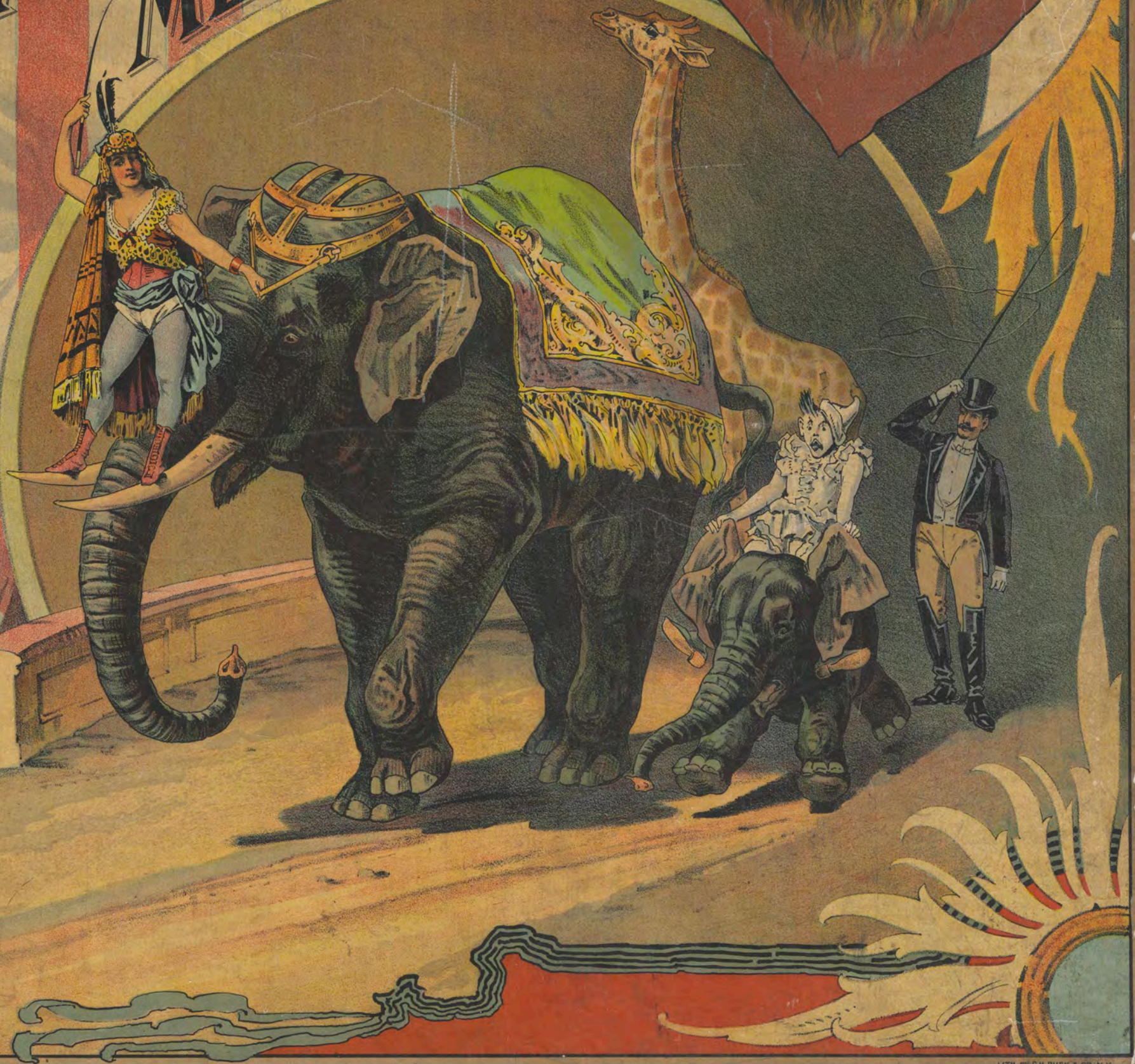
P. T. BARNUM'S

CIRCUS MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE.





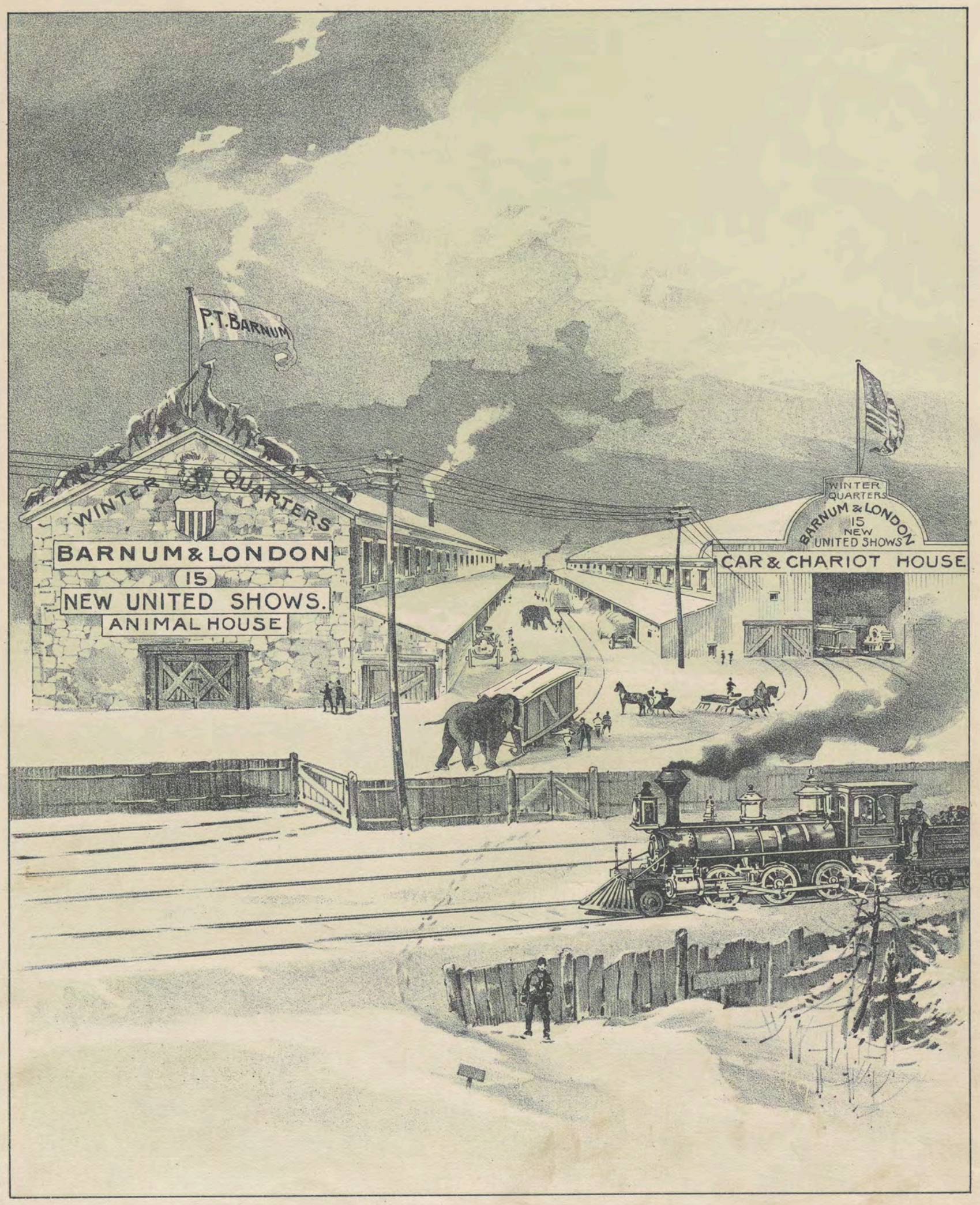
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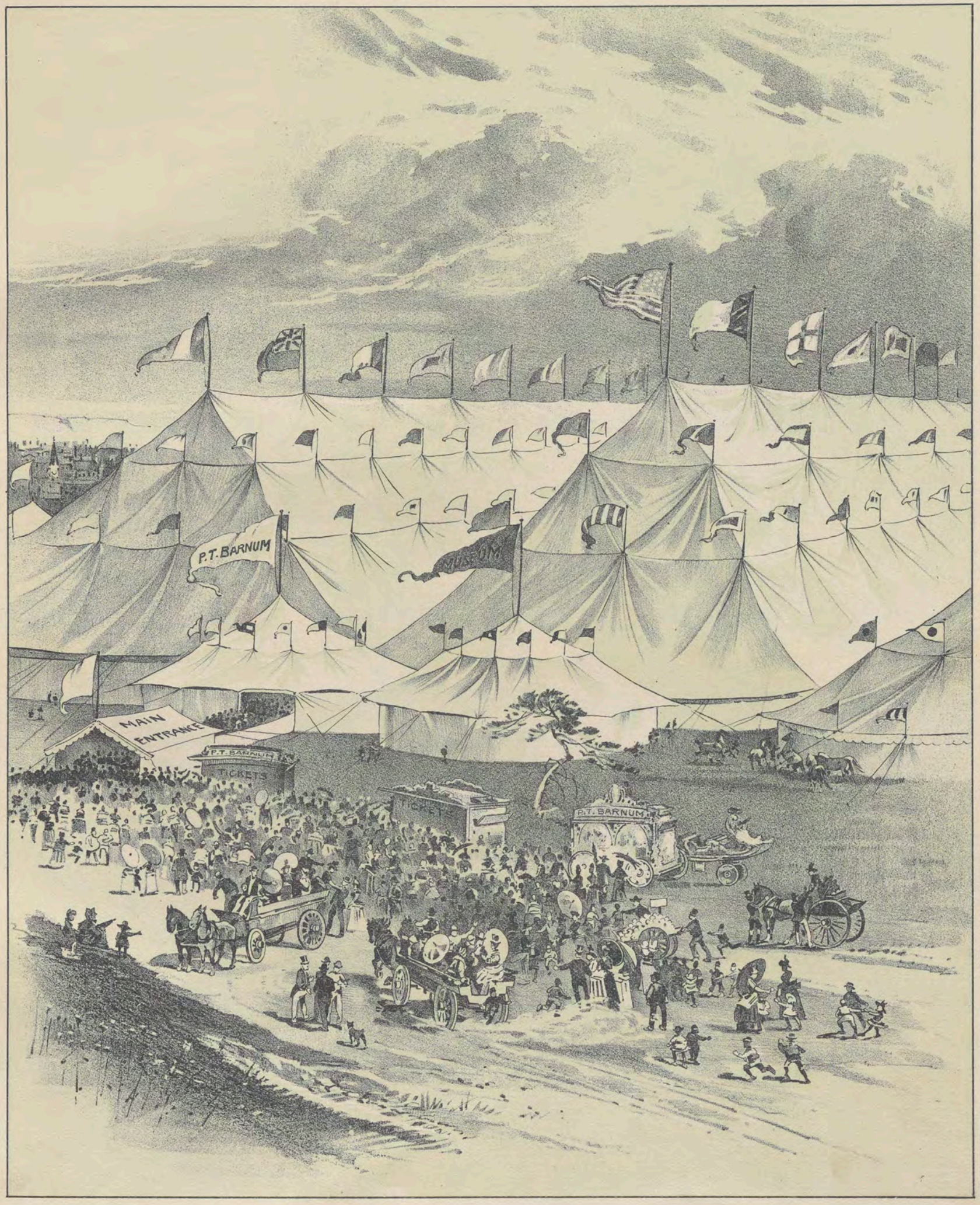
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P·T·BARNUM'S CIRCUS, MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE.



TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS ARRANGED FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

BY

P·T·BARNUM

AND

·SARAH J·BURKE·

NEW YORK & LONDON
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THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

ONE beautiful morning not long since, a certain jungle in Africa shook with a horrible roar. The Continent trembled! The sound came from the very biggest African lion, and this is what he said as he shook his awful mane: "I hear this is jubilee year—roar, roar, roar! Victoria has been Queen of England for fifty years, they say, and she is going to celebrate her 'jubilee,' as they call it, roar, roar, roar! Fifty years, indeed! Why, the lion has been King of Beasts for thousands of years, and he has never yet held a 'jubilee.' By the bones of my victims! I'll do it." And he brought down his great paw on the earth with a thump, which gave a man in Timbuctoo a shake which he mistook for the return of malaria. Then followed three other horrible roars, louder than the first.

"We'll have a royal progress—my family and I," he added. So he sent out messages by his carrier pigeons, north, south, east and west. Every country was proud to send its best elephants, tigers, snakes and ostriches gathered from the hot countries, and bears and seals from the cold. The King of the Icebergs sent his own pet Polar bear, the very one that he used to keep to climb up the North Pole, for he said no present could be too great for the King of Beasts. Yes, even human beings were glad to join his train, and Eastern princes and princesses, clothed in scarlet and gold, came in splendid chariots drawn by grand horses. Out into the middle of the great desert, where there was plenty of room, the King of Beasts marshaled his procession; and though the animals were inclined to be noisy at first, when King Lion gave his biggest roar, and winked his left eye at the whole parade, all was quiet as the grave. He made the giraffe grand marshal, because he had such a long neck that he could overlook the whole train from beginning to end.

I cannot tell you of all the preparations necessary before the royal progress began. Indeed, they were not finished until King Lion had come to America, and called his subjects here to join him. His dearest wish had always been to travel in America, and put up at Mr. Barnum's Big Animal Hotel.

Oh! How I wish all the boys and girls in the world could have seen his splendid parade through the streets of New York on that beautiful moonlight night. I think almost

every boy and girl in that city did see it. There wasn't a mother cruel enough to say that night, "You must go to bed early, my child!"

First came the animal police—the great, slow, solemn elephants, ready with their clubs, their trunks, you know, to keep the peace. But I think they missed dear old Jumbo, and I am sure I saw one elephant flop his big ear around to wipe off a tear. But the monkeys didn't miss him. Ah, no! A monkey is full of chatter and tricks, always. One big monkey there was called the King's fool. The tigers slouched and pouted as if they would skulk away, if they could. But oh! The beautiful Arab horses! How proudly they stepped! Ours must have seemed very common beasts to them. And you should have seen the rhinoceros with his coat so floppy and ill-fitting that it looked like some old cast-off garment of Jumbo's; and right after the ugly creature came the gazelles, so dainty and lovely-eyed. The camels stalked awkwardly along, working their lips up and down, looking as though they had meant to sneeze and then changed their minds. The kangaroo would gladly have walked in the parade; but the giraffe, knowing how frisky the kangaroo was, would not allow it.

But, dear me! I am making a long story, and have not yet told you about the dog-faced family, and the Zulu warriors, and the tattooed man, and the fierce scalping Indians; and, most wonderful of all, Chang, the Chinese giant, and Che-Mah, the lovely little dwarf, whom you might almost have put in a tea-pot.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" cried all the little boys along the line; and when the whole train had finally turned into their hotel, many a sleepy little girl's head was laid on papa's shoulder, while papa carried her safe home, feeling that he would not exchange her for even Che-Mah, the Chinese dwarf.

And late that night, when all the other animals were asleep, the biggest monkey, the King's fool, tickled his mate's face with his tail, and sang:

"Old Noah's family lived in the ark,
And life with them was one long lark;
With the monkeys' tails they used to play,
And they went to the circus every day."



IN THE RING.

NOW Mr. Barnum had three child-friends in New York, Gabrielle, Beatrix and Tom Van Tassel. Gabrielle was always called Gay, and Beatrix was shortened to Trixie. Gay was four years old, Trixie was six, and Tom, his sisters thought, was almost a man, for he was nearly nine!

Mr. Barnum, I really do believe, just lived to make little folks happy; and as he had known these children ever since they were born, he was particularly pleased with the idea of amusing them. So the very day after



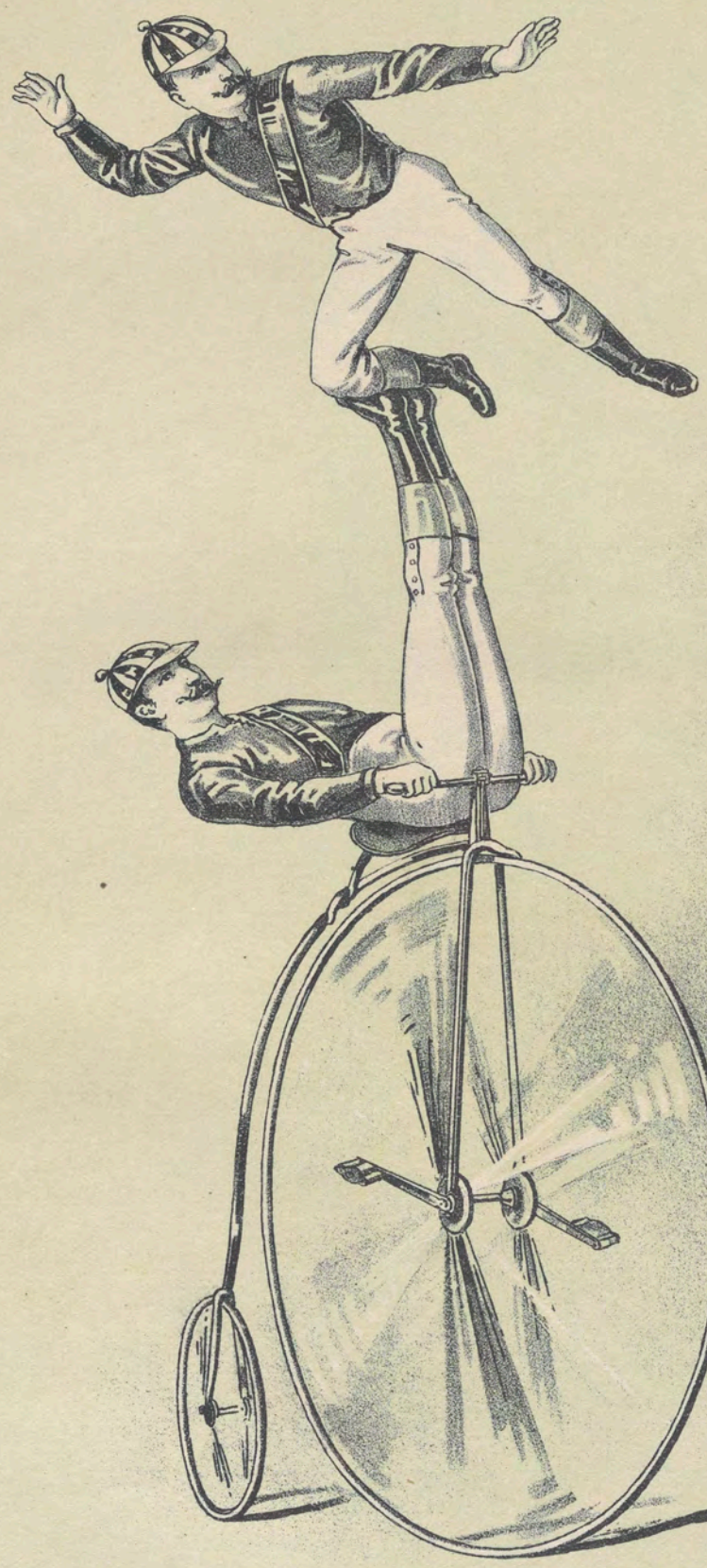
the animals had arrived at his big hotel, he said to them:

"Children, I'm going to take you all to the circus this afternoon."

Gay only smiled and showed her dimples, but Trixie gave her old friend a "bear hug," and Tom jumped over the back of the sofa to show his joy.

"I think I shall only take Gay—Toodles and Tom are a regular circus themselves," said Mr. Barnum, laughing. But they went, all the same, and three happier children you never saw. They had the best seats in the house, right in the front row; but Tom liked best to look at what was farthest off, because he had borrowed mama's opera glasses, and he took great delight screwing them in and out.

Gay had never been to the circus before in all her little life, and her big blue eyes grew larger than ever, as, with the sound of music and the flourish of trumpets, fairyland seemed to open before her. Tom had seen the parade of the night before, and had told the others all about it, but they had imagined nothing like this!





"Why didn't you tell us, Tom?" asked Trixie.

