THE NEXT YEAR the town officials of Stratford sent Richard Graves, author of *The Spiritual Quixote*, to ask Garrick to have another Jubilee.¹ By that time Garrick was referring to “that foolish hobby-horse of mine,” and he refused. His letter suggested that a simple local festival be held on Shakespeare’s birthday and that it consist of bonfires, bells, and dancing. The letter closed, after sending greetings to Hunt and his “love and best respects to the brethren at Stratford”:

\[\ldots\] But my good Friend, wd ye Gentlemen do real honour, & show their love to Shakespeare—Let ’em decorate ye Town (ye happiest & why not ye handsomest, in England,) let your Streets be well pav’d, & kept clean, do something with ye delightful meadow, allure everybody to visit ye Holy Land; let it be well-lighted, & clean underfoot, and let it not be said for yr Honour & I hope for yr Interest that the Town, which gave birth to the first Genius since the Creation, is the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched-looking Town in all Britain.²

This letter from the Stratford archives may seem a fine ironic curtain line to close the comedy on a situation rather like one of Molière’s. Garrick’s aberration cured, Stratford’s silly rural pride chastened, social order prevails and reason is restored. But dig deeper in the Stratford archives and something else emerges. Stratford kept her Jubilee. She kept it in 1770 without Garrick and kept it for almost sixty years before the Great World knew
much about it, and during those years the Jubilee changed and became in all verity what Garrick had achieved in theatrical illusion.

In Europe in 1769 it was said that the Jubilee was a spontaneous folk movement, a glorious example of the citizenry rising as one man to do honor to a Bard. Such a thing was never said in England even by the most passionate lovers of the Jubilee, for everyone knew how that spontaneous enthusiasm had been applied like grease paint, layered on by the hand of Garrick. But in the years that followed, limited means and limited imaginations in Stratford proved to be powerful determinants. By her own "shortcomings" Stratford was forced to turn to what was truly her own. She had no London costumers now, and so she ransacked her own past as if it were a well-stocked attic. What she found there was something more Shakespearean than could be found in the inventory of Jackson of Tavistock Street, London. Accounts of the annual Jubilees sound a note of apology that their Jubilees now are no such grand affairs. Often there is a tone of regret that they do not now properly honor Shakespeare, always the assurance that it is not from lack of love that they confine themselves to such humble dimensions. Voices deplored the low taste and old-fashioned ways when the task descended from Garrick's lavish hands to other and harder hands. Deplore it who might, the end result was this: So strangely did life imitate art that the Jubilee became in very truth what it should have been—by romantic standards—in the first place.

This very important fact will not be found in printed histories. Even so proud a son of Stratford, so immaculate an antiquarian as Robert Bell Wheler for once is misleading. He speaks of Stratford's plea to Garrick in 1770 for help in "judiciously celebrating an annual minor jubilee," and adds, "but it was not effected." I offer no contradiction to that impeccable his-
torian when I say that it was effected; I am recording a part of Stratford history of which Wheler was completely aware, but which he modestly did not evaluate at its worth. He meant there was no imported talent, no great expenditure of money, no national publicity.

But there was a Jubilee in 1770. The Gentleman’s Magazine (XL, 437) gave it one sentence: “Thursday September 6. Being the anniversary of Shakespeare’s Jubilee, the same was celebrated at Stratford-upon-Avon with uncommon festivity.” For six years the annual festivals were held on one day in September. In 1776 when Garrick retired from the stage, London experienced another round of Jubilee performances in the theaters with scenes of Stratford and processions of Shakespearean characters, and in the press another outburst of verse about swans and the Avon and mulberry. Stratford reacted that year by holding a three-day Jubilee. A handbill preserved in Folger Library gives details of the program: cockfights, processions, singing, a public breakfast and a ball each night in Shakespeare Hall. Unidentified clippings in various collections indicate that the next year’s celebration was not up to standard, nor, for some reason, was that of 1785. The collectanea of Captain James Saunders in the Stratford archives, although his tone is condescending, preserve records of the usual nature of the celebrations.

