

BUFFALO BILL'S  
WILD WASTE  
SHOW

*AT*

**ZALSBUY**

August tha Zix, Nineteen Underd an Dree.

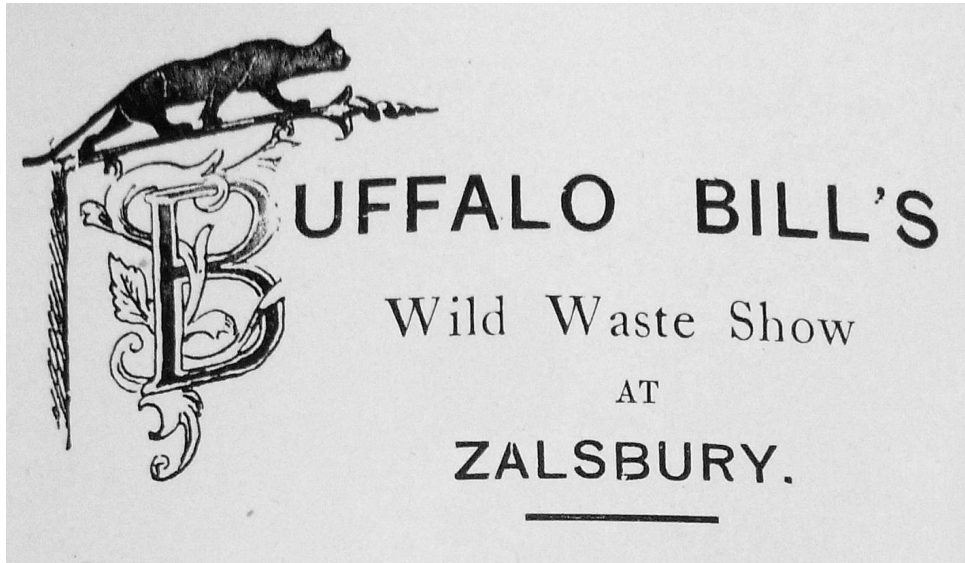
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By *JANNY RAA.*

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**ALSO**  
**A NIGGER DIALOGUE,**  
**“THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.”**

*SALSBUY*  
*R. R. EDWARDS, CASTLE ST.*



Lar massy, what a zite it wur,  
When Buffalo Bill come roun  
An zet he's Show up in tha Butts,  
Cloas handy Zalsbury town.

Tha day it wur za nice an vine,  
An harvust not begun;  
Zoo Measter gied ess hallerdy  
Ta goo an zee tha vun.

Azides that ar, a bob apiece,  
A gied ache man an bwoy;  
Zoo that we med ael zee tha Show,  
An owerzelves enjoy.

Zoo in ower baste Blue Waggin we,  
At twelve, started vrim mill;  
We wives and sweethearts var ta zee  
Thase yer girt Buffalo Bill.

Girt skurshin trains vrim every peart,  
Did bring thousands a voke;  
An Brakes, an Vans, an Waggins too,  
Tha very roads did choke.

Underds a Bikes did vlee along;  
A wigglin in an out,  
Tha traffic girt on every road ;  
Jist didnem tear about.

An Moter Bikes an Moter Cars;  
Did toot, an quirk, an croak;  
As thay rush'd bye like lightenen,  
Anuff ta galler voke.

Tha dravers look'd zim purty vrights,  
Like guys upon me zong;  
We feacen hided up in masks,  
As thay did vlee along.

Zom om like gallybaigers be;  
My cracky o good crowst!  
We bullseye specticles ta keep  
Their eyes clare o tha doust.

Var zich girt clouds they did kick up,  
Twur thick as winter vogs;  
An nearly blinded ael a we  
Zides spwilin ower togs.

I gun ta think, when on Skew Brudge,  
We shood av ael bin smaish'd;  
A girt Express Train rush'd below,  
On top, a Moter craish'd.

Howzemever, Tom ower Carter he;  
Tha hosses well did manidge,  
An zoo thick Moter, skidded we  
Athout doin much damidge.

Var zome on em za reckless be;  
A draven like Woold Nick;  
An if ya wurden on yer gard,  
Hood run ee down main quick.

Begar I thinks as Parleyment,  
Shood av a leetle zay;  
An stop thease breakneck Moter voke,  
Racin on Kings highway.

Ya skierce can teak a peaper up,  
Tis zartin true begar;  
Bit what ya zees zombiddy's kill'd  
Mwoast days be Moter Car.

Howzemever, we got seafly droo;  
An when we rach'd tha town,  
Well shook ower togs, then had zim yale,  
To waish tha thic doust down.

Tha Zalsbury streets wur ael alive,  
We voke, draste za gaily;  
An wur as thick as when thay come  
Ta zee Barnum an Bailey.

