What Was the Stratford Jubilee?

In September, 1769, David Garrick, actor and manager of Drury Lane Theater in London, went to Warwickshire and held a three-day festival in Stratford-upon-Avon to dedicate the new town hall to Shakespeare. It was the first Shakespeare festival to engage national interest, and there is much of interest even now in the staging of an eighteenth-century fete on the grandest scale. What is more interesting is the manner in which this celebration fired the public imagination. It was vilified and defended, reproduced on stage in varying moods of glorification and satire, entangled with the threads of English life.

James Boswell stated his views on the issues: "For what was the Stratford jubilee? Not a piece of farce . . . , but an elegant and truly classical celebration of the memory of Shakespeare. . . . It was truly an antique idea, a Grecian thought, to institute a splendid festival in honour of a Bard."¹ Some of his contemporaries thought it was more a testimonial to the vanity of Garrick than a proper tribute to the memory of Shakespeare, more ostentatious than elegant. Eyewitnesses variously described it as a triumph, "the most remarkable event since the establishment of the theatre in Western Europe,"² and as a farcical fiasco, a monumental example of bad taste, and even today there is latitude for opinion on these subjects. But if there exists any difference between what is classical and what is romantic, the Stratford Jubilee was not classical. The combination of Garrick
and Stratford acted as a catalyst to precipitate romantic attitudes toward Shakespeare, and the place of the Jubilee in the history of ideas rests on the speed and unanimity with which these attitudes were adopted.

The first part of this book tells of the Jubilee and its effects on Stratford and the theaters. The second part traces wider reactions, dealing with theory and addressed to special interest; here are charted movements which took place against a large background of historical change. Garrick's influence in these areas has its own importance, and this study has as its focus that influence; an effort has been made to recall to the reader's mind the larger background, so that the treatment of Garrick may not distort the whole, but rather reflect the whole and even illuminate it.

If in these pages a Shakespearean picnic in Warwickshire is placed in relation to the great ground swells that were moving in the late eighteenth century—the theories of language and of the imagination, the religious emotionalism, the ideas of government that were to militate against authoritarianism—that fact does not imply that Garrick invented all those ideas at Stratford. This is no attempt to translate Garrick into a brilliant theoretician, a passionate revolutionary, a profound philosopher. He was no such thing.

He was an actor. It may be he was the greatest actor that ever lived. Any actor will mirror as much of his age as is accessible to him. To a superlative degree the life of his age was accessible to Garrick. He was peculiarly in a position to reflect the great minds of his day. In the history of the theater he is unique—unique in his genius, unique in his intimate association with genius. Perhaps he was nothing more than a mimic, a sounding board, a mirror. At least he was a true mirror. This is an account of a unique occasion when Garrick, rejecting all prudential advice, went to Stratford as Steward of a Jubilee and
mirrored his age, not in its more obvious surfaces, but in its latent forces, its potentialities.

BACKGROUND

Satirists and eulogists alike preached the essential Jubilee doctrine. Their unanimity is the more surprising when it is seen etched against a background of Jubilee controversy. What were they arguing about—those hundreds of people who publicly engaged themselves in battles in the press, the theater, the schoolroom? Part of the fight was between two types of human beings, a conflict eternal and almost irreconcilable between people who by their very nature deplore the use of fireworks and parades to honor a serious love, and people who love a skyrocket for itself alone and can subsume the two loves in a single gesture. And, as the agreement appears most clearly against a background of disagreement, so the new portent at Stratford can be most clearly read against a knowledge of what was old. All alike tasted the heady new wine, but some protested that the bottles meant to contain it were indeed shabby with age. To the cognoscenti of the day, most of the terminology, issues, symbols and procedures of the Jubilee were tired old clichés. Even then the jokes about the mulberry tree were stale, even then statue-worship and Shakespearean processions were trite. The newness of the Jubilee did not lie in these things, though they may seem a bit odd to us; to sophisticates of 1769 they were all too familiar. In order to enjoy the disagreements and to marvel at the reconciling power of the bases for agreement, let us review some sources of the old elements from which the Jubilee program was compounded.
In 1737 an impoverished schoolteacher and his sometime pupil rode from Lichfield to conquer the world of London letters, stage, and fashion. Samuel Johnson and David Garrick enjoyed a lifelong rivalry deeply rooted in a lifelong love. The great critic and the great actor each in his own way condescended to the other's vocation. Garrick resisted efforts to extract critical theory from him. Johnson said Garrick was no critic (even implying that he had never read a complete play by Shakespeare). Johnson's remarks on acting and Garrick's acting in particular are notorious. Yet in the course of life, Johnson became a lay actor of such parts that the memory of his ability to strike an attitude in the drawing room can still rejoice the heart. Conversely, Garrick in his own way became a lay critic.

London society was a close-knit world of complex personal relationships. In 1737 that world was concerned with the doings of the Ladies Club, an organization devoted to stimulating interest in Shakespeare. So effective were their methods of patronizing the theaters and suggesting additions to the repertory that when Garrick made his debut in 1742, there was a noticeable Shakespeare revival in progress. Unaware of what Johnson and Garrick were to accomplish in stimulating interest in Shakespeare, the ladies enlisted such help as they saw available. When they decided to place a memorial to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, their committee was composed of the Earl of Burlington, Alexander Pope, Dr. Richard Mead, and Benjamin Martin. The two theaters raised three hundred pounds to pay for the statue. Drury Lane gave a benefit performance of *Julius Caesar* on April 28, 1738; James Quin spoke the prologue written by Benjamin Martin, Mrs. Porter played Portia and spoke the epilogue written by James Noel. On April 10, 1739, Covent Garden performed *Hamlet*, Ryan speaking a prologue written by Lewis Theobald. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey granted space for the monument without
fee. The Dutch sculptor Peter Scheemakers made the statue from a design by Kent, and set it in place January 29, 1741.

On March 2 at Goodman's Fields a replica of the statue made its stage debut. A large part of eighteenth-century stage history has to do with the battle between pantomime and legitimate drama. The Ladies Club was on the side of legitimate drama, but their victory was dramatized in a popular pantomime, Harlequin Student. Shakespeare's statue triumphed over Harlequin (played by Richard Yates). One night Yates was ill and Garrick replaced him. Later, on October 19, 1742, his official debut as Richard III set the town "horn-mad" (as Thomas Gray said), but Garrick was Harlequin before he was Richard, and the statue presided over the opening of his career.

Down in Warwickshire, Stratford became statue-conscious. Shakespeare's bust in the church needed repairs, and again theatrical gate receipts paid the bill. John Ward, grandfather of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, came to Stratford with his troupe of itinerant players and gave a performance of Othello on September 9, 1746. The Reverend Joseph Greene wrote the prologue for Ward to speak on this occasion:

Hail, happy Stratford! — envied be thy fame!
What city boasts than thee a greater name?