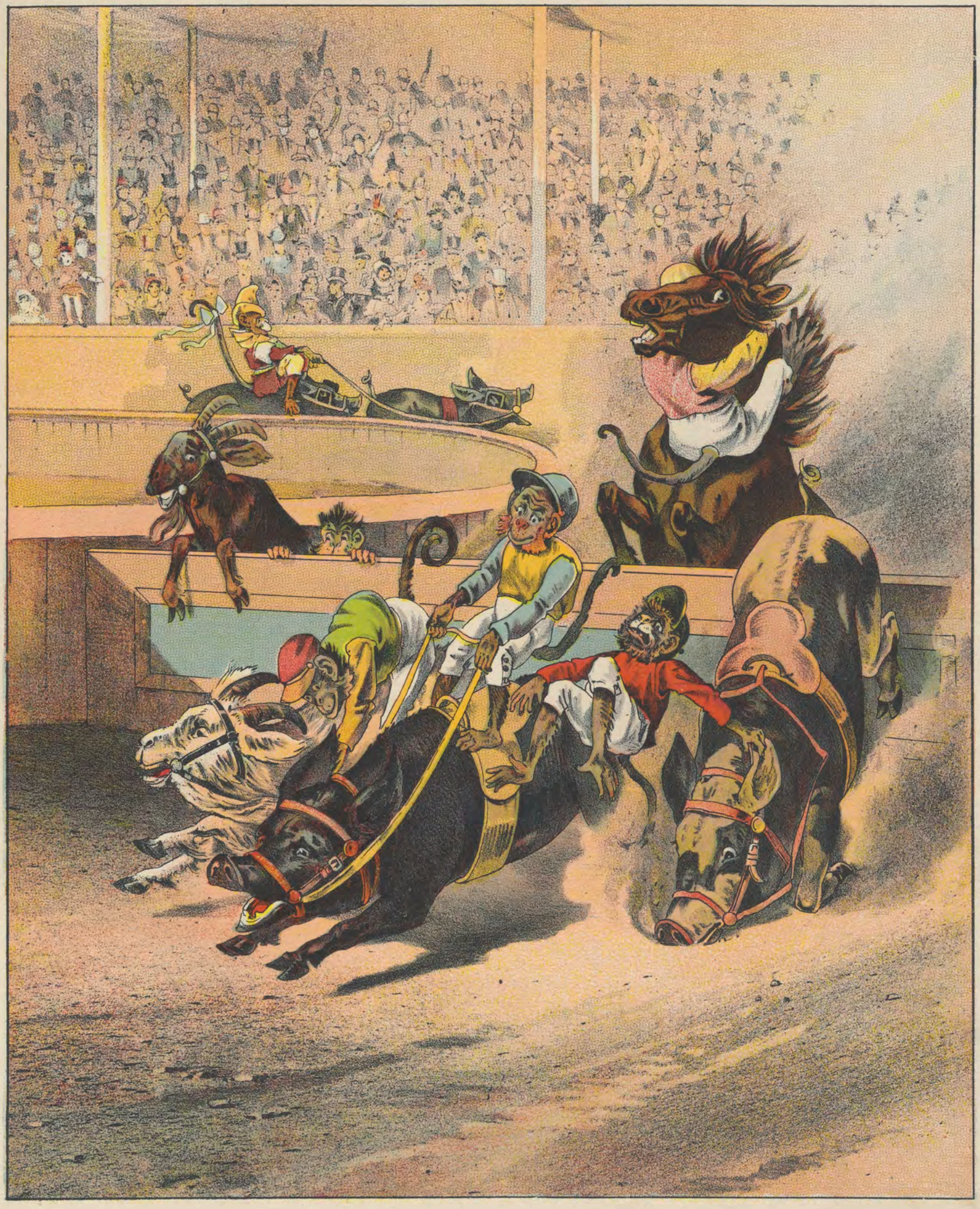
"I did," he answered, "but you wouldn't believe me! See the great milk-white horses! Hurrah! Hurrah!" he cried, too happy to behave properly.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed a little girl in scarlet velvet and spangles, seated in a fairy chariot drawn by ostriches, while a trumpeter rode before her, clearing the way for his little queen. Another child, who did not seem much older than Trixie, was driving three ponies at once, as she stood on the back of the most beautiful of the three.

Banners floated, feathers waved, and the house was wild with joy when "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" appeared! The shoe was a chariot drawn by white horses, and from top to toe chubby children swarmed all over it. Gay longed to take a ride with those merry little people, but Trixie thought it would be jollier to be on the back of the elephant which had just come in sight, bearing on his back a load of children dressed in red, and blue, and yellow.

Thud! thud! came the feet of the heavy, slow old elephants, and when, as they drew near, one of them thrust his trunk out, Trixie put her arm around her little sister and drew her close.





The little girls thought they could never tire of the grand procession and splendid dresses; but Tom said—perhaps because he had seen the parade before—"I wish they would begin to *do things!*" and and at last the "doings" began.

"Look at them!" he cried, pointing to the men far up on the swinging bars, twisting, tumbling, hanging on, first by their teeth and then by their toes, turning somersaults, firing off pistols, delighting Tom and frightening Trixie almost out of her wits. Her little heart beat fast as the trapeze girl was caught on the fly, and was sent whirling from one bar to another.

"Why, Toodles," whispered Mr. Barnun, "she is as safe as you would be playing in the nursery at home!"

Then came the wonderful gymnasts, lifting great weights with their hands and teeth. Afterwards, from a spring-board, there leaped into the air what Tom called "tall jumpers," who vaulted over the backs of elephants, turning somersaults as they fell.

For an instant the space was cleared, and then, "Hurrah!" cried the children, as a number of beautiful horses, without bridle or harness of any sort, swept around the ring. It was wonderful to see how perfectly they obeyed the slightest sign from the ringmaster. Oh! I am sure every boy in the house envied this gentleman, and longed to wear such boots, own such horses, and be able to flourish a whip as gracefully as he did.

Suddenly the girls appeared who were to ride these dashing horses, and, leaping upon their backs, in a twinkling they were off!



"See! See!" cried Trixie, pointing to a lady who was standing with a foot on each of two beautiful white horses while she drove four others.

"No, there!" exclaimed Tom, looking toward another ring, where a rider seemed just to rest upon her horse's side, while she flew around the circle. Another leaped from her horse's back, bounded gracefully through a hoop, and came down safe again on the prancing animal; while a third kept her seat and showed no sign of fear as her horse vaulted through a circle of fire. Then the clown, on his donkey, tried the fiery leap, but the animal, starting backward, threw him over his head, and the children laughed aloud to see this funny fellow get up blowing his burnt fingers.

"Poor Tom!" said Mr. Barnum, sadly,



"He'll get pop-eyed trying to look at three rings at once!"

"It makes me dizzy, but I like it," said Gay.

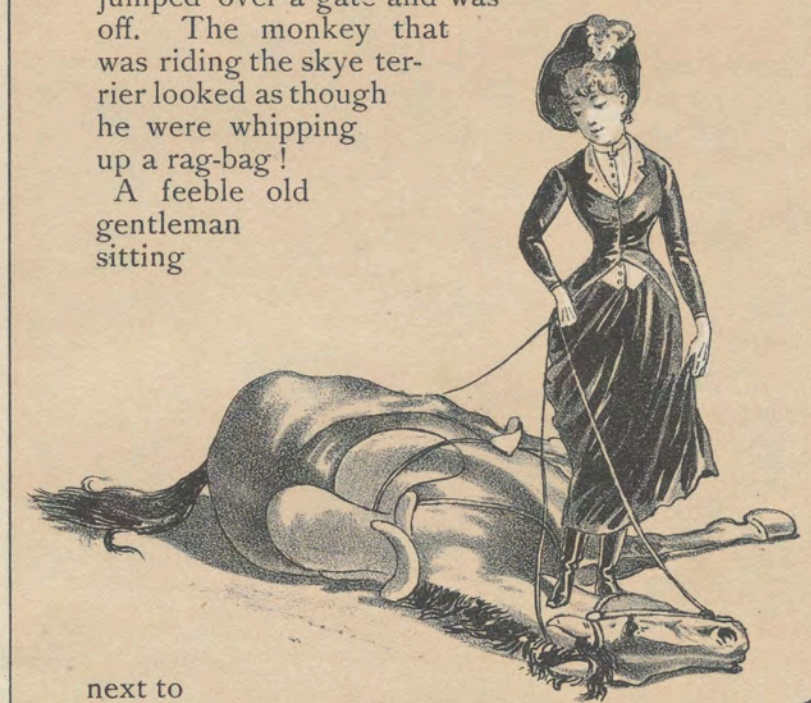
After the riders came the bewildering bicycle party. Now Tom owned a bicycle, which no fellow on his block could beat; but when he saw these riders, gliding, racing, fairly skimming in the air, and when, in the end, he saw that a girl-rider beat in the dazzling race, he felt like selling his wheel for old iron.

The flying gymnasium was like a great hay wagon; and as it went round the circle, it was too much for Tom, even. "If they would only wait a minute!" he said; but waiting was no part of the play, and before he had made up his mind which one of the many performers he admired most it had passed out of sight. Suddenly there was a great clapping of hands, and a cry of delight burst from the children's lips, such as nothing but a monkey-race could call forth; but whether the goats,



the dogs or the pigs made the funniest ponies, they could hardly tell. One old gray monkey waved a paw as he drove, while another held the reins on a level with his eyes, and struck his heels into the sides of the goat which he was riding. The cutest little monkey of all lost his hat, but one of the clowns caught it as it fell, and popped it on a little pig's head ; but the wee grunter shook it off again, jumped over a gate and was off. The monkey that was riding the skye terrier looked as though he were whipping up a rag-bag !

A feeble old gentleman sitting

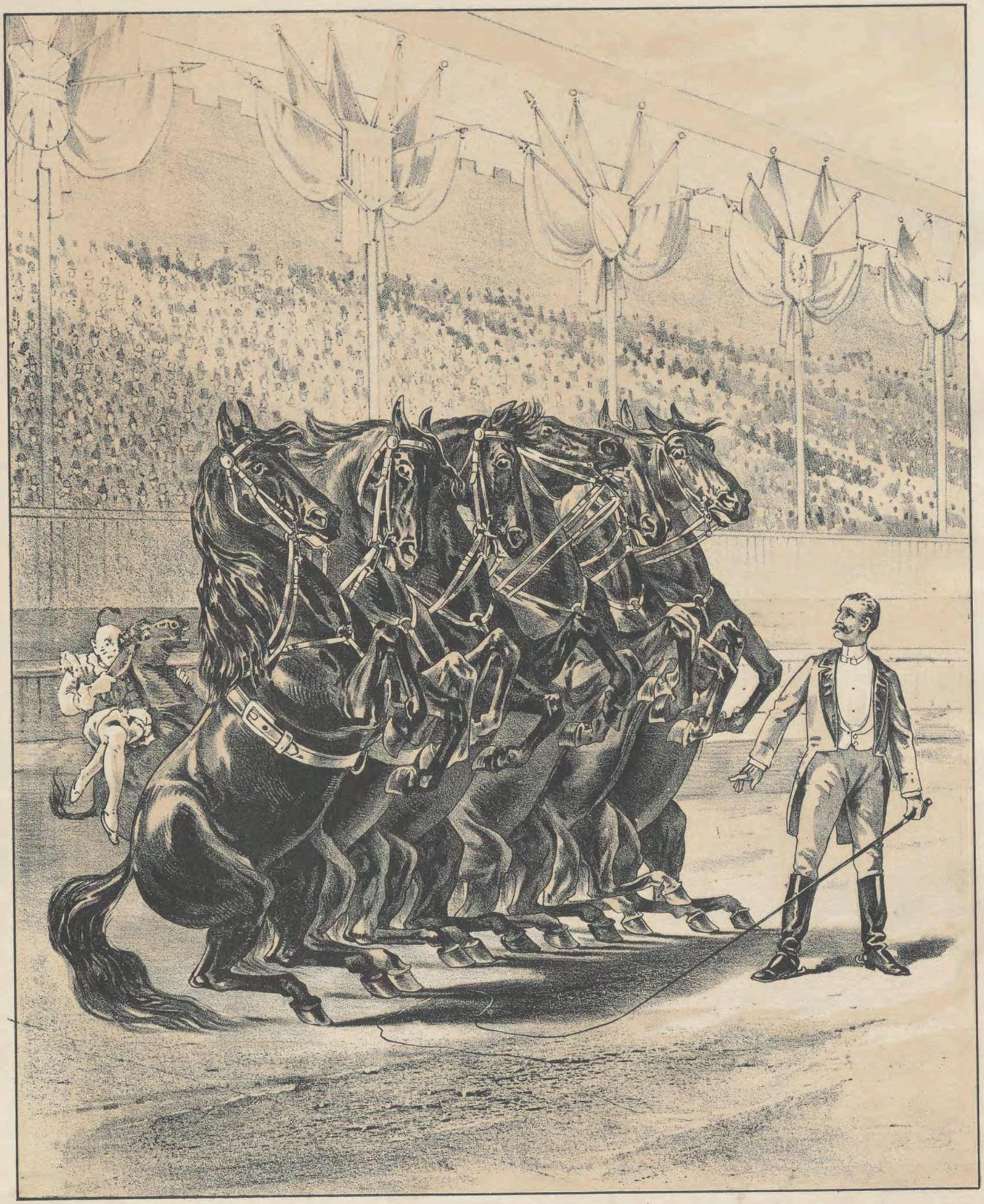


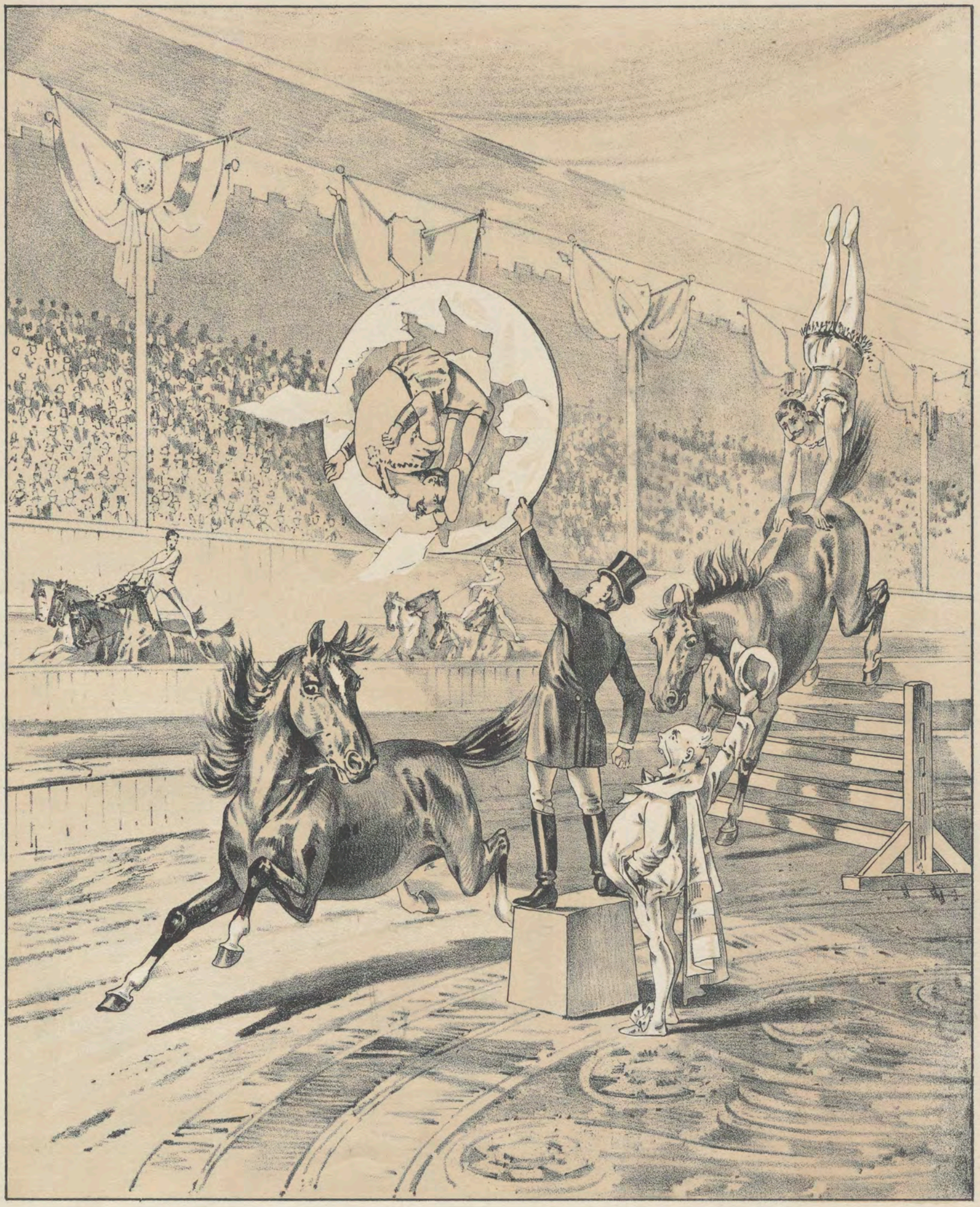
next to Tom had brought his great grandson to the circus ; but it was the old man and not the boy who leaned toward the ring and shouted, "Go it !" to the monkeys. His wig slipped, and for one wicked moment Tom thought it would be such fun if it would only fall into the ring ! The clown thought so too, and his eyes danced. He wanted to see what the monkeys would do with it. But Trixie was glad when she saw the old man put his hand to his head and solemnly settle his wig.

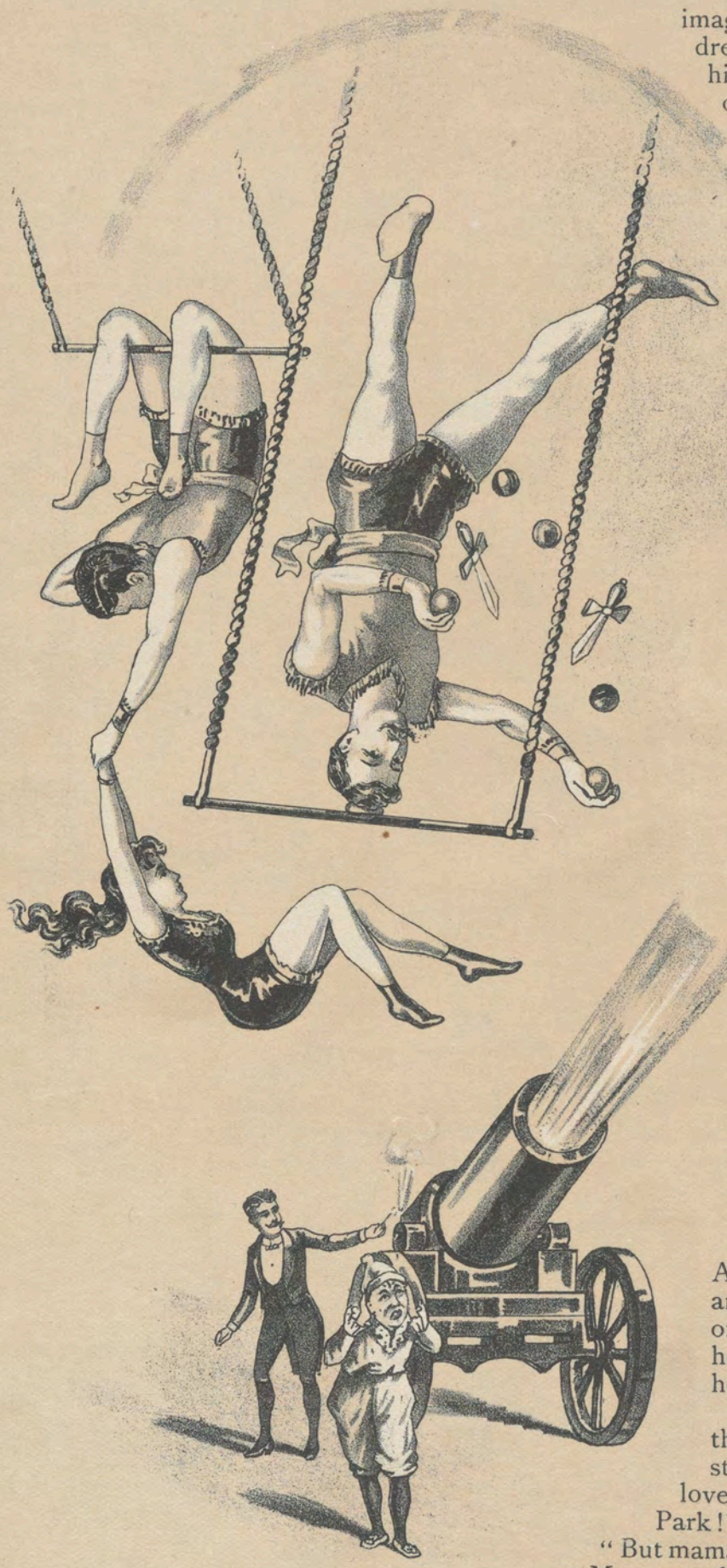


Soon the band of monkey-musicians tuned up, and many a curly head kept time to the funny music. "Toodles doesn't like it," said Mr. Barnum, leaning down to look in Trixie's face. For the first time in her life Trixie was too happy to speak !

They were all greatly interested in a race between a runner and a man on horseback, and they were delighted when they saw the horseman beaten. Then came the wild Indian riders, and the cowboys, lassoing the cattle. The eyes of the Indians were bright, and their cruel-looking tomahawks frightened Gay, and she nestled close to Mr. Barnum, half afraid that some one of the wild men might clutch her own beautiful curls to wear with the horrible scalps at his belt. The squaws seemed to be dull and unhappy, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. But Gay forgot her fear when the little pappoose, the Indian baby, passed close by her. It was swung low, in a queer basket, something like a cradle. Gay said that it opened its eyes and smiled at her, but Indian babies are not very merry, so perhaps Gay only









imagined it. Or perhaps he smiled in his sleep, dreaming of pleasanter times, when, at home, in his own woods, his cradle was hung to the bough of a tree, while the wind sung a lullaby and rocked him to sleep.

"What now?" asked Tom, as chairs were set in a row.

"School," said Mr. Barnum, and sure enough, school it was! But, oh, what funny pupils! Spaniels and skye terriers, poodles and pugs, and one little black-and-tan! A big spaniel with spectacles was the teacher, and when he growled softly, and the others joined in as though they were reciting a lesson. After school was dismissed, they rolled balls, and waltzed, and jumped through a ring which one of the clowns held for them, pretending that he was trying to bite off each little dog's tail as he sprang past him.

