

VERDENAL'S CHAT.

Californians Grow at the Weather.

What Jim Keene Don't Know About Stocks.

Movements of Pacific Coast People at the East—Minor Notes.

Special Dispatch to the CHRONICLE.
New York, March 21.—"Mean, meaner, meanest; vile, viler, vilest." These were about the expressed opinions of visiting Californians regarding our March weather. They were hypnotized by the influence of what old mariners call the equinoctial storm. It was bad all the week, but to-day even superlative adjectives cannot get there to express the general disgust which the oldest California colonist is willing to make unanimous. La grippe is expected here next week to add to the adjective outbreak. It is reported central at Pittsburg and Chicago, with several thousand cases. Extra chest protectors are being ordered by wholesale. Anything to avoid la grippe's embraces, simple pneumonia being fatal enough already.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. J. E. Morris has completed all his business here most satisfactorily, and leaves for Pittsburg and the West tomorrow evening. He will be glad to get away from this weather.

Mr. John Grayson of the Candelmania mines of Mexico has been sampling the hospitalities of the Gilsey House for several days. He is accompanied by his daughter, a very handsome young lady.

W. L. Ustick Jr. left for home last evening via Omaha and Ogden. He is in the best of health, and anxious to get home.

Among San Franciscans who sailed for Havre to-day by La Bourgogne were E. Dubedat and wife, Alfred Gros, the stalwart apothecary, and wife, and E. K. Stevenot. They were just boiling over with patriotic anticipations of what they will do when they land on the soil of France.

At the Fifth-avenue this week Major J. F. Burgin and the Misses Burgin and Mr. and Mrs. Peter McGlynn entertained their New York friends.

W. B. Newson of London returned from a flying trip to San Francisco on Friday. The contrast between the sunny Italian skies of the Pacific and the Eastern cyclonic weather was painful. He prefers London fog and sails next week, meantime he carries at the Albemarle.

W. R. Wheeler, George B. Burill, A. Eltinghouse, W. K. Fletcher and P. J. Small tied up at the Coleman and made themselves at home.

RECENT ARRIVALS

Among other arrivals were W. Hudson, G. Ryan, A. Morrissey, J. T. Urby, M. M. Stern, B. Schloss, R. K. Sumner, J. Woodworth, J. B. Livingston, J. Matthews, W. S. Stephens, G. M. Taylor, P. Koenigsberger, D. D. Dare, A. H. Wilcox and E. A. Rix, representing San Francisco Olympic Club; A. Houston, C. E. Cook and E. B. Chumiller.

Wall street is duller than it was while Congress was in session, and it might be supposed that some of the old Comstock operators, like Keene, Mills, Dewey, Steinhart, Cox, Davis, "Glazier Wormser," Lent Rosener and Withington, would like to take a little flyer for diversion, but little inquiry fails to disclose that they are. "Why, what is Consolidated Virginia selling for?" asked Mr. Keene. "Fourteen per share was the answer. "What, cents?" asked the ex-Pine-street operator. When told it was dollars he shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Haven't seen a Comstock quotation for years."

Sam Hyman, however, wishes he was back on Pine street. "I could have loaded up early and made a killing. These Wall-street stocks are awful slow. I've got to wait for a market; walking to the Pacific coast sands isn't good," and Sam disappeared in the yawning gulf that leads into John Gault's subterranean cavern.

Geary Rich, after whom Geary street was named, they say, returned from a very pleasurable visit to San Francisco early in the week looking the very picture of innocent health and happiness. The fishing outfit he received from his old Pacific Exchange cronies is in excellent shape, and he feels satisfied that the destruction of sea robins next summer will be immense.

THE DIVISIONS OF FIFTH AVENUE.

Fifth avenue, famed far and wide among English-speaking people who have either visited New York and seen it for themselves or heard it spoken of by others, is divided into three parts. Five and twenty years ago it wasn't. Then the avenue was distinctly the abode of the aristocracy of Manhattan island. Every house had a brown-stone front, and within its portals reposed a merchant prince—whether in trade or otherwise. Old horny-handed Time has changed the order of things, and now, as I remarked hereinbefore, the avenue is divided into three parts. It extends from Washington square, which is at Fifth street, to the Harlem river at One Hundred and Fiftieth street—a little over seven miles. From Washington square to Fourteenth street the avenue retains its primeval simplicity and aristocracy, only the Brevoort House breaking the brown-stone monotony, and the Brevoort is aristocratic and English, if anything. That is the first part—still sacred to tradition. From Fourteenth to Fiftieth, is the second—given up to trade, and this again subdivides itself into kinds of trade. From Fourteenth to Twenty-third, is specially devoted to the piano trade. A man or a woman for that matter, never knows how many kinds of first-class pianos are made in this country, until he or she meanders up the avenue from Fourteenth street. The cannons at Balaklava are as nothing to the pianos one sees. There is one break in the piano monotony—where the Judge newspaper building rears its lofty front, and there will be another presently at the corner of Nineteenth street—where, shades of departed Knickerbockers, a brown-stone front is being altered to make room for a butcher's shambles! From Twenty-third to Fiftieth is sacred to hotels, dress-makers and cosmetics, and the air is sweet with the perfume of musk and bergamont, and the walks are thronged with females patronizing dressmaker and milliner. From Fiftieth to the river, with hotels excepted, the evolved avenue is lined, or will be presently, with residences. Not the stereotyped brown-stone horse-stall business, but a kind of no-two-houses-alike arrangement, a great improvement on the avenue primeval.