Haaf atter one, we rach'd tha vield,  
Wur ache o's got he's ticket;  
An purty quick squeezed droo tha crowd  
An droo tha iren wicket.

Then out into a open speace,  
A yeaker two ar mwore;  
We zates vix'd roun under tha tents  
Vrum top to tha groun vloor.

Thousands a voke wur sated there ;  
An zoon we ael zat down,  
Lar what a zite a feacin zure  
Wur sated ael aroun.

I raaly thought, when looken on  
Tha people draste za gaily;  
It beat aels I ever did zee,  
Cluden, Barnum an Bailey.

It zart a meaks ee glad ta zee;  
Zich crowds a voke za happy,  
Zom aten, drinken, sweethearten,  
An zome blowin their baccy.

Zoon atter two, tha Show begun,  
Tha curtins awpen'd wide;  
Vive underd hossmen gallop'd in  
An roun tha vield did ride.

Vrim every country in the wordle  
Thas yer Rough Riders com,  
Ael draste in ther own neative way  
Za martil quare an rum.

Tha Indians, ael colours wur  
In veathers an war paint;  
An Cow Bwoys too, a toughish crew,  
We Mexicans za quaint.

Cossicks, an Arabs, black an white;  
Ael, on hosses prancin,  
We Zowljers too, of every lan,  
We broad soords a glancin.

They ael draa'd up in girt long ranks;  
Looken za smeat an proud,  
Then Buffalo Bill took off he's hat  
An bowed to ael tha crowd.

Jist didness cheer, and clap our hans,  
Ta zee thic ar girt Hero;  
I thought zom hood a split their droats  
Ta hear how thay did cheer o.

Then at a zignal vrim tha Chief,  
Tho hossman ael did scatter;  
An in an out an droo an roun  
Thay every one did clatter.

Like swarms a vlies in zummer time,  
Thay vlitted here an there;  
Not one o'm bumped ar touch'd he's meate  
Nor even grazed a hair.

An then in zingle vile ache one,  
Rod roun at tip top speed;  
An ael oance vow'd zich a vine zight,  
Avore we'd never zeed.

An when thay rod off out tha vield,  
Wie gied a diffenen cheer;  
I'm zartin zure ael Zalsbury voke  
Tha zoun on it cood hear.

An then in come zix Vorreners,  
On hosses ael a straddle;  
Ache on em show'd a different way  
A zitten in he's zaddle.

An zich quare antics thay did cut,  
As thay did ride an zit;  
I raaly thought, we laffen zo,  
Zom on ess hood split.

Then a battery a Zowljers come,  
Wie cannons ael a brass;  
Ta show ess how thay used ta vire,  
In day as wur gone pass.

Then come a lot a Emigrants  
Crossen tha prarie wild;  
An then thay camp'd, an danc'd, an sung,  
Awhile ther zuppers bwil'd.

Then jist as thay wur ael zat down  
Avin ther evenin meal;  
Zim crafty Indians sneaked about,  
Ta murder, an ta steal.

A Emigrant wur on tha watch;  
An baing zoon went he's gun,  
An quick tha camp wur ael astir  
An mead tha Rid Skins run.

Then Colonel Cody, "Buffalo Bill"  
Rode in on he's vine hoss;  
An we he's gun shot glassen balls  
A man up high did toss.

An skiercely did er miss a ball;  
As vi'rin he rode roun,  
No zooner wur em in tha hayer  
Smaish'd up ; tha vill ta groun.

Za zure an steady be he's aim;  
Za wonnerful he's skill,  
What ere alive ; he lets drave at,  
He's zartin zure ta kill.

Tha crowd did cheer, an cheer agean;  
An hollie out “Well done,”  
He is a marvel ; cos ya zee,  
He's nigh on zixty one.

Then swift Express Riders come on,  
Carren tha country mails;  
Showen how news wur car'd about,  
Vore telegrafs, an rails.

Then a brave crew a zailor chaps,  
Show'd how thay did devise;  
Ta render aid ta shipwreck'd voke  
An var ta seave ther lives.

A rope wur vired vrim a gin  
Auver tha vessels zide;  
An then mead vast to tha girt mast,  
Long which a tub did glide.

An when tha tub did rache tha ship;  
Tha poor voke in un-got,  
An then a slided back ta lan,  
Till seaved, wur ael tha lot.



Zom Rooshen Cossicks, they come nex  
My cracky didnem ride,  
We ardly cood believe ower eyes,  
Tho thay wur aupen wide.

One rode roun on he's hoss za swift  
A stannen bolt upright;  
One on he's yead, we's laigs in air,  
Yellen we ael he's might.

