

**[Leaflet detailing the "Life and history of the great Irish Giant, Patrick O'Brien, his mammoth bride, Christianna, the great German Giantess and their infant son" at Barnard's Amphitheatre, Portsmouth, 31 January 1887].**

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A *Hatchet* reporter called on Mr. O'Brien about lunch time yesterday, and was invited by the monarch of human flesh and blood to "take a bite" with him. The pate thrown out was of the character calculated to catch the knight of the Faber and he

**THE GIANT & THE DIMINUTIVE REPORTER.**  
 Pat, may your future troubles be little ones.  
 be able to repay his parents' love and devotion with interest. pride is pardonable, for he is a fine youngster, and will some day and their pride in and love for their boy is intense. And their Schaller and his estimable lady. The big people are big hearted, made their guests at home, and were ably seconded by Mr. surrounding Mr. Schaller's neat home. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien party, children and all, had a delightful time under the trees in social converse. The day was warm and balmy, and the com- the company without stint, and an enjoyable hour or so was spent christening, refreshments, both liquid and solid, were served to Schaller, Mrs. Jacob Veith, and Mrs. Phena Great. After the Gilbert, and Mr. Fred Schaller; the godmothers, Mrs. Fred The godfathers were George Starr, represented by Mr. Chas. Jacob Veith, Mr. and Mrs. Al S. Tippets, and Mr. S. A. Crawford. and Mrs. I. C. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Emma Dougherty, Mrs. Phena Great, Mrs. Jacob Schaller, Mr. D. R. Saunders and Wife, Sheriff O. P. Baggett and Wife, Dr. guests, among whom were Judge M. C. Crawford and Wife, Dr. German tongue, and were witnessed by a number of invited beautiful and impressive. The exercises were conducted in the

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of Mr. Fred Schaller, and as conducted by Mr. Meyer was very being of that faith. The ceremony took place at the residence German Lutheran Church, a few miles south of town, Mrs. O'Brien the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Meyer, pastor of the solemnly christened Alfred Frederick Starr Sanders O'Brien, Sunday last the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien was first recorded offspring of giants that has been born alive. over married in this country, and the birth of their boy is the eighteen months ago in Pittsburg. They are the only giants are each nearly eight feet in height, and were married about to his father, Pat O'Brien, the famous Irish giant. The parents formed in every respect, and is said to bear a striking resemblance at birth and is nearly two feet in height. He is perfectly the giantess, gave birth to a boy. The child weighed 21 pounds, done homo, III., April 21.—Last night Mrs. Annie O'Brien,

**THE GIANTS' BABY.**

blankets and pillows were made for the couch. being improvised at the open end. Special mattresses, sheets, It was made of two beds, placed side-wise, foot and head boards trouble to prepare a nuptial couch for the newly wedded giants. The proprietors of the Hamilton House were put to considerable in magnificent style. for this novel and absorbing wedding, everything was arranged Museum, great credit is due for the capital arrangements made To Mr. G. O. Starr, the efficient and popular manager of Harris'

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**BARNARD'S  
 AMPHITHEATRE,  
 PORTSMOUTH.**

**FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,  
 COMMENCING  
 Monday, January 31st, 1887.**

Notwithstanding the great Expense attending this engagement, there will be

**NO ADVANCE IN PRICES**

**LIFE AND HISTORY**

OF THE

**GREAT IRISH GIANT,**

**PATRICK O'BRIEN,**

**HIS MAMMOTH BRIDE,**

**THE GREAT**

**GERMAN GIANTESS,**

**AND THEIR**

**INFANT SON,**

The only offspring of Giant Parents.

The Irish giant and his bride received quite a number of very handsome and costly wedding presents. They also received congratulatory telegrams from Chang, the Chinese giant, who wished their faces to shine with fatness and pleasure, and from Capt. Bates, the giant, P. T. Barnum, the Dahomey giant, Adam Forepaugh, Millie Christine, the two-headed lady, who sent double congratulations, the Texas giant brothers, and Col. Goschen, the Palestine giant, who telegraphed, "Kiss the bride for me. May you both be as happy as you are big."