Jubilees took on something of the nature of trade festivals. “Artisans of the borough paraded the town in a procession of the Trades, dressed in allegorical costumes, or in fancy habits allusive of their communities. Jersey combers (200) took the lead, preceded by music, banners & a Golden Fleece. Bishop Blaize and Jason rode on horseback within a few yards of each other.” Jason, of course, is associated with the Fleece which that trade turns to gold. Bishop Blaize may be a more obscure allusion. He is the saint who has special care of curing sore throats, and this was Stratford’s private joke commemorating
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the epidemic of colds that came with the Jubilee flood of 1769. Flax-dressers came next as the second largest community. Then came a group dressed as Shakespeare’s characters. Dancers followed, then singers who sang the songs from *Shakespeare’s Garland*, always printed on handbills and often as a pamphlet. More dignified things were on the programs: balls for the elite, concerts with some of the music from Garrick’s ode, dinners to which the Corporation invited “the neighboring gentry and more respectable townsmen.” But the color and excitement were centered in the streets, where Shakespeare’s townsmen frolicked as Shakespeare’s characters in such costumes and in such manner as seemed good to them. Although tourist trade grew year by year, there are few records of any outsiders invited to these occasions.

The usual time was a single day, the usual date was September, but at times local interests could modify both rules. For example, in 1793 it was found that the most convenient time for instituting the Shakespeare Masonic Lodge was in June. A two-day “Masonic Jubilee” was held on June 4 and 5 with Masonic regalia supplementing the procession. Any absorbing local interest could absorb the Jubilee, on the sound principle that Shakespeare would have been interested had he been present. Two Jubilees in the nineteenth century raised funds for repairing the chancel of his church. In 1794 Edmond Malone was asked to help celebrate on a national scale the twenty-fifth anniversary of Garrick’s Jubilee, but “the considerable national gloom which the revolutionary war excited, overwhelmed every attempt to give it that general attraction which only could ensure the interest of the festival, and the remuneration of the manager.”

In 1808 John F. M. Dovaston of Westfelton in Shropshire began an annual celebration of Shakespeare’s birthday, small
private parties marked by jests, bardolatry, and animus for all commentators on Shakespeare. This example urged Stratford in the direction of an April festival. The bicentennial of Shakespeare's death was celebrated in April. John Britton, a London publisher, had suggested that the occasion be of national scope, but the idea was impractical. It was, however, fairly pretentious as a local celebration. The September date still had more backing by local custom, and the fiftieth anniversary of Garrick's Jubilee in 1819 was naturally held in September. On that date, scholarly discourse, now so large a part of Stratford's just pride, entered the program in the amiable person of John Britton, an antiquarian and topographer of note in whose learned and friendly companionship many Stratford men found pleasure and inspiration.

In 1824 two new figures appeared. Saint George led the procession on a milk-white steed richly caparisoned. April 23, the day of both the birth and the death of Shakespeare, is feast day of the patron saint of England. Once Saint George had led the procession, his presence seemed so eminently right and proper that he led it from then on, whether the Jubilee came in April or not. By 1835 his figure was projected backward in time and can be seen in pictures purporting to represent Garrick's Jubilee. In 1824 appeared also the Shakespeare Club, reorganized after a false start in 1816. The verve of this group of citizens changed once again the nature of the Jubilees, which now grew in size and were no longer private affairs. In 1826 an elaborate local festival served as dress rehearsal for the Grand Jubilee of 1827, attended by twenty thousand people during its three-day program. In 1828 and 1829 the celebration was a dinner on the birthday with toasts to "The King" (who had adopted the day as his birthday), "England and St. George," "The Duke of York and the Army," and to "The Immortal
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Memory of William Shakespeare,” and “The Immortal Memory of David Garrick.”