An one rode hangin ta tha mane,  
One hindy peart avore;  
Ta zee tha antics thay did cut  
How we did laff an roar.

Zich hossmanship we'd never zeed,  
Spoose never shall agean;  
How thay did manidge ta bide on  
Begar did whack ess clean.

Then Janny Beaker we he's gun  
Come in ta show he's skill;  
Thay zays ; whatever he shoots at  
He's zartin zure ta kill.

Howzemever twurden things we life,  
Thay gied un var ta try;  
Bit glassen balls, as wur jerk'd up,  
In tha hayer main high.

Two at a time thay did vling up  
An when he's gun did vlash  
Vore you cood wink, tha glassen balls;  
A did het ael ta smaish.

Dwoant matter ; wur a wur stood up,  
Ar kneelin, ar led down;  
Whatever Janny do aim at;  
He's zure ta bring ta groun.

Then a Mexican an Yankee Lass  
Zim proper vun did meak;  
We Lasso ropes, which in their hans  
Look'd like a rale live sneak.

Thay'd skim an twist em every sheap;  
Then in a loop hood toss  
Em, auver one anodders yeads;  
As thay rode on their hoss.

An atter thay, tha zene wur changed;  
In come a leetle army,  
We guns an soords, an cannins big;  
Anuff begar ta larm ee.

An then thay camp'd upon tha grass,  
Awaiten var tha voe;  
Whilst zome did cook, an zome pitch tents,  
An zome on zentry go.

An thayre thay bid, za vrienly ael;  
Za merry too; and hearty,  
Veasten an dancin, zingin zongs;  
Jist like a gipsy pearty.

Then ael at wonce, a shot wur yeard;  
A bugle loud rung out,  
Lar massy what a stir it caas'd,  
Var tha henemy wur bout.

An in a jiffey ache man there,  
Wur ready var tha battle;  
Zouns alive ; how thay did vight,  
An sheen guns did rattle.

The henemy thay zoon drove off;  
An led be Buffalo Bill,  
Tha Stars an Stripes zoon vloated high  
Auver San Juan Hill.

Zix Harib ackerbats then come;  
A tumblin in an out,  
Tha lader strong ; on yead an yarms  
Car'd tother vive about.

Ache on em turn'd an twisteed;  
As tho thay wur live eels,  
And double zummerzalts did turn  
Right auver yead an heels.

An then tha Cow Bwoys had a goo  
A trainin wild hosses,  
An twur rare vun ta zee em buck  
When vust their backs thay crosses.

An then ta zee em vling long ropes,  
At thease yer wild naigs  
An wile like mad thay raced aroun,  
Hood ketch em be tha laigs.

Twur zitin vun ta zee em butt;  
An twist about their yead,  
As tho they never did inten  
Ta be rode on, ar led.

Thase wild hosses, on their hind laigs  
Hood rear an stan upright,  
An we their vore ones hood strike out  
Jist like a man at vight.

Thay'll twist therzelves in every sheap,  
Mwore like a pig then hoss;  
When vust a Cow Bwoy tackles em,  
An their backs get across.

An thay ael stuck as tight as wex,  
An be ther manes held vast  
Thase wild Broncos, voun twur no good  
An zoo, gied in at last.

An now tha Indians an ther Squas;  
Come in we whoop an dance,  
Lar massy what a zite it wur,  
Ta zee em praink an prance.

Verocious looken voke thay be;  
In veathers an war paint,  
Their whoops and yells an vunny ways,  
Be terryable quaint.

Bouth men an oomen, wears long hair;  
Thame jist like one another,  
Tis job ta tell which o'm is which,  
Ar zister vrim her brother.

Por things ; thay vast be dyen out,  
Var thay be conkerd quite,  
Tho many a stan, tha brave Rid Man  
Av mead ageanst tha White.

Then Merricans, an Britons too,  
Tent paiggan try'd ther skill;  
An broad soords too thay swung about  
Tha zite on't mead ee thrill.

Ta zee em ride, an cut an slay;  
An fence at one anodder,  
Tho ony vun ; thinkin bout war;  
It zart a meaks ee shudder.

An then in come tha Dadehood Coach;  
Draa'd be zix spainken hosses,  
We men ta gard un, back an vront,  
When wild prarie thay crosses.

An on tha way, zome Indians  
Rush'd out var to attack,  
Bit tha gards we their revolvers,  
Purty zoon drove em back.

Tha saviges then spied a hut;  
An vent their spite on he,  
Bit tha Zettler we he's rifle  
Zoon mead tha baigers vlee.

An then zome leetle Indian bwoys;  
On Ponies rode bare back,  
Like lightenen thay spun along  
Dree times aroun tha track.