The reception at Harris' Museum continued until 9 p.m., and it is safe to say that 5,000 persons called and paid their respects. The bride's costume attracted general attention from the ladies. At 11 o'clock the giant and his bride with about a hundred friends and invited guests enjoyed a grand wedding feast at the Hamilton House. The bills of fare were handsomely printed and were headed "Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, Giants Reception, and Colossal Reception." The menu was a most substantial one, embracing: Clam soup, a la P. T. Barnum; boiled lake salmon, a la A. Forepaugh; oysters, ex-Mayor Britton style, crouquet of chicken, Albino fashion, boiled oysters, a la Astee, French peas, a la Starr, and hundreds of other dishes. The wedding cake was as big as a cellar door, and a loaf of bread, presented by S. S. Marvin & Co., would have made a creditable barber's pole. During the banquet Mrs. O'Brien was presented by her friend, Harry McCloskey, with a costly set of jewelry including a mammoth finger ring. At midnight the party dispersed wishing the big couple unalloyed luck and pleasure through life.

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## THE UNION OF THE GIANTS.

The wedding of the giants took place at 11 a.m., yesterday, as per announcement, in the German Protestant Church, at Smithfield Street, and Sixth Avenue. The contracting parties were Patrick William Parsons O'Brien, 7 feet 11 inches high, weight 296 pounds, and Christanna D. Dunz, 7 feet 4 inches high, weight 313 pounds. The groom was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1853, and the bride at Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1863. At eleven o'clock the organ began pouring out the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march. Every eye was turned toward the doorway to note the entrance of the bridal party, led by Manager G. O. Starr and Director Chalet in the gay uniform of the museum, with white cravats and gloves, and fragrant bouquets. Next came Mr. and Mrs. Freidenborg, the foster father and mother of Miss Dunz, followed by the towering forms of the bride and groom, both elegantly attired. When Rev. Mr. Ruoff began the marriage service in English there was perfect silence. The groom's response came in a sharp, clear voice, while the bride's was smothered by tears. When the service was over the bride hurriedly drew off her immense white glove to allow the wedding ring to be placed on her finger. Then the groom tried to open the veil which covered her face. He fumbled around in a clumsy way for a moment, and then gave it a quick twitch, and bending down kissed the bride with a smack which resounded through the whole church, and caused a hearty round of applause. There was then a rush from all sides to congratulate the bride and groom, and shake hands with them.

Captain O'Brien is a lineal descendant of the great Irish giant O'Brien who lived in the last century, and whose skeleton is now an object of wonder and admiration in the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, measuring 7 feet 9 inches.

Herald, 1885.

Pat O'Brien is just tall enough to whisper to a coachman when sitting in an upright position on his box, but he takes good care his wife has no conversations with coachmen.—New York Herald, 1885.

Louisville, Ky., in a theatre in the presence of 3,000 people. was from Wurtemberg, Germany, and they were married at celerity. In conversation with the reporter he said that his wife stewed tomatoes, two mince pies, and an endless amount of monument of slices of bread, six cups of coffee, a large dish of potatoes, two pounds of porter-house steak, fried onions, a "bite." O'Brien's "bite" consisted of half-a-peck of Irish the giant and the diminutive reporter sat down to take the were proposed, and after taking a giant drink of the best whisky, least sensitive about it. On arriving at the restaurant drinks his peculiarity. He joked about his size, and was not in the monstrosities in the matter of sociability and sensibility about being a monstrosity in size he was an exception to all other friend. O'Brien was found to be a typical Irishman, and besides making him as much an object of the public gaze as his tall himself walking beside the giant, the discrepancy in their sizes five-foot reporter fully realized his insignificance when he found bit. The route to the restaurant led down the Avenue and the

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"Col. O'Brien, Mr. President," said one of the ushers at the White House Matinee to-day, as the President reached forward to grasp the hand which could probably squeeze into a No. 19 glove. The President looked straight ahead, and his eyes met the lower button on his caller's vest. Not finding a smiling face at that height he raised his eyes gradually until they had reached an elevation of 7 feet 6 inches, and in the meantime the President's head was thrown back to such a degree that his standing collar almost collapsed. When he realized that he was standing face to face with a real live circus giant a broad smile spread over his countenance, and the crowd of by-standers could not help laughing at the deliberate manner in which the President's eyes wandered up the broad coat front until the face of the giant came in sight. To render the situation more comical there was a dwarf in the line, and when he reached the President and clutched at the latter with two hands there was another outburst of laughter at the President's remark, "We are having the long and the short of it to-day."

Pat O'Brien's (the giant) coat is just five feet seven inches in length, while six children could be supplied with two suits each with the cloth it requires to make a dress for his giant wife.

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