The Jubilee of 1830 was so grand an affair that it called itself the “Second Jubilee,” inviting comparison with Garrick and discounting all products of the intervening years. Yet, however grand the occasion, Stratford kept her own identity. With sixty years of tradition behind her, she had lost any self-consciousness about her own brand of merrymaking. There were professional actors and professional costumers in 1830, and national publicity and great expense (there was a deficit of over three thousand pounds met this time by the Corporation), and these things entitled the event to be called the Second Jubilee. There were imported entertainments: “Phantasmagoria or Optical Illusions,” a “Grand” balloon ascension, Charles Kean playing Shakespeare. From King George IV on, royal patrons have claimed the first toast. But Rother Street was filled with the attractions of a country fair. Even when professionals came again to stage and costume the processions, the local versions of Lear and Falstaff were also in the streets, and the procession went on for hours in a beautifully disorganized way. The Garland became part of Warwickshire history almost as if it had come down from antiquity along with Percy’s Reliques. Fake antiquity became true tradition, but what is more important is the fact that it evoked true antiquity. Across the years older music had mingled with the Garland. Garrick’s contrived antique dances became the real ones when Stratford had to become her own choreographer. His “foolish hobby-horse” had summoned the real hobbyhorse of the morris dancers, offered to Queen Elizabeth the Second as Kenilworth offered a Warwickshire antimasque to the Virgin Queen. With prophetic hand Garrick had rubber-stamped his folk movement with the romantic trademarks of local color, medievalism, bardolatry. What Garrick gave to Stratford, Stratford has made her own.
Because the Jubilees over the years felt little or no outside influence, they have been considered separately from other manifestations of Stratford's altered attitude toward the past. This attitude was the product Stratford peddled to a tourist trade drawn from all over England. So widespread was the Jubilee publicity that the visitors came already knowing what they ought to see and how they ought to feel. Memoirs of pilgrims prove how they were conditioned by stage backdrops and magazine verse to the glamorous sights that awaited them. The vacuum of public demand drew forth relics, usually bought and sold with good nature and a grain of salt. George Garrick in 1769 bought for himself a pair of Shakespeare's own gloves and one of his inkstands. Georg Lichtenberg in 1775, tongue in cheek, bought some pieces of Shakespeare's chair. John Byng, recognizing everything from Drury Lane backdrops and bargaining eagerly for a rung of the chair, tells a very amusing story, but he was a perfectly clearheaded antiquarian who was there at the behest of Malone. Washington Irving in 1815 handed down to American readers the classic description of Mrs. Hornby, who followed the Harts as mistress of the Birthplace. During her long reign there (1793-1820) she discovered relics that were a tribute to her ingenuity and a joy to the pilgrims, who got their money's worth, if not precisely Shakespeare's own shoeing-horn. The pilgrims were more entertained than gulled, and felt the need of some comic relief, for the emotions of bardolatry were genuine.

Certain legends were affected by external influence so as to become almost unrecognizable. An example is the crab tree.
It was in print at least as early as 1762, when a "Letter from the Place of Shakespeare's Nativity" to a periodical told how "our chearful host" to the White Lion showed the tree to visitors.\(^1\) The pre-Jubilee version has a rowdy country air about it. The basic story tells how Bidford, a village about seven miles below Stratford, boasted of its prowess in drinking and challenged Shakespeare to bring some of his Stratford companions of known talents in that field to a contest in Bidford. Stratford's team was worsted. Unable to walk home because of their endeavors, they slept under a crab tree (or bush). In memory of this contest Shakespeare is supposed to have written a quatrain, a catalogue of the villages near Stratford.

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dadging Exhall, Papist Wickford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford.

Garrick ignored the crab, perhaps not finding the story edifying nor the poem up to Shakespeare's best; but Jubilee satirists used it for drawing parallels with the mulberry so the two might be lumped together as fraudulent impositions.\(^2\)

The next version was more aesthetic, the drinking companions being a variable list of poets—Peele, Drayton, Jonson, and other notables. Then overtones of pathos came, and the story became fused with an earlier legend of another drinking bout by which John Ward, vicar at Stratford from 1662 to 1681, accounted for Shakespeare's death. The crab was still standing when Irving was there, but soon thereafter it was cut and carved into curios. Reports of the Jubilees where they were offered for sale add the note of good business. Female poets writing for London periodicals moved the story nearer a saint's legend during the high tide of romanticism and conceived of the tree as flowering miraculously out of season when it gave shelter to the Pride of
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All Nature. I have seen a letter (signature illegible) asking Sir Walter Scott to accept a goblet of the wood and write a poem about it. The reporter for the celebration in Stratford of 1826 wrote, "On the table we noticed several of the cups and goblets carved from the Shakespeare Mulberry and Crab Trees," and in 1827 during the Jubilee Mr. Taylor in Wood Street advertised "For sale and display articles of the mulberry and crab tree wood, a table inlaid with both, goblets, cribbage boxes." I find no later record of either crab or mulberry offered for open sale, though there were auctions listing the articles. In 1830 they were advertised "on display" only, but some clever mind had contrived a souvenir that moved the crab into the area of rococo prettiness: the tree in full bloom carved in white ivory.

