

VERDENAL'S CHAT.

Californians Enjoying the Winter.

Sleigh Riding in Central Park.

Incidents of Christmas Day in the Colony—Some Recent Arrivals.

Special Dispatch to the CHRONICLE.

NEW YORK, December 27.—The old saying that it's an ill wind that blows no good was well illustrated again to-day, for following the baby blizzard which prevailed yesterday we hear merry sleigh bells all through Central Park and the avenue, while everywhere ring the echoes of the shovle brigade of thousands of strong men and boys who are employed to clear off the sidewalks. Every one who can beg, borrow or steal something on runners is out this afternoon. Several hundred visitors from California and many of the resident colonists are passing and re-passing each other in the park. "Make hay while the sun shines," said Mr. de Young early this morning as he embarked with all his family and went whirling toward the open country. Colonel William Forsyth forgot all about mind-reading as he drove his handsome bride behind a pair of spirited blacks in a Portland cutter. Frank Johnson covered his face with a heavy veil to keep out the cold. Then came the Brewsters, Millers, Roseners, Deans, Jarions, Coxes, Dewoys, Hagers, Beldens, Seligmans, Gunters, Wormsers and Millses. They were all out. George McAneny drove a pair of colts that threw lots of snowdust in the other people's eyes. It was a great sight, even if you had to stand in the park walks to see it. The weather is getting warmer and sleighing will not last long.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Eugene Kelly, one of San Francisco's pioneer bankers, is quite sick with pneumonia, and the friends of Senator Hearst are anxious and sympathetic over the reports from Washington concerning his health. The attending physicians in both cases are more than hopeful.

Arthur Macy, superintendent of the Standard mine of Bodie, is here condoling with the New York stockholders on the promise of the future. The stock was placed here ten years ago at \$40 per share. It is now selling at about \$1.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs gave an elaborate dinner on Christmas Day to a number of friends. Mrs. Fair is credited with having inspired several new ideas.

The De Youngs' Christmas tree at their Fifth Avenue apartments will long linger in the memory of many young people as a dream of beauty, rivalled only in fairyland, while the magnificent displays of California growth sent on by the home office caused many bursts of enthusiasm from older New Yorkers who were invited to look upon the scene.

DEPARTURE OF THE EX-BOSS.

The dethroned boss of San Francisco's rebellious Democracy, Chris Buckley, sailed for Liverpool Wednesday. His reception was entirely different from that accorded last summer. Now there was literally no one to do him reverence. There was no banquet, no Clunie to orate, "no nothing." Sic transit gloria Buckley.

In a quiet and unostentatious way John W. Mackay distributed a good many crisp bills around for holiday souvenirs. The Commercial Cable employes have cause to remember him again.

Ex-Congressman Felton seemed to be very happy this week. His relief bill for \$10,000 has been passed by Congress. The Government mill grinds very slowly, but surely all the same.

The blizzard had no terrors for Field Marshal Isidor Wormser. He occupied his box at the German opera and his mustaches were as pointed as though it was a midsummer night.

RECENT ARRIVALS.

Among recent Pacific coast arrivals were E. W. Marston and wife, A. Wendell Jackson, Elliot G. McCombe, Miss Grace Maynard, Mrs. Stewart F. Clark, J. B. Faull, J. B. McCauliffe, G. Henderson, M. Asher, Hancock Banning, Fred W. McNear, J. Baumgarten, T. J. Henston, James J. O'Kane, A. Haggard, G. L. North, J. P. Smith, E. Taussing, J. Williams, P. C. M. Grant, M. Buttington, J. R. Grubb, J. B. Willie, J. E. Mills, Mrs. Emory Walker and daughter.

CALIFORNIA WONDERS AT CHICAGO.

