

BEN SLOPER AN HE'S NANCY'S VISIT

TO

BARNUM & BAILEY'S

Girtest Show on Earth

AT ZALSBUURY.

July 10th, 1899

What thay zeed an zed about it.

By the Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.

SALISBUURY
R. R. EDWARDS, CASTLE STREET

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VISIT TA**

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GIRTEST SHOW ON EARTH,
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CHAP. 1 – THA YANKEE BILL STICKERS

One evenin, jist avore last Midzummer, as I wur plodden wom, main ungry an tired, atter bin hard at wirk hay-meakin ael tha day. Two smeatish looken fellers drove up in a zart a yaller an rid van thing, wie a spainken vast trodden pony. Thay wur bouth draste in girt check zuits a clothes, tha pattern big enuff purty nigh ta play dratts on. Ther girt high broad brim'd hats as bigs a leetle umbreller wur a zite ta zee. Jist as thay got auverite ower Measter's barn, thay pulled up, got out, an begun ta unlouad ther things. Thay'd a got a pair a high hooden steps, a slidin ladder, two or dree girt packages a peapers, an a girt tin pot thing vull a peast ; purty quick thay bouth zet ta wirk an plaisterd ower Measter's barn ael auver, vrim top ta bottom, dooers an ael, wie zom a tha biggest an smeatist picters twur ever my lot ta clap me two eyes on ; thay wur ael colors a tha rainbow, an about ael zarts a things as wur never yeard tell o' bevore ; at least not in thasem yer pearts. One o'm wur tha picter o' a girt vine Goolden Carridge, vull a musickers ael drased in scarlit cwoats wie goolden braid, an blowen ther instermints a musick like mad. Tha Carridge wur draad be no less than Vorty girt vine Bay Hosses. Another picter wur a vlock a Hellyphints o' ael sizes, in a girt ring, an cutten

ael zarts a antics. Another picter wur dens a Wild
Hanimals, vrim every country in tha wordle it zed. An
another on em show'd dree girt Circus Rings, in wich
men, oomans, bwoys, an maidens wur tumblin, jumpin,
an dooin ael zarts a vunny things. At tha top an bottom
a tha picters wur printed in girt letters a yard square,
“Look out var Barnum an Bailey's Girstest Show on
Earth,” Zalsbury, July 10th. Zoo atter thay'd a done
peastin on ther picters, an cooden stick on no mwore,
one on em looks roun at I, an a zaays, “What do ee
think a that, Benny? I kalculate that'll vetch em, wunt
it me vren?” I steerd at un main straight, an I zaays,
“how come you ta knaa my neam wur Benny?” “Ah,
me vren,” a zaays, “we Yankees be cute enuff anyday
ta tell a Moonrecker's neam even be he's looks.” We
that, ael tha chaps as wur looken on, busted out laffin a
good un. “Well, Brodder Jonathan,” I zaays, “cute an
knowin as you Yankees be, I'm dratt if you'm agwain
ta meak I believe as how ael that are as you've stuck on
ower barn is agwain ta be zeed alive in yer Girstest
Show on Earth as ya da caal it.” Bouth on em declar'd
twur ; an Barnum an Bailey hood forfit a thousand
poun a piece if twerden true. Every hanimal as Woold
Noaher ever brought in, or took out of he's Ark, wur ta
be zeed alive ; besides ael tha biggest an curious
Frakes in Human Nater the wordle had ever a zeed. In
ower show we've a got tha biggest voke, the leetliest
voke, tha vatist voke, tha thinnest voke, tha vunnyist
voke, an tha cleverest voke as ever wur barn'd, besides
tha dree girt Circus Rings, an Two Stages, wur ael
zarts a clever tricks an antics as wur possible ta be
done hood be done, be tha biggest hartists an actors in
tha wordle, an ael o't ta be zeed var a shillin ; Zoo atter
handen roun zim books about it thay bouth drove off.