This legend shows fluctuations from outside influence. Another legend shows the stream of influence reversed. Born of an irresponsible crotchet of the mind of John Jordan, it shook the Shakespearean world. Jordan, an honest man in the common intercourse of life, was a known fabricator of legends and relics. He was born in Tiddington near Stratford in 1746. His parents intended him to be a wheelwright, but Garrick's Jubilee aroused other ambitions. At that time he published his first literary effort, a poetic tribute to Garrick as he accepted from William Hunt the insignia of the office of Steward. From that time on, "his heart was in antiquarian studies in which he showed more inventiveness than earnest research."

He served as guide to the pilgrims, and in 1794 thus served an engraver who came seeking material for his book Picturesque Views on the Warwickshire Avon, companion volume to earlier books on the Thames and the Medway. From Jordan, the engraver's seventeen-year-old son got an inspiration to a new way of life. The son was William Ireland. Within weeks there came from his hand the first of a series of forgeries which were the most notorious of Shakespeare hoaxes. The early forgeries were some-
what modeled on Jordan’s relics, but young Ireland soon surpassed Jordan’s naive efforts.

Many documents and many books from Shakespeare’s library came to light, then a complete copy of King Lear and a partial copy of Hamlet in Shakespeare's handwriting. In February the findings were placed on display. On February 26 Boswell publicly knelt and kissed the relics, of which the most consoling was Shakespeare’s signed confession of sound Anglican faith, a rebuttal to those who had seen in him tendencies toward papistry. Dr. Parr, James Boaden, Joseph Warton, and other scholars at the universities were deceived. Malone, with chilling accuracy, debunked the forgeries, at first with scant ratification from other authorities. Summer brought two new plays by Shakespeare, King Henry the Second and Vortigern and Rowena. Richard Sheridan contracted to produce the latter at Drury Lane, but dubiety grew as Malone got in his good work; the public became queasy, and Sheridan kept postponing the performance. By the time it was staged, on April 2, 1796 (Sheridan did not quite dare to set it on April 1), the fraud was generally exposed and the performance marked the end of the great Ireland hoax. There are elements in the story as told by John Mair in The Fourth Forger that are too bleak to be appropriate to the term hoax; the father apparently was so trusting that he could hardly relinquish his pride in his gifted son.

Jordan’s part in the imposture, though relatively innocent, was known to the public. Chagrined by this, chagrined also by Mrs. Hornby’s success in receiving the pilgrims at the Birthplace, Jordan hit back. In 1799 he slapped a charge of fraud on the house in Henley Street. “From memory and imagination” he drew a picture of the true Birthplace. I know of none of his factual proof offered in print, but I see the fine irony of his choice of Brook House for this honor. For Brook House was pulled down about the Jubilee year (1770 is one conjectural
date, but 1769 is possible), in order that the owner of the house next door might enlarge his garden. The owner of both properties was William Hunt. The vision of Garrick, guest in the home of the desecrator during the Jubilee, unconsciously treading on the ruins of the sacred relic, was indeed an invention to stand beside Mrs. Hornby's best fabrication.22 Jordan's whispering campaign grew louder. At length he published his picture of Brook House in Gentleman's Magazine with the simple caption: "View of the Brook House, in which Shakespeare [sic], was really born, April 23, 1564."23

There was no trouble in disposing of Brook House. It was a completely untenable Birthplace and was never given a moment's serious consideration.24 But the scholars, smarting from their highly publicized gullibility in the Ireland scandal, were ready for a new philosophy that called all in doubt. A haze of quandary settled over Henley Street and remained for sixty years. Guidebooks of that period show the shifting tides of doubt and belief. When the house was bought for a national shrine, the legal documents avoided the word Birthplace.25 John Britton did not believe it genuine and refused to take active part in the purchase.26 The Henley Street tradition could easily be traced back to 1769, but at that time the historians could not trace the provenance before the Jubilee.27 Meticulous scholars uneasily wondered if Garrick went down to Stratford and selected at random a convenient location for his bookshop and dubbed it "Birthplace." There was no ground at all for this uneasiness of conscience. Even if it turns out that Shakespeare was Mary, Lady Pembroke or Francis Bacon, it is absolutely certain that Garrick found a tradition in Henley Street of long standing and unanimous acceptance. Although Jubilee visitors spoke of the bookshop as the very room in which Shakespeare was born,28 Stratford has never authorized the room, even in the wave of Jubilee enthusiasm; but the house was accepted by
local tradition long before the Jubilee. During the festival, Foote and his band of wits roamed the streets seeking material for their squibs; any hint that Garrick was foisting off on the public a pre-fabricated Birthplace would have gone by special messenger to the Public Advertiser. It was thirty years after the Jubilee that Jordan's pique raised the first question about the *bona fides* of the Henley Street house.