A kinsman of Shakespeare owned a pair of gloves worn by him in his capacity as actor, a cherished heirloom assumed to be genuine; he gave the gloves to Ward in gratitude for his interest and efforts. The proceeds from the performance (about sixteen pounds) paid for the repairs. Horace Walpole, visiting Stratford in 1751, did not approve of the vivid "naturalistic" coloration that had been painted onto the bust. London reporters of the Jubilee did not like it, and indeed were astonished to find it looked so little like "Shakespeare" as they knew him from the West-
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minster monument, but the coloring remained until 1793, when at the request of Edmond Malone the bust was painted the same color as the stone of the wall behind it; the present coloration was applied in 1861.

During the period when everything in Stratford was viewed with intense antiquarian skepticism, the bust also developed its “mystery.” The appearance of the bust did not seem to tally with Sir William Dugdale’s drawing made during the 1650’s, and it was thought that the alterations of 1746 (since they were the only alterations ever made) might have been more than skin-deep, but modern scientific methods for ascertaining the age of wood have proved it to be substantially as it was originally made.

On September 15, 1747, Drury Lane opened under Garrick’s management with James Lacy as copatentee. Garrick had been before the public less than five years, but the poet laureate William Whitehead saw fit upon that occasion to address a poem to him in which he officially laid upon his conscience the serious national responsibility that was his by reason of his great gifts and great power:

A nation’s taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation’s virtue, too.³

The first words that sounded through Drury Lane on that historic occasion were Samuel Johnson’s prologue spoken by Garrick:

When Learning’s Triumph o’er her barb’rous Foes
First rear’d the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each Change of many-colour’d Life he drew. . . .

Addressed to the issue of Shakespeare versus Pantomime, Johnson’s prologue put that issue to the audience for decision. If
they demand pantomime and its spectacle, the theaters must supply them.

The Drama's Laws the Drama's Patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.9

In 1753 a retired vicar of Frodsham, the Reverend Francis Gastrell, bought a house in Stratford. His wife was one of the Aston family, sister-in-law to Gilbert Walmesley of Lichfield, generous friend of Johnson and Garrick. The house, called New Place, was purchased from the estate of Sir Hugh Clopton, who had died without male issue in 1751. Drastically altered in 1701 by the Clopton family, the house contained at the very least the framework of the earlier building, which had been the last home of Shakespeare.

In 1756 Mr. Gastrell hired a carpenter named John Ange to fell a mulberry tree that grew near the house. Part of the tree was bought by Thomas Sharp, a watchmaker with a shop in Chapel Street. Sharp carved pieces of the wood into toys and small articles for domestic use and sold them to a steadily widening market as articles made from a tree planted by Shakespeare—as indeed it probably was.10

In 1759 the Gastrells embroiled themselves in an argument with the Stratford burgesses about the proper amount of tax on New Place paid for aid to the indigent of the community. The Gastrells occupied the house only part of the year and thought the full tax therefore was not proper; the town argued that servants were in residence all the year and the full tax should be paid. Rather than pay the tax, Mr. Gastrell caused the house to be razed and sold as rubble, and left town. This scandal created even greater interest in Shakespeare mementos. Mulberry wood was in demand. A walnut tree growing near the birthplace in Henley Street was cut and portions were carved into replicas of the Westminster statue. In 1760 the burgesses
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authenticated the mulberry when they gave an inkstand to the Steward of the Court of Records of Warwickshire, the first of many such gifts.

Meanwhile the statue held the stage, both as statue and as living replica when actors wore its costume and struck its familiar attitude. The actor Ross used the latter procedure; the statue itself was used in pantomime and in performances of William Havard's *Ode to Shakespeare* (music by William Boyce). Garrick, now Shakespeare's leading exponent, built a temple to Shakespeare on his estate in Hampton and in 1757 commissioned Roubiliac to carve a statue of Shakespeare for which Garrick posed. The sculptor's chisel uncovered a vein in the marble forming a purple stain across the stone lips. "Ha," said Garrick, "Mulberries!"; and while Roubiliac affixed a new head made from another piece of marble, the jest went the rounds in the fashionable world.¹¹

For the Christmas season of 1759 Garrick rewrote *Harlequin Student* into *Harlequin’s Invasion*, adding a comic subplot from an old Bartholemew Fair entertainment. This was the first harlequinade to have spoken lines, and later was the first stage set to be lighted by the famed transparencies. Harlequin here was associated with the rainbow; I am not sure this was true in *Harlequin Student*. Asked how he got his parti-colored costume, Harlequin replied:

I was formerly altogether among the Stars—I plied as a Ticket Porter in the Milky Way, and carried the Howdyes from one Planet to another; but finding that was too fatiguing, I got into the Service of the Rainbow, and now I wear his livery.¹²

The theme remained the same: Harlequin “invades” the province of legitimate drama and is vanquished by the statue in an apotheosis scene. Harry William Pedicord has tabulated all productions at Drury Lane during Garrick’s regime; *Harlequin’s Invasion* ranks third in number of performances.¹³
In 1762 Garrick bought some mulberry wood and had it made into a chair for his Temple. The legal document recording the sale testifies that the wood was from a tree “commonly called Shakespeare’s tree and said to have been planted by him.”\textsuperscript{14} It is witnessed by two names made famous by the Jubilee—John Payton, host at the White Lion Inn, and William Hunt, town clerk.\textsuperscript{15}

The bicentennial of Shakespeare’s birth was 1764, but Garrick was on the Continent and passed up a chance to make a public to-do over the occasion. And in 1765 Samuel Johnson published his great edition of Shakespeare and thereby threatened Garrick’s place as top man in the Shakespeare field as no actor had ever challenged it.

In 1767 Stratford began the building of a new town hall. The Steward of the Court of Records, Francis Wheler, then residing in London, wrote to William Hunt, town clerk, on November 28 with a momentous suggestion: Permit Wheler to approach Garrick through a friend of both men (George Keate, but he is not named in this letter) and request a statue of Shakespeare for the niche in the north gable of the town hall. This request, privately made, was well received by Garrick. Wheler was middleman between Hunt and Garrick when information was needed about the size of the niche, the color of the building, the fall of light, etc.\textsuperscript{16} In December of the next year the burgesses of Stratford sent their official request for “some statue, bust or picture” of Shakespeare, and a portrait of Garrick to be placed in the town hall “that the memory of both may be perpetuated together.”\textsuperscript{17} In May, 1769, Wheler and George Keate called at Garrick’s residence in the Adelphi and presented him with the freedom of Stratford in a chest of mulberry wood. The town council gave Keate a mulberry standish in gratitude for his share in the arrangements.\textsuperscript{18}

Stratford did indeed ask for a statue, but not for a Jubilee.
The burgesses did not choose a steward in solemn conclave. The steward chose the Jubilee. It was his own—suggested, planned, financed by him, and named by him. To Warwickshire countrymen the name suggested popish plots, for Stratford had been indirectly involved in the Gunpowder Plot and legends lingered in the countryside; it suggested also some connection with the current legislation termed the “Jew Bill.” But to Londoners the name “jubilee” had other connotations. A jubilee was an entertainment at one of the public gardens. The pretext might be some military victory, some public occasion or public hero, but if nothing more timely presented itself, a jubilee might be held in honor of Apollo or anything else people were generally in favor of. The name brought with it an aura of music and masks and dancing, noise and jostle, crowds overly gay if not actually rowdy. The climax of the evening came when a temple to something or other exploded in one of the displays of fireworks so beloved by the public.