CHAP. 2 – ZALSBUY, AN THA GIRT PERCESSION

A coose, Barnum & Bailey's commin, mead a girt consternayshin at Zalsbury, an in every town, village, an hamlet, var twenty mile aroun ; twur in every biddy's mouth, an every biddy zeemed ta av mead up ther minds ta goo an zee tha Show ; as be what we rade in tha peapers, an did hear vrum voke who had zeed it in Lunnen an other plaizin ; twur no sham or teak in. Zoo tha Zatterdy nite avore tha show, Measter zaays, “Ben, mind an av tha hoss an carridge ready be zeven a clock on monday marnin. I an Missus, be gwain ta drave inta Zalsbury ta zee Barnum & Bailey's Show, there's zoo much taak about ; an if bist minteed, thee an Nancy can goo wie ess, as I'm gwain ta gie ael tha varm hans a hallerdy thic day.” “Thank ee, Measter,” I zaays, “Nancy an I will be plazed, an no mistake.”

Zoo Monday marnin, July 10th, off we ael vower went ta zee tha Show, an as we went along, tha road wur lined we voke as tho gwain to a vair. Every biddy in every village an hamlet, as we went droo, zeemed ta av turned out, an wur meakin ther way inta Zalsbury. Jist as we got near Woold Cassel, we cotch a glimpse a tha girt White Tents ; thay took up nearly ael tha ground in tha Butts purty nigh. An tha road outside, an ael down Cassel Street, wur aelready swarmin wie people. Zoo bim bye, we manidged ta get down ta tha “White Hoss,” wur we put up. Measter puts five shillins inta me hans, an a zaays, “Now then, bouth on ee, look about, zee ael ya can, an enjoy yerzelves, bit mind an be here be zeven a clock this evenin, ta start var whoam.” Zoo atter giein tha hoss he's veed, Nancy

an I mead ower way to tha Market Place, an got
auverite tha Market House, wur Uncle Steve an Aunt
cotch'd zite on ess, thay wur on top of a Railway
Trawly. Zoo thay mead room var ess, an a proper good
view we had on it ael. Tha zene, looken up Cassel
Street an roun tha Market Pleace, wur bewildern an
ameazin ' voke za thic thay cood hardly waig a paig ; it
zeem'd as tho ya cood a waak'd on top their yeads, thay
wur wedged in, an jammed za close together. I raaly
thinks tha crowd wur bigger than on Jubilee Day. Jist
atter tha clock had a het nine on em, we cood hear
zouns a musick in tha distance, and voke begun baalin
out, "Thame a commin, thame a commin, look out,
here thay be," an every eye wur strained, an neck
stretched out ta zee thic Gran Percession goo along.
Vust of ael, com dree Marshalls, vine looken chaps, on
girt big hosses, var ta lade tha way an keep back tha
crowd. An then com tha Vorty girt vine bay Hosses,
wie girt high nodden plumes on ther yeads, draaen tha
vine glittern Goolden Carridge, in which wur sated tha
Musickers, ael in scarlit an goold braided cwoats, an a
playen zich musick as wur never yeard avore.
However a zingle draver, cood hold ael tha rains o' tha
vorty hosses, an keep em za well in han. I'm drat if I
can meak out, specially wen a com ta turn zom a tha
narrer corners, an cooden ketch a glimpse o' tha
leaders.

Then com zeven ar haight Carryvans, wie Dens a
Wild Hanimals in em, an a keeper wie a girt whip in
he's han ta look atter em, an keep em in horder. Then
come a score or two Leadies an Gennelmen, drased in
ael zarts a curious ways, an rich colours, mounted on
zim splendid thoroughbred hosses. Another Band a
Music, the carridge draa'd be haight splendid hosses, as