There was a period when extremes of historical skepticism were matched by extremes of legend-mongering, and both seemed productive of good business. Edmond Malone's conclusions, a sort of Golden Mean of accuracy and sweet reasonableness, had been published in 1790 and expanded in 1793, but extremists want no Golden Mean. New Place was a crux. One group attempted to salvage and claim as Shakespearean every sliver and shard of the house. The other side claimed that the Cloptons in 1701 had annihilated every splinter of the former house, and the building destroyed by Gastrell had no Bardic significance whatsoever. The mulberry tree was a crux. One side enshrined anything labeled "mulberry." The skeptics made various allegations: that there never was a mulberry tree; that Warwickshire from time immemorial had been clothed with mulberry trees, and they seeded themselves like weeds; that Thomas Sharp had invented the whole story. Or that the mulberry tree was only a Jubilee product. A random harvest gleaned from guidebooks and pamphlets of the era yields almost every variation of the Gastrell story except a version that would resuscitate the character of the Gastrells.

But the passion for antiquity took soberer form in many men of Stratford who have served well the cause of historical fact. The Reverend Joseph Greene, who wrote the poetical prologue for the celebration of 1746, at his death in 1790 left a valuable collection of material. James West, who hospitably packed his home Alscott Park during the Jubilee with "many men of wit
And genius," was a learned worker in the field. The Reverend James Davenport, who held the living for fifty-four years (1787-1841), assisted Malone, as did W. O. Hunt and Captain James Saunders, the keeper of the Archives, whose extensive collections have been used in my account of Stratford history. Chief of these was the precocious young man who inherited Joseph Greene's collection and used it as basis for his quiet life's work, Robert Bell Wheler.

He was son of an old Stratford family. Once and only once his legal training necessitated a brief stay in London. For the rest, he lived and died in the house in Avon Croft where he was born. His legal training, his talent for draftsmanship, his superbly legible handwriting were implements in his recording of fact. His search for fact left a heritage that draws interest from every passing year. His three published books and his letters to periodicals are of sufficient interest to merit a modern scholarly edition, but the treasure is in the archives—a quarto volume of collectanea and 286 volumes of manuscript material. His style is animated by a tension between a Malonian accuracy and a Boswellian enthusiasm. His clarity and thoroughness are fruit of that passion of patience needed by all who play out the undramatic drama of research; and through his patient submission to fact there can be seen evidence of another passion.

For he, too, bought a relic. In 1810 he bought a ring that might have been Shakespeare's. He investigated and dismissed the plethora of spurious relics unearthed by the legend-mongers, and conscientiously published his doubts about his own.\textsuperscript{34} No urge to turn a dishonest penny moved Wheler; no scruple was lacking in his intellectual honesty. Yet his writings as well as the purchase of that ring give evidence of something he shared with John Jordan and with all his townsmen after the Jubilee, shared with the world that touched Stratford, with Malone in his exquisite sense of honor and with William Ireland in his
strange, febrile falsifications: a common assumption that life would be infinitely richer from touching what Shakespeare's hand had touched, an assumption of the immanence and indwelling of the god of their idolatry, so deeply felt that it need not be argued or even stated.

It was a dreary September morning in 1769 when the temple fell ignominiously into the mud while glum visitors blew their noses and croaked, "A fig for your permanent temple, Stratford." But Stratford has her temple now. The brochures that describe it are bound in the eighteenth-century print of Garrick in that first temple. History now is preserved free from legend. Nobody will sell you so much as a splinter of Shakespeare's own chair. Young scholars cautiously distinguish between reproductions and articles genuinely of the period, their well-modulated voices reiterating, "No. Not Shakespeare's own bed." So perfect is the pax academica that the devisors of legend have been forced to find for themselves other birthplaces far away at Canterbury or York House. The temple stands foursquare, walled with history, drama, scholarship, and royal favor. Thus bastioned, Stratford today offers Shakespeare to the world on the same terms as John Heminge, another Stratford man, offered the First Folio in 1623: "To the great Variety of Readers, From the most able, to him that can but spell," and on the annual day of jubilee the emblems of the world dip in salute.

