JOHN'S SHOTS ON THE FLY.

INTERESTING DIALOGUES WITH OLD CALIFORNIANS.

The Shortest Route from Brooklyn Heights to the Yosemite Valley—A Long-Haired Philosopher—A Question of Reputation—Bunking in the Old Style.

Correspondence of The Sun.

ON THE WING, March, 1874.—When a gleam of the soul twitches the thought through the mind, that a man can leave New York in the morning and get to San Francisco at night, the mind tells with wonder and stews with amazement at the thought of it, until you ascertain that you don't get there the same night but some other night. The shortest route from Brooklyn to San Francisco is via Fulton ferry, on Fulton street to Broadway, up Broadway to Forty-second street, down Forty-second street to Fourth avenue, turn to the left, and keep going until you get there. To save expense, I would advise starting between 5:30 and 10 A. M. or P. M., as the fare on the ferry is then fifty per cent. less than at any other time. Space isn't quite annihilated yet, as I know a man who recently applied for thirty days space on a bill of goods and got it.

People coming to California can wear their regular clothes. A few years ago you required a cylinder stove for an overcoat, and had to keep the door shut or be bored with shot holes and you resembled the outside skin of a salmon grater.

One meets with some how in California that appear to be stowed down in frankness, both inside of sense. I conversed with some of 'em. I was on the cars, there was a fellow in the next seat, he hadn't had his hair cut since the cold summer of 1856. He looked like a phrenologist who had been examining the head of a whiskey barrel, and he had either been taking drawings from door-knobs or been a pretty big piece of mince pie with an awful quantity of brandy in it. I introduced myself.

"Say I, what's your name, or is it a question of delicacy?"

Says he, "What's the difference between a dead man and a mouse?"

Says I, "Don't know, nohow."

Says he, "There ain't, hey? Supposing the corpse is a body?"

Says he, "That's so."

He then tapped his third finger, and,

Says he, "Single or married?"

Says he, "Yes, that's an engagement ring."

Says I, "No. Were you in the war?"

Says he, "Yes, sir. Why?"

Says I, "I was in an engagement once."

Says he, "Where was it?"

Says I, "Nowhere, she didn't, but he came damned near having one."

Says he, "How was that?"

Says I, "My engagement was before Richmond."

Says he, "Oh, shows. I referred to a different kind of engagement. I got this ring when a sailor."

Then I said "Oh, yes" to him, and we got to knocking chestnuts as well as though we had been sitting together in infancy, and we spared neither the same cracked jokes, or partaken of the same rancid tacks, or partaken of the same rancid tacks, or partaken of the same rancid tacks