black as ink ; an then com troups a Camels,
Drumedarys, Llamas, an other zart a hanimals vrim
Haisher, Hafriker, an Americky ; vollern thay, wur a
score or mwore Hellyphints a ael sizes, zom as big's a
house, purty nigh, an zom no bigger than a donkey.
Zom a tha Hellyphints an Camels ad a got leetle
housen on ther backs, an voke draste like kings and
queens, a zitten in em, an ache attended be a
Blackymoor. Nancy zed, ridin on thay wur wuss than
on a Switchback Railway at Zalsbury Vair ; the joltin,
bibbity bobbin up an down, wur nuff ta sheak a body
inside out, she shood think. Another Band a Music, tha
Carridge, draa'd be haight strappen gray Hosses, com
nex ; and then zom mwore goolden Carridges, in wich
wur sated woold Blue Beard an one o' he's wives.
Zinderella wie her Glassen Slipper, Mother Goose an
Woold Mother Hubberd wie her Hungry Dog ; this wur
a purty zite, an tha voke cheer'd an clapp'd ther hans a
good un. Then com a drove a tha purtyest leetle Ponies
I'd ever a zeed. Zom o'm wurden much bigger than a
Newvoundland dog. Tha Chief Clown, draven a Mule,
com nex, vollied up be underds a bwoys, who wie open
mouths, wur swallern in ael he's vunny jokes an zayins,
as a drove along. Leady and Gennelmen Jockeys com
nex, mounted on zich splendid hanimals, an draste jist
like rale Jockeys as ya da zee at Zalsbury Races. An
then com tha Roman War Chariots, a zart a gilded
Donkey Cart looken things, wieout ar a tail bouard or
sate var ee ta zit down on, zoo that thay had ta drive
em stannin up. Vollern thay, com a Zilver Bugle Band,
tha players draste as Heralds Proclaimen, an leaden on
a splendid Goolden Car, representin Chrysty
Columbusses entry inta Spain, atter he'd a voun out an
konkered Americky. In he's train wur Kings, Princes,
Dukes, Earls, Knights, Squires, an Pages ; lots on em

in armour as they used to wear in those days. Then came a troop of North American Indians, wild and spiteful looking fellows; and then Cars, full of a comical and curious looking folk, from every country in the world innumerable, of all colors, black, white, pink, and copper-colored; some of them savage and some half-civilized.

To wind up the Procession, came the Steam Circus Organ, and the noise of it and the thousands of boys, men, women, and children rolling on behind, clapping, shouting and singing, were like bedlam let loose. Nancy and I were not a bit sorry when they were gone by. The Procession was nearly a mile long, and I must say as how the fellows who stuck the pictures on Meester's Barn, did not tell lies; for without doubt, the grandest Procession I or any body else had ever seen in Salisbury. The splendid lot of Horses were worth many miles and miles to see. Talk about that at our Haltry Caltry Shows, they beat a patch on them, and were ever they to get them all from, I cannot think.

CHAP. 3 – THE ZIDE SHOW

After the girl crowd had begun to slacken a bit, we got off the Trolley, went over way into the Chough, and over to a luncheon and supper to drink, and glad enough we were to rinse out our parched and dusty throats. Then we went over way to the Show Ground as vast as we could; and here the folk, thousands thick, were looking at what they called the Vree Entertainment, on a stage outside the tents. A Strong Man, whose muscles were as big as an apple dumpling, was twisting horse shoes and swinging about under the weights as

tho thay wur blowed bladders, an atter he'd a done, a curious zart of a hanimal ar humin bein, caal'd Woold Gip, ar Barnum's "What is it?" got up, an I'm drat if a wurden a rum looken thing as ever I clapp'd me eyes on. Zom zed twur a Rang a Tang, a wur mouse colour, an on top his yead wur a tuff a black grizzly hair, runnin vrim he's vorred ta tha back o' he's yead ; a cooden speake a word, bit ony meak a naise like a slat Church bell, ar a bwoy beatin a vryin pan, when tha bees be a swarmin. Tha man as wur showen on un up, zed as how he unnerstood mwoast things as wur zed to un, an that a wur a girt vaverite wie ael tha ladies, wich mead ael tha ooman voke present steer at one another, an giggle mainly. Atter he wur gone in, tha Merickan chap zed as how tha Big Show hooden open till one a clock, an ta wile away tha time, an ta meak a proper day on it, Barnum & Bailey ad provided a zplendid Zide Show, wur everything as wur painted on tha big Picters in vront on em, wur ta be zeed alive, an ony zixpence admission. 'Twur nuthen ta do wie tha Big Show a zed, bit he advised every biddy ta goo in an zee it, 'twis well woth their money, an that thay'd ael own when thay com'd out.

