

**A troubled and impecunious giant was brought up at Bow-street the other day before the presiding magistrate. : His name was James Patrick Tolley, aged forty-eight, standing seven feet five inches in his stockings ...**

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A TROUBLED and impecunious giant was brought up at Bow-street the other day before the prebendary magistrate. His name was JAMES PATRICK TOLLEY, aged forty-eight, standing seven feet five inches in his stockings. There are points about this "son of Anak" which at once awaken interest, apart from the temporary difficulty into which he had fallen with the police. If not of such commanding stature as some of his colossal brethren recently exhibited, JAMES TOLLEY still walks, like SAUL, a head and shoulders above the tallest ordinary person, and is "well-proportioned," which is a rare thing with giants. Experience has shown that these immense people generally go weak at the knees, are lymphatic, ill-shaped, and even deformed, and seldom live to middle age. But JAMES, as he towered in the dock at Bow-street—making the most stalwart police-officer look dwarfish—was at once a good-looking, finely-framed, and middle-aged giant, his size and strength casting a sort of lustre on the Lilliputian guardians of the peace who had arrested such a GULLIVER. A giant in trouble seems in itself a contradiction in terms. What is the good—one asks—of being so prodigious, if these Anakim—when they get into difficulties—do not uproot trees for weapons, throw rocks about, and generally behave in the heroically violent manner of all ancient giants, from ANTEUS to BEUNERDORF? As a matter of fact, they never do. Nothing can be meaner or more disgraced than their average behaviour in modern times, since JACK exemplified their utter helplessness when matched against little men, and brought so many of them to ludicrous grief. Giants seem never to have recovered from the perusal of nursery literature, and JAMES TOLLEY at Bow-street—in place of "smelling the blood" of the magistrate, and replying to the charge with "Fee-Fo-Fum!"—was characteristically despondent. The momentary burst of vigour which he had displayed in Tottenham-court-road on the previous night was due, perhaps, to his Irish extraction, and we fear also to his native liquor, whiskey. He announced himself as born in county Carlow, and confessed to the inebriation. Police-constable 46 D R had met TOLLEY staggering down "the road," and was accosted by the Colossus with the demand that he should write down the number of one of the houses in his book. The officer naturally declined, whereupon the giant said "he would make him," and therewith struck the representative of law. A melodramatic struggle ensued, in the course of which, like ANTEUS, JAMES threw himself on the ground; but did not, like the classical Titan, derive strength from the manoeuvre to overcome his opponents, who conveyed him, "not without much difficulty," to the station. Questioned upon his conduct by the magistrate, TOLLEY explained that he had been exhibiting himself in Belgium, where they had confiscated his show and some paintings and property, besides casting him into prison for the space of three weeks. He was now seeking an engagement here for the Easter season, and had been betrayed into impropriety by a sense of his wrongs abroad and the low value set upon giants at home. Sir JAMES INGHAM displayed a wise leniency towards the disconsolate and suffering monster. He felt, indeed, constrained to fine the Irish Giant ten shillings, with seven days' imprisonment in default; but when no money was forthcoming the worthy magistrate gave this vast prisoner a week to pay it in, and JAMES TOLLEY is at large again, seeking to satisfy justice and to obtain an engagement.

In sad truth, the age is hard upon giants. Time was when it was a fine thing to measure anything near eight or nine feet of flesh and bones. The great man lived in a castle, with enormous gates and doors, where he could pass without knocking his head; he could drink out of huge bowls as much strong liquor as he pleased without interference by the police; there were babies for breakfast to be had by the score, and all the sheep and oxen of the neighbourhood; with, probably, some gigantic comrades in the vicinity who could have tackled half the A Division at a pinch. People in those times made beds in which a giant could stretch his legs to sleep; and there were big things about to keep him in countenance—Dragons of Wantley, Dun Cow of Warwick, and what not. While he lived nobody dared even to offer him an engagement at a show, and when he died, instead of being set up in a pathological museum with all his bones horribly cleansed and polished and his joints articulated with iron wire, he was respectfully buried in a grave ever so many sizes too large even for his actual dimensions, like that of sixty cubits long, which PLUTARCH says was occupied by SEN-