When Garrick revealed his carefully guarded secret, that he would hold a Shakespeare Jubilee in Stratford, he had been deep in his plans for a year and a half. The two major theaters, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, closed every summer. When he bade farewell to his audience until the September opening, he made the public announcement:

My eyes till then no sight like this will see,
Unless we meet at Shakespeare’s jubilee
On Avon’s banks, where flowers eternal blow;
Like its full stream our gratitude shall flow.
There let us revel, show our fond regard;
On that loved spot first breathed our matchless bard.
To him all honour, gratitude is due.
To him we owe our all—to him and you.

He spoke to an audience that was habituated to jubilee procedure
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and knew in a general way what to expect. The audience was habituated to the linking of Shakespeare with processions and interpolated pageantry, for this was common practice in the theaters. Shakespeare’s statue appearing in apotheosis scenes set to popular music was an old story to them. It was not because there was anything new in these procedures that objection was made, but rather because the event promised to be merely another bal paré or ridotto al fresco. The elite were displeased because it was a public invitation. Rational urban citizens protested because it was not held in London.

If one wants to make the distinction between the classic and the romantic on the basis of the rational as opposed to the irrational, everything about the Jubilee seems to give full satisfaction. The rational date was April (but Garrick was busy in April). The rational year was 1764 (but Garrick was away). Sober minds of the Age of Criticism thought Samuel Johnson was the rational choice for a steward of Shakespeare’s earthly glory (but an actor who enhanced the gaiety of nations would have it otherwise). The supreme irrationality was Stratford. London had been the scene of Shakespeare’s theatrical triumphs. He was London’s own, and who cared where he was born? Everybody who was anybody was already in London. For years they had been honoring Shakespeare in a rational manner in peace and comfort. Why trapse off to the wilds to honor him in a village inconveniently located and ill-equipped to receive visitors? The whole idea savored of enthusiasm.

The Devil

Immediately upon the announcement of the Stratford Jubilee, two centers of anti-Jubilee sentiment developed. One was the
actor Samuel Foote. He was licensed to perform during the summer at the theater in the Haymarket. From that stage he wielded a power almost incomprehensible to twentieth-century readers, for his power was not in his pen but in his personality. Garrick's biographers comment with bewilderment on his fear of Foote; his tender vanity was vulnerable to sarcasm and Foote was the more dangerous in that he had the power to please. He never completely alienated Garrick’s friends, but seduced them into laughter. His usual stage technique was the insertion of contemporary comment into whatever role he was playing. He satirized the Jubilee that summer in many characters (as Cadwallader in his own farce The Author, he was particularly effective), but it was as the Devil upon Two Sticks that he made Jubilee history. The Devil upon Two Sticks, Foote's adaptation of Le Sage's Le Diable Botteux, had opened the previous summer, so the character was established in the minds of the theater-going public. The Devil was Le Sage’s genie imprisoned in a bottle—Foote’s emergence from a large wicker-covered bottle was a famous piece of stage business—and his title referred also to Foote’s wooden leg and crutch. Foote’s Devil was a thing to be reckoned with. “Lash the old sinner, Foote,” a contemporary prologue addressed him, “and let us see Men not afraid of God afraid of thee.” The name “The Devil upon Two Sticks” became a synonym for anti-Jubilee and anti-Garrick sentiment. Drawings of the figure needed no identifying caption, and the name was signed to many attacks not written by Foote. The play, published by George Colman after Foote’s death, does not print the impromptu and unpredictable satire on current events, but from the newspapers there may be drawn a record of the nature of the sorties and ample record of their effectiveness.

Foote identified Jubilee enthusiasm with the enthusiasm of the Methodists. He had long been known for satire on this subject, and his impersonations of George Whitefield (as “Doctor
Squintum”) were so severe that they at least gave pretext for
the rumor that they caused Whitefield’s death. It was part of
Foote’s warfare on Garrick’s amour-propre constantly to threaten
more than he performed. He would announce some diabolic
scheme only to abandon it, and this “softening of heart” made
his actual attacks more acceptable to Garrick’s friends. Bad as
things were, even worse things dangled like the sword of
Damocles over Garrick’s harassed head. Foote heard, as all
London heard in confidence, that Garrick was writing an ode to
Shakespeare; he announced in the papers that he would forestall
Garrick’s ode with one of his own “set to very whimsical music,”
and had rumors circulated that he planned to take the stage
with his ode in Stratford, even interrupting the public per­
formance. Foote’s ode was never performed and probably never
even seriously planned; but both James Boswell and Charles
Dibdin took his threat seriously, and in their accounts of the
ode agree that Foote would have been in danger of his life had
he attempted to interfere with the performance in Stratford.

Twice that summer he made formal announcement of a per­
formance to be called Drugger’s Jubilee. Garrick’s interpretation
of Abel Drugger in The Alchemist had been since 1743 one of
his best roles. The part was much expanded, and he played Abel
just one notch above the moronic. Such mock idolatry of
chicanery would have made hay at the Haymarket, implying
that all Jubilee idolatry was directed to Garrick, and Garrick at
his slyest and stupidest. But Drugger’s Jubilee was never
performed.

A procession of Shakespeare’s characters was planned for
Stratford and word got around theatrical circles. Foote planned
a mock procession in which a ragamuffin would be dressed in
a tattered travesty of Garrick’s Jubilee suit (also the subject of
rumor). Foote’s procession would be played against a back­
ground of William Whitehead’s fulsome lines:
Garrick's Jubilee

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue, too.

The little Steward was to flap the rags of his outworn glory like a rooster and complete the lines: "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Garrick, Foote implied, had forfeited honor for the crudest egotism, and had betrayed any trust the poet laureate had placed in him in the name of the nation. This threat seemed so fraught with danger that friends intervened. Foote got credit for good nature when he gave up his plans for a Jubilee procession. Actual performances that summer never quite overstepped the bounds of the pardonable.

Foote attended the Jubilee he had advertised so well, adding to the other attractions the titillating prospect of an open rupture between him and Garrick. There was no open rupture. When he returned from Stratford to the Haymarket just before it closed for the winter, he produced his most famous piece of writing—in fact, the most famous to come out of the entire Jubilee—"The Devil's Definition."