Zoo Nancy an I paid ower zixpenses, an in we went. Twur a girt big square zart of a tent, an at tha zides, steages wur put up, on wich wur tha things to be zeed. Vust wur Woold Gip, as we'd a zeed outzide, an aelthough tha woold feller didn, or cooden, speake, a had sense enuff ta be zillen he's likeness, an pocketin tha money.

Nex ta he wur a Young Leady Snake Charmer, she'd a got a girt box vull on em, as big roun as me laig, an twur truly wonnervul how zhe handled an

cuddled em about, ta be zure ; bit as Nancy zed, I specs their stingers wur took out on em, var she actly put one om's yead gean her mouth an kissed un. It nearly mead ess zick, var we diden like tha look a tha slimy looken things at all. Nex ta she, wur a man aten an swallern packets a needles, an wich in a minet ar two, he pulled out o' he's mouth agean, drided on a thread a yard long. If thay diden stick in he's gizzard, begar if diden stick in mine, wonderen however he'd done tha trick. Then we come ta a Man who'd a got veet bit no laigs to em ; thay ony jist peeped out o' he's body, like, bit he cood manage ta climb a pole, ar ride a bike, at least zoo he's book zed ; an picter on un show'd. Then we com ta where a Live Cats' Band a Music wur a gwain ta pervorm ; Nancy, who's very parshill an vond a cats, an thinks mwore a ourn at whoam than she do a I zometimes, wur main interested in this. Zoo we gets up handy to tha steage, an in a vew minets tha curtain went up, an zix ar zeven cats zit up, ael drased like zowljers, an holden ael zarts a wind an string'd insterments in ther paas. Avore thay begun ta play, a man gies ache on em a teasty bit a mate, var ta get em in tune, an var tha voke ta zee twurden dummies. Zoo atter thay'd a ael done munchin their bit a nammit, a bell rung, an everyone on em begun ta scrape an blow ther insterments like mad, I thought Nancy hood a died, ar gone off in laffin sterricks, she wur zoo abliged ta hold her zides at tha zite an zoun a thay ther cats ; twur the rummest thing she'd ever a zeed in ael her born days. Well, I must zay, as 'twur a nayshin komical zite an zoun. I've a yeard a goodish deal a cat musick in me time, on tha tiles at night, bouth in zolos an duetts, bit be drat if ever I've a yeard anything ta beat a vull band on em.

Nex to tha Cats, wur tha Strong Man gwain droo tha seam performance as a did outzide, ony mwore on it. Nex ta he wur a zart of a Theatre, an on tha stage wur a comely lookin young ooman zit down, a blackyman draste up like a tip top swell, wur holden vorth ; a zed a wur a neative a Indyeer, bit be drat if a cooden taak English as well's a Schoolmeaster. "If we'd draa up nier," a zed, "he'd show ess a leetle Indyain puzzle." Zoo out vrim a leetle square tent pleace, wie a curtain in vront, he pulls a girt trunk, an caals up two chaps vrim tha audience ta look at un, an zee if twurden a good, zound, strong box ; zoo atter thay'd a look'd un ael auver, an under, a puts tha young ooman in a canvas baig, ties her up roun tha chest, arms, an laigs, an lays her down gently in tha box. Tha two chaps locks an cords un up wie ropes, an then puts un inzide tha leetle tent pleace ; atter axen on her if she wur aelright, an her zaying "yes," the blackyman draas tha curtain an zaays, "Now leadies an gennelman, you've zeed tha young leady bound up, an lock'd in tha box, now observe while I da count dree, she'll release herzelf an com out, vree as a bird." An begar, avore tha word dree wur ardly out o' he's mouth, she pull'd the curtain a one zide, an com'd out. "Well, well," zaays Nancy, "however did she do it?" "be drat if I knows," zaays I main puzzled, "That's a reglar licker, that is, an tha cleverest job I've ever zeed." Bit a knowenish zart of a chap as stood handy, zed as how twur ony a trick. Thic young ooman as wur bound up an locked in tha box, wur let down droo a hole in tha floor an released, an another young ooman, got up ta look exactly like her, wur stannin behind tha curtains ready ta come out when he'd done countin dree. "That's how 'tis done," a zed. Nex ta that wur a Ventriloquer, who cood imitate anybidy's voice, man,

