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BARNUM'S NEW FREAKS.

The freaks are the most novel attraction of Barnum and Bailey's glorified circus show, and the management are very wise in adding new features to their distorted Nature's department. The greatest of these is perhaps the smallest. The Hibernian description of perhaps the tiniest dwarf that has ever been seen in this country, "Great Power the Small," is

LITTLE PETER.



THE TALLEST BLACK GIANT ON EARTH. very applicable. He is so small that you would have to search for him in a medium-sized Gladstone bag, while he could make a comfortable dwelling-place of a milk hat. His hands are of such a minute size that you have to look through a magnifying glass for his finger nails—that is, if your eyesight is not as good as it used to be. He could play hide-and-seek in his own hair's curls, and it would be difficult to find him. I went down to interview him, but his health is very delicate, and they would not let him out of his box of cotton-wool, so I had to be content with the Orson Twins and a black giant. We had some little difficulty in finding the black Bushboresagan. We went to various places, but either got hold of the pig-faced lady, the soap-bull—I mean, soap scum, or the What-Ais't-it. But at last we applied to a local restaurateur. "Have you a giant on the premises?" I inquired of the lady that answered the side door. "Not as I know of," answered the fair custodian of the door. "We have a gentleman that expands and a fire dwarf. Let me see." "He's black," said I. "Ah, yes, now I come to remember. Yes, there is a dark specimen at the top. I didn't know he was a giant! I've only seen him sitting down—thought he was one of the Mohawks. Give this way; you'll find him right at the top of the house." We climbed 2 or 4 flights, and found our Mr. and Mrs. Congre playing at dominoes with a lady. His face wore a very good-natured look, but he had to be careful when he rose from his chair to greet us. As it was, his head met the ceiling with a bang. "Tallest room in the house," said our black giant, showing his white teeth. "Put me up here so in case I growed." I could then shoot through the roof, and disturb none of the other lodgers. I was born in the Congo Free State. My mother and father are still alive. Yes, I feel it awkward if I want to take a constitutional; have to get up very early in the morning, average. My favorite amusements are codium, poker, and dominos. I like marbles, but it makes my back ache scooping. Nothing more I can tell you. Well, good day, and with that I left him with the double-six to play out of his head.

The next pair we visited—and a very inseparable pair they are—were the Orson Twins. She is—I mean, they are—a very nice young girl, divided, yet joined. Its age is 12. They were born at Orson, in India. They played fun at me, and suffer from the heat



THE ORSON TWINS.

of spirits. They say they will never leave each other. They can't as long as that ligament joins their sides together. They speak excellent English, and dance together in a very engaging fashion. Most of last year's freaks are still with the "greatest show on earth." There is also a wonderfully clever gentleman described as "the Paper King." He tears with his fingers, in a most rapid fashion, intricate and delicate designs out of plain paper, without any preparation. Truly the freaks are freaks. And nobody can wonder why it is so difficult to stifle the demands of West Hampton—they are used to seeing strange things since the mammoth circus strolled in their midst.

Mr. G. H. Turner, general manager of the Midland R.Co., has been elected chairman of the Board of Management of the Railway Benevolent Institution, in succession to Sir H. Oakley.

An illuminated address and sum of £20 have been presented to Mr. M. T. Maggs, by the old boys of St. Mary Magdalene's School, Cyprus Testing. The institution is to be discontinued.