JOHN'S TRIP TO FIRE ISLAND

HE GOES TO SAMMIS'S HOTEL TO LOOK FOR HIS WATCH.

How he can Sing—Why Schooners Anchor in the City Hall Park—A Dog and a Cat not Divided in Death—A Talk with One of Nature's Admirers—Fishing in a School House—What Sammis Said.

Correspondence of The Sun.

FIRE ISLAND, July 20, 1871.—The pirate's bride never felt better when she saw her own private pirate coming to kiss her marble brow than I did to get to the dock. I would have sung the docksology on that dock, only I was afraid of being arrested as a one-horse Fourth of July on a bust. My voice ain't much on dulcet tones. There ain't a half a cubic in my whole body, and the music that wells up from my bosom is like unto half a ton of coal pouring into a sheet iron coal bin. Two asthmatic bullfrogs on a floating codfish ball singing "Hail Columbia," as compared with me, would be as sweet as lemon ice cream alongside of a teakettle full of cold castor oil.

SLOOPS IN THE PARK.

Upon my arrival in New York, the first thing I did was to squat down on a curbstone and inhale some pure smell from the gutter. It did me a power of good. I was brought up on that smell. That with one cow's milk is what made me so plein healthy. I had appeared in the sun so much that a plumber took me for an escaped bronze statue—one of those fellows that look like a dark-green Christopher Columbus suffering from toothache. They are made to hold up lamps. He chased me as far as the City Hall Park, when I beheld a wondrous phenomenon and held up my hand. No tongue could express my astonishment, so I got Adams Express to do it for me.

I exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

"What is wonderful?" says a little red-headed cuss, who was bulling the market selling shoe strings short.

I said, "How in the name of congealed allspice did those sloops get into the Park?"

"Them sin't sloops," says he; "them is derricks. Them is the new Post Office."

I observed to him that I knew it was the new Post Office, and I further remarked that I didn't know but them might be sloops up to the Post Office to get letters of marque.

The cuss left me to assist a couple of boys to tie a tin kettle to a dog's tail. I shouted to them, "Boys, what kind of a dog is that?"

One of them sung out, "You darned fool, it's a yaler dog."

Then I visited my house. It had been shut up six weeks, and when I arrived Bill was right in the deer waiting for me—gas Bill.

JOHN'S WONDERFUL DOG.

I had forgotten something that my dog wished I had remembered. I forgot to leave a hole for him to enter, and I found him extremely dead—deader than a sardine eaten in 1808. He was dread ful thin. He had shrunk like he'd been soaked six weeks in alum water. I don't think I ever saw a dog-collar so much too large for a dog as that collar was too large for that dog. His mouth was open like he had died barking. I saw the tail of my Maltese cat sticking out. He had swallowed her. I pulled the tail, turned the dog inside out, and I had a dead cat. Then I pulled the dog's tail, turned the cat inside out, and I had a dead dog. In death they were not divided. I kept *vice versaing* them until I got tired. I found it more entertaining exercise than dumbbells—those dumb animals. I have packed them in pepperhash to start a circus with.

GOING TO FIRE ISLAND AFTER HIS WATCH.

I found that my brother, who is a lawyer, had gone to Whitestone. I thought it queer that a man should go to Whitestone to study Blackstone. As I was lonesome, and I had heard that they put a good deal of thyme into the turkey dressing down to Fire Island, I thought I'd run down there and see if among that thyme I couldn't find the timepiece I lost on the Bleecker street cars. Just fifteen minutes from the time the train started we passed a bone-boiling establishment. I think that was the extremest stench I ever smelled. A fellow who has just inhaled the perfume of clover blossoms ain't apt to like it much. Right next to me sat a man looking as sad as though he was going to attend the funeral of his wife's husband's mother-in-law's cousin's uncle's nephew's wife's sister's cousin's brother's cousin's cousin's cousin