"I never knew how great a State California is until I reached Chicago," remarked an old pioneer the other evening as he sat in the Coleman House lobby and exchanged reminiscences with Aleck Womble, Robert Barton, Mine Host Pearson and other visitors from the coast. "When I reached Chicago (and here let me remark that it is the dirtiest city I ever struck because of its soft coal consumption) I called upon our friend Ben Truman, who has charge of the Southern California exhibit, and that is what made me open my eyes. In a general way we in San Francisco have an idea that California is a wonderful State, but when you enter Truman's rooms and see grouped together apples and oranges, peanuts and walnuts, wheat and corn, grapes and raisins, buckwheat and oats, prunes and quinces, figs and lemons, alfalfa and hay, peaches and cream, strawberries and oranges—in fact, almost everything in the fruit and vegetable line that you can think or dream of—then you begin to appreciate what we can produce. And all these come from only four southern counties! Just think of what a show we are going to make at the World's Fair when Northern, Central and Southern California all join hands for the purpose of astonishing the world. You ought to see the Chicago people open their eyes now; what will they do after awhile? It's mighty good advertising, and Major Truman is winning approval on all sides for his management."

SALOON-KEEPERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

The first legitimate fruits of the recent wholesale triumph of Tammany Hall methods were presented to the good people of New York by Mayor Grant in the appointment of a brace of Police Justices at salaries of \$8000 per year for ten years. In San Francisco you elect these justices at general elections, and those nominated are qualified by legal attainments to discharge the duties of the office. In this big city the Mayor has the appointment and his word is law. There is no check whatever; no consulting or approving power. So Mayor Grant has appointed as the first result of the election a saloon-keeper and professional ward politician and heeler for one Police Justice, and an undertaker and friend of the boodle Aldermen for the other. Just think of it. How would they like such appointments in San Francisco? Yet here they are taken as a matter of course, and people submit to such outrages with becoming fortitude. Mayor Grant evidently believes in rubbing it in on his political enemies. There are ten of these Police Justices in New York, with clerks and bailiffs galore. The Justices sit on an average about two hours each day, and so earn their salaries of \$8000 per year. They are possessed of great "influence" in their respective "decs-trics," and the one who rolls up the largest majority is sure of substantial rewards. These are the plums which go to reward the unscrupulous but faithful henchmen.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA DEVOTEE.

Only a few months since "Sam" Hyne-man left his favorite Pine-street haunts, where for several decades he had been engaged chasing the elusive dollar from one

stock exchange to the other, and came on to Philadelphia, that quiet city of the saints, to see a brother who was very sick. After the funeral "Sam" thought he would run over to New York, take a peep at Wall street, see a few friends and then get back to his familiar stamping ground. "Sam" is here still. I met him down on Wall street yesterday. His story runs this wise: "I came over to see Wall street. It's a seductive street. The first thing I knew I was standing over a tape in a big broker's office. I met some friends, old friends and confidential ones. They had a good thing way down on bed-rock. Did I get in? Of course, I did. Couldn't keep out of it with a ten-mile team. Yes, it's a good thing, although it is a little off just now from the price we went in at. Yes, it's all right; only a question of a little time. The market is a little demoralized yet, but we are all satisfied that everything will brace up presently. As soon as I clean up I think I will get back to Frisco. But there's lots of fun down on Wall street and I may make up my mind to stay for good." "Sam" is like many another Californian who comes here to look on merely and remains until walking is no longer good.

A BIG ESTATE WANTED.

Another cause celebre in which Californians are interested looms up and will presently occupy the attention of the Surrogate and a lot of lawyers on both sides. Many years ago Ann Drake Seaman died leaving property now valued at something over \$10,000,000, which even in these plethoric days of plenty is worth fighting for. The regular heirs, so called, went in and took possession without the formality of probating. Now the will is to be presented to the court, and on that the contest and the fun will commence. One of the contestants is Vernon Seaman, a full-fledged member of the colony, and nearest of kin to the deceased. The other colonists will watch the case closely, as they always do in matters wherein some of their number are interested.