A Jubilee, as it hath lately appeared, is a public invitation circulated and arranged by puffing, to go posting without horses to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a Mayor and Aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet whose works have made him immortal by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals and lodging without bed; a masquerade when half the people appeared barefaced, a horse race up to the knees in water, fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted, and a gingerbread amphitheatre which tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished.

Let it testify to his power and his popularity that the letters addressed to him in the press, even those from Stratford, were good-natured, that George Colman's play based on the Jubilee made great point of that Definition as being not at all malicious,
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and that Garrick himself in his play The Jubilee simply incorpo-
rated the Definition into the play rhymed in a song lyric, “This
is Sir a jubilee.” Samuel Foote kept his reputation for rough
good humor, and it was this reputation that enabled him to
bedevil Garrick so effectively. Foote rarely lost the sympathy of
his large clientele.

The Public Advertiser

The other center of anti-Jubilee sentiment was, oddly enough,
the Public Advertiser. The newspaper, then published by Henry
Sampson Woodfall, is one of the most important sources of
theatrical history. It was thought to be all but Garrick's official
vehicle. The statement was made (and denied by both parties)
that it was under his domination, and it would indeed make a
good story if any grounds could be found for accepting the
unsupported statement of Charles Dibdin made in 1803 that
Garrick wrote the attacks himself.23 Such devious ways were
not unknown to Garrick; he did publish attacks on himself to
test public sentiment.24 The newspapers of the time were venal;
Woodfall, not on a basis of venality, has proved in the courts
and in the eyes of history his ability to preserve the anonymity
of his contributors. But in this case the leader of the attack was
George Steevens, and the major theme grew out of his easily
offended dignity as professional critic and editor of Shakespeare.
A group of professional writers assisted him,25 and a host of
amateur satirists followed hooting in his wake.

The Public Advertiser was at this time in even greater demand
than usual, for it was the organ of the notorious Junius.26 The
Junius letters on the Wilkes question had been appearing in its
columns since January. The Jubilee gave Junius a good fight for first place in the public eye that summer, in some cases actually crowding him out to be left over till the next issue. The paper was generous with space for both pro and con, but was associated in the public mind with one side of the question.

Through the summer the Advertiser’s satire showed a clear line of development. George Keate and his mulberry standish drew the first fire. The Advertiser for Tuesday, June 6, tells of the gift, but says the mulberry wood was given as “acknowledgment of his very elegant and spirited defense of the first of English poets in his Ferney, an Epistle, addressed to M. de Voltaire.” When the Stratford burgesses used Keate as intermediary in negotiations with Garrick, they unwittingly played into the hands of the satirists. Keate was a pleasant dilettante, inoffensive, and vulnerable only because of his association with Voltaire, whom he had met once in 1754, and whose friendship he cherished. In January of 1769 he had published a long poem named Ferney which included a passage in praise of Shakespeare as a gentle rebuke to Voltaire’s lack of appreciation of that dramatist. But so gentle was the rebuke, so vague the praise of Shakespeare compared to the adulation of Voltaire, that there was reason for placing Keate on Voltaire’s side rather than on Shakespeare’s if one assumed that it was impossible to admire both. This, of course, was a common assumption in 1769. Though England was interested in Voltaire, there was small admiration for his views on Shakespeare. He was an enemy of the Bard, and Keate could be incriminated by association. So the first point to be made was: Look what risk we run when we allow a pro-French dilettante to take over the serious business of honoring Shakespeare!

Next to be damned were the donors of the mulberry. Mnemonic and scatological jingles denounced Stratford’s rusticity and avarice with almost pathological venom. We see the
Stratford town council choosing the Steward in drunken hilarity at the prospect of gulling both Garrick and the public; we see them in solemn conclave rejecting Johnson, Warburton, Capell and Steevens because the characters of these men would balk their design to “fleece” the public and selecting Garrick because he would co-operate. All Stratford people are fat—because of their essentially gross nature, I suppose. They are grasping, ignorant of the very name of Shakespeare, knowing nothing but their native wool. The puns are endless on Stratford’s wool, woolgathering, wool nightcaps, woolly-mindedness, fleecing, and shearing. The mock pastoral was a favorite form. A long, complicated continued story tells how “H. B.” from London offered to instruct the peasants in Shakespeare, a famous cook, best known for his recipe for broth prepared for the King of Scotland. The aldermen (Dogtail, Trimbush, Ketch, Fleec’em, Dupe, and Rantum by name) assembled the necessary ingredients, lowered the church bell to serve as a kettle for the witches’ brew, drank it, and grew various unpleasant appendages as a result. The mayor had christened his new daughter Doll Tearsheet as a compliment to Shakespeare; the old women of Stratford were busy whitewashing their garrets and their faces to offer questionable hospitality to visitors. No Stratford belle was sufficiently experienced to play Cleopatra, so a famous (and very fat) London madam was being imported to act the role, provided a barge could be contrived buoyant enough to float her bulk on the Avon.

Next to be involved were the people of the theater; any who consented to take part in the Jubilee were represented as worthy mates for the local degenerates. The alderman would all wear horns under their woolen nightcaps after this visitation. The (fat, of course) wife of the innkeeper had fallen out of the hayloft while rehearsing the Balcony Scene with one of the candle-snuffers; the “Kings” from the historical plays, the “Dukes
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of Albany and Cornwall," the "gentleman who crows the cock in Hamlet" were already on hand. No names were called; the actors were left anonymously disreputable so that any might withdraw from the Jubilee plans at any time without a stain on his character. This maneuver gave Garrick considerable trouble, for the actors were reluctant to brave the scorn of the Public Adviser, the official source of theatrical news.

The denunciation of dilettantism, vulgarity, and theatrical guile led up to the crux of the matter: Actor versus Scholar. Ranged against this overt evil and the impudence of the actor, who had, on the basis of his transient notoriety, declared himself the steward of Shakespeare's glory, were—the Scholars. The proper choice for Steward was Samuel Johnson. No ephemeral stage work could rival the eternal values of written commentary. Johnson took no part in the undignified hassle; he and Garrick never took their differences before the public. But his lines were written for him. Mock-Johnsonian tirades threatened to come to Stratford and "in the midst of Jubelaean Pomposity suspend [Garrick] by the femoralian Bondage from the most exalted Branch of the dramatic Mulberry—a waving Spectacle of Ridicule to the World."

In the Public Advertiser of July 31 appeared "Shakespeare's Feast," later claimed by Steevens as his own. It covers a wide range of those subjects satirized by stage and press. It derides Garrick's forthcoming ode to Shakespeare. A parody of Dryden's ode "Alexander's Feast," it places Voltaire in the role of Dryden's musician Timotheus and gives the roles of Alexander and Thais to the Mayor of Stratford and his wife. Thus the Jubilee is under the control of Shakespeare's enemies. The first song degrades Shakespeare by identifying him with Garrick, dubbing the actor "A Present Shakespeare!" The second song ridicules the new dealers in biographical sophistry, especially those who busy themselves cleaning up that old deer-stealing episode. The
third foments rebellion against the established critics of Shakespeare, and thus accomplishes the final destruction.