When the beautiful horsewomen appeared in their long, graceful riding-habits, with veils streaming behind them, Trixie said, "That loveliest one looks like mama when she rides in the Park!"

"But mama couldn't jump over a gate like that," said Gay.

"Mama could if she wanted to," answered Trixie, turning up her little nose, "but she doesn't choose!" But dogs, monkeys, and even elephants were forgotten, as the kingly great black horses, the pride of the circus,

swept into the ring. The noble animals seemed to obey the slightest word or look of him who had trained them so perfectly. They stood on their hind-feet, they marched forward, they moved backward, they wheeled into line, they broke line and galloped, but at a sign from the ring-



master they halted, awaiting his next command. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" burst from all sides of the house, and even some of the ladies forgot and said, "Hurrah!" softly as they clapped.

Standing with his back to his horse's head, came a gaily-dressed young rider. A great gilt circle was held before him, and, "What will he do now?" thought Tom; but with a backward somersault he burst through the shining paper, and was standing on his horse's back again in an instant.

But most delightful of all the performances, Tom thought, was that of the man on the tight-rope. He read a newspaper, smoked a cigar, and seemed as much at his ease at that dizzy height as though he were walking the street.

"Now that's the thing *I* could learn to do myself, and I know the place to practice it," whispered Tom to Trixie.

"Where?" she asked.

"At the Muldoon's," said Tom.

Now Mrs. Muldoon had been Tom's nurse, and though she was now only his mother's washerwoman, Tom was still her pet.

"How?" whispered the scared Trixie.

"I'll practice on Mrs. Muldoon's pulley-

line ; she's got a glorious one, from the fifth floor back to the factory," said Tom.

"Oho!" said Trixie, "I'll tell mama;" and tell mama she did sure enough.

But in an instant even Tom's danger was forgotten, for "bang!" off went a cannon, and poor little Trixie's hands were over her ears in less time than it would take you to wink.

"They shot her out of the cannon," said the happy Gay, showing all her dimples, and pointing to the girl who had just landed, safe and sound, in the net at a little distance.

"Is she killed?" asked Trixie, sadly.

"Not a bit of it!" said Mr. Barnum, laughing, as the girl bowed to the people and scampered off.

"Tom," said Mr. Barnum, "when I was a boy, jack-knives didn't rain down from heaven." Tom looked in wonder at the jugglers, throwing their knives and balls, feeling sure *he* could learn how to bring about the glittering shower, if they would only perform their tricks the *least little bit* more slowly. But alas! no.

It was very funny to see the clowns and the mules dancing together, and when one of the mules tumbled a spangled rider over his head, the silly fellow kept up his bouncing, and tumbling, and somersaults until he at last reached an open door and tumbled out.



"Aha!" said Mr. Barnum, "the chariot race." Round and round, round and round they drove, and the great grandfather was once more wildly excited.

"It's Roman history—I know it all," said Tom. "There are pictures of it in our school books."

"Who will win, Tom? Do you know that too?" asked Mr. Barnum.

"Why, the fellow in purple velvet," said Tom, boldly.

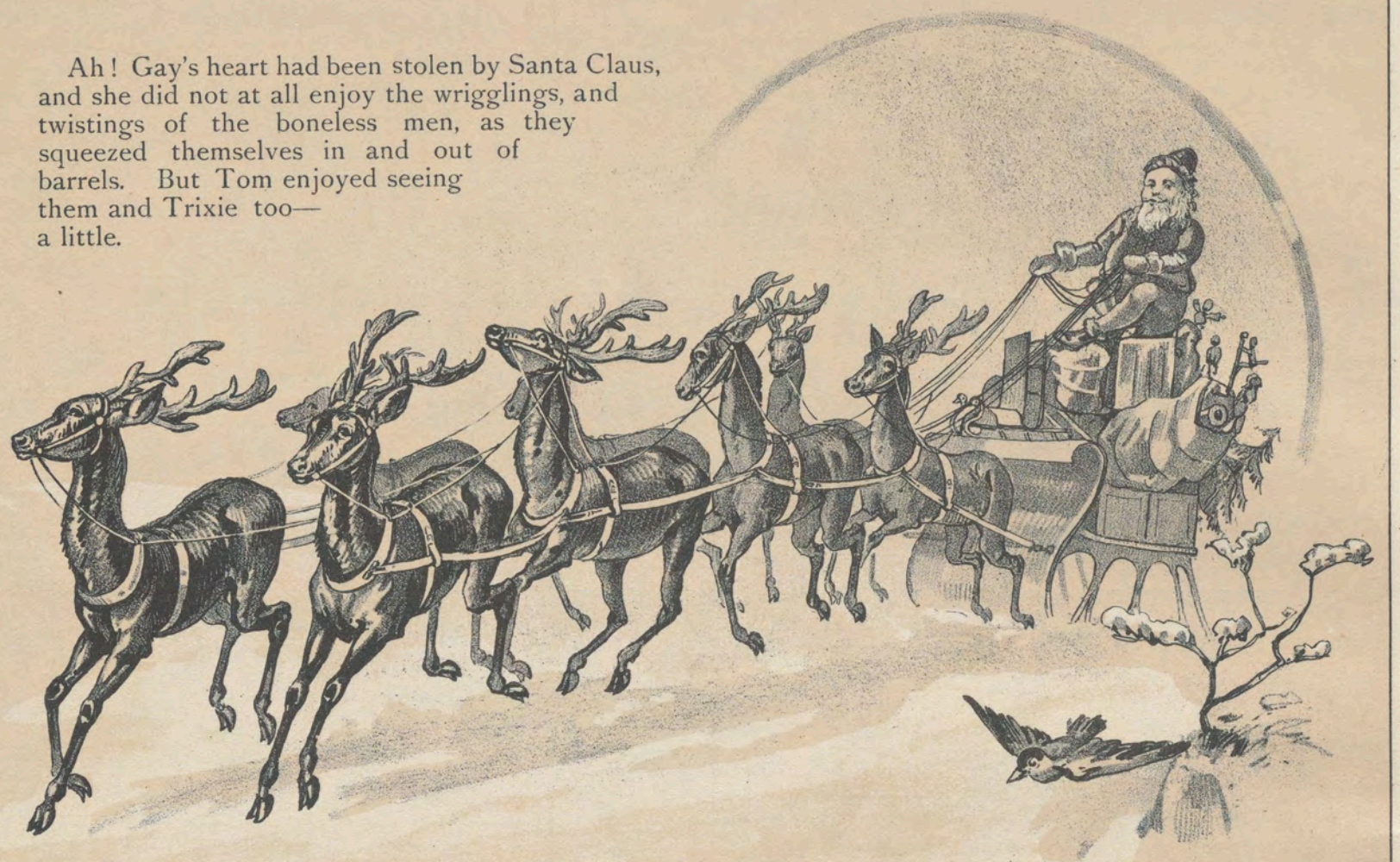
But just at that moment a gilded chariot, driven by a woman, dashed forward in the race, and as the flag of victory was presented to her, Tom wished that he had not been quite so sure.



"How do those acrobats ever get their own arms and legs back again?" he asked, quite willing to change the subject, and drawing attention to a gaily-dressed pyramid of climbers and tumblers.

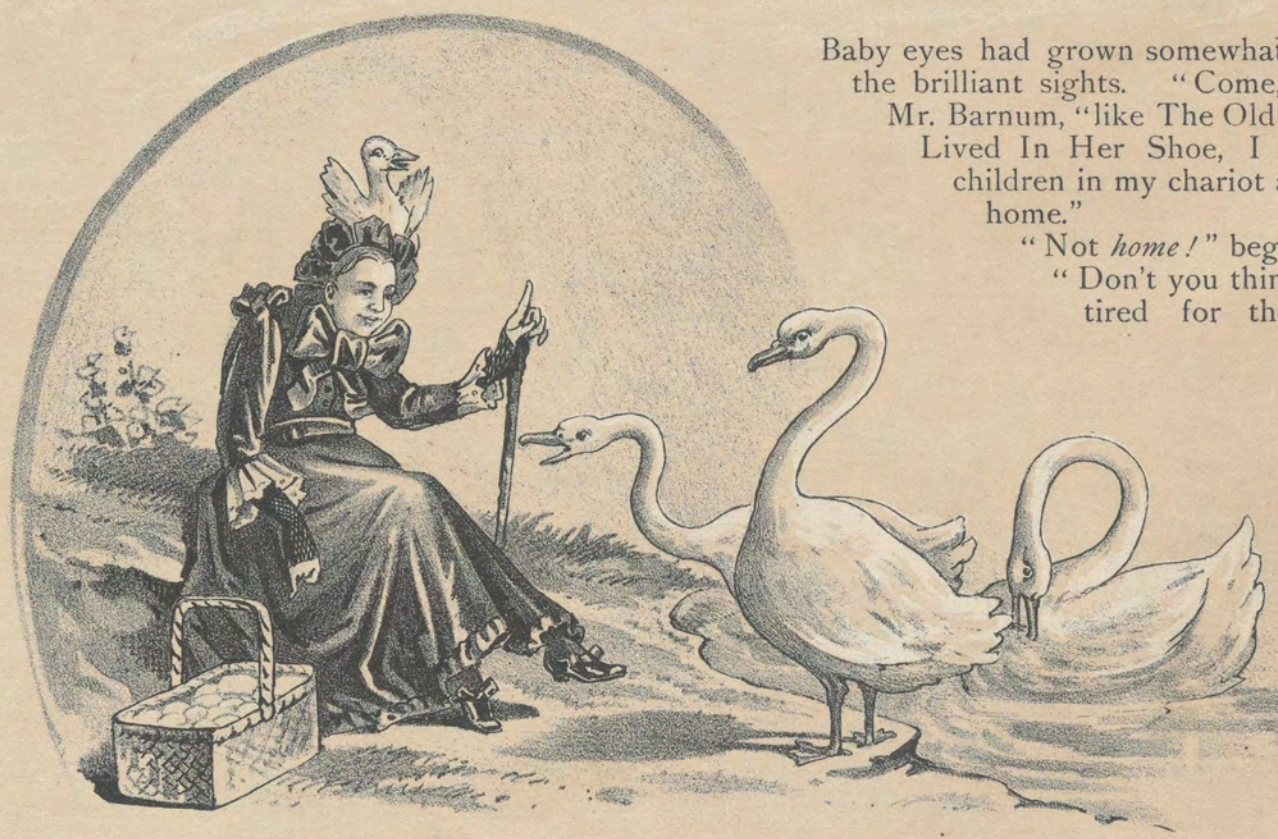
But Gay had no eyes for the acrobats, for she was leaning over toward the ring, and stretching out her little arms toward—whom do you suppose? Why, Santa Claus, who was driving right toward her, with his beautiful reindeer! The bells jingled, the reindeer pranced, and, yes, as he drew near, he tossed an orange out of his bag! The great-grandson caught it, and laid it in the little girl's lap. "Thank you!" said she, very softly and sweetly.

Ah! Gay's heart had been stolen by Santa Claus, and she did not at all enjoy the wrigglings, and twistings of the boneless men, as they squeezed themselves in and out of barrels. But Tom enjoyed seeing them and Trixie too— a little.



Baby eyes had grown somewhat dazzled with the brilliant sights. "Come, come!" said Mr. Barnum, "like The Old Woman Who Lived In Her Shoe, I must put my children in my chariot and take them home."

"Not *home!*" begged Tom. "Don't you think you are too tired for the museum?"



asked Mr. Barnum, with a sly wink. "And then, after that, you know, there comes the menagerie."



AMONG THE CURIOSITIES.

I SOMETIMES wonder why Mr. Barnum was so very fond of the company of the Van Tassel children. Why should he find such pleasure in entertaining Trixie and Tom, who had himself been entertained by Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington? I am sure I do not know, but certain it is that he looked perfectly radiant as he conducted the three children through his museum upon that bright afternoon.

As Gay was the baby he let her choose what they should look at first, and "Giants!" she exclaimed; but when they saw the huge fellows, both she and Trixie seemed rather afraid to approach them.

"Come, Toodles," said Mr. Barnum, taking Trixie's hand and leading her up to the giant, Captain Cook—"Captain, let me present one of the dearest of little girls to one of the greatest of men!"

"And so your name is Toodles?" said the giant.

"No, my name is Trixie," she said, but Mr. Barnum always calls me "Toodles."

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Why, no, but I think you must be somebody's great-great-grandfather, because you are so very big."

Oh! what a tremendous giant laugh Captain Cook gave! He wanted to tell the joke to Chang, the solemn, beautiful Chinese giant; but, alas! Captain Cook couldn't speak



Chang's language. When the tall Chinaman bent from his great height to pat Gay's head, she drew back, not knowing how he loves little children, and that he has a houseful of babies of his own in China, all with feet no bigger than peanuts.

But she liked Che-mah, the dwarf. Her blue eyes discovered him in a twinkling, and all her shyness was gone. She stepped up close to him and smoothed his pretty Chinese dress, as he stood there, the centre of a group of admiring ladies.

"A boy-doll!" said Gay, and even Che-mah laughed as though he understood. Then he reached out his fan and sent a puff of wind among her curls; so Trixie put up her sweet little face, being "so very warm, too," she said. But no, Gay was plainly Che-mah's pet.

"Do you love him very much, Mr. Barnum?" asked Gay.

"Not half so well as I once loved a Yankee dwarf, my own little Tom Thumb," he replied, sadly.

"Tell us about him," said Trixie.

And then Mr. Barnum told them of the two-foot-high dwarf, who looked so very much like Napoleon that he was sometimes called the "Little Emperor." "I took him abroad and he was presented at many foreign courts," said Mr. Barnum, smiling to think of the many funny things Tom had said to their majesties so many years ago. "And when he was married"——

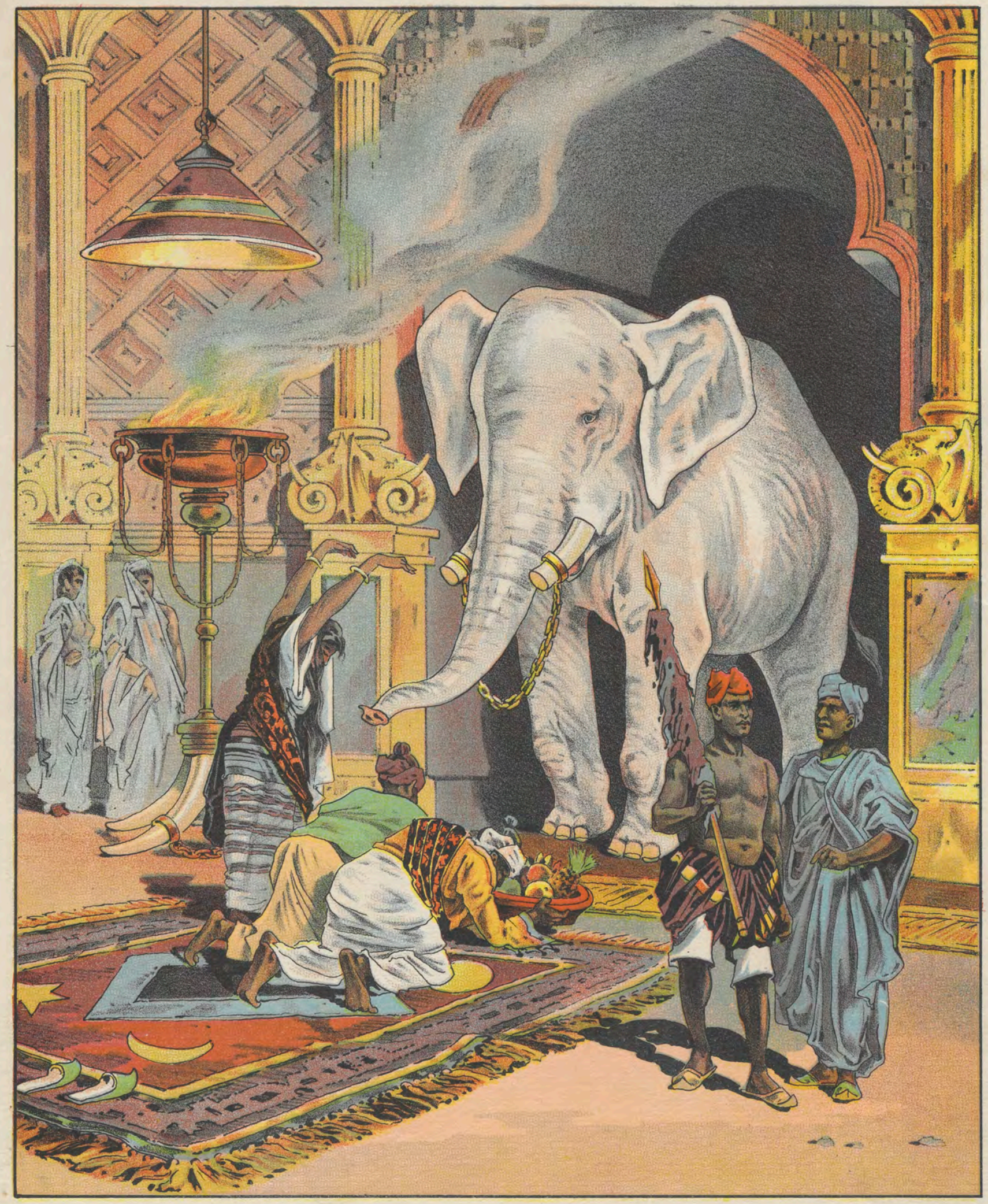
"Married!" exclaimed Tom. "Two feet high, and married!"

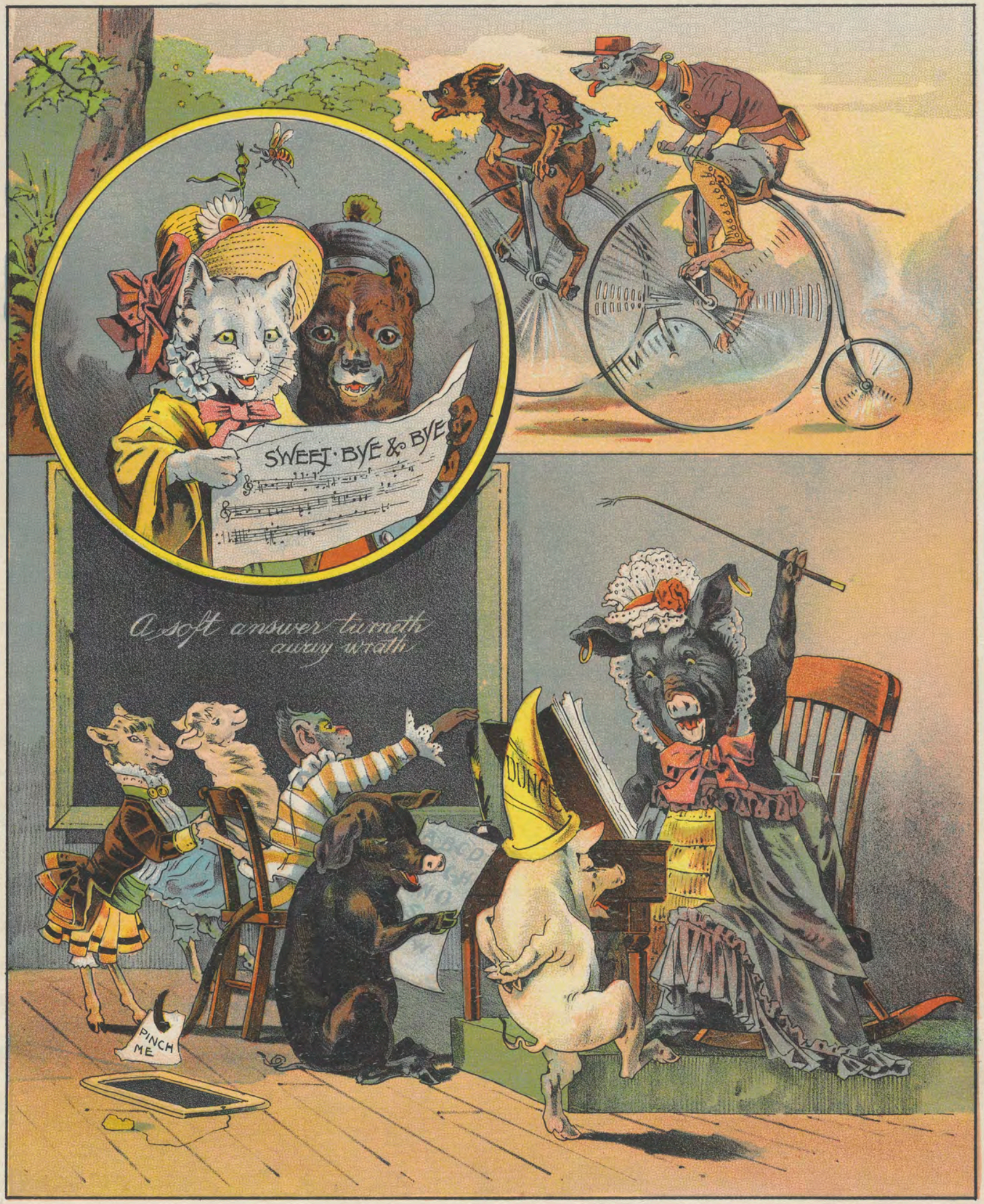
"Married!" echoed Trixie.