ooman, ar child. He'd a got a dummy Woold Man on he's knee, an zeem'd ta meak un taak, zing zongs, an crack vunny jokes, as tho a wur alive ; an a main bit a vun 'twur too. The last wur tha two Wild Men from Borneo, about two veet high, an wayen ony a quarter o' a undered waight a piece, aelthough thay'd a bin zivilized, thay either cooden ar hooden speake a zingle word, bit ony kep waakin backurds an vorrads tha steage, zillen leetle books about therzelves an tha country thay com vrom. This wur tha last thing ta be zeed in tha Zide Show, an glad enuff we wur ta get out an av a whiff a vresh hayer, var amangst zich a mass a voke 'twur like bein in a lime kiln, tha swet a tricklin down ower feacin a good un. Zoo we gooes across ta tha Victoria Jubilee Park, vinds a nice sate in a sheady pleace, had ower bit a nammet, drap a drink, a wink a two a sleep, an velt quite revresh'd agean, an hager var tha girt Atternoon Performance.

CHAP. 4 – THA MINAGERY AN THA FRAKES

Twur now past one a clock, zoo we gooes ta get ower tickets, an wur nearly car'd off ower laigs tryen ta rache tha Ticket Box. At last we manidged ta get em, an zoon voun owerzelves inzide tha Girt Minagery, wur ael tha Wild Baste an Human Freaks a Nater wur ta be zeed. Tha vans containin tha dens o' tha Wild Baste, wur vixed up bouth zides an ends, an in tha middle, wur tha Livin Frakes ar Proddygies, as thay'd zooner be caal'd. As tha men zed what stuck up tha picters on ower barn, mwoast every hanimal as ever went in, ar com out a Noahers Ark wur there. Lions, Tigers, Lepperds, Bears, Wolves, Hellyphints, Hyheners, Monkeys, an scores a rum looken things,

vrin ael parts a tha wordle inamwoast. We ad a good look at, an wur much interested in Joanner, tha Man Monkey, an who a girt writer, be tha neam a Darwin da zaay, we ael sprung vrom. Joanner zartinly is a clever zart of a Monk, var a zeem'd ta unnerstan everything he's keeper zed to un, an done what a wur twould to, unless twur spaken. A waigish zart of a chap zed as how he cood do that, ony tha crafty baiger wur avraid if a wur ta taak, thay'd zoon put un ta wirk ; zoo he wur artvul enuff ta hold he's tongue. Then we ad a good look at tha Human Frakes a Nater. Tha vist we cotch zite on wur tha Girt Gypshin Giant, haight veet high ael but a ninch, an wieout he's boots on, an ony a young chap neither. A com'd down off tha steage, an wie girt long yarms stetched out, waak'd about amaing tha crowd, bit lar bless ee, tha tallest man there wur like a dwarf to un ; tha cuffs o' he's cwoat wur inches above ther yeads. Lar, thinks I, how usevul a chap like ee hood be on ower varm, ta be zure, ta pitch whate, thatch ricks, an pickin tha apples, athout ar a ladder ; tood be baddish times wie ladder meakers if we wur ael za lainky. Nex ta tha Giant wur a Indian Dwarf, ony twenty-vower inches high, an tha waight on un twenty-vive pouns, a wur draste out like a Ginerall in tha Harmy, wie a soord on un, bout tha size o' a twoad stabber. Tha Giant cood hold un out in tha palm o' he's han, an put un in he's pocket when a wanted ta hidy. Then we zeed a young ooman wie a vine black beard, zix veet long, looked jist like a Boer hangin down in vront on her ; an another wie a yead a hair as big's a donkey cart wheel, an jist like moss. She put I jist in mind o' a leetle veace, peepin out o' a girt big figgetty pooden, as mother used ta meak Chrismis time. Then we zeed a Young Chap as cood swell out he's chest big an strong enuff ta brake ropes, leathern bands, an even