A jingle named “The Discovery” listed fifteen pen names of those who wrote “against the mulberry tree,” assigning them all to Steevens; the initials H. S. W. are signed to it, but the publisher Woodfall in a note disclaimed authorship of the lines. On August 28 a letter signed by Steevens teasingly invited the conclusion that he had indeed written them all, although all it actually professes is a denial that the author was George Alexander Stevens, a lecturer and writer. Certainly Steevens persuaded the public that the writings were his. On August 23 there appeared the crux of his argument, signed “Zingis,” one of the pen names mentioned in “This Discovery.”

If this Jubilee is meant to be a serious Meeting in honour of the greatest Poet ever born in any Nation, or in any Age, why were not literary Men placed at the Head of it? If an Ode was to be written, why was not Mr. Gray, Dr. Akenside, Mr. Warton, or Mr. Mason, requested to furnish one? . . . Are the Universities supposed to be interested in the Occasion? Are Men of Learning the most insufficient Preservers of the Reputation of a Poet? Shakespeare, ’tis true, wrote chiefly for the Stage, but does it follow from thence that he is entitled only to histrionic Honours?”

In serious tone it asks Woodfall to stop publicizing the affair which did not warrant public attention. Unless someone put a stop to the travesty, Garrick would turn Shakespearean criticism over to “a Fraternity of Tradesmen.”

Although the literary products may seem feeble epigones of Pope and Swift, the Jubilee opposition still wrote in the Age of Satire, when that genre had more vigor than other forms. Their allusions are as complex as those of The Dunciad, the writings, even for family periodicals, as fraught with what might be called excretory insult. The problem of the complexity may be illustrated by one of the mock pastorals which was printed
often as a chorus sung by the Stratford burgesses after they had chosen their Steward in bibulous session.

Come, brothers of Stratford, these flocks let us shear,
Which bright as if washed by our Avon appear!
The coolest are they who from fleeces are free,
And who are such trimmers, such trimmers as we?
Sing tantarara, shear all, shear all.

The five stanzas, deft and rhythmic, continue the metaphor of shearing, impugn the virtue of Stratford females, and ally Garrick with the conniving. The actual signed accounts of the Jubilee make no report of Stratford greed and extortion, but tell of excellent hospitality, yet it is no wonder that later readers have taken as fact what was meant to be read as the legitimate excesses of satire, for it is often difficult to assess the degree of accusation. The model for this pastoral was Garrick's most popular lyric from his musical versions of Shakespeare, Perdita's song from his adaptation of The Winter's Tale. Its use clearly implies that he made a good thing out of his popularizing Shakespeare, but deeper iniquities also may be implied, for the lyric was lifted in part from Macnamara Morgan's stage version of The Winter's Tale and Garrick never acknowledged the debt. In similar vein, all George Keate's life and works were drawn into the fight. Fake wills, mulberry wig blocks for legal blockheads who fancy themselves as poets, ridicule of his literary borrowings from Drayton, Holyoake, Holland, and others, letters from jailbirds written in phony French dialect, ironic linking with Vauxhall and the low ways of the public gardens all seem to imply contemptuous insult.

But one may read too heavily the personal element in these newspaper battles. One biographer states that Garrick never
spoke to Steevens again after his satirizing of the Jubilee, but this is not true. The two men worked on a stage adaptation of *Hamlet* shortly after the Jubilee. George Keate did not terminate his friendship with Steevens because of his "brutal attacks," but placidly continued to hold him in regard, and Steevens remembered him in his will. Charles Dibdin recalled the Jubilee with bitterness, but in 1770 asked Garrick to stand godfather to his son Thomas. Grounds for agreement about the Jubilee were more important than the grounds for disagreement.

Material from the *Public Advertiser* was freely reprinted in other periodicals, which added or subtracted according to editorial policy. *Lloyd's Evening Post* and the *London Chronicle* each index about fifty articles on the Jubilee in the last six months of the year. Short paragraphs, official advertisements and announcements, and some letters are not indexed but add to the bulk. Available copies of the *London Evening Post* indicate a similar editorial policy of publishing in quantity the attacks, answers, poems and news items. By comparison the *Whitehall Evening Post* is more temperate; the more virulent satire did not appear, the most rapturous puffs were cut—but the volume is comparable. The *St. James Chronicle* is 100 per cent pro-Jubilee. Papers with special interests, such as the *Middlesex Journal*, devoted almost entirely to the Wilkes question, used the Jubilee to comment on their own interests; this paper traced the cause of Garrick's madness to his political affiliations, and parodied his ode to sneer at the idea that "little Davy" and Shakespeare were one in spirit.

Monthly magazines, as opposed to newspapers, concentrated more on the dignified aspects, and some material of lasting interest was elicited by the event. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July carried a full-page print of the Birthplace, the first picture of that now famous landmark, accurate and realistic
even to the joints of meat in the butcher shop of the Hart family. The *Oxford Magazine* and *Town and Country* dealt in the "vision literature" common in publications of the day: a vision of Voltaire led in chains at Stratford, a vision of judgment in which mulberry wood was portioned out in accordance with merit in Shakespearean interpretations. The *London Magazine* prepared a special edition for sale in Stratford with biographies of Shakespeare and Garrick tending to mold them into national heroes. The *Universal Magazine* and the weekly *Literary Register* gave full coverage after the event but took no part in pre-Jubilee publicity. The *Court Miscellany* before the Jubilee printed only Shakespeareanana. Scottish reprinting of London comment before the Jubilee was almost altogether favorable. The *Annual Register* announced the fact of the Jubilee and with no editorial comment printed Garrick's *Ode to Shakespeare* and "The Devil's Definition" by Foote, leaving posterity to judge between them. Over all this there poured a flood of verse and song lyrics, much of the satire almost unprintable by standards of modern taste, much of the eulogy almost unreadable in its limping bathos.

Turning from the overenthusiastic puffs emanating from Jubilee headquarters and the overly malignant satire of the organized opposition, one gets a breath of fresh country air from the pages of *Jopson's Coventry Mercury*. One gets as well a new picture of the Jubilee. Coventry is only nineteen miles from Stratford. John Keating, Stratford printer, had an interest in the *Mercury* and probably was responsible for the wealth of news that went to Coventry from Stratford, where there was at the time no newspaper. The *Mercury*, like a good country newspaper, gave the public what it wanted. It was no watered-down version of the *London Post*. The Wilkes question and the rioting in Massachusetts are set in perspective with other matters closer
to the heart. Bankruptcies, auctions, and sales in the neighborhood get the headlines, though local names, local weather, local news are spiced with accounts of sensational trials, the births of monstrosities, descriptions of Maria Therese, the "Corsican Fairy" who weighed twenty-six pounds full grown, and the equally unusual Patagonian giant on display the next year.