But Mr. Barnum continued—

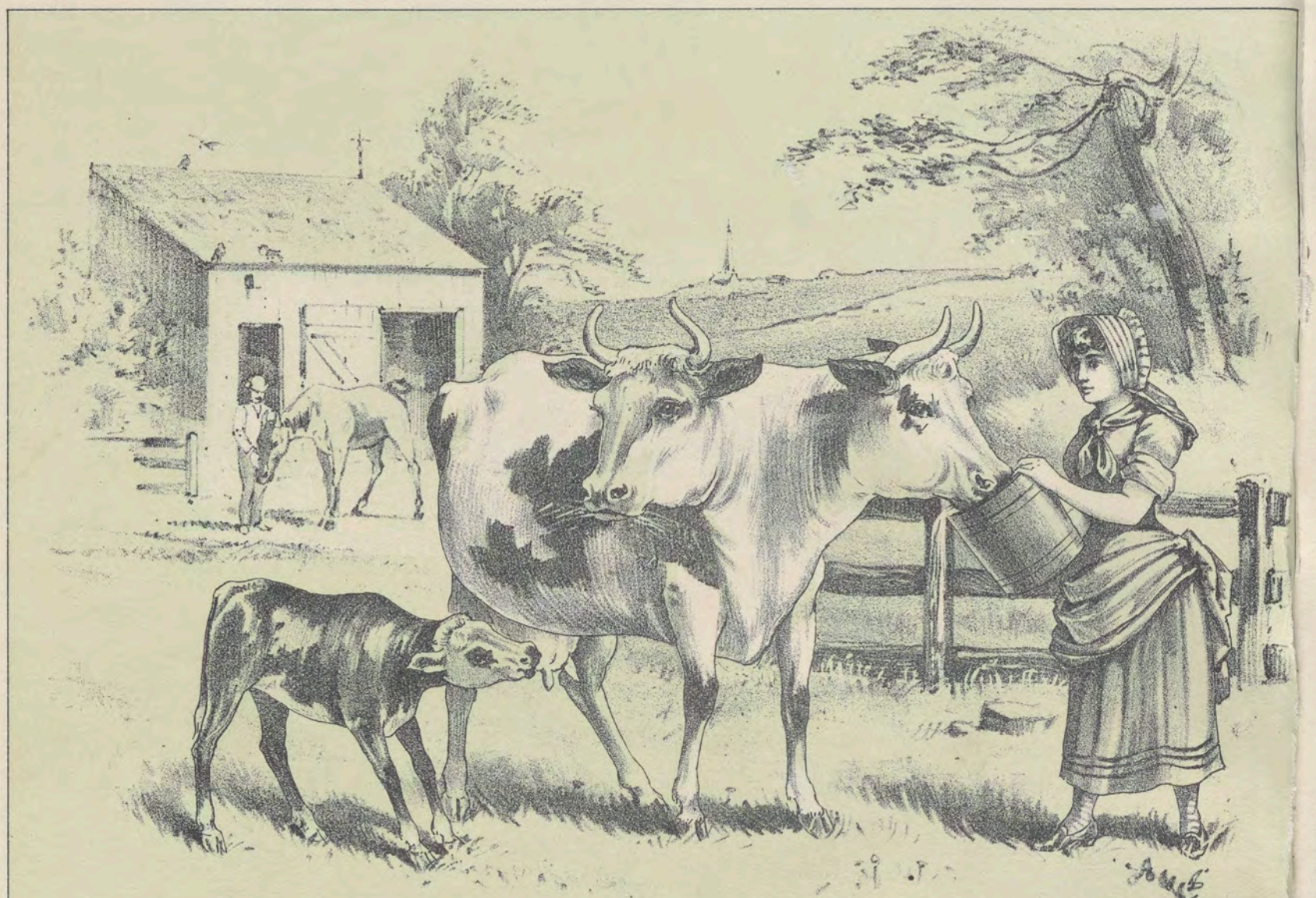
"And when






SWEET · BYE & BYE
A soft answer turneth away wrath
DUNCE
PINCH ME





he was married to a wee dwarf, smaller than himself, the whole ceremony was like one of Gay's paper-doll weddings."

"Did Tom Thumb die?" asked Gay.

"Yes, and even Che-mah cannot fill his place," said Mr. Barnum, as they walked on, slowly. Old memories seemed to sadden him somewhat, but the children soon forgot Tom Thumb in their interest in the living curiosities.

"Look!" cried Gay, suddenly, pointing with her little fat finger to the two-headed cow; and truly, as she stood there, blinking her four eyes, she was a thing to remember. Trixie thought she must know twice as much as a common cow, but I doubt it.

"Mr. Barnum, does she ever have two headaches at once?" asked Gay.

"I don't know, darling. I think some other foolish cow must have said to her some time, 'Let us put our two heads together!'" Then he winked at Tom, and they two laughed, but neither Trixie nor Gay understood the joke.

"Come, Toodles," said Mr. Barnum, "we are making too long a call on her ladyship. Say good-by." And as the children looked back, the cow nodded both her heads, and seemed to wish them a double good-by.

They stopped next to look at the Esquimaux, muffled in fur from head to foot, petting the dogs which were harnessed to the sleds.

"I wonder if they are good to their little sisters, and take them when they go coasting," said Mr. Barnum, slyly.

"Well, if they don't, they are not like Tom, for he is the best brother of any of the fellows," said Trixie, so quickly that a bright little red spot came into each cheek.

"Do see what they call the Sacred *White* Elephant!" cried Tom, willing to change the subject, and feeling that he hardly deserved Trixie's high praise. "*I* call it—well, common *elephant color!*" said he, laughing, because, after all, he found it difficult to describe.

"I have known a great many elephants," said Mr. Barnum, "and he is more nearly white than any other one I ever saw."

"But why do the people kneel before him?" asked Tom. "Do they want to be trampled down? And what are they burning? Ugh! I don't like the smell of it!"

"Siam is the home of the white elephant, and the people there worship him; and, that he may not feel neglected, we pretend to do the same here, and the kneeling and burning of incense are forms of worship to which he is accustomed."

"I don't believe he cares," said Tom. "He doesn't look as though he understood anything about it."

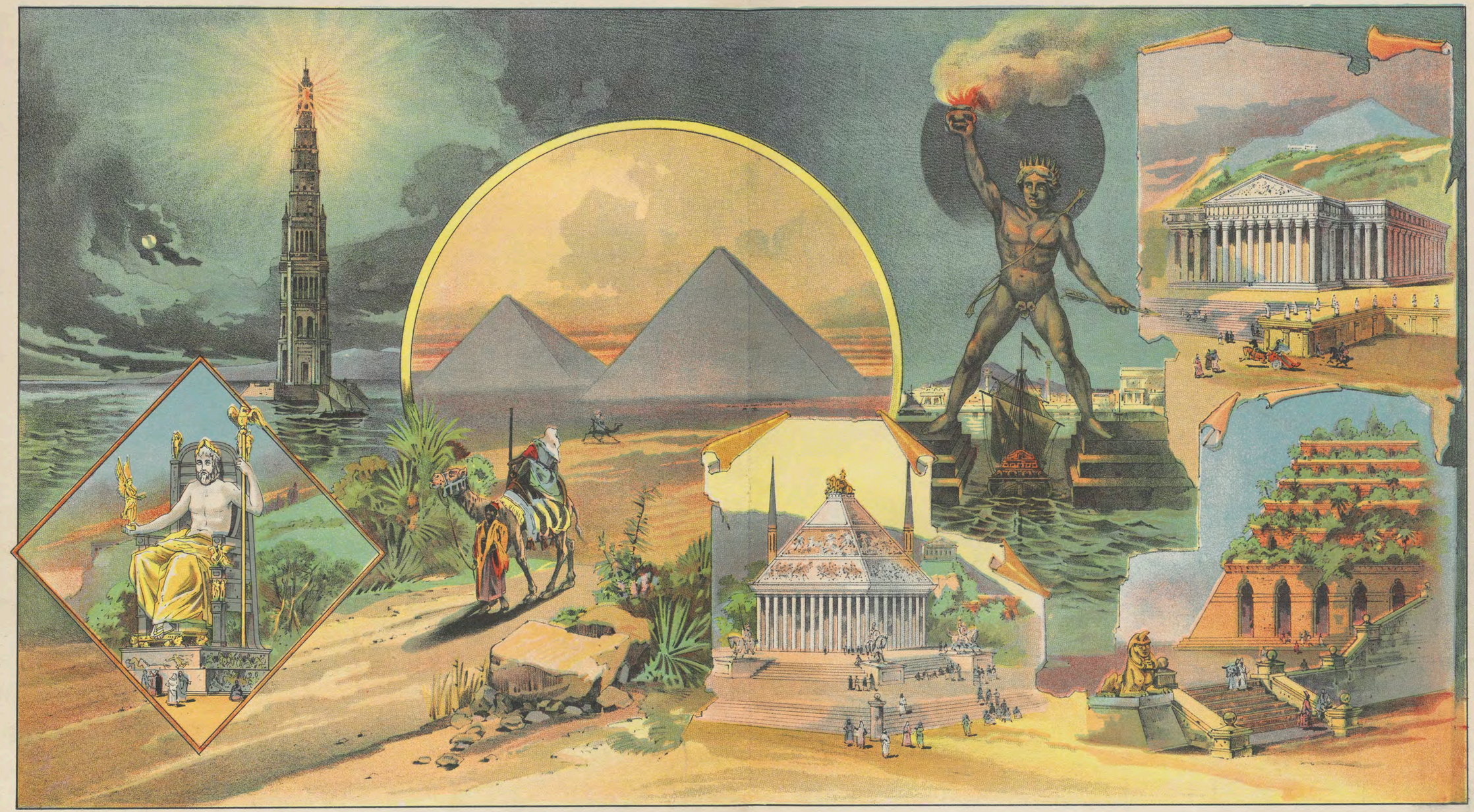
"You can't be sure," said Mr. Barnum, "He has associated with the highest class of people in his own country, and has learned to conceal his feelings."

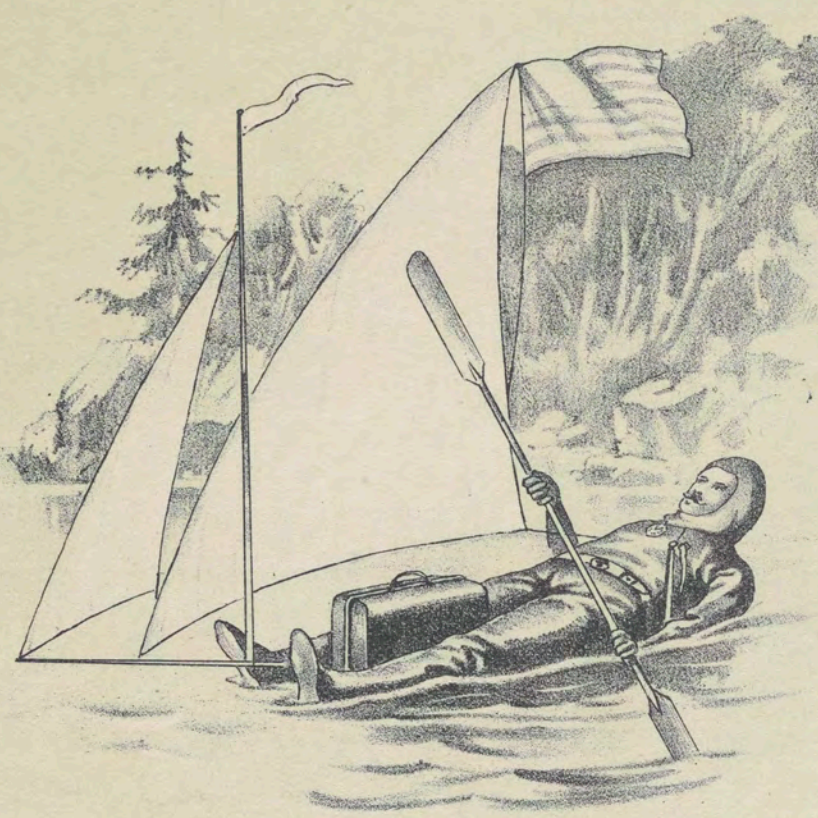
Think of leaving the presence of the Sacred White Elephant to seek that of the Educated Pig! Of all the trained animals he was the funniest. When he was told to introduce himself, he picked out, from a block alphabet, the letters P–I–G, and then he stood on his hind-legs and bowed low. Afterward, he and a pig friend played cards, both keeping their tempers perfectly.

Dogs played dominos with equal politeness, and then they danced and pretended to drop down dead with fatigue; but at the sound of a fiddle, played by a monkey, the dead dogs revived, and, like Old Mother Hubbard's, began dancing a jig!

Bears and elephants danced and drank from bottles; ponies entered, walking on their hind-legs, and carrying bags of school-books, and afterward. laying aside their sun-bonnets and books, engaged in a military drill. Two









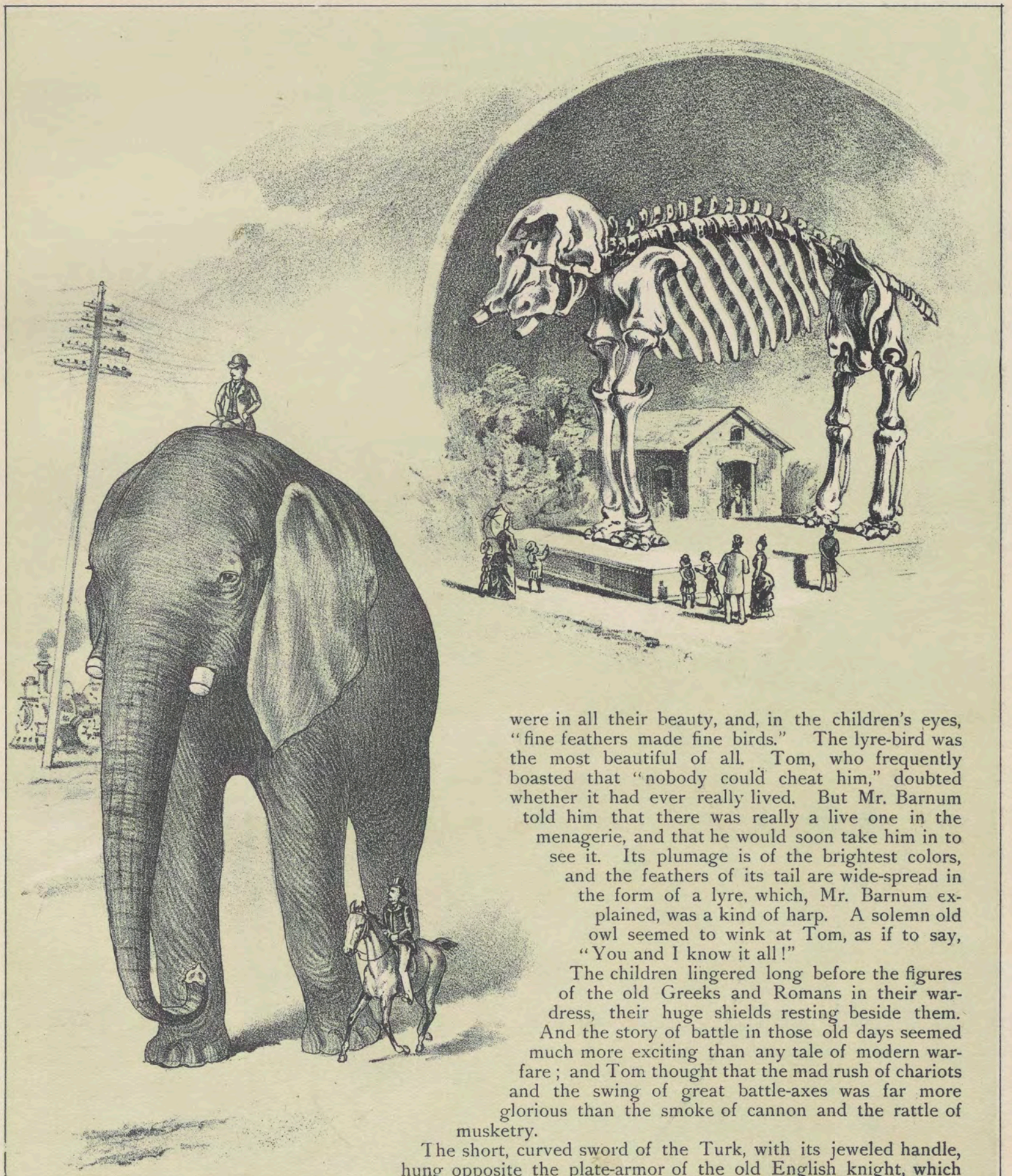
goats played see-saw, one of them slyly bouncing the other off the end of the board, after the manner of naughty little boys. Mice walked a tight-rope, but Tom saved his loudest hurrah for a trained rat which climbed a pole and raised the American flag.

The boy looked long and admiringly at the famous swimmer, Paul Boynton, and at his curious suit, which could so readily be changed into a boat. Now Tom considered himself something of a swimmer, for a boy, but he knew that he could never hope to rival the man who swam the English Channel, and who could calmly cook an omelet while paddling in the roughest water.

Jumbo's stuffed skin and his skeleton were a great puzzle to Gay. If Jumbo had been killed, as she had heard, how could he be standing up there before her eyes? And again, if his skeleton was Jumbo's bones—*the very bones out of Jumbo*—"how could they," she asked, "get them out without even breaking his skin?"

Then Trixie said, "You must wait, baby, until you are older before you can understand." Altogether she preferred the elephants "that could wag their trunks." Poor Jumbo! He left two nations mourning when he ceased "wagging his trunk."

The brilliant birds, many of them, were as truly dead as Jumbo, and their skins were as tightly stuffed as his, but there was a great deal of pleasure to be found in wandering among them. They could no longer hop, twitter and sing, but there they



were in all their beauty, and, in the children's eyes, "fine feathers made fine birds." The lyre-bird was the most beautiful of all. Tom, who frequently boasted that "nobody could cheat him," doubted whether it had ever really lived. But Mr. Barnum told him that there was really a live one in the menagerie, and that he would soon take him in to see it. Its plumage is of the brightest colors, and the feathers of its tail are wide-spread in the form of a lyre, which, Mr. Barnum explained, was a kind of harp. A solemn old owl seemed to wink at Tom, as if to say, "You and I know it all!"

The children lingered long before the figures of the old Greeks and Romans in their war-dress, their huge shields resting beside them. And the story of battle in those old days seemed much more exciting than any tale of modern warfare; and Tom thought that the mad rush of chariots and the swing of great battle-axes was far more glorious than the smoke of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

The short, curved sword of the Turk, with its jeweled handle, hung opposite the plate-armor of the old English knight, which was plainly meant for use and not for ornament.





"Where are their muskets?" asked Trixie.

"Powder was unknown in those days," said Mr. Barnum. "Spears and axes, bows and arrows were then their weapons."

"Why, how did they ever keep their Fourth of July?" she exclaimed. (Even Trixie, you see, would have "to wait before she could understand" some things.)

"Mr. Barnum," asked Tom, "did you ever see a bull-fight?"

"Yes, many years ago, in Cuba, and I never wish to see another."

"Oh! I'd rather see a bull-fight than anything else in the world!"

"Even if you should see a poor man gored to death?" asked Mr. Barnum.

"But *my* fellow would kill the *bull!*" said Tom.

Then Mr. Barnum told them that the *bull* had been the victor in the Cuban fight, but he did not linger long over the story of the savage scene, at which men, women and even little children became so excited that they forgot the danger of the poor fellow who was entertaining them.

"Look at the dhirty nagurs, Bridget!"

This was what Tom heard an Irishman say, and he turned his head to see a band of Nubians, black as crows, but not at all dirty.

"I don't like them," said Gay; so Mr. Barnum took her to look at the Chinese baby, sitting in its mama's lap. It clutched its little hand tight in Gay's lace cap, but she only laughed. Tom soon left the "dhirty nagurs" for the Afghan chiefs, one of whom let Tom handle his



sword. Oh, how he longed to keep it! He thought—he was only nine, you know—how it would make the fellows on his block stare! But just then he happened to spy the Zulu warriors, and they were so much more horrible than the Afghans, that Tom returned the sword with thanks.

"Do Zulu *women* fight?" asked Trixie, seeing a fierce-looking woman in the group.

"You bet!" said the shortest of the Zulu men, in very good English, while he rolled his eyes toward the ceiling, with a sigh.

"I say, Trix," said Tom, wandering back to examine some old English coats of mail which had escaped his attention before, "wouldn't you like to see a tournament?"

Mama had read to him one of Sir Walter Scott's stories, with its magnificent description of the tournaments of early days in Merry England. Many a night as he lay in bed, he had tried to picture to himself the scenes that the great story-teller had described, and had fallen asleep to dream of Good Queen Bess and her gallant knights and lovely ladies.

"What is a tournament?" asked Trixie.





"Why, don't you know? A tournament is—a tournament was"—

"Was a sham fight between knights on horseback," said Mr. Barnum, coming to his assistance. "It was one of the ways in which the kings and queens of Europe entertained their royal guests, hundreds of years ago."

