

The English Tom Thumb at the Egyptian Hall Piccadilly, daily, from 2 to 4, evening, 7 to 9 ...

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THE ENGLISH TOM THUMB

AT THE
EGYPTIAN HALL
PICCADILLY,
DAILY, FROM 2 TO 4,
EVENING, 7 TO 9.

Sir JAMES CLARKE & Dr. LOCOCK,
Her Majesty's Physicians, have pronounced him to be the
MOST SYMMETRICAL DWARF IN THE WORLD!

HIS REPRESENTATION OF THE DEATH OF
SHAW, THE LIFE GUARDSMAN,

Has been pronounced by the Public Press to be Inimitable,
HIS OTHER
SCENES IN FULL COSTUME!

WITH
SONGS AND DANCES

ARE
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY,
THE SOMERSETSHIRE POACHER,
JOHN BULL !!

THE BRITISH SAILOR !!

AND
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE!

OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

From the Morning Post.

The English Tom Thumb may justly be considered one of the greatest exhibition ever beheld. His height is only thirty-four inches, and his age is stated to be sixteen. Indeed the marks of time on his countenance present the supposition that he is a mere child. His performance are various and curious. He personates John Bull as he is, the "Old English Gentleman" as he was, and he executes the parts of a British Sailor, and Napoleon, of Shaw the Life Guardsman, and of a poacher from Somersetshire, in which country this tiny prodigy was born. In the exhibition, songs are introduced, which the little fellow sings with much spirit, and the gentlemanly actors exhibiting the heroic feats and the death of Shaw the Life Guardsman in very good. Little John Bull is said not to have grown since he was four years old, and when compared with a child of five years he appears a full year less, though his countenance is aged. "We have no doubt his services will be attended by crowds of little folks, anxious to contrast their own several proportions with the insignificant-looking form of this youth of sixteen. The American General is about to retreat at the approach of his powerful rival, John Bull, for, even though thus reduced, John is more than a match for Napoleon."

From the English Gentleman.

A dwarf, fifty times more gentle, and a hundred times stronger than Tom Thumb, has appeared in London, and may be visited daily and evening. Tom Thumb, alarmed at the presence of this interesting pigmy, has executed his retreat, leaving the field clear to his English successor,—a curious prodigy of the possible results of an Oregon war. "Two men whose feet in the same hemisphere," nor can great London "brook the double reign" of the diminutive Tom and the gigantic John. The latter is not a standard child, trained to move about in certain costumes, but a bold, full manly, whose mind has got considerably in advance of his body. His singing the "Fine Old English Gentleman" is a noble treat in its way.

From the Era.

His height is something above that of Tom Thumb, and his weight corresponds, but the General shows in another sort of field, our tiny countryman asserting "The Old English Gentleman," "Napoleon," the "British Tar" (not Long Tom, most assuredly), and a "Somersetshire Poacher," of which country he is a native, and supplanting the miniature feats of Shaw, the Life Guard hero of Waterloo. He sustains each character—sings, dances, and while the broadsword, and altogether shows so different a creature from his Yankee competitor, that we predict for Master Gurnsey, or Master Gurnsey, as he renders sixteen years, and may be more than ordinarily tedious of the title to husband, which he would never gain by stature, a complete success, with an early notice to Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace.

From the Illustrated News.

The Illustrated London News, of January 3, 1846, in addition to presenting its readers with a beautifully engraved portrait of the English Tom Thumb, in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, thus proceeds:—"The American General has been succeeded by the miniature John Bull, or, as he has been rechristened,—the English Tom Thumb." The article of his birth gives him to be 15 years of age, though he resembles a child of four; he was born at Kettlewell, near Wetherby, as we lately stated. He executes various performances, introducing songs, pantomime feats, &c., to the delight of a listening audience. A spirited portrait of this new little giant has just been published by Mr. Moore, of Wood-street, St. Martin's Lane.

(From the Britannia.)