As for art and high society, the books advertised are joke books, books of home remedies, and the Book of Fate: or the Universal Fortune Teller. A few official odes by William Whitehead, the poet laureate (somewhat cut), and one short verse by James Thomson make up the poetry. Almost no theatrical news interested Coventry except that someone had thrown an orange at the Royal Personage in the theater, and henceforth the King would attend only oratorios where the conduct was more decorous. To all these generalizations the Jubilee was the glorious exception. Jubilee poems were news. Jubilee books were reviewed. Jubilee performances in the London theaters the next season were news, and local people journeyed to see them. The great of the land, the great of the stage, became household words in Coventry if they attended the Jubilee. More than any drummed-up peasant winsomeness, more than any contrived defense or glamorizing, the Mercury offsets the satirists' picture of the vicious peasantry that gave the Jubilee a home. If the countryside knew little of Master Shakespeare (the Stratford boy kin to Hart, the butcher, who made a name for himself sometime since in London), the Mercury with shy tact set about informing its clientele. If one knew little of those stage folk, read the Mercury. What beds were being aired for lords and ladies? The Mercury's gentle readers were kept au courant. Accounts of preparations in Stratford almost tremble with anticipation as the Mercury tells of the joy with which rural England for miles around took the Jubilee to its heart.
Garrick, Mrs. Garrick, and his brother George went in June to Stratford to launch the final stage of preparations. The date was set for August 6, when one could expect good weather. Garrick had been ill in the spring, but his health was improved and he was full of optimism and charm. He had planned long and well. Having set the wheels in motion, he returned with his wife to London tasks, leaving George, business manager of the Jubilee, to direct work in Stratford. The problem was to transform the little town of 2,287 inhabitants into a vast stage and tourist hotel combined, where every townsman and guest should act and dress their appointed roles.

George Garrick's devotion to his gifted brother was a byword, but that summer David could better have used a better man. George took a house at the southern end of the street parallel to the river along which the procession was to march. The house was contiguous to the College where preparations for the pageant took place. This ancient building stood west and a little north of Trinity Church; College Street now marks its old location. In 1769 the College was unused, and it was taken over as headquarters for Jubilee work. There were ample living quarters for imported artisans, and high walls prevented premature sight of the triumphal cars and scenic effects being painted, gilded, molded, and hammered into shape in the close.

The greatest project was the Rotunda, a building to house major Jubilee performances and balls with a stage that could accommodate a hundred performers and a dance floor large enough for the thousand guests that were expected according to the June estimate. Bomstead Mead was the spot chosen. We would locate the site today between the present theater and
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the footbridge in the Bankcroft Gardens; then there was no canal, no footbridge, no theater—only a heavily wooded tract on the banks of the Avon above Clopton Bridge. Permission to fell the trees was given by the Duke of Dorset, High Steward of the Borough, and by Mr. Dionysus Bradley, who held a lease on the trees. When one thinks of all that was said about the fall of one mulberry, it may seem ironic that a hundred great trees that had sheltered the Bard fell to make space for that three-day mushroom of a Rotunda. But of course it was not meant to be a temporary affair. There were grand ideas of a permanent temple to Shakespeare.

Certainly the plans were grand. Latimore, who later assisted Robert Adam, designed the Rotunda, and Boar, London architect, assisted in executing the design. It was to be of classical design suggesting a Roman circus, and "to please modern taste" it would also suggest the recently erected Ranelagh Rotunda in the public garden. It lacked but ten feet in radius of being as large as Ranelagh. Johnson of Drury Lane was two months molding the chandeliers holding eight hundred candles apiece. Crimson velvet draperies for the interior were the talk of the country. It would be a temple to Shakespeare beautiful beyond dreams. Work on the building was very slow in starting. In other areas there was much hammering; a summer house like a Chinese pagoda arose on the river bank, sheds for fireworks, auxiliary kitchens—but George could not get the Rotunda under way.

Garrick knew the importance of light. Even his critics accorded him praise in stage lighting. He placed in competent hands the lighting of the great stage that was Stratford town. Benjamin Wilson was general artistic director. French of Drury Lane was in charge of lighting, assisted by Porter, who executed the sets for spectacles at Sadler's Wells. They spent the summer in Stratford. French was a pupil of Loutherberg, the famed
stage designer who himself joined the staff of Drury Lane five years later. From him French had learned the power of light to glamorize, to alter the sense of volume, to solidify or dissolve a given space. Loutherberg could bring to the closed box stage a suggestion of infinite, mysterious spaces, and his pupil had mastered the elements. Garrick set a magician to achieve the effects of portentous mystery he wanted for Stratford. One of the revolutionary changes in lighting instituted by Garrick at Drury Lane involved the use of transparencies, large pieces of colored silk painted so as to provide additional sets when lighted from the front, to fade from sight when lighted from behind, to color and soften direct light, to impart to it the tremulous movement of the soft fabric. The effects had startled sophisticated London audiences. Transferred to Stratford, they flabbergasted the natives.

French had somewhat the same effect. Robert Bell Wheler, who had his Jubilee stories by direct inheritance, speaks of French's artistic temperament. His moods varied from merriment to intense depression. "Mr. George Garrick's company was sometimes indispensable because the gaiety of his conversation stimulated the exertions of French who was particularly fond of his society." French, "being addicted to inebriety," demanded that he allowed to drink on the job. The potboys of Stratford kept him in supplies, contending among themselves for a chance to see what went on behind the walls of the Collegiate close.

Meanwhile in London Garrick had problems. So rare were the examples of co-operation or enthusiasm among his associates that biographers have noted the exceptions to the general rule of disapprobation. Friends advised retreat, enemies gloated over the coming disaster. James Lacy, copatentee of Drury Lane, opposed the Jubilee every step of the way. What Garrick's own money and efforts could accomplish was done. He marshaled armies of designers, seamstresses, printers, draymen. John
Cheere cast in lead the statue for the north gable, using as his model a replica of the Westminster statue made for Lord Pembroke to exhibit at Wilton. Garrick’s portrait was painted by Gainsborough, and Garrick tried to persuade him to paint the companion portrait of Shakespeare for the town hall. When it was evident that Gainsborough’s refusal was final, Benjamin Wilson was commissioned. The Wilson picture showed the poet seated in an antique chair in his library, his armorial bearings on the window behind him, the source books of his plays about him on the floor. It was a rather dull piece of work if the reproductions do it justice; both paintings were destroyed by fire in 1947. But the Gainsborough portrait, which was Mrs. Garrick’s favorite of all the portraits, truly represents the Jubilee mood. Garrick stands against the classical background of Wilton, his arm about a pedestal that supports a bust of Shakespeare. The feet are jauntily cocked and the very foliage near them is a bit overexuberant. The intimacy and adulation of the foreground carry the Jubilee message.

