week, but some of them have almost become permanent residents, they are here so often. Take James B. Haggin, the copper king, for example. He is here and in London and Paris longer than in San Francisco. And he looked perfectly calm and serene yesterday as he stood in front of Wells, Fargo & Co's main New York office, wearing a pair of blue goggles to shut out the sun, a quill toothpick between his teeth, talking business to Son-in-law Dick Lounsbery. Within was Lloyd Tevis, with his smile perennial, consulting John J. Valentine on the growing business of the old house that was born of Adams & Co's failure in the stirring days of 1855. Presently there passed along Eugene E. Dewey, who has returned from his summer exodus, the first spent away from New York with a bride by his side, and ready at her beck and call. Matrimony agrees with Eugene; no question about that. Only occasionally does he drop into the club for a reminiscent chat with the boys, his home being in that of his wife's parents, on aristocratic West Forty-seventh, near the Windsor. Talking of old Californians, Consul Bee tells me that on his return from Bar Harbor, where he went to see Secretary Blaine, he met Louis McLane, for so many years the head and front of the house now managed by Messrs. Tevis and Valentine. Mr. McLane bears his many years well, residing with his family in the Monumental City, Baltimore.

A FEW MORE.

And continuing the record of visiting Pacific coasters: There, seated at a comfortable table in Pearson's caravansary, sat William A. Bissell of Alameda, familiarly known as "Billy," who was dining with Ira L. Ramsdell, also from the coast, with Pearson and other Californians as adjuncts to their appetites. "Billy" was here on railroad business and proceeded to Boston town the next day betimes. He likes New York nearly as well as does Editor Daniels of Alameda. In the lobby of the Hoffman, as big as life, any pleasant evening, you can see Henry G. Ruff, at one time the most popular diamond and champagne broker in San Francisco. How he likes to recall the good old days de sa jeunesse, when he and Walter Turnbull—the general, I

mean—were chums. He has a lively affection for all his old San Francisco friends. Farther up, at another hostelry, was young Harry Lewis and Charles L. Chatterton, Marcus Mayer's lieutenant. It didn't require a second glance to recognize in Harry the chip of the old block Oscar, who, in conjunction with Senator "Tom" McCarthy, used to dispense liquid comforts in gentlemanly style on Sutter street. Mr. Chatterton is an old San Franciscan, married there, and longs to get back again on a visit. But Marcus keeps him too busy just now to think of even a temporary absence. Turn the corner of Broadway and you almost stumble against "Aleck" Womble, the mine promoter. He has just arrived, and piloted by Jake Smith, has been around the corner for some of those Eastern oysters that are always sure to suffer when Californians arrive. Farther up still you see "Ned" Barnes and a friend dining most sumptuously at John Ulber's new place on Thirty-first street, a rival to Delmonico's. "John," as they call him, was formerly one of Delmonico's lieutenants. He has set up in business for himself in style, his establishment being an annex of the San Carlo apartment house, where old bachelors like Captain Casey find comfortable quarters. Barnes is determined to introduce all the visiting Californians to John's new place.

TEN YEARS' SAN FRANCISCO DEAD.

The unexpected death of Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt was the subject of much sorrowful comment in the colony, with whom he was very popular. "The old fellows are going fast," remarked a colonist. "I see you have one of those *News Letter* prints 'At the Play.' How many do you suppose have gone since that was issued in 1879? Out of 239 faces on the print, at least seventy-five have passed out of life. Let me see the most prominent: Henry B. Williams, genial, sturdy Peter Donahue, impulsive William Sharon, enthusiastic Aaron A. Sargent, pertinacious John Parrott, urbane William F. Babcock, gracious, good Pedar Sather, conscientious William Irwin, never-go-back-on-a-friend Andrew Jackson Bryant, colossal E. C. Fellows, exact John H. Reutlinger, Millionaire Charles Lux, courtly C. Temple Emmett, fearless Judge Delos Lake, crafty William M. Gwin, lovable Robert F. Morrison, John Bensley, F. Marriott, the nestor; big General C. I. Hutchinson, Count D. J. Oliver, much-disputed Thomas H. Blythe, lion-hearted Charles de Young, young Fred Maccondray, Broker E. Hall, genius Hall McAllister, Judge Sam B. McKee, shrewd John S. Hager, friendly Fred MacCrellish, handsome Milton S. Latham, statesman, politician and banker Tom Achilles, the calculating Supervisor, level-headed James Adams, hypercritical P. H. Canavan, self-opinionated Philip A. Rouch, dignified Judge Tom Freelon, ponderous James T. Farley, genial Judge Sam Dwinelle, Alms House Superintendent Keating, Emile Grisar, John H. Jones, the broker; Judge A. C. Niles, popular Eugene L. Sullivan, Captain James J. Waddell, Frank B. Taylor, very handsome E. N. Fry, Donald McLennan, indomitable Squire P. Dewey, big-headed Charles Kohler, happy Harry Platt, merry George Lette, Harry Casanova, the square; "everybody buys 'em" Sam Brannan, P. J. Cassin, Dr. Tom Bennett, Pioneer Banker John V. Plume, big-hearted Charley Clayton, knightly Van Dyke Hubbard, Miner James C. Flood, promising Leland Stanford Jr., Charles Crocker and his loving wife, Joe Palmer, the friend of Broderick; too-happy Howard Coit, amiable Mrs. Joe Austin, "Betsy B.," pleasant John D. Yost; Joe Umans, the lawyer-poet; Money-maker R. B. Woodward; Alfred A. Cohen, the railroad-beating lawyer; William Willis, the genial mine secretary; Arthur Nahl, Charley Mason and son; the noblest Roman of them all, Solomon Heydenfeldt! How many years before they will be all wiped out? Not many."

SOME PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Nora Connell of Granercy Park, who intended returning to her San Francisco home this fall, has concluded to tarry a while longer and drink in another season of German opera in New York. But in the early spring, when the flowers bloom, she promises to be in Frisco again. Mrs. Augusta Lowell Garthwaite, whose recent romantic marriage in Oakland surprised her numerous colony friends, returned to New York last Sunday week, and presided as usual at the church organ. Her musical engagements, preceding the matrimonial one, extend far into next year, and she will discharge them all conscientiously before returning to California for keeps. She was warmly congratulated and welcomed by her friends, who will be very sorry when she takes her departure.

William Lane Booker, the English Consul-General of New York, returned from a three months' vacation in dear old England last week. As he ambles up Broadway from his office it is easy to see that he has improved in health and spirits. He was of course accompanied by Mrs. Booker.

D. F. VERDENAL.