The new dwarf appeals to our national sympathies, for he is of English birth, being a native of Somersetshire. Exclusive of the claim set up for him on this head, he possesses many advantages, physical and intellectual, over his transatlantic rival. He is sixteen years of age, only thirty-four inches high, and has not, we are informed, grown an inch since he was four years old. Unlike other dwarfs, he is not misshapen, but is perfectly symmetrical, and has been examined by several of the most eminent members of the faculty, including Sir James Clark's physician, Sir James Clark, and Dr. Leech, Dr. Ferguson, and Dr. Dubouche, &c., who have all pronounced him to be the most complete dwarf they had ever beheld, without the slightest deformity, and his limbs proportionate in every respect. He has a most expressive countenance; and as regards vivacity and humour, he completely puts all other dwarfs, English or foreign, into the shade. He is certainly a most gifted boy, and his guardians have spared neither pains nor expense to procure him the best education to cultivate his natural powers. He possesses great versatility. He makes his appearance as John Bull, then changes into the British Tar, and dances a nautical hornpipe; he is T. F. Cooke; afterwards gives imitations of Napoleon, then enters as the old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, in the magnificent costume of the period, bag-wig in powder, ruffles, velvet, and all. Having danced the Minuet de la Cour, he assumes the garb of the Somersetshire poacher, and sings the well-known air "For it is my delight, of a shanty night." His concluding act, the death of Shaw the Life Guardsman, is inimitable; and his appearance in his red coat with epaulettes, his helmet, shining sabre, and carrying box, his long sword, buckskin, and jack boots, is extremely picturesque. His personification in this scene is most complete. It is description of his leaving his native village—of his appearance as a hero—of his outburst—of the cavalry evolutions, with the band of swordsmen. The trumpet sounds, and he joins in his accoutrements and prepares for battle; he then represents the charge, and seeing the colours of his regiment, cheerfully defends the flag, till at last he is overpowered, and falls; he partially recovers himself, and when firing his pistol, sees his fate, and strikes out boldly. A discharge of musketry is now heard, and battle is shortly decided. He appears in the agonies of death, and getting on his knees utters a short prayer, and wrapping the crimson around around him, dies kissing his mother's portrait. The exhibition during the past week has been crowded by thousands, especially in particular. We hear that the new "Tom Thumb" is shortly to appear at court."

From the Pictorial Times.

The Pictorial Times of January 2nd, 1846, is a very lengthened article concerning Dwarf's in general, and especially of three distinctive personages, viz. Jeffery Hudson, a hideous dwarf from Montserrat; and the English Tom Thumb, as Shaw, the Life-Guardsman, and conclude their remarks thus:—

"There is no instance, till lately, of a dwarf distinguished for talents; they were generally dull, stupid fellows, as reasonable for the pretences of mind as they were for smallness of bodily proportions. Tom Thumb was the first who exhibited any thing like common sense or social sympathies, and he accordingly became immensely popular. But in this last week we have been introduced to another—and an English—"Topsy," who altogether eclipses his American predecessor in intellectual power, and in the happy faculty of using it for the amusement of the public and himself. We may now introduce our new and unknown friend to the public. He is a native of Kettlewell, near Thaxton, in Somersetshire, is sixteen years of age, and stands only thirty-four inches in height, and has not grown an inch since he was four years old. Unlike other dwarfs, he is not misshapen, but is perfectly symmetrical, and has been examined by several of the most eminent members of the faculty, including Sir James Clark's physician, Sir James Clark, and Dr. Leech, Dr. Ferguson, and Dr. Dubouche, &c., who have all pronounced him to be the most complete dwarf they had ever beheld, without the slightest deformity, and his limbs proportionate in every respect. He has a most expressive countenance; and as regards vivacity and humour, he completely puts all other dwarfs, English or foreign, into the shade. He is certainly a most gifted boy, and his guardians have spared neither pains nor expense to procure him the best education to cultivate his natural powers. He possesses great versatility. He makes his appearance as John Bull, then changes into the British Tar, and dances a nautical hornpipe; he is T. F. Cooke; afterwards gives imitations of Napoleon, then enters as the old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, in the magnificent costume of the period, bag-wig in powder, ruffles, velvet, and all. Having danced the Minuet de la Cour, he assumes the garb of the Somersetshire poacher, and sings the well-known air "For it is my delight, of a shanty night." His concluding act, the death of Shaw the Life Guardsman, is inimitable; and his appearance in his red coat with epaulettes, his helmet, shining sabre, and carrying box, his long sword, buckskin, and jack boots, is extremely picturesque. His personification in this scene is most complete. It is description of his leaving his native village—of his appearance as a hero—of his outburst—of the cavalry evolutions, with the band of swordsmen. The trumpet sounds, and he joins in his accoutrements and prepares for battle; he then represents the charge, and seeing the colours of his regiment, cheerfully defends the flag, till at last he is overpowered, and falls; he partially recovers himself, and when firing his pistol, sees his fate, and strikes out boldly. A discharge of musketry is now heard, and battle is shortly decided. He appears in the agonies of death, and getting on his knees utters a short prayer, and wrapping the crimson around around him, dies kissing his mother's portrait. The exhibition during the past week has been crowded by thousands, especially in particular. We hear that the new "Tom Thumb" is shortly to appear at court."

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