"Well, I should rather see a tournament than a bull-fight," said Trixie.

Bull-fights and tournaments! Such difficult subjects for a baby to understand! But Gay could appreciate what she called the "Skye-dog people."

"She means Skye terrier—she is so little!" said Trixie, sweetly.

Oh, how the children laughed at the dog-faced family! "Sure enough, they are like terriers in petticoats," said Trixie, "and they look as though their bangs had slipped down on their cheeks!" She almost expected to hear them cry, "Yap! Yap!" but they didn't.

"I wonder how he does it!" said Tom to himself, looking at the tattooed man. "I'm going to ask him! I'd like to try it on some little out-of-the-way place on myself." But, when questioned, the curious fellow said that it could only be done with a dry black feather, plucked from the wing of a hokey-pokey—"and," he added, "hokey-pokeys are very scarce in America." So Tom gave up the idea.

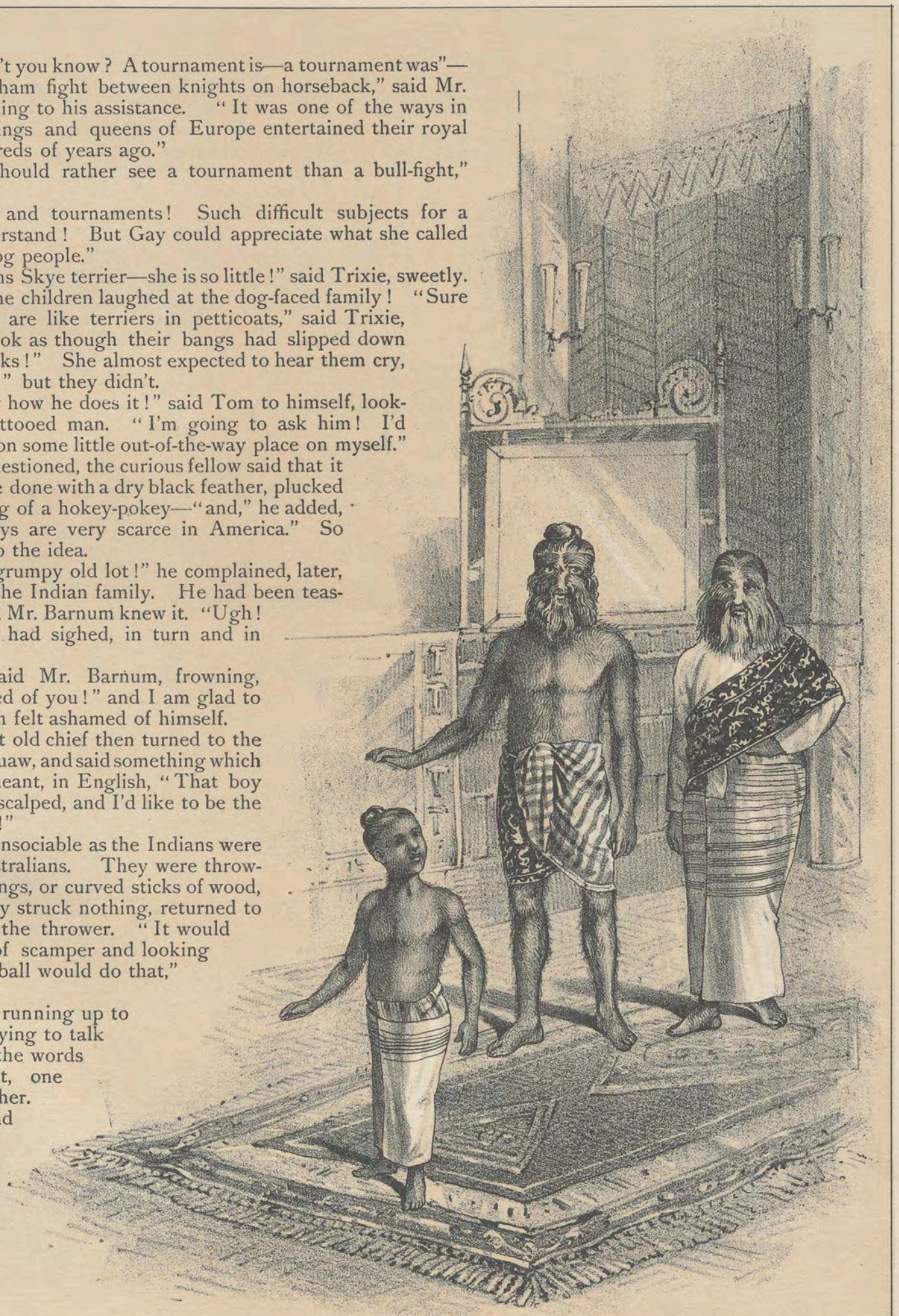
"What a grumpy old lot!" he complained, later, referring to the Indian family. He had been teasing them, and Mr. Barnum knew it. "Ugh! Ugh!" they had sighed, in turn and in chorus.

"Tom," said Mr. Barnum, frowning, "I'm ashamed of you!" and I am glad to say that Tom felt ashamed of himself.

The fattest old chief then turned to the fattest old squaw, and said something which I am sure meant, in English, "That boy ought to be scalped, and I'd like to be the one to do it!"

Quite as unsociable as the Indians were the wild Australians. They were throwing boomerangs, or curved sticks of wood, which, if they struck nothing, returned to the hand of the thrower. "It would save a deal of scamper and looking if a fellow's ball would do that," said Tom.

Gay came running up to the others trying to talk so fast that the words tumbled out, one over the other. She had found a tub — a beautiful tub!



It had snakes in it, and fish, and trees, and it was made of glass! Of course she meant the aquarium. There they saw gold and silver fish, eels, turtles and shells, and delicate sea-weed which floated gracefully back and forth with the motion of the fish.

"I once had two very big pets in a tank," said Mr. Barnum.

"What were they?" asked Tom.

"Whales—white ones! I went away up north and captured them myself. But, poor fellows! they died of homesickness, I think, soon after reaching New York."

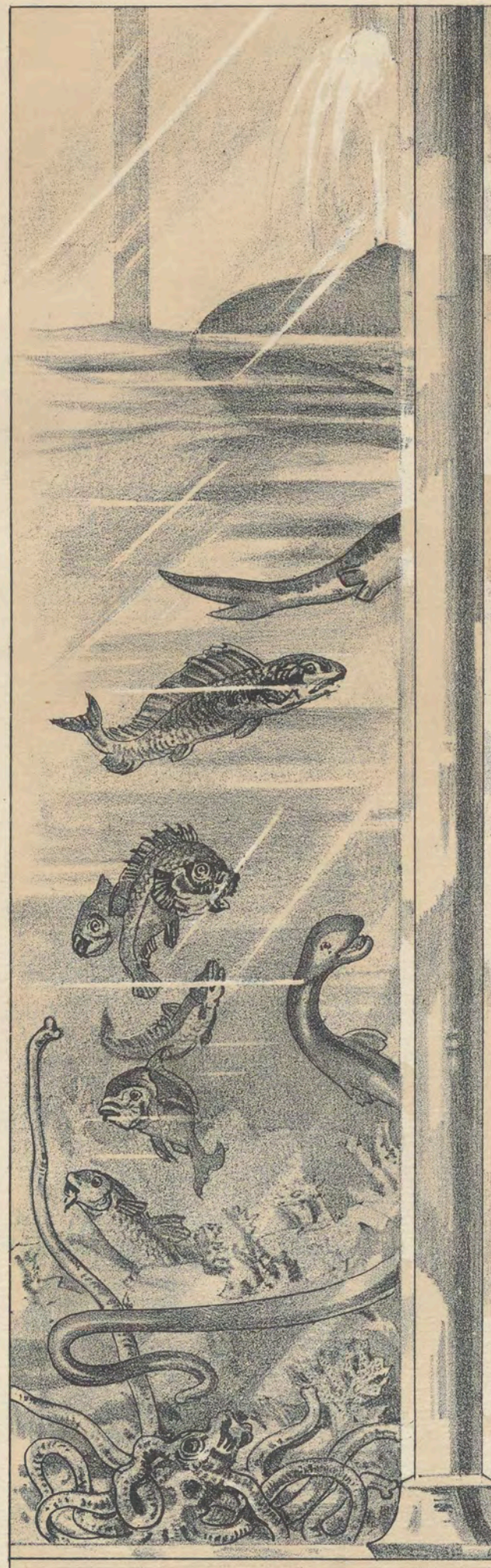
"Could a whale upset a ship?" asked Trixie.

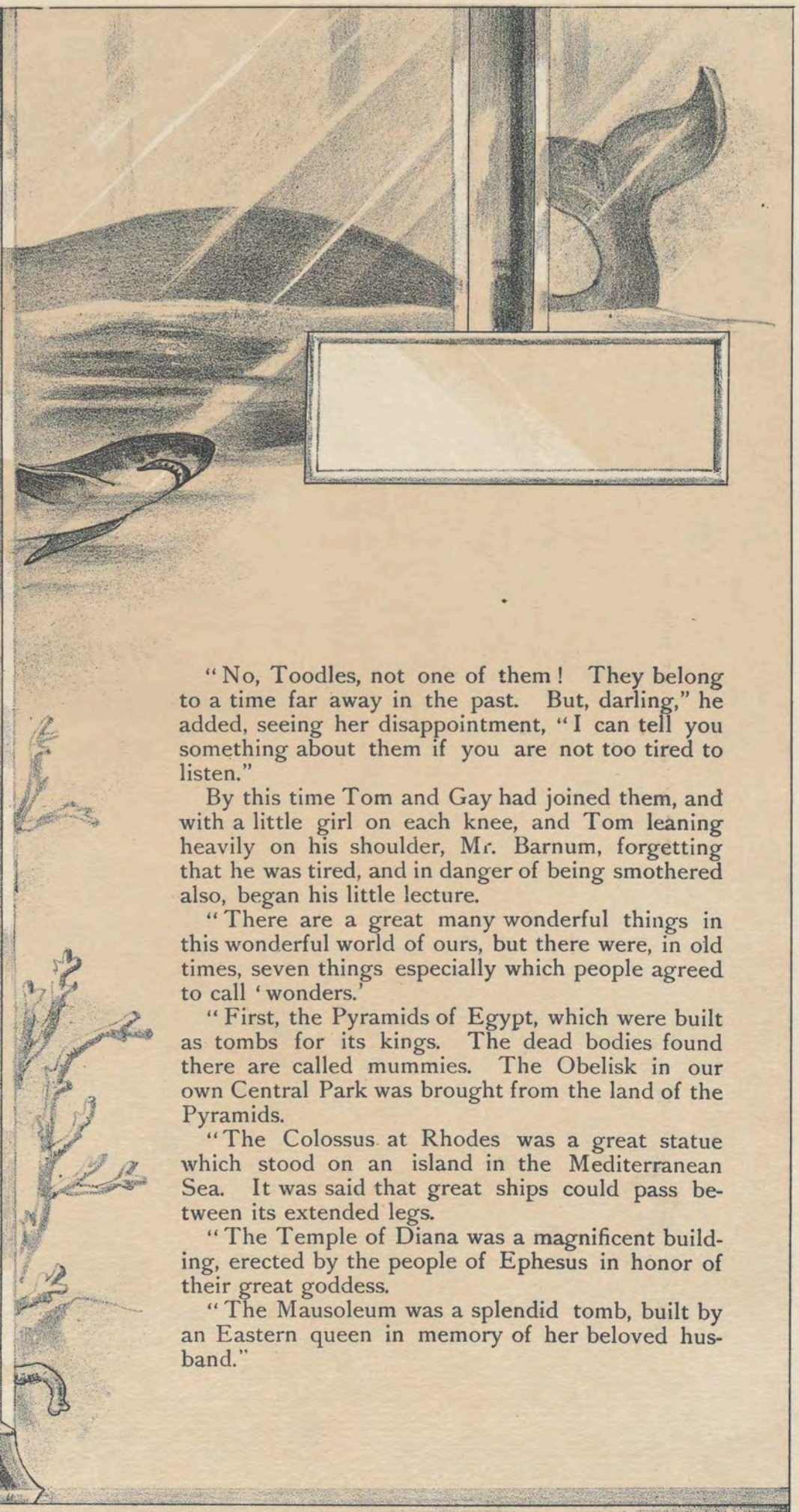
"Not a *ship*, Toodles, but a small boat, very easily. Come with me, and I will show you some dainty little boats—models of larger ones; and by that time I think we shall have had museum enough for one day."

Ships and boats of all kinds, surely; and Tom, who knew a boy whose cousin had run away to sea, was especially interested in examining the model of a great ship, which, Mr. Barnum assured him, was well-fitted to sail around the world. The others thought the Venetian gondola most beautiful, and the black Chinese junk decidedly ugly. One old-time, royal barge had sails and streamers of cloth of gold. After all, Tom thought a certain little tight, trim Yankee yacht was worth all the rest, for that was the kind he meant to build "when he became a man."

"I suppose we have seen all the Seven Wonders of the World to-day," said Trixie, soberly, as she came up to the chair where Mr. Barnum was sitting, and leaned her elbow on his knee. He had left the little folks admiring the boats, while he stole away for a few minutes' rest.







"No, Toodles, not one of them! They belong to a time far away in the past. But, darling," he added, seeing her disappointment, "I can tell you something about them if you are not too tired to listen."

By this time Tom and Gay had joined them, and with a little girl on each knee, and Tom leaning heavily on his shoulder, Mr. Barnum, forgetting that he was tired, and in danger of being smothered also, began his little lecture.

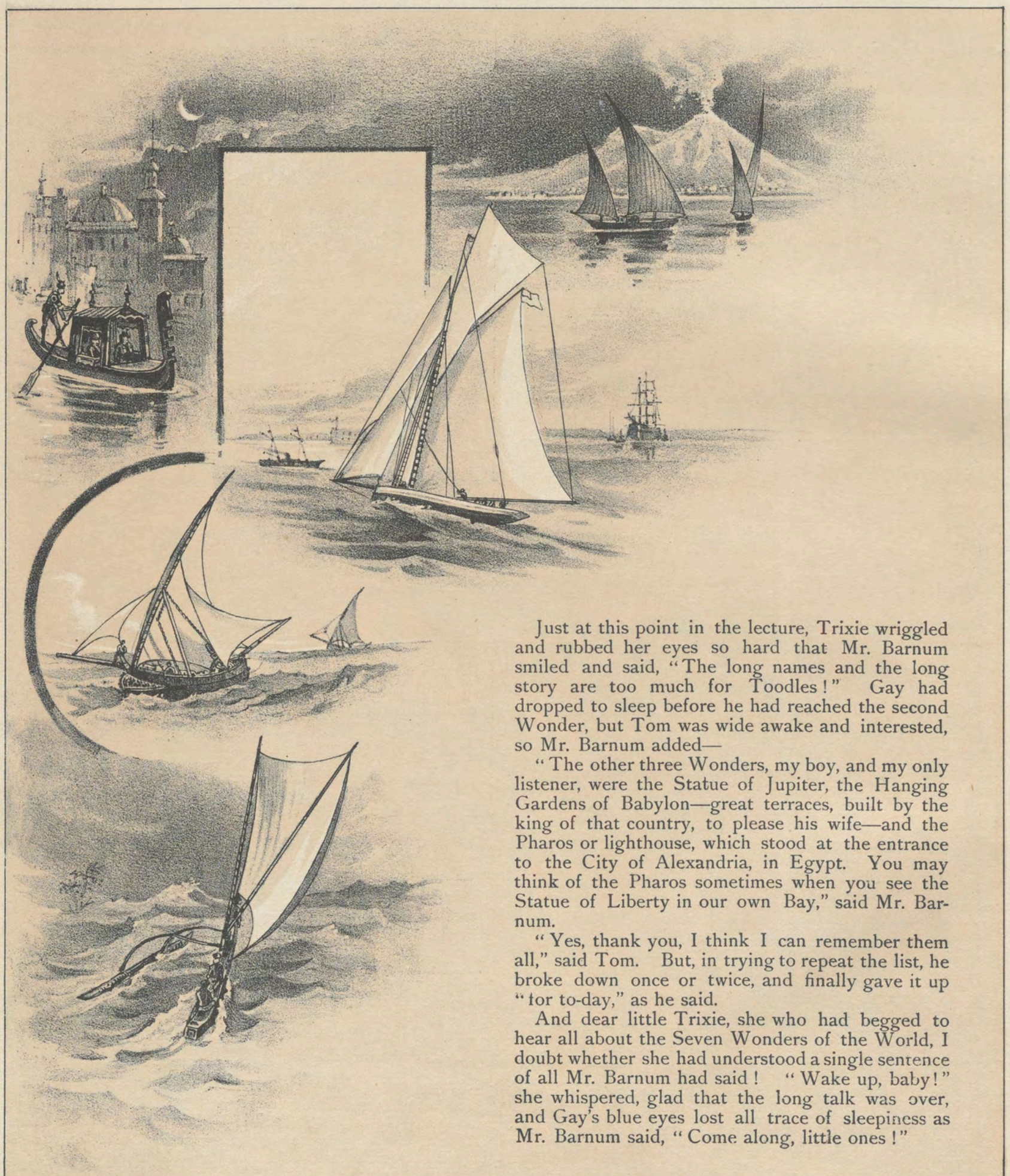
"There are a great many wonderful things in this wonderful world of ours, but there were, in old times, seven things especially which people agreed to call 'wonders.'

"First, the Pyramids of Egypt, which were built as tombs for its kings. The dead bodies found there are called mummies. The Obelisk in our own Central Park was brought from the land of the Pyramids.

"The Colossus at Rhodes was a great statue which stood on an island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was said that great ships could pass between its extended legs.

"The Temple of Diana was a magnificent building, erected by the people of Ephesus in honor of their great goddess.

"The Mausoleum was a splendid tomb, built by an Eastern queen in memory of her beloved husband."



Just at this point in the lecture, Trixie wriggled and rubbed her eyes so hard that Mr. Barnum smiled and said, "The long names and the long story are too much for Toodles!" Gay had dropped to sleep before he had reached the second Wonder, but Tom was wide awake and interested, so Mr. Barnum added—

"The other three Wonders, my boy, and my only listener, were the Statue of Jupiter, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon—great terraces, built by the king of that country, to please his wife—and the Pharos or lighthouse, which stood at the entrance to the City of Alexandria, in Egypt. You may think of the Pharos sometimes when you see the Statue of Liberty in our own Bay," said Mr. Barnum.

"Yes, thank you, I think I can remember them all," said Tom. But, in trying to repeat the list, he broke down once or twice, and finally gave it up "for to-day," as he said.

And dear little Trixie, she who had begged to hear all about the Seven Wonders of the World, I doubt whether she had understood a single sentence of all Mr. Barnum had said! "Wake up, baby!" she whispered, glad that the long talk was over, and Gay's blue eyes lost all trace of sleepiness as Mr. Barnum said, "Come along, little ones!"



WITH THE ANIMALS.

MY dear children, unless you have been fortunate enough to be taken to the menagerie by some grown-up friend, somebody who would patiently answer all your questions, and tell you all about the bewitchingly horrible animals in the cages, and into whose arms you might run when they growled and looked fierce, I do not think you can know the joy of Tom, Trixie and Gay as they entered the menagerie with Mr. Barnum.

Trixie hugged his right arm tight, as usual, Gay kept fast hold of his left hand, while Tom was so anxious to miss no part of the show that he did not know that he was walking so clumsily as to put Mr. Barnum's toes in danger; and, notwithstanding they were such old chums, I fancy he was more than once tempted to say to the boy, "Tom, you are as awkward as a grizzly bear!"

At the sight of the zebra, Gay laughed aloud. "He is knitted all in stripes—he is made of garters!" she said; and she thought the gnu looked like a wild bull "in front," but when he turned round she said he was a horse.