chains a iron ; an another wie a skin like ingy rubber, a cood pull it about in ael manner a ways. Another, who hadden a got no veelins, you cood stick needles an pins inta he's vlesh jist as tho a wur mead a putty ; a didn cry out neet shed nar drop a blood. Then ther wur a White Pink-eyed Chap, who cood put ael he's jints out a gear, an put em in agean, jist when he wur minteed. Nex ta he wur Billy Wells, tha hard-headed Man, on who's yead you cood brake stounes wie a sledge hammer. Twur zed as how one day Billy wur waakin under a girt piece a buildin in coose a erection, an a meason, var a lark, let down a girt stoune, bout haaf a underd waight, right on top he's noddle ; the stoune broke right in two, zoo Billy looks up an a zaays, “That's what you've a got be tryen ta play a trick on I, if ya dwoant want yer stounes spwiled, keep em off my yead.” Then ther wur a man swallern soords, an another, tin tacks, pieces a iren an glass, an a zeem'd ta thrive on em too, as a wur a strong stoutish looken feller. Nancy wur ablidged ta turn her yead at thasem, she cooden zeem ta stummick it, bit tha vellers did. Then we zeed a Tatoed Man an Ooman, an a chap, as cood reckon up vigures like lightenin, an a Bwoy as cood mind an repeat everything as wur ever zed to un, ar ad rade about. Then ther wur Jo Jo, a hairy veaced man, jist like a Skye Terrier, an tha Livin Skilinton, za thin, ya cood zee right droo un inamwoast, although he da ate an drink as hearty as a leaberen man.

CHAP. 5 – THA LIKENESS TEAKEN CHAP

Zo atter we'd a veasted ower eyes on ael thase Curryosities, we goes inta tha Girt Big Circus, an what a pleave ta be sure. I shood think cood put tha

whole a ower village inzide a thic Tent, Church an ael.
A wur between dree an vower underd veet long, an two
underd wide, an hood comfortably sate fifteen
thousand people roun tha zides an ends. In tha middle
wur dree Circus Rings and two boarden Stages, var tha
pervormances an actin. When Nancy an I got in,
nearly ael tha shillin sates wur vull, an jist as we wur
agwain ta vind out a speer pleace a Likeness teaken
Chap, wie a long jaa an a leetle tuff a hair on he's chin,
beckon'd var ess ta stan back a minet, as a wur jist a
gwain ta teak tha shillin voke's picter ; a baaled out
“Now then ael o'ee bide still a minet, tha good looken
ones stan up, an tha others zit still.” A coose every
bidy thinkin therzelves tarblish good looken stood up,
tha men an bwoys took off ther hats, smoothed down
ther hair, an curl'd up ther whiskers a bit thay as had
got any. Tha ooman voke put ther hats an bonnets on
straight, an smoothed down ther blowses. You never
zeed zich a tangled mass a voke ael tittyvatin
therzelves up never in yer life avore. Zo a vixes up his
camel zart a thing on dree laigs, look'd to zee twur ael
in order, then baals out wie ael he's might, “Now ael o'
ee look purty an smile.” Then a teaks off tha brass cap
var haaf a minet an zaays, “that'll do, ya can ael zit
down.” A then turned ta Nancy an I, who stood ther
wie ower mouths wide open, an a zaays, “Young man,
I reckon you'm main zarry you an yer young ooman
beant in it. Never mind, a zaays, zo's ya shant be
disapointed I'll teak ee ael be yerzelves,” zo we thank'd
un, an I pulled mezelf together, took off me hat,
smoothed me hair, gied me mistawches a bit o'a twist
an curl to look knowin like. An Nancy wur tryin ta
smearin herzelf too. “Is me Toke on strait, an me
Blowse nice an smooth, Benny?” zaays she ta I. “O,
eece,” I zaays, “these look killen, Nance, that thee

doost.” “Ready?” zaays tha man, “Eece,” I zaays.

