

CANTO QUARTUS.

In vain the muse essays to tell how Pete, the smasher,  
tore,  
And yelled and shrieked and howled and roared and  
raved upon the floor,  
And scratched and slashed and sweat and struck and  
scrambled for the door,  
And turned blue as indigo, and swelled up to nine times  
the size of a double-decker Saratogo trunk, and died  
in two minutes after he got out of the car, while  
the modest traveler viewing his exaggerated remains,  
smiled sadly, and said, "He never knew a baggage-  
man so fond of snakes before."  
O, a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern  
time.

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JOSH BILLINGS ON LAGER BEER.

I HAV finally cum tew the conclushun that lager-beer  
as a beverage is not intoxicating. I hav bin told so by  
a German, who has said he had drunk it all nite long,  
just tew try the experiment, and was obliged tu go home  
entirely sober in the morning. I hav seen this same  
man drink sixteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was  
drunk in German, and nobody could understand it. It  
is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager-beer  
saloon, and could hav no object in stating what was not  
strictly thus.

I believed him tu the full extent of my ability. I  
never drunk but three glasses ov lager in mi life, and  
that made my head untwist as tho it was hung on the  
end ov a string, but I was told that it was owin to mi  
bile bein out ov place; and I guess it was so, for I  
never biled over wuss than I did when I got hum that  
nite. Mi wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid  
that I shouldn't, for it did seem as tho everything I had