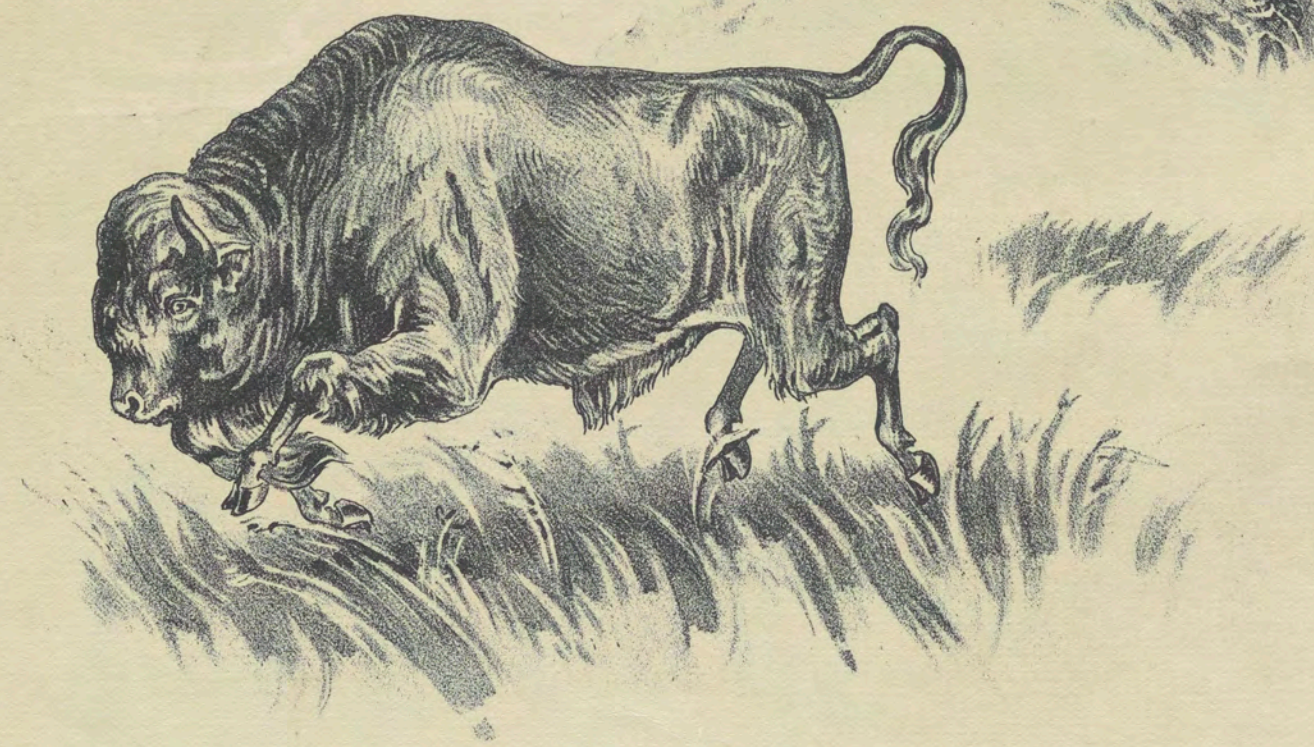
And oh! you should have heard the buffalo snort at Gay! "He wants to make a meal of baby," said Tom, but the truth was a man had been teasing him with a cane, and when a buffalo is angry, he is not a very pleasant play-fellow.

"I mean to hunt the buffalo, out West, when I am a man," said Tom.

"Then you must hurry and grow up," said Mr. Barnum, "for the animal, in our own country, is being rapidly exterminated."

"What is the meaning of exterminated?" asked Tom.





"Killed off," said Mr. Barnum; and Tom thought that a much better way of saying it.

"Does a buffalo grow up out of a buffalo bug?" asked Gay. Then they all laughed at her till she pouted, and Trixie thought, "I must remember to tell that to mama."

The reindeer, the antelope, and the moose were all somewhat alike—"cousins," the children called them; and Gay had a very pretty name for two reindeer that she thought especially beautiful—she said they were "Santa Claus's ponies;" and I am sure that even Santa Claus would have been delighted to drive them.



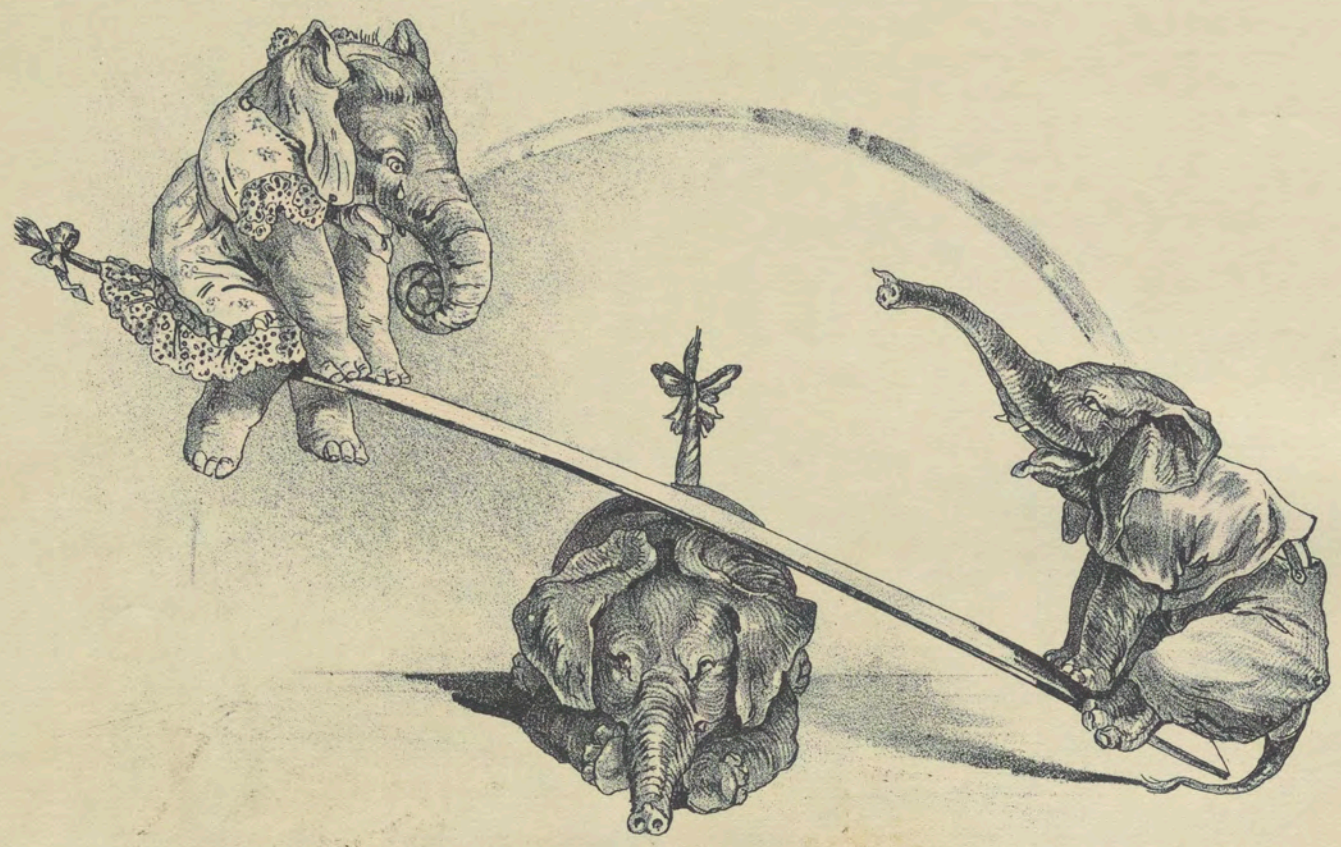
Elephants! Just what Tom had been longing for, and it was strange to see how frisky the great clumsy creatures could be. They stood on one another's backs, they tried to waltz, and then two of them, after much floundering and capering, jumped over a bar; but not even Mr. Barnum himself could say they did it gracefully.

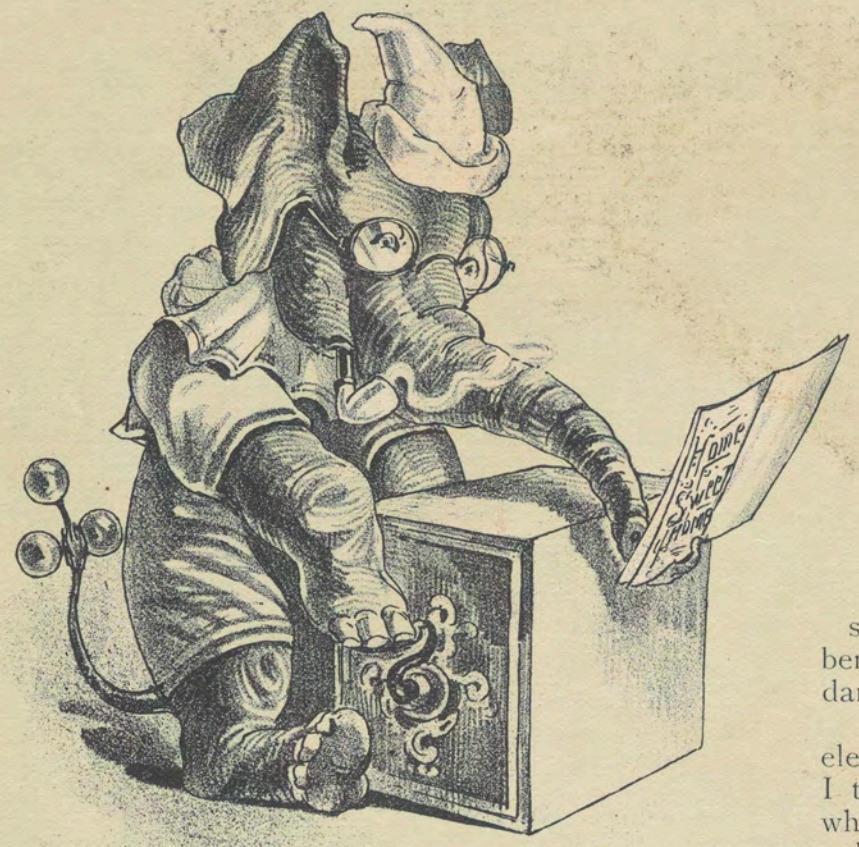
"See those two play see-saw!" cried Trixie, laughing till her little sides shook, "and that little fellow is grinding a hand-organ!"

Others, dressed like clowns, were as full of tricks as so many monkeys. The very largest elephant thrust his trunk forward, and Tom whispered to a boy who stood near, "You pull his front tail, and hear him roar!" But the elephant rolled his









eyes toward Tom as if to say, "Better try it yourself, young man," and Tom moved back.

"Mr. Barnum and I remember Jumbo," said he.

"Who was Jumbo?" asked Trixie.

"Oh, a tremendous elephant, as big as six of these rolled into one! He went to Canada, and there a locomotive smashed into his brain, and he turned over and died. But first he wrapped his trunk around the baby elephant and flung him safe off the track."

"Good Jumbo!" said Gay with a smile; but there were tears in Trixie's eyes.

"Yes, baby; and that's the way we would jump for you in any danger," added Tom.

Gay smiled sweetly again, but Trixie squeezed her old friend's hand so hard that he bent down and kissed her, saying, "But there *is* no danger, Toodles!"

The children were now quite ready to leave the elephants to look at the ostriches and the storks. I think that Trixie expected to see the ostriches wholly covered with long, dangling feathers, such as those she wore on her hat; and she was a little disappointed. The storks were old friends of hers, because mama had a screen at home, upon which storks were embroidered; and some of these birds, like those on the screen, were resting upon one foot.

Tom was very much interested in the sea birds,—the albatross, the penguin, and the auk, but there was such a crowd around their cage that he came away grumbling.

"Never mind, Tom," said Mr. Barnum; "come and see the fisherman that carries his basket under his chin!"

Tom did not understand this joke at first, but Mr. Barnum explained that he meant the pelican, which has a pouch under its beak in which it carries home the fish to feed its young.

"Look out, Trixie!" cried Tom, when they saw the whale. "He swallowed a man once.

"Did this *very whale* swallow a man?" asked Trixie, solemnly; "and did you *know* the man?"

"Well, no—not exactly; but I knew *of* him."

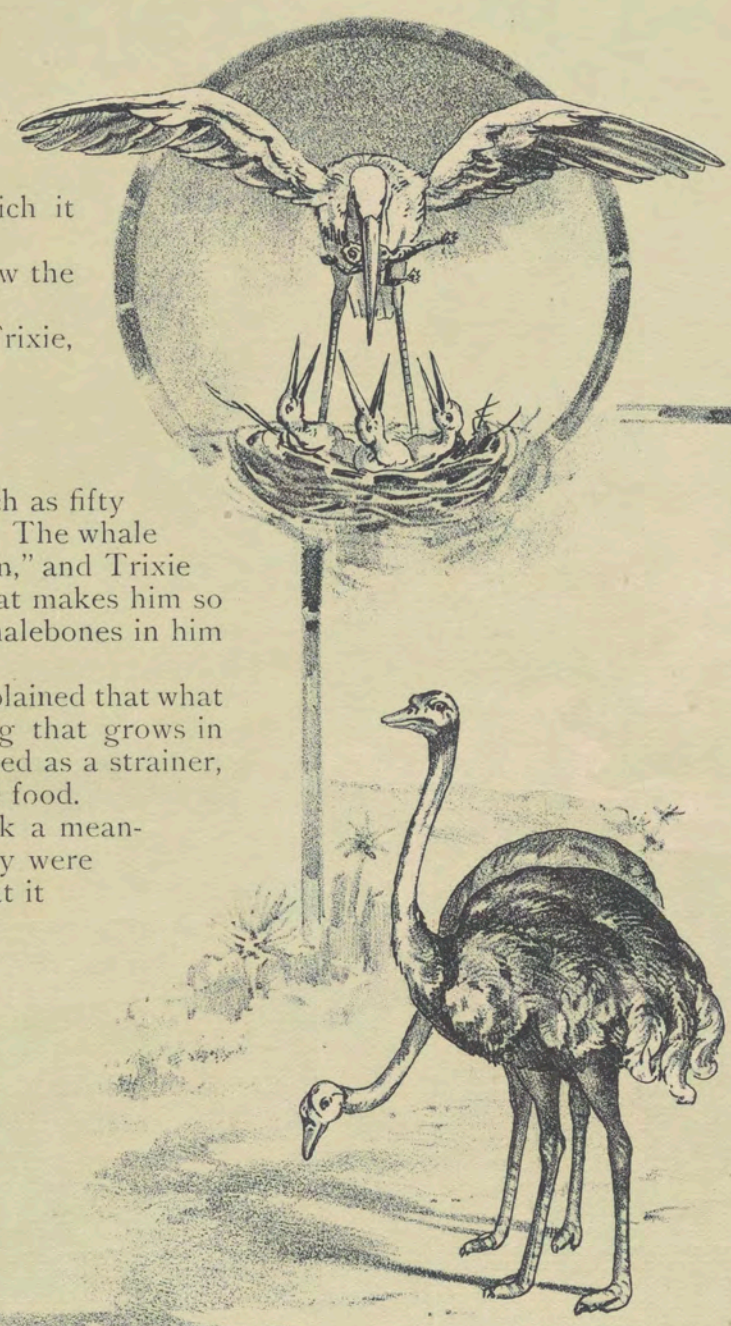
"What was his name?"

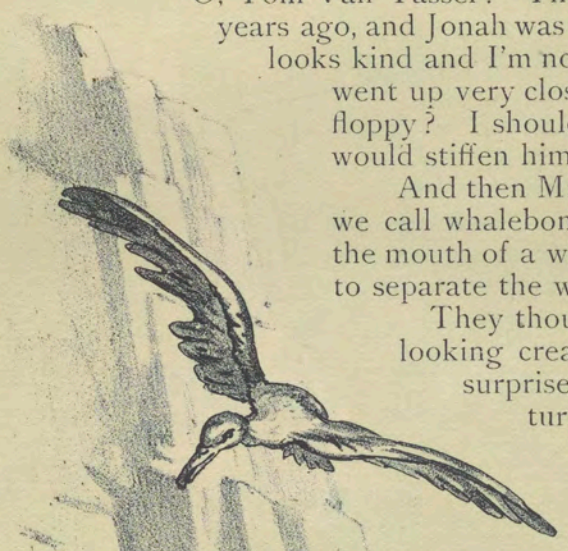
"Jonah."

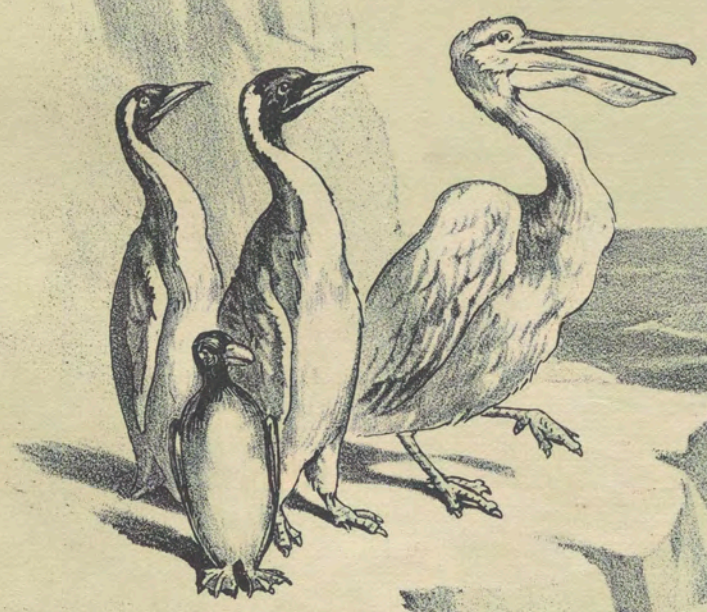
"O, Tom Van Tassel! That was as much as fifty years ago, and Jonah was a bible man. The whale looks kind and I'm not afraid of him," and Trixie went up very close. "But what makes him so floppy? I should think the whalebones in him would stiffen him."

And then Mr. Barnum explained that what we call whalebone is something that grows in the mouth of a whale, and is used as a strainer, to separate the water from the food.

They thought the shark a mean-looking creature, and they were surprised to learn that it turns on its back to bite.







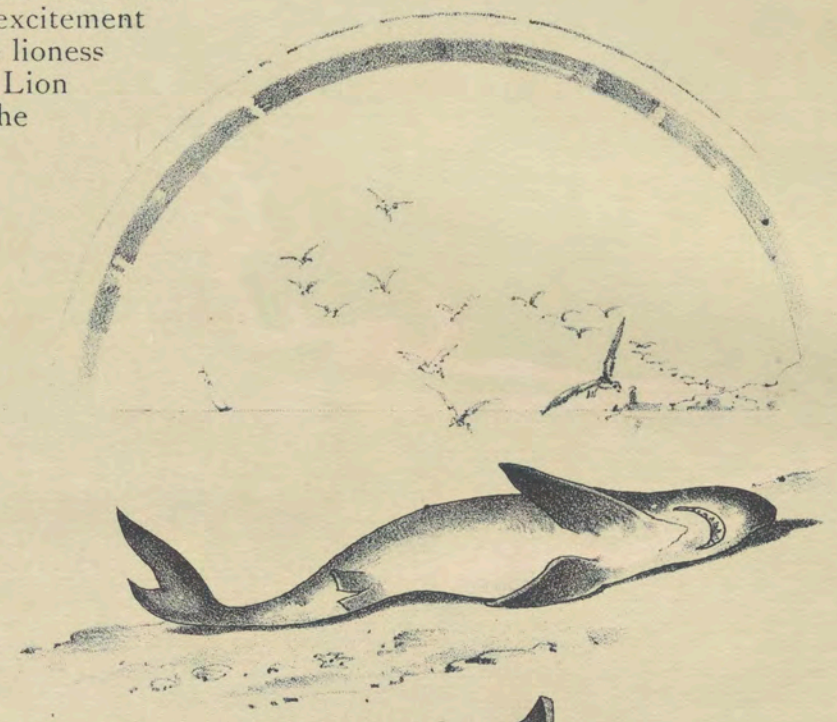


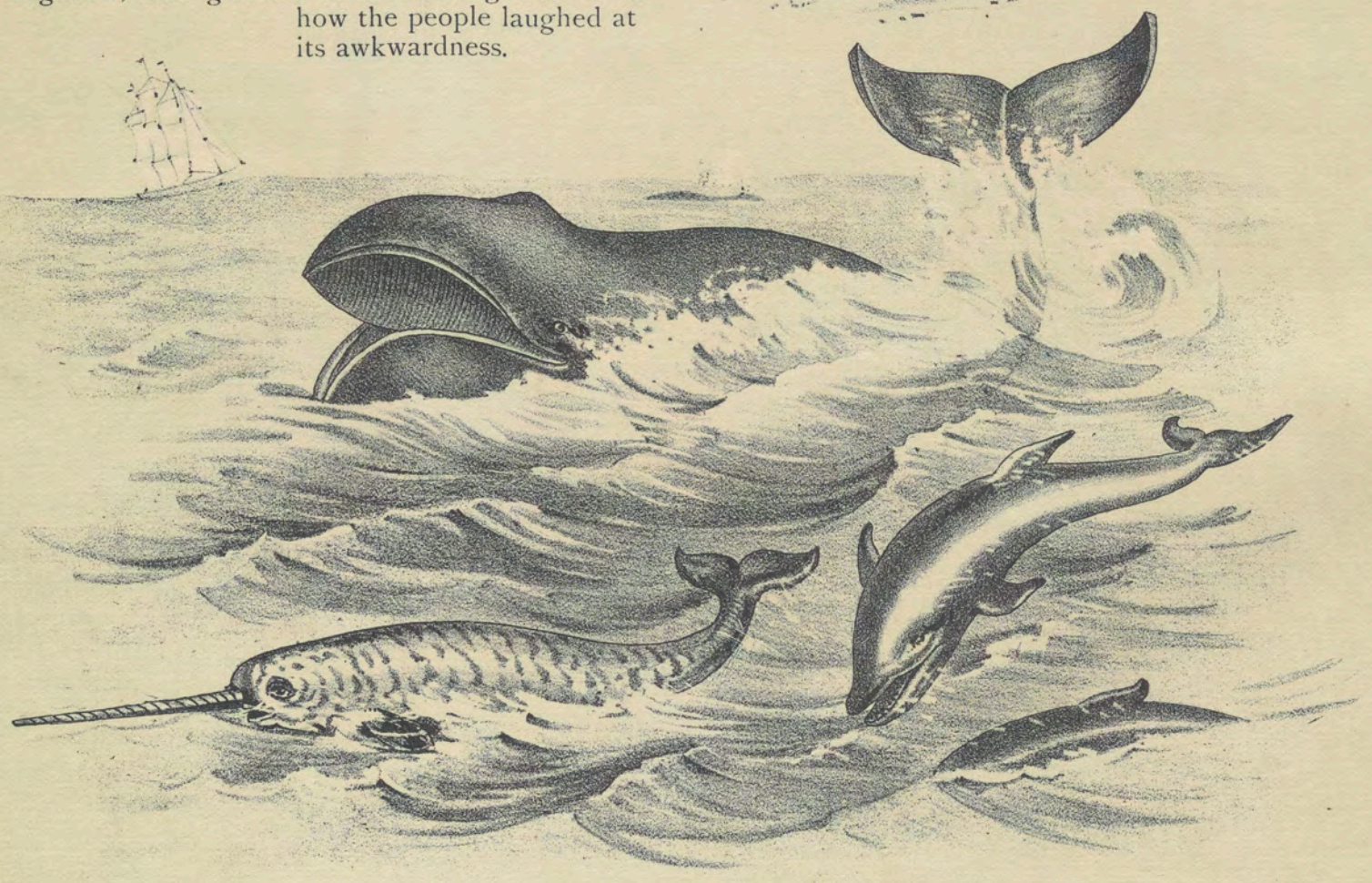
"I'm tired of fish—let us find something furious!" said Tom; so they started toward the lion's cage. The great, grand king of them all was taking his afternoon rest, and he opened his eyes and looked at them once, as if to say, "Behold and admire! I am the King of Beasts, and you are only little human Yankees! I had these bars put up to keep off the crowd. Kings must be neither pushed nor hustled." Then he waved his paw with a flourish which meant, "Begone!" and Mr. Barnum, seeing the roar coming, said, "Come on, Toodles."