“Look straight at tha crowd in vront,” a zaays, “I’m gwain ta teak a proper good zide view on ee, an mind dwoant waig a paig, nar teak yer eyes off till I da tell ee to.” Well, there we bid looken at tha people in vront as straight an stiff as if ower two yeads wur vixed in a vice ; in a vew minets we yeard zich laffin an gigglin agwain on wie tha people in vront, we cooden meak it out. Bim bye, zom feller baal'd out, “Keep it up, Benny, a wunt be much longer;” another braishes out, “Hold hard yer smiles, Nancy, ya looks quite fetchin.” Bim bye it zeemed ta daan apon ess tha feller wur a long time taking on ess, zo I turns roun ta zee what a wur up to, an be drat if a wurden clane gone. I purty quick put on me hat agean, bit tha chaffen Nancy an I had ta put up wie gun ta rile ess a bit. “I hope till be a good Pictor,” zaays one. “Zure ta be,” zaays another. “Lets av a copy, mind,” zays two ar dree mwore.

“Dwoant varget to zen one up ta tha Royal Cademy,” zaays another. “Thee an Nancy ull zure get tha Beauty Prize,” zaays another. “Zend Barnum and Bailey one mind, wie thee an Nancy's baste wishes var tha zuccess a ther Show.” I can tell ee, I wur getting that spitevull I cood a pulled off me cwoat an took em ael out, one at a time, bit as that wur impossible, we wur ony too glad ta slink down into ower sates out a zite.

Well, we wurden tha ony ones as wur mead zich laffen stocks o', var jist atter, one a ower swell varmers an he's young ooman wur took in jist tha seam. Ya zee, twur ony a dummy camel thing, an done a purpose ta wile away tha time, an keep tha crowd a voke in a good temper avore the pervormances begun.

Jist apoon two a clock a bell rung out, an The Gran Percession as we'd a zeed in tha marnin come in an marched ael roun inzide tha Circus. When thay wur gone, tha dree lots a Hellyphints went droo zim wonnervul pervormances you'd nevir think twur possible, var zich girt ungainly hanimals ta do. Thay'd kneel down, lay down, stan up on ther hind laigs, swing roun on leetle tubs, an rin ael roun tha ring, wie ther vore laigs top a one another's backs ; in vact thay'd do everything ther Keeper twould em. Atter thay'd a done, zim wonnervul an excitin riden on tha bare backs o' zim splendid hosses took pleace inzide tha ring. As tha hosses galloped like lightenin roun, tha riders hood run an jump right on top on em, wieout a thing ta ketch, ar hold on we. Tha bell rung agean, an in come nearly a underd men, ooman, an bwoys, draste in ael zarts a vaishuns, an a ael colors ; mwoast on em wore tights as vitted cloas ta ther skin, an what wie ther runnin, jumpin, an turnin zummerzalts right auver one another, ael at tha seam time. Twur a bewildern zite. Zom on em climbed up tha ropes tight ta tha top o' tha tent, an here wur vixed a mass a ropes o' ael zizes, an swingin bars ; an I'm drat if tha ooman voke, as well as tha men, diden tumble, swing, flit, an vlee about up there jist like a lot a birds in a plantation a trees. 'Twur raaly ameazin ta look at em, an one feller slod down a girt long thin wire on he's veet, vrim top ta bottom, wie nuthen in he's han bit a umbreller. Atter that, wur mwore riden in tha Rings, jumpin auver geats, fences an hurdles, an droo hoops covered wie thin peaper zo's thay cooden zee tother side on em, we bouth ooman an men ; tha komical clowns wie ther vunny antics wur jumpin an tumblin about an sayin ael zarts a witty

things, at wich tha people roared a good un. One a tha Clowns actly rode ael roun tha dree Rings on a Girt Pig, an atterwards drove un roun harnesssed ta a Go-Cart thing, an tha girt vat baiger went along like tha wind, wieout a squeal ar grunt ; a coose this yer caased a goodish bit a merriment as you mid gace.