He wrote his Ode upon Dedicating a Building and Erecting a Statue to Shakespeare and made a careful selection of praise of Shakespeare from the writings of critics, “Testimonies to the Genius and Merits of Shakespeare,” which were prefixed to the ode in its printed form, and which set a precedent for printing such selections in serial form in periodicals and as an accepted feature of subsequent editions of Shakespeare’s works. He worked with Thomas Arne in the composing of the musical accompaniment of the ode. The King and Queen commanded a performance at St. James’s Palace. He wrote proudly, “I have read ye Ode to ye King & Queen, & I met with much approbation. I was 3 hrs & a qr with them.” Later in the summer they commanded a second performance, and offered for use at Stratford the special lamps made for outdoor entertainment when the King of Denmark had been feted at Richmond the year
before. Garrick’s friend, Domenico Angelo, had designed the fireworks for that fete, and now was commissioned to outdo his best efforts in Shakespeare’s honor.

Since Garrick looked upon the Jubilee as a theatrical performance in toto, all comers must have lines and costumes. He designed medals and favors to be worn, and saw to it that they were specially made. Jackson of Tavistock Street, London, would transport to Stratford his entire stock of fancy dress costumes to be rented for the balls. For lines and actions of the mass, Garrick decided to return to medieval pageantry of marching and singing in the streets. Bishop Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765) gave him models for his songs, and he wrote *Shakespeare’s Garland*, a book of ballads to be learned quickly and easily. The appeal of his songs varied; some were “tender and pathetic,” some were “full of sly turns,” some were for marching, some for singing in extemporary group harmonizing, some were written for the “antique” dancing. A corps of popular composers provided suitable “antique” tunes, and the songs swept the country. Thomas Becket of London was appointed official bookseller to the Jubilee; he handled the sale of the *Ode* and the *Garland*, the special edition of the *London Magazine*, and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu’s *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare*, published anonymously that year.

There was dissension in the ranks. The composers quarreled. Actors, unnerved by satire from press and stage, were reluctant to take part. The publicity had another effect that was to prove all but disastrous. Puffs, rumors, and attacks offered such promise of excitement in Stratford that reservations far exceeded expectations and far exceeded the number little Stratford could conveniently house. Problems of materiel, logistics, and housing grew with the list of guests. Problems of inertia and opposition grew in Stratford. Problems of local dignity, rank, and precedent
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swelled all over the countryside. Manpower had been gravely overestimated and the Jubilee had to be postponed a month. By then the great comet of 1769 was burning in the September sky and local weather prophets were predicting storms "from a flick of its tail." The crowds of early arrivals seriously hindered work. When Joseph Cradock arrived, he found what seemed like hopeless confusion. The Drury Lane stage lights were smashed in the streets by incompetent handling, and he saw no possibility that the Rotunda would be ready for the celebration.

As the great names were added to the list of prospective visitors, Jopson's Coventry Mercury preened itself and rejoiced. New peers had great trouble getting reservations, it observed with a newly acquired worldliness. Stratford housewives grew daily in importance. Mrs. Sharp, wife of the first mulberry carver, prepared to receive Lord and Lady Pembroke and the Honorable Mr. Charles Fox. Her neighbor in Chapel Street, Mrs. Hatton, next door to the ravaged New Place, made ready for the entourage of the Duke of Dorset. The greengrocer courageously agreed to house the Angelo family with its aura of gunpowder and mystery. Admiral Rodney would stay at Whitmore's house in Swine Street. Mrs. Evetts, the baker's wife, could not enjoy the prospect of nobility but the Joseph Cradock party was no mean prize and she had a vicar into the bargain. Never before had the butcher's family in Henley Street known such reverence, for their name was Hart, they were lineal descendants of Shakespeare's sister, and their shop and residence was the Birthplace. Half the Birthplace, at any rate. The building then was divided and part was occupied by the inn, the Swan and Maidenhead. Although Stratford even in Jubilee enthusiasm made it clear that the precise room in which Shakespeare was born was not known, the room now displayed was considered the best guess, and here Thomas Becket set up shop with Jubilee books for sale.
The Garricks were to lodge in the comfortable and hospitable home of William Hunt, the town clerk. The full story of Hunt's devotion to the Jubilee can be read only in his correspondence preserved in Stratford. No one but Garrick worked harder. The correspondence reveals the crises with which he coped; recorded facts prove how well he handled them. It was his ungrateful task to prod the inert and to soothe local vanities, to restore peace and to keep people on the job. A road was being built from Dudley to Stratford over an old Roman road. While the Public Advertiser could take time to complain that it was an insult to the Bard to call it Shakespeare's Road, Hunt saw that the road was built and answered complaints from neighboring communities that felt that Stratford should pay the entire cost since Stratford was getting all the glory.

The Reverend John Fullerton, to whom the College property had come by inheritance, wrote in wrath from Wilts to ask why George Garrick had installed throngs of workmen in his property. He cited rumors of grave damage and strange goings-on. "What right Mr. Garrick ever had to the keys I am quite a stranger to," he wrote. Hunt so placated Fullerton, however, that work went on and the reverend gentleman even came to join the festivities.

Letters from irascible people asked special favors. For example, the Reverend Richard Jago wrote asking to be allowed to attend rehearsals. The request posed a problem. He was not a man lightly to be given offense. Yet he was hand in glove with the Jubilee satirists and might do harm in public relations if he knew Jubilee secrets. Somehow amity was preserved. The Mercury could take its tone of innocent and unabashed snobbery, but Hunt had to be wise as the serpent.

John Payton was another heroic figure. He was host at the White Lion Inn. He gambled heavily on the Jubilee, and if he realized a profit on his investment, he earned it. Payton was
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the sort of man who draws a bon mot like a magnet. If anything witty was said, it was attributed to him, for it made a better story if he said it. Whether from his own original wit or not, he named the rooms at the White Lion for Shakespeare's plays and gave both visitors and the dramatists of next season much opportunity for double-entendre. He drew work to himself in the same magnetic way. He was host at the largest inn, and presided over the hospitality of Jubilee headquarters. He was official agent for the renting of private rooms and caterer for the Jubilee banquets at the Rotunda. He brought the famous chef Gill from Bath to cook the 327-pound turtle which Garrick needed to make jokes and toasts based on turtle-symbolism. It was cooked in the lower part of the town hall, and smelled rather more strongly than some citizens could enjoy, but at any rate it did not disturb the White Lion. Cooking turtle in wet weather can produce a clinging aroma, but Garrick had sent an expedition out into the deep for the beast and it had to be cooked, rain or no rain. Some people said their turtle was not turtle, but that contretemps came of feeding two thousand people when one thousand had been expected, and it only gave grounds for more jokes next season about mock turtle. Payton did what he could. He imported three hundred waiters to augment his regular staff. He ordered more and yet more sedan chairs from Bath and London. When it became evident that one thousand guests would be only a fraction of the total number, he ordered 1,500 beds from London alone. I am not sure the entire emergency order was filled, but he tried. To anyone of fashion a hairdresser was a necessity; these came in such numbers that at times they seemed to dominate Jubilee proceedings. There was much jesting about the comfortable quarters of the race horses brought for the running of the Jubilee Sweepstakes as compared to the plight of some two-legged visitors, but ordinary horses did not fare so well. Days before the Jubilee opened, the
stray horses in the streets had become a real danger; Payton added this problem to his other duties.