But Tom staid, and he was glad that he did so. The keeper of the lions entered the cage, and the excitement began. The poor beasts were all hungry, but the lioness and the little cubs were fed first; and when King Lion seemed ready to tear the bars down in his fury, the keeper fired off a pistol, and the angry creature leaped into the air. I think even his own little baby cubs were afraid of him. When he grew quieter, he, too, was fed, and Tom ran to tell Trixie all about it.

"I am glad I did not stay," she said, "and I have had a very good time, myself. I have been looking at the giraffes in harness, and I do think they make such funny looking horses. They look very much like ostriches—*in the neck*," she added, and Mr. Barnum laughed.

The giraffe is so tall that it can take its food from high trees, and it very seldom stoops to eat. But when a piece of sugar was put on the ground, the temptation was so great that it bent its head down between its fore feet, placed near together, and gobbled with a half-glide. Oh, how the people laughed at its awkwardness.





"What would mama say if we ate like that, Trixie?" said Tom.

"You could'nt do it," said the boy who had refused to pull the elephant's "front tail."

Far off, in one corner, the children saw something which they thought, at first, was a dog, but as they came closer, it sat up like a monkey.

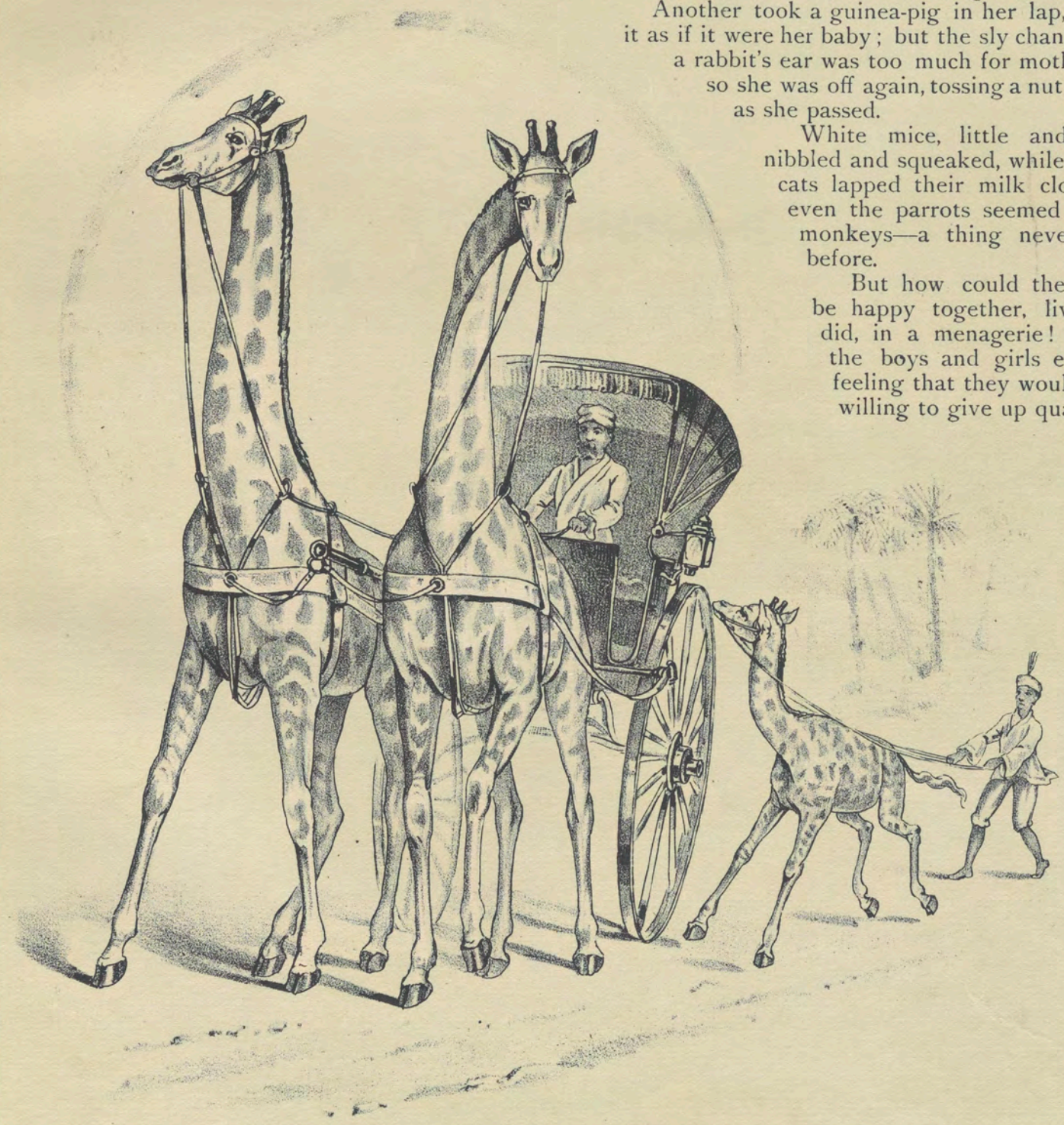
"That is a baboon," said Mr. Barnum. "It is so cross that I don't believe it has a friend in the world; while the bright-looking baby ourang-outang there, is always sure of a petting. That gray old grandfather ourang-outang, however, can be very ugly; but we must always be patient with old people," said he, smiling.

The Happy Family, they all declared, was less exciting, but quite as interesting, as the lions' cage. They had enjoyed seeing the monkeys alone, but a monkey isn't half a monkey until you see him with other animals. Two solemn, old owls sat perched in one corner, and, when a monkey flung an orange into the face of one of them, the other wouldn't even wink. A funny old gray fellow put his paw through the bars and pulled off Tom's cap, and it was only by the offer of a handful of nuts that the owner got it back.

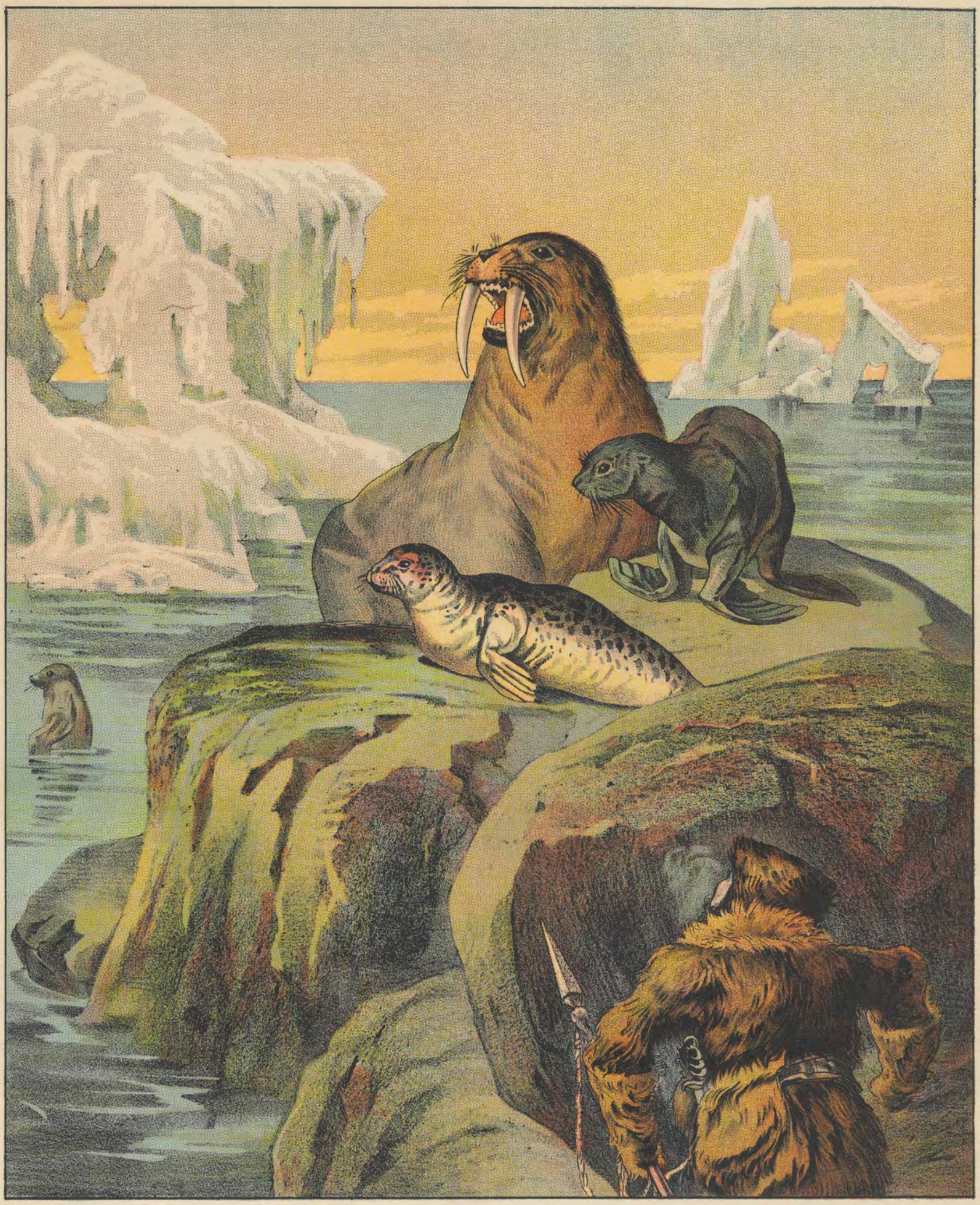
Another took a guinea-pig in her lap, and rocked it as if it were her baby; but the sly chance of pulling a rabbit's ear was too much for mother monkey, so she was off again, tossing a nut at a squirrel as she passed.

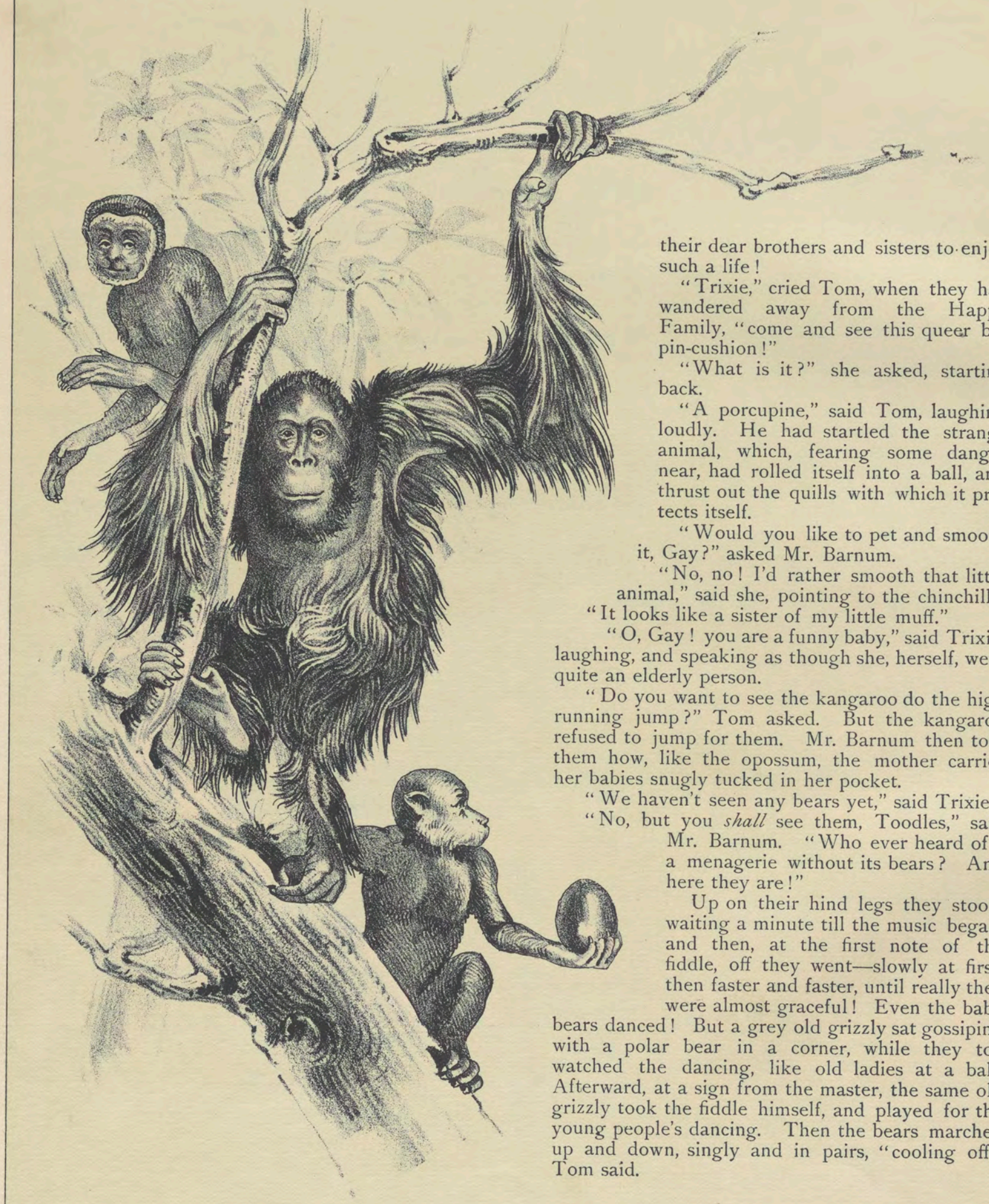
White mice, little and pink-eyed, nibbled and squeaked, while the friendly cats lapped their milk close by; and even the parrots seemed to love the monkeys—a thing never heard of before.

But how could they all fail to be happy together, living as they did, in a menagerie! Oh! how the boys and girls envied them, feeling that they would almost be willing to give up quarreling with









their dear brothers and sisters to enjoy such a life!

"Trixie," cried Tom, when they had wandered away from the Happy Family, "come and see this queer big pin-cushion!"

"What is it?" she asked, starting back.

"A porcupine," said Tom, laughing loudly. He had startled the strange animal, which, fearing some danger near, had rolled itself into a ball, and thrust out the quills with which it protects itself.

"Would you like to pet and smooth it, Gay?" asked Mr. Barnum.

"No, no! I'd rather smooth that little animal," said she, pointing to the chinchilla. "It looks like a sister of my little muff."

"O, Gay! you are a funny baby," said Trixie, laughing, and speaking as though she, herself, were quite an elderly person.

"Do you want to see the kangaroo do the high running jump?" Tom asked. But the kangaroo refused to jump for them. Mr. Barnum then told them how, like the opossum, the mother carries her babies snugly tucked in her pocket.

"We haven't seen any bears yet," said Trixie.

"No, but you *shall* see them, Toodles," said Mr. Barnum. "Who ever heard of a a menagerie without its bears? And here they are!"

Up on their hind legs they stood, waiting a minute till the music began, and then, at the first note of the fiddle, off they went—slowly at first, then faster and faster, until really they were almost graceful! Even the baby bears danced! But a grey old grizzly sat gossiping with a polar bear in a corner, while they too watched the dancing, like old ladies at a ball. Afterward, at a sign from the master, the same old grizzly took the fiddle himself, and played for the young people's dancing. Then the bears marched up and down, singly and in pairs, "cooling off," Tom said.

Trixie heard a lady say to her friend, "The *camels* are coming!" and then they both laughed, but Trixie could not see why. Sure enough, the camels *were* coming, and racing camels are even more awkward than dancing bears.

"Their backs are all broken," said Gay.

"No," said Tom, "they were born all humps and bumps—they are camels."

"Oh, yes!" said Gay. "I know—mama has got a shawl made out of one."

"And," added Tom, "he can drink enough at one time to last him a hundred years."

"Don't stretch it, sir," said Mr. Barnum, shaking his head at the boy; but Tom went on—"and he will carry you across the desert quicker than lightning!"

The snakes, and especially the boa-constrictor, made Gay shiver, and she refused to look at them after the first glance. But the others enjoyed seeing them. "Nothing that is quiet frightens me," said Trixie, "and I love to see the snakes twist and wriggle."

"I like the big green frogs," said Gay—"Ker-chong! ker-chong!" She had learned the whole frog language in an instant!

Then she straggled away with Tom, to listen to wonderful stories about the beaver, and how he builds his curious log hut; "But," added Tom, "his roof always leaks."

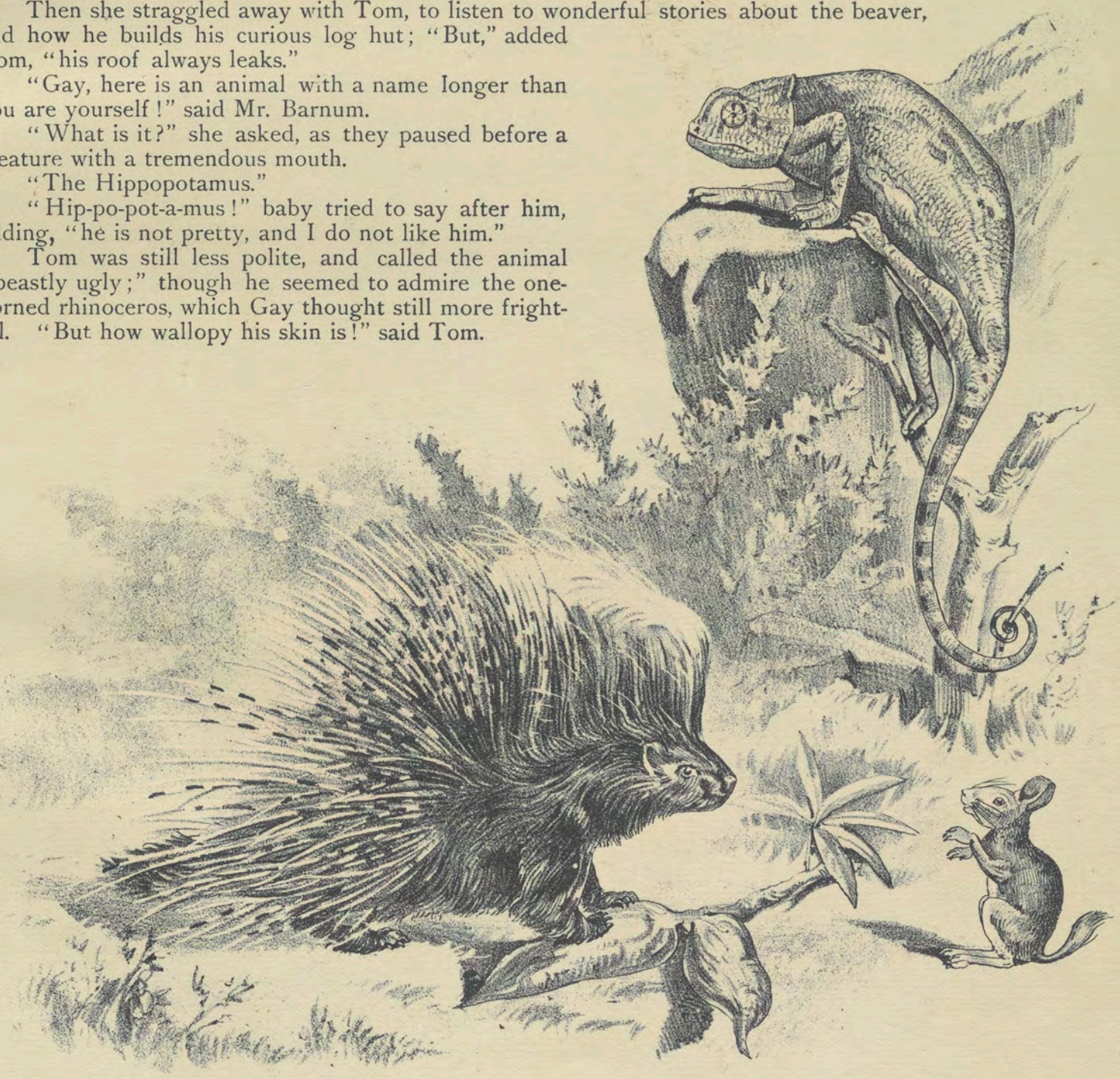
"Gay, here is an animal with a name longer than you are yourself!" said Mr. Barnum.