HENRI BASCOM ENTERS THE LITERARY FIELD.

Another California authoress, stimulated I presume by the success which has attended Mrs. Atherton, Archie Gunter and others from the coast, proposes to assume the offensive with her book tully printed early next January, and she seems entirely confident of the result. I refer to Miss Henri Bascom Swasey of San Francisco. In her quick, nervous way she says: "I went to Chicago publishers with my manuscript. They liked it ever so much, but when it came to terms I found they were willing to let me have all the glory while they secured the substantial. So I came to New York, where I knew more people, anyhow, and the first publisher I addressed made me a liberal offer. I accepted, of course, and am now busy correcting proofs. What is the title? Why, "A God in Gotham"; and every one who has seen the advance sheets declares it will be a great success. Yes, I have given up the stage for good. I never did like the profession much. I prefer writing," and little Miss Bascom whisked herself off to correct more proofs.

WILL RETURN TO THE WEST.

"Well, what is New York's loss is San Francisco's gain; besides, we are getting our own back again," was the remark made by an old Pacific coast friend to whom Major Otey Bradford had detailed the particulars of his "new departure." Probably no man is better known on the coast than tall, handsome, courtly Major Bradford, who for years was a popular purser on outgoing Pacific coast steamers. For several years past "Otey" has been the commander of the Wells, Fargo & Co. army of employes who attend the outgoing and incoming Atlantic steamers, and many a Californian going or coming has been glad to see the Major's hale form at the docks greeting them welcome or wishing them God speed. He knows all about the hated customs and employed his best efforts to guide them successfully through the labyrinths. He has been a widower for several years, and lately succumbed to the charms of a fair Californian. It was a *sina qua non* that the Major should return to the coast with his bride and there reside. Nothing suited him better, for, as he says, "I've never felt at home in New York. I don't like the climate and have always sighed to return to San Francisco, so, as you may imagine, it needed no strong argument on the future Mrs. Bradford's part to induce me to agree to live in California again." The nuptials will be celebrated in the latter part of January, and "Otey's" only regret is parting from the legion of friends he has made in New York.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.

Christmas boxes floated around the California colony numerous, the colony being, as you are aware, increased temporarily by the presence of such well-known San Franciscans as Mr. and Mrs. De Young, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Jeremiah Clark and Miss Tottie Clark, Mrs. H. Oelrichs, Colonel and Mrs. William Forsyth, Mrs. John Corning, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. James C. Flood, John W. Mackay, Walter L. Dean, J. W. Mackay Jr., S. Heydenfeldt, A. T. Badlam, Mrs. M. S. Latham, Miss Mamie Deane, William Fries, Senator and Mrs. George Hearst, William P. Dewey, Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Johnson, Mrs. J. R. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Houghton, Colonel and Mrs. C. W. Tozer and C. M. St. John. Add these to our regular colony, and there was quite a crowd of box-givers to draw to. And then there came some surprises from the coast itself. When Colonel F. A. Bee, the Consul of the Celestial empire, was here some months since he talked California wines and brandy up to the skies, and quite a number of New Yorkers were induced to sample the product of California soil. And others were surprised during the week by the receipt from Colonel Bee by express of sundry packages and cases, which, upon being opened, disclosed various qualities of claret, Burger, Burgundy and brandy from California. "With the compliments of F. A. Bee and F. A. Haber" was the accompanying inscription. And so there were numerous Christmas tables at which the juice of the Inglenook grape was imbibed, and the healths of the donors cheerfully pledged in rosy libations. "Talk about the Falernian which we used to translate from Horace in our college days," said a Harvard California graduate, "why, this California Burgundy beats it all hollow!" And there was a general chorus, "And so say we all of us!" It is the experience of all the California wine merchants here—David Rich, George Hamlin, Charles Kohler and others—that the consumption of California wine is on the increase, and the outlook for big business in that direction is excellent.

D. F. VERDENAL.