Some people had taken houses for a month so as to be able to entertain during the festive days. Towns and estates for miles around bulged with humanity. I have never seen an estimate of how many persons James West actually received at Alscott Park. Tradesmen of all sorts came to ply their trades, to see what could be seen in the streets by day, and to sit up all night watching the great comet. The multitudes, said the Mercury, were "inconceivable," and still the roads for miles around were filled "as if an army were on the march."

Then came the actors in a wonderful cavalcade of riders and coaches, 140 of them, said one report, and actors off stage have a well-known quality of seeming larger than life. Kitty Clive had retired a few months before, but was making a Jubilee comeback. Primed by the Mercury, the knowledgeable villagers were ready to cheer through the streets the handsome actors, the beautiful leading ladies, famous wits, noted musicians whose combined brilliance dazzled even sophisticated visitors from the city. Carriages, their doors adorned with noble arms, disgorged countesses and their trunks on lowly doorsteps. A London apprentice came; he had run away from his master leaving a note saying he would return and take his punishment but he "could not resist the jubilee." And James Boswell in London felt the tug "as of a whirlpool." Attics, lofts, henhouses were made to do service as lodgings. "Many respectable persons were lodged in the alms tenement." And the cry was still, "They come!"

Evening darkened. The transparencies were lighted to greet the Jubilee eve, and the world of illusion engulfed the little town. The town hall was transformed. Its hundred concealed lamps fired into life Caliban, Lear, Pistol, and Falstaff. Surrounding a snorting Pegasus, the central device read: "O for a
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Muse of fire!" In Henley Street a blazing sun burst from the painted clouds: "Thus dying clouds contend with growing light." One brawny workman made himself famous. He was carrying a bass violin to the Rotunda when a bystander asked where he was going with the strange object. "To the resurrection of Shakespeare," he answered, and a chortling press reiterated his malapropism into fame. For the joke cut two ways. Beyond the Rotunda the fields long familiar to his sight had vanished. There in sinuous silk Shakespeare gleamed with eerie light and moved with eerie life. Connoisseurs recognized the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and townsmen had helped nail it in place, but disbelief was suspended in the floods of magic light.

The streets sounded with music and the lanes echoed with the gaiety of private soirees. "The drums are beating beneath my window," wrote the correspondent to the Mercury, "and all is a perfect tumult of satisfaction."

9. Samuel Johnson’s Prologue 1747 with Garrick’s Epilogue, facsimile of the first edition (1902), pp. 3, 7. Critics have said this first of Johnson’s prologues contained the germ of his Preface to Shakespeare. It is interesting to see that Carola Oman, David Garrick (1958), p. 106, while noting Johnson’s statement to the contrary, yet says that internal evidence points to Garrick’s

10. Edmond Malone's findings on the mulberry tree and various other historical data are given in Chapter III.

11. Louis François Roubillac (or Roubiliac), French sculptor (1705-62). The statue now stands in the British Museum; the seam is visible just above the collar. See *Annual Register*, I, 432, for date.


15. William Hunt in private correspondence with Garrick by the time of the Jubilee was ready to state that the tree was "undoubtedly" planted by Shakespeare. Archives of Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

16. Correspondence in the Archives of Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.


19. Foote lost a leg in a hunting accident. The Duke of York had been one of the hunting party, and was influential in securing for him the patent for the theater in the Haymarket, which had been in disfavor since Henry Fielding offended royal dignity there. Foote rebuilt the theater on the same site, and it was called a theater-royal. Although the patent extended only through the summer vacations of the two major houses, Foote often extended his own license to perform without bringing down official wrath on his head. His entire genius was satiric; he failed in early efforts at serious roles. He took his unique place as "the British Aristophanes," and played the role of castigator of folly on the stage and off. His power is best gauged by observing his effects upon his contemporaries.

20. It is possible that *The Devil upon Two Crutches* was a name used to attack Garrick before this date. A publication by that name was an attack upon his managerial ability. I have not seen a copy, but it is listed for 1759. The listing may be an error for 1769, but I know of no such publication in 1769. After 1769 the name was often so used; David Williams in 1772 signed it to one of the most interesting attacks, a charge that amounts almost to inhumanity. See *A General View of the Life and Writings of David Williams*, ed. Thomas Morris (1792), in the Franklin Collection at Yale. See infra, Chapter VII, "Rhetorical Theory."


22. The paragraph does not appear in the published version of *The Devil upon Two Sticks* (1778). It appeared with various wordings in publications of 1769: *Town and Country Magazine*, I, 477; *Universal Magazine*, XLVI, 150; *Annual Register*, XII, 129; *London Evening Post*, September 16; and elsewhere.

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24. *The Sick Monkey* (1765) is a well-known example of Garrick's use of the "puff oblique." A possible example is *The Theatres: A Poetical Dissection* (1771), signed "Sir Nicholas Nipclose, Baronet." The Columbia University Library attributes it to Garrick; George Winchester Stone, Jr., attributes it to Francis Gentleman, on the basis of evidence in "Theatrical Duplicity," by Joseph Reed (MS in Houghton Library, Harvard).


26. "The Letters of Junius" appeared in the *Public Advertiser* from January 1769 to 1772; sixty-nine letters selected by the author were published that year, reprinted at least seventy times before 1812. About forty persons, Burke among them, were suspected of being Junius; the authorship is still unknown, but Sir Philip Francis is now a popular guess. The letters and Woodfall's trial were important in the history of freedom of the press. Carola Oman, *David Garrick* (1958), pp. 317-19, tells of the attack of Junius on Garrick in 1772.

27. John Wilkes (1727-97) was the center of one of the most important political controversies of the period; defeated in an election for Member of Parliament for the City of London in 1768, he was elected from Middlesex—hence the *Middlesex Journal*, cited later, was largely concerned with his right to sit in Parliament. The Junius letters are concerned with Wilkes in large part. Wilkes's father-in-law was that Dr. Richard Mead who served the Ladies Club as committee member.

28. Joseph Knight, *David Garrick* (1894), pp. 151-52. Arthur Murphy, *The Life of David Garrick* (1801), p. 185. Murphy, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Thrale assumed the lyric was Garrick's, but Knight says it "probably" was Morgan's, and that Garrick behaved with "lack of candour" at least. The poem is printed in Garrick's collected poems (II, 376-77), but Genest (IV, 450) and *Biographia Dramatica* (I, 526) say he "borrowed" it; the latter says "stole." See *Johnson*, II, 78-79.


32. Wheler, "Collectanea."


34. Archives of Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

35. See *London Evening Post*, August 31, 1769.