Bit tha cleverist an mwoast wonnervul thing o' ael wur tha Pervormin Seals ; thay wur brought inzide a iren keage thing on wheels, an wur let waddle about tha steage wie ther two veet an tail. Thay zeemed ta unnerstan every wurd ther Keeper zed ta em, an atter veeden on em we zim vishes as he had ther in a tub. Thay went droo zom mwoast exterordinary tricks. The Keeper had a got a lot a hats, jist tha sheap of a candle stingquisher, an he stood one corner a tha steage, an one a tha Seals tother, an drow'd tha hats to un, an I'm drat if a didn ketch em every one on top he's yead ; mwore than that, tha last one he kotch'd he jirked up hissself, an kotch'd un agean. Atter that, a girt ingy rubber ball wur drow'd to un, an he tumbled un about, balanced un on his yead an nose as well's a man. Then thay chuck'd a stick lighted at bouth ends to un, an a turned an twisted un roun about jist like, an as well, as Irishmen do ther shillary at a vair ; tis raaly ameazin however thay do train zich hanimals ta do zich wonnervul things.

Wieout dout, tha grannest zite o' ael, an what plazed I an Nancy tha baste, as I thinks did mwoast a tha voke, wur tha Livin Pyramid a zeventy hosses, wie tha trainer Measter Ducrow, on he's milk-white hoss at tha top. 'Twur perfectly an ameazin an wonnervul zite, ta zee how every one a thay ther splendeed hosses march'd up ta tha different tiers on tha various

platforms, an teak their pleazin as well an knowin as a school bwoy do tha gallery in he's class room ; an then ta zee thay on one tier, marchen vorrads, as thay on tha nex backurds, wie tha troops a leetle ponies runnin roun tha bottom, wur a zite, as everybiddy zed, nevir ta be vargotten ; an this aloane wur well woth tha money ta zee.

Var nearly two howers Nancy an I skiercely took ower blessed eyes off tha various zites an pervormances. Ther wur zummat to excite an interest ee every minet. The Races ta wind up wur splendid. Ther wur Flat Racen, Steeplechase Racen, Pony Racen, Tandem Racen, Roman Chariot Racen, Wheelbarrow Racen, Racen wie oomen, men, an dogs ; in vact racen wie any an everything as ad got laigs an cood use em. Twur a capital an exitin vinish ta tha whole Show, an everybiddy wur well plazed wie tha pervormances, var everything as wur put down in tha books ar on tha picters, wur car'd out ta pervection ; an I zartinly thinks Barnum & Bailey av a good rite an title ta caal ther's tha Biggest Show on Earth. Tha ony thing ta be zed about it ar bit detremental, wur that too much wur gwain on at tha seam time ; 'twur impossible ta zee it ael, diden matter wur ya zat.

Measter twould ess nex day that nearly twenty thousand voke paid var ta zee tha Show, an that thay took out a Zalsbury nearly two thousand poun in money. Ther expenses every day be nearly vifteen underd poun, an thay da travel about on tha different Railways vrim town ta town, in ther own Railway Carridges, an ta zee em unload an pack up agean is a zite ta zee, ael o't bein done in zich trim an order, an in zich a shart speace a time too.

Well, Nancy an I av zeed a goodish many gran
zites zunce we've a know'd one another, bit zartinly up
ta date, Barnum & Bailey's Show at Zalsbury, July 10th,
Haighteen Underd an Ninety-nine, da whack tha lot.

FINIS