BONES. It was eminently respectable, moreover, as well as convenient, to be gigantic; witness the tombs of EVE at Jeddah, of JOSHUA in Samaria, and of NOAH near Ararat, all of which are over fifty feet in length. Later on, too, as in the reign of FREDERICK the Great, there was satisfaction as well as profit in enormous stature. An exceptionally tall man might get into the Royal Guards, and have a strapping Prussian wife selected and dowried for him; while, although sadly easy to hit in battle, he would be held too precious for any reckless exposure. Nowadays, however, there are always just enough of giants to spoil the market and render Anakim commonplace, but not enough to ensure proper accommodation for them. Where can a poor Titan of modern times find a bed long enough for his legs, a chair which may be trusted to bear him, a door which he can enter without knocking off his hat and being laughed at, mugs and glasses proportioned to his immense interior capacity, a house where he will not encounter the insulting narrative of JACK the Giant-killer, a church where he may not hear how his ancestor GOLIATH was "polished off" by little DAVID, the shepherd-boy, with a sling and a stone? Who, at this hour, respects even GOG and MAGOG, the once mighty guardians of the City? The cabs are all too low, the committees too narrow, the seats at chop-houses and cafes too miserably cramped, the boots and ready-made clothes, the knives and forks and spoons, the hats and pocket-handkerchiefs too small and utterly insignificant, for such unfortunate survivors of fabulous antiquity as JAMES TOLLEY and his like. We do not wonder that the heart of Sir JAMES INGHAM softened a little towards this hapless son of Anak, stranded by Dame Nature's vagaries on the unromantic pavements of Tottenham-court-road, like a mammoth or mastodon in a Sussex dairy farm. What, after all, can a modern giant do, especially when his yellow caravan and his travelling drop-scene are in pawn, except to drown some of his sorrows in the bowl, and then assault the police in order to obtain advertisement, or at the least a little public compassion? The position is deplorably embarrassing and without compensation, for it is a serious fact that most giants have an appetite, both for meat and drink, proportioned to their bulk. They need more than other men, therefore, in a society painfully indifferent alike to their claims and necessities; and, if they come forth to look for employment, they spoil their own chances by letting all the world see them for nothing; while irreverent street-boys jeer at them, and a pious generation salutes their sublime proportions with irreverent exclamations, or asks insultingly if they go up ladders to slave themselves.

What makes it bitterer, too, for giants is the favour shown by society, by nature, by history, by fortune, and, in fact, everything else, to dwarfs. Your dwarf lives twice as long as the man six or eight times his size; earns a great deal more money in a show; always gets the best of giants in a story; is generally clever and cunning; figures in records as a favourite at Courts, and is often rich, powerful, and famous. Look at PHILETUS, the poet, friend of HIPPOCRATES, who was so small that he was obliged to load his pockets with stones, lest the wind should blow him away; or the Egyptian dwarf mentioned in NECEPHORUS CALISTUS, who had a city given to him by PROLEMY because he "did not exceed a partridge in size." When did a giant ever get luck like that? ANTEUS, indeed, speaks of one ANISTATUS, a dwarf so tiny that a queen carried him in her pocket—a statement well calculated to make giants mad, albeit there is still some comfort to be had from the grand Beoldingean chapters of Dean SWIFT's book, and from the barbarous condition of the pygmy people inhabiting certain regions of Central Africa. With what secret admiration must such persons as JAMES PATRICK TOLLEY read about the charms of stately GUNDAULF, GULLIVER's magnificent mistress; with what gratitude of the Cranes, who used to do battle with the Dwarfs, and gobble them up like earth-worms! Yet the fact remains that giants are next to helpless in the present condition of the world, belated marvels belonging to a different age, wanderers from primeval story-books, done with and obsolete in our epoch of general averages and dead levels. Can no suitable employment be found for them? Must every unlucky man and woman with twenty-four inches too much of flesh and bone expiate the sins and appetites of Cornish BEUNERDORFS and Scandinavian YMS by spending his cheerless days in a yellow caravan, perhaps in the company of a spiteful and yet popular dwarf? Something ought certainly to be done for giants before the time comes merely to label them and meanly put them on pedestals in medical museums, with measurements in the catalogue.