THE GRACES THREE.

"How do you like New York this trip?" I asked Colonel Joseph B. Crockett the other afternoon as with R. H. Pease Jr. he was quietly enjoying a sun bath in front of the Hotel Brunswick. "First class," replied the genial gaz man. "We have just been having a splendid time from the day we struck the hotel. We have had more invitations to lunch and to dinner than we could accept, and as a matter of fact the hotel restaurant has hardly enjoyed the pleasure or luxury of our presence more than once or twice. Yes, we've been the round of the clubs, and they beat anything we have ever home in that line. When are we going home? Well, that's hard to tell. We are here on business, of course, and it takes time to transact business in New York. Somehow or other people here don't seem to be in a hurry. Procrastination is one of the acquired arts here." With that Colonel Fred Crocker

appeared upon the scene, and the Californians three meandered up the avenue to view the latest fashions. Some hours later, re-enforced by John J. Halpin, they might have been seen in the Coleman House art gallery, where, between salutations to Bacchus, Harry Pearson was telling them the latest bon mots and yarns of the metropolis. Pearson has a wonderfully good memory, and he picks up such trifles as quickly as a chicken does kernels of corn.

SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES

Major-General George W. F. Vernon of the California State militia has aged considerably in the last twelve years. When he used to perch himself upon that big white horse on parade days on Van Ness avenue his mustache was of a beautiful auburn, his hair was a silky brown. Time hasn't made the General to grow in stature, but it has turned his hair white and his flowing mustache follows suit. But otherwise he is as chipper as ever and still wears big yellow diamonds. Ex-Chief of the Fire Department "Jim" Metman is one of the old pioneers who seems to be letting old Father Time get the upper hand. I don't think "Jim" could make much of a fire run now. He would be apt to get there after the fire was out. He is gray and grizzly and looks tired. For a young man, comparatively, Howard Taylor, the dramatist, is waxing old faster than he should. I saw him a few days since on Broadway. He had lost a large part of his avoirdupois and his face was thin. And yet Howard takes things easily, so it can't be worry. "Billy" Birch is as gray as a badger, and to his financial troubles has recently been added quite a spell of sickness. He that used to make thousands laugh and grow fat just drags himself along. Somehow or other his style of minstrelsy is out of concert with present methods and he is not sought after for engagements. His old-time friends propose to give him a profitable benefit early in April.

A BIG MANDARIN VISITS MOTT STREET.

Mott street, the abode of the Celestials of New York city, was hardly wide enough one sunshiny day last week when a grand American mogul, a big highass tyee, as the Chinooks used to call Boston men in the Fraser-river excitement, loomed up to see and be seen. He wore a high and shiny silk, a flowing mustache, and he bore credentials as a member in more than average standing of the Fat Choy Club of San Francisco. Great was the excitement in New York Chinatown, and equally great the indignation, because Mayor Grant wouldn't allow a ton of fire-crackers to be lighted. The occasion of all the tom-toms sounding? Why, Counselor Lyman I. Mowry had come to town, and in his progress was about honoring Mott street with his presence. I must say, that covered with Celestial honors and vulgar Chinese wealth, Lyman bears his blushing honors meekly. He ate a Chinese sandwich a la shark's fin with seraphic appetite, he drank a cup of tea with Jackson-street gravity. After several hours of congenial companionship with the associates of his Celestial clientele in San Francisco, he wrapped his cloak around him, entered his Caucasian cab, and was soon imbibing an American cocktail at the Hotel Marlborough. As he went the big Chinese bugs discussed who was the biggest mandarin, Counselor Mowry or Consul Bee. And yet they say the Chinese are a discriminating people.

TRYING TO SELL A RANCH.

John W. Taylor, the ex-rubber man who used to go to school with "Jim" Withington, when last heard from was viewing with considerable alarm the progress of an English blizzard from the standpoint of a London club. With him was his friend "Jimmy" Coleman, who crossed the pond for a little change of air. And about this time Taylor is probably talking ranch to English capitalists, for his special mission in London is the sale of George Crocker's Promontory ranch, with its 10,000 head of cattle. George has concluded that a rancher's life is not a happy one, and if Taylor can get a good price it goes.

SOME PERSONALS.

Among the bright, pretty faces that have graced the Avenue recently many Californians recognized that belonging to Mrs. George D. Strickland, nee Haraszthy, formerly of San Francisco. Descended from the Vallejos, she is necessarily a pronounced brunette. Her husband, who was in the navy, is in the steel business near Philadelphia, and Mrs. Strickland comes over occasionally to see brother Carlos Haraszthy, a medical student who expects to get his physician's diploma in a few weeks. She has lots of friends, who are always glad to see her.

J. E. Morris, the secretary of the Bargon Compound Rail Company of California, has been here for several weeks interesting railroad people in this new California invention with more than ordinary success. The idea of California making steel rails to be used in Eastern railroads strikes the average railroad king as a novelty, and perhaps for that reason they look into the thing and then catch on. Then Mr. Morris has a very pleasant way of presenting the new idea that almost insures success. Mr. Morris likes New York amazingly, but still has not lost his love for the "coast."

Among the recent deaths of old San Franciscans I note that of James B. McMinn, who in the early days was the very handsome and popular clerk of the Superior Court in Judge Shattuck's time. He made his home in Philadelphia, where he died several weeks since. He was a chum there of General Isaac J. Wistar, who practiced law in San Francisco during McMinn's time and at one time was a partner of the great Edward D. Baker.

D. F. VERDENAL.