Then come tha last zene of tha show;  
Hossmen vive underd strong  
Ael rode into tha grassy square;  
A truly purty throng.

An Buffalo Bill rode at tha head,  
Zalutin ael tha voke;  
And vrim thic crowd ; ten thousan strong,  
A mighty cheer outbroke.

Var everybiddy wur za plazed;  
Be tha Wild Waste girt Show,  
How to express our pledjure we,  
Begar did ardly know.

An this I'll zay ; in ael me life,  
I hant ad zich a vill,  
Of rare gran zites, an hossmanship  
As that of Buffalo Bill.

Shant zoon varget tha day I went  
Tha Wild Waste ta zee  
In Zalsbury town, August tha zix,  
Nineteen underd an dree.



# THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A Nigger Dialogue.

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY A Nigger Dialogue

Mr Jonson

I say Sambo, what were you tearing along, down the street in such a terrible hurry for the other day?

Sambo

O, a dreadful kalamity had happened Massa Jonson.

Indeed; what was that a fire?

Wass then nar fire Massa!

Someone taken ill then?

Yaas ; my dear ole ooman!

Nothing serious I hope.

Yaas, very serious Massa Jonson!

Indeed, and what was the nature of her illness?

Why she actly swallerd a Fly, and I was runnen for de Doctor to come an fetch em out!

Well, but couldn't she have expectorated the Fly?

No Massa, she didn't *expec* de Fly at all, you see twas like this. We'd jist bin dinin of a laig a mutton an turmets, an de pore ole craater went to av a little snooze on de soffy, an we out any *expectin* at all, a great big Blue Bottle Fly about de size of a Black Beetle flew right through de shanty windy an across into de pore ole gals mouth. She manidged to gasp out, Sam, Sam, run for de Docter I'm chokin, I'm chokin!

Well, and did the Doctor come?

Yaas massa ; he bawled out to his Dispensary to fetch de Telescope, an de patent Fly Hejector ; while he runned to wind up the clock work of de Moter Car. All right he say Nigger, jump in ; away we went an got down to de shanty in less than no time. So he goes up to de pore ole gal who was lying on de soffy gaspen for breath ; an de Fly in her interior buzzen about like a bee in a pitcher. What av she bin avin for dinner says de Docter?

Mutten an turmets I say!

Ah, I thought so says he, Fly am generally after turmets. I expec, De Fly be on de turmet now. Hand me de telescope ; Now honey, he say to de pore ole gal, open your lubly mouth a little, the pore craater opened un jist a little wee bit.

Oh, wider then that say de Docter.

I say Massa Jonson ; Did you ever see the mouth of a bakers oven?

Yes Sambo many a time!



Wall, de pore ole gals mouth was like to that when she opened un the second time,  
Oh says de Docter not so wide honey, I'm not agoin to get inside to do de job.

Den he takes the telescope an puts un in de pore ole craaters mouth to locate the Fly  
as he observed.

Dere he is he say ; flyen about among de Organs.

De barrel organ ; I say Docter.

No you iggerent Nigger he says. De vital organs to be sure.

All at once de pore old gal begun ta yell out at de top of her voice a gooden.

Ah now say de Docter, the Fly is roun de Vocal chord. Hand me my patent fly  
hejector ; and just as he was agoin te perform, in walks her fadder, Ole Abe Stinger,  
who had just heard of de accident.

What am you darn'd Niggers up to, we my pore dear gal he say?

Extractin de Fly say de Docter.

Get out says ole Abe ; I'll jist show you how to fetch a Fly out of de body of a human  
craater, so he pulls out a little pill box.

That am no good say de Docter ; Pills wont fetch em out.

You shut up, says ole Abe ; an we dat he pulls out of de box one of de biggest an  
blackest Spiders I'd ever seed in all me born days, we a piece of thread about a yard  
long tied to one of his near hinder legs.

Now then honey open your lubly mouth he say, an in he shot tha Spider.

In a few moments there was such a wizzen an buzzen going on in de pore ole gals  
interior. You could hear it all over de shanty.

You see says ole Abe de Spider is chasin de Fly all roun de vital organs. In a few minutes de pore ole gal heaves her breast, gives a sigh, an by golly, if de Spider didn't come right up de throat an out of her lubly mouth, we de great big Blue Bottle Fly tied on be de leg to todder end of de string an then went across an hung un up in de Shanty windy to dry.

Dare saye ole Abe ; Dat de way to extract a Fly from de human interior ; De Fly is de nateril prey of de Spider just as de rabbit is de nateril prey of de stoat or de ferrit. You put de ferrit into de hole to draw de rabbit an on de same scientific principle I put de Spider into my pore dear gals mouth to draw de Fly, which as you av all obsarved have had the sired effect in hejecting the intruder.