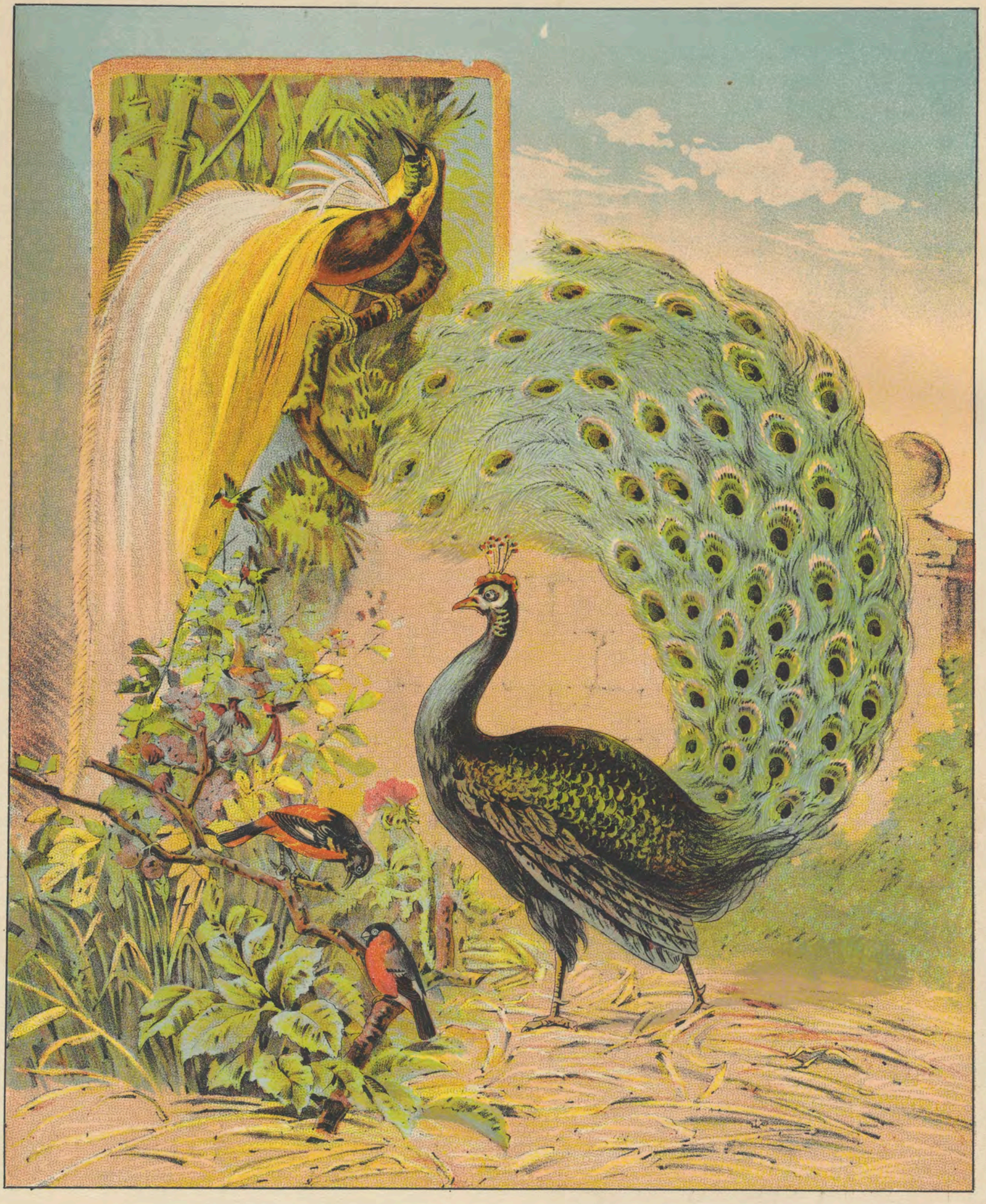
"What is it?" she asked, as they paused before a creature with a tremendous mouth.

"The Hippopotamus."

"Hip-po-pot-a-mus!" baby tried to say after him, adding, "he is not pretty, and I do not like him."

Tom was still less polite, and called the animal "beastly ugly;" though he seemed to admire the one-horned rhinoceros, which Gay thought still more frightful. "But how wallopy his skin is!" said Tom.





"Yes," said Mr. Barnum, "but he has a thinner skin under his heavy hide, which is only what Trixie would call his 'upper skirt'—eh, Toodles?" and the little girl laughed to think that he should know anything about such drapery.

When she saw the alligator she wished for his scaly skin, that she might have it made into slippers for papa.

But what had become of Gay? She had left the others, and they found her trying to stroke a downy little yellow chicken, which was just beyond her reach.

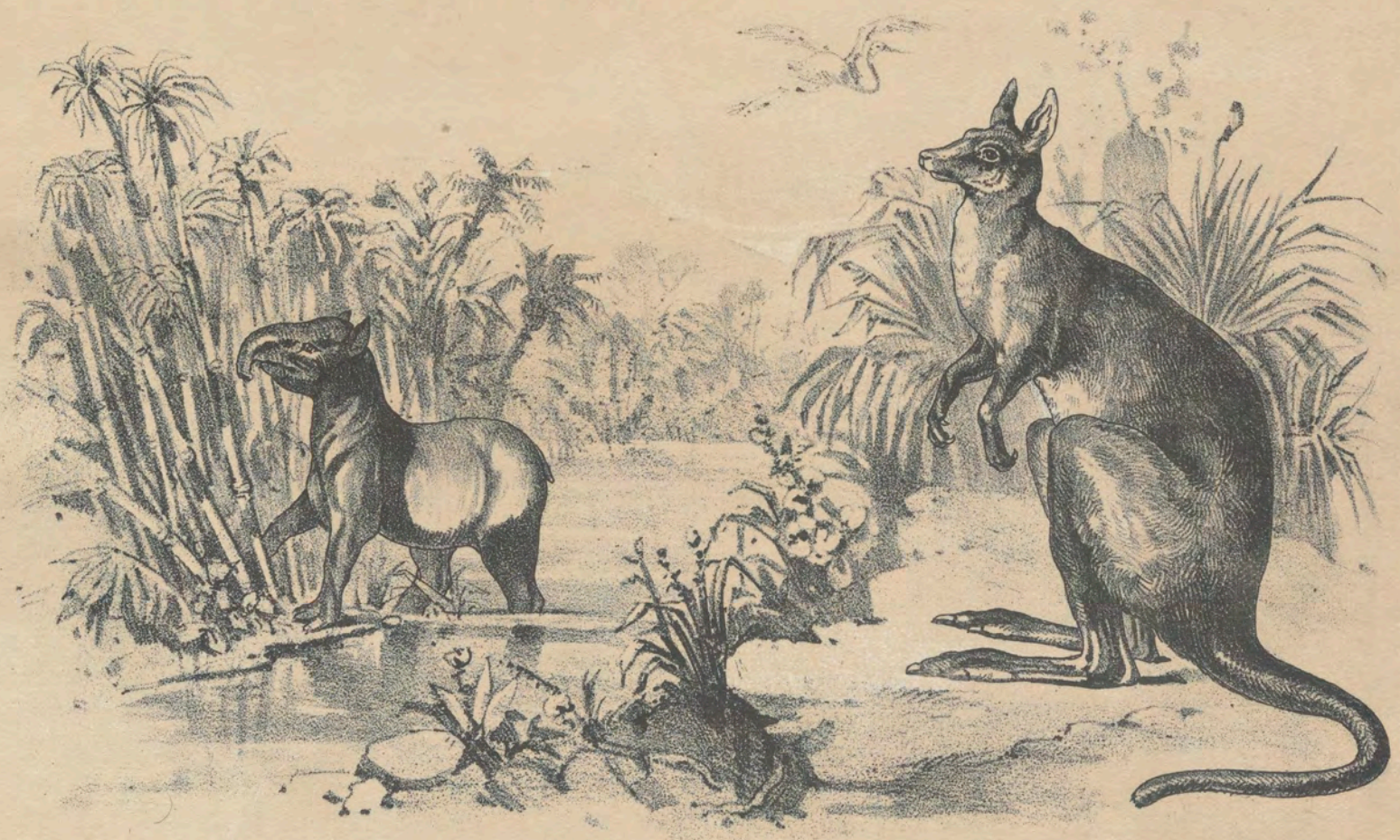
"Why this is like being in the country!" cried the delighted Trixie, looking around at the horses and the cattle, the pigs and the chickens. "Where's Tom?"

But a barn-yard scene was quite too tame for that young gentleman, who was chattering away to a funny little squat Esquimau, who did not understand a word he said. Near him were a fat seal and a walrus with two great tusks which seemed to say, "The better to eat you, my dear!"

The Esquimau and his pets had come from a far-away, cold country, where there were very few people, and I do not think they liked the crowd and the noise.

"Where are the tigers?" Tom asked, suddenly remembering that he had set his heart on being half-scared to death by the glance from a tiger's eye.





"They certainly would never forgive us if we forgot to present ourselves," said Mr. Barnum, bowing low before a cage, against the bars of which the Royal Bengal Tiger was rubbing his glossy sides, as he marched angrily backward and forward.

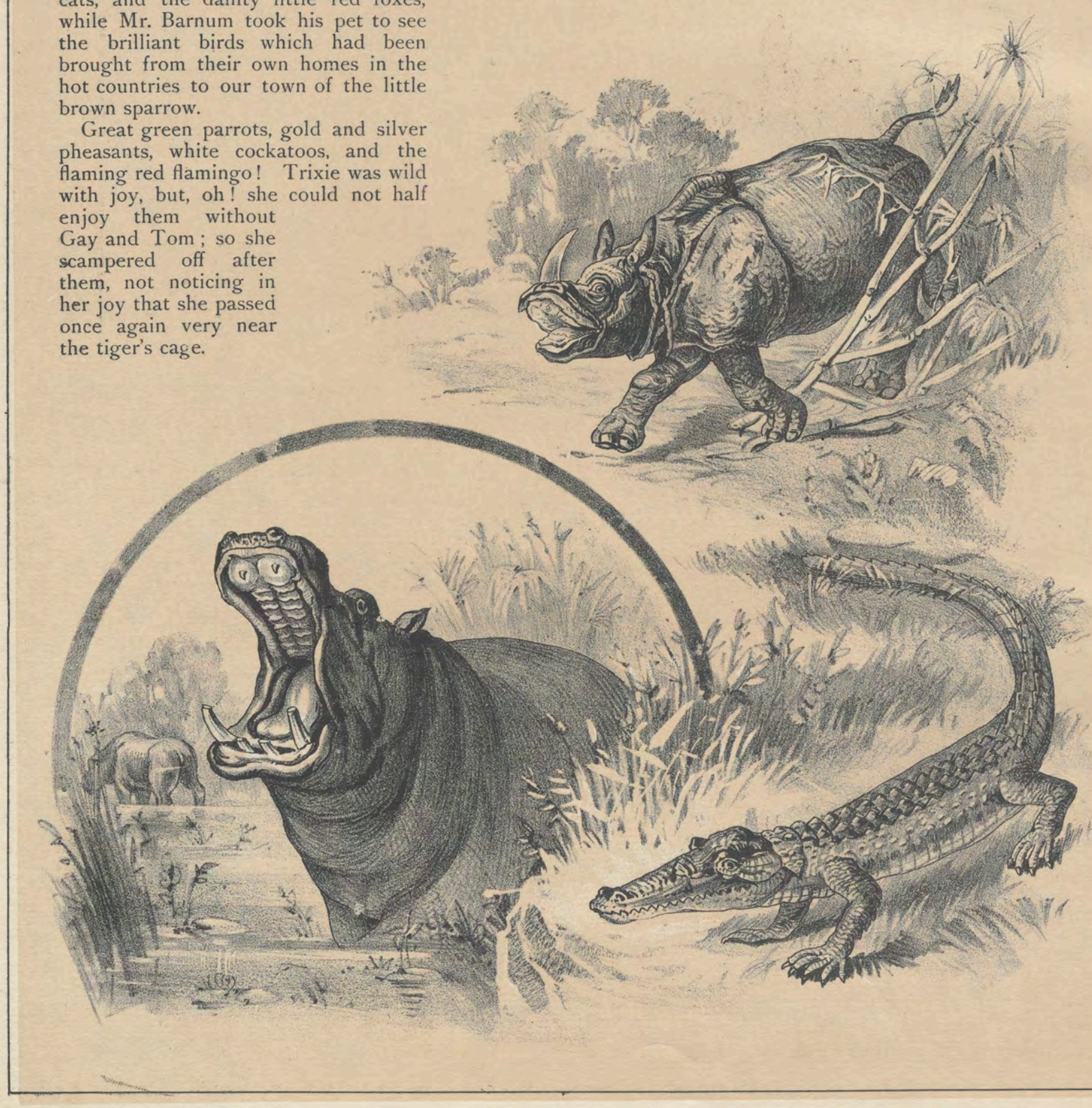
"Come away!" cried Trixie, trying to clasp her three friends in her tiny arms.

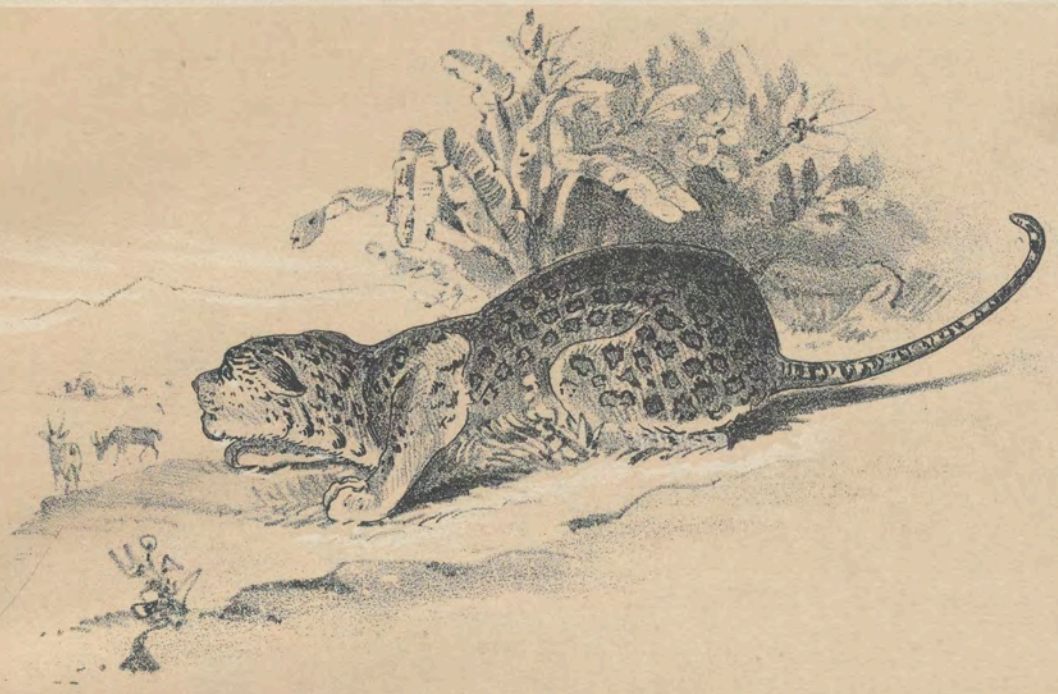
"You go, Toodles, if you are afraid," said Mr. Barnum.

"No, no!" she cried, "I will not go without you!" and she became still more frightened when she saw a beautiful, fierce-eyed leopard, and a hyena whose horrible grin showed three rows of teeth.

"The little goose!" said Tom. "See! Gay enjoys it all." And so she did, afterward going with him to look at the wolves, the wild-cats, and the dainty little red foxes, while Mr. Barnum took his pet to see the brilliant birds which had been brought from their own homes in the hot countries to our town of the little brown sparrow.

Great green parrots, gold and silver pheasants, white cockatoos, and the flaming red flamingo! Trixie was wild with joy, but, oh! she could not half enjoy them without Gay and Tom; so she scampered off after them, not noticing in her joy that she passed once again very near the tiger's cage.





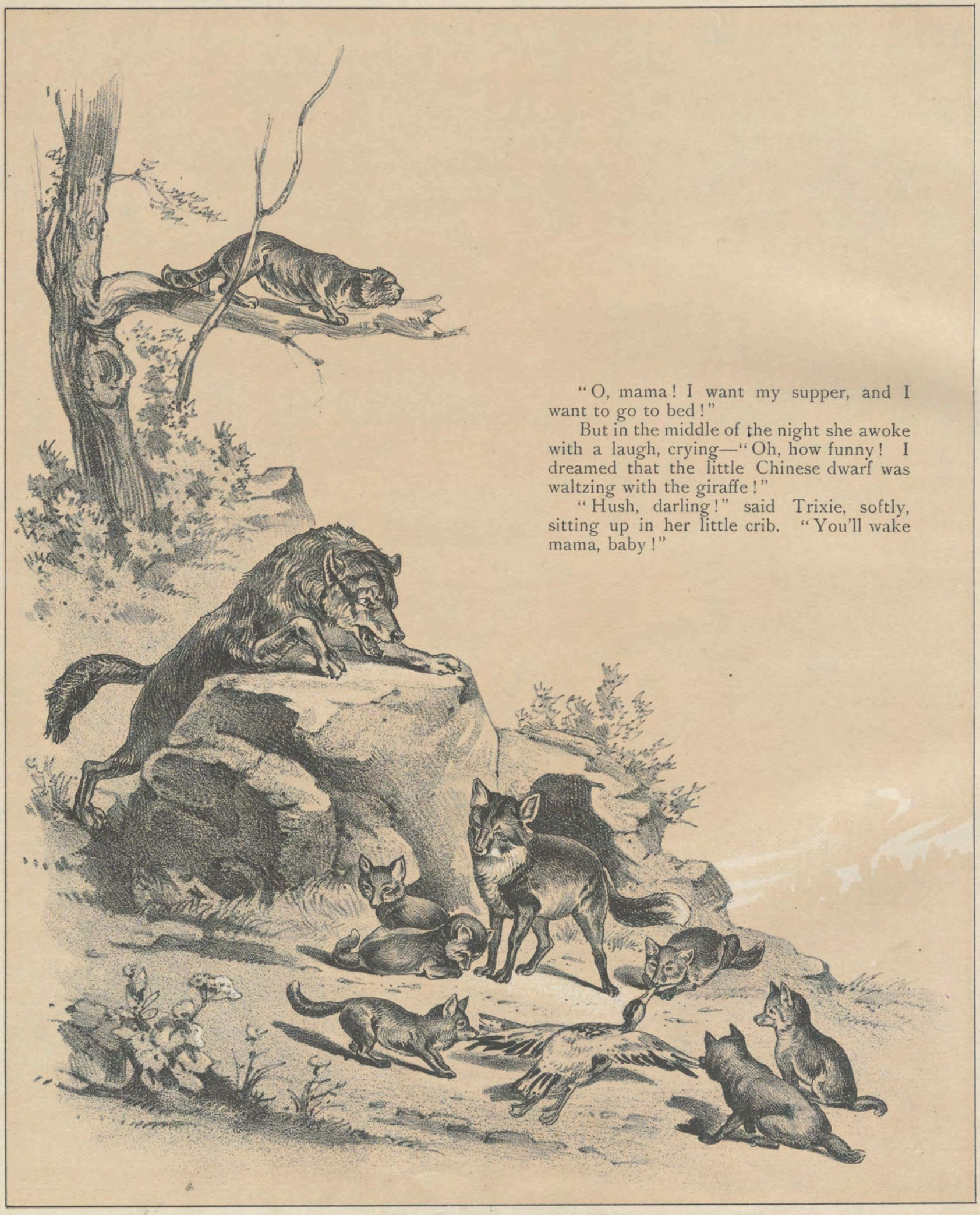
The little Bird of Paradise, with its long train of plumage which showed all the colors of the rainbow, was more beautiful than anything they had ever imagined. "Let us stay here all the rest of the day!" Gay said.

"All the rest of the day, darling!" repeated Mr. Barnum, looking at his watch,

"Why it is almost time for my own birds to be in their nest."

Yes, the sun was fast sinking in the west, and the time had come for tired little feet to turn toward home. Mama was watching for them at the parlor window, and she lifted baby in her arms as she opened the door.





"O, mama! I want my supper, and I want to go to bed!"

But in the middle of the night she awoke with a laugh, crying—"Oh, how funny! I dreamed that the little Chinese dwarf was waltzing with the giraffe!"

"Hush, darling!" said Trixie, softly, sitting up in her little crib. "You'll wake mama, baby!"