A temple cannot be founded on history or legend or scholarship. From its earliest institution, drama has only adorned a temple. A temple is founded on myth, something deep within the nature of things, truer than history—which is the provable past—more potent than legend, which is the accretion of fabric that grows up around history. Garrick activated a romantic myth in Stratford, and Stratford disseminated it in every contact with the outside world. A classical temple to universal genius can be built anywhere. It is a romantic longing that is satisfied
by saying, "Here Shakespeare walked and sung." It is a romantic belief that the spirit is immanent in matter, that genius can hallow the common earth it touched briefly long ago. Now as in 1769 visitors can be provoked by bad weather, housing problems, and the common cold into asking, "What had genius to do with you?" But the romantic depths of the mind will answer, "What indeed, but to be one of you, loving the blossoming earth and the pageantry of little towns, buying with the gains of theatrical illusion a home here for himself, living and dead." Garrick counted on that myth, and Stratford has built on it ever since.

2. Letter from Garrick to William Hunt, in the collectanea of Captain James Saunders. Archives of Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.
9. Robert Bell Wheler, Letter to Gentleman’s Magazine, LXXXVI (1816), 86, 519. George Lloyd of Welcomb was in charge of arrangements. Stewards were the Earl of Guilford, Lord Middleton, Sir Charles Mordaunt, and Francis Canning. Esq. Medals similar to Garrick’s were struck at Birmingham and identical ribbons were woven at Coventry. J. Bisset read a poem to the 116 ladies and gentlemen who attended the public breakfast. Shakespeare’s Garland was reprinted. A dinner at four was attended by 75 gentlemen. There were fireworks at nine and a ball at eleven, attended by 155 guests.
10. Britton’s subject was “Lecture on the Peculiar and Characteristic Merits of Shakespeare.” His Autobiography tells of his pleasure in the wit and hospitality of the Stratford men. He was associated with the Jubilees in benefit of the chancel.
11. Captain Saunders did not approve of this “group of tradesmen” in early days, and records that the Corporation of the Borough “properly withheld any active sanction” of the “sorry spectacle.” The program for this year was spotted with a defensive protestation of scholarship to the point where it sounds like the table of contents of a learned journal: Commentaries on “Shakespeare’s Contribution to Language,” his politics, metaphysics, logic, and his natural or moral philosophy. But the undignified elements of public jollification were too strong for Saunders’ taste, and his tone reminds one of George Steevens’ plaints in 1769 that Garrick was turning Shakespeare over to a “fraternity of

12. All possible details of Garrick’s Jubilee were copied, the Garrick Inn was open, the Ode and Garland were reprinted, and the Ode was read (without music) by Mr. Bond. The Reverend John Huckell, “intimate friend of Mr. Garrick, who had assisted him in the Composition of the Ode,” was present and read a new poem written for the occasion. The three-day program was blessed by propitious weather.

13. King George IV gave his permission to Stratford to list him as Royal Patron, but he gave nothing else; Sir Robert Peel was blamed for this niggardly behavior. J. Bisset wrote, performed, and sold a song discussing the matter. A new Jubilee song by the same author to the tune of “God Save the King” showed, however, more gratitude for royal patronage. “The King, the Poet, and the Patron Saint” was the motto of this Jubilee. St. George (the role taken by the actor Charles Kean) led the procession, which followed the path of Garrick’s, but ended at the site of the Shakespeare Theatre for the laying of the cornerstone, which contained specimens of all mementos of the 1769 Jubilee. For the first time since 1746 Shakespeare’s plays formed part of a festival program, and Garrick shared honors; the plays for the first day were one by each and one by both: As You Like It, Catherine and Petruchio (Garrick’s version of The Taming of the Shrew), and Paddy Whack’s Dilemma at the Jubilee, revised from Garrick’s play The Jubilee. Charles Kean played Sir Giles Overreach in A New Way to Pay Old Debts and Richard III with favorable reviews.

14. A Descriptive Account of the Second Royal Gala Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon in Commemoration of the Natal Day of Shakespeare, the King’s Adopted Birth-day, and the Festival of St. George. On the 23rd, 24th, 26th, & 27th of April 1830. By a Member of the Royal Shakespeare Club (1830). Morris dancers were featured on Saturday and Monday; there were “raree-shows, wonderful curiosities, and Ryan’s Olympic Circus” in Rother Street. The procession went on for three hours, professionals being costumed very “accurately” by Palmer of Tavistock Street, London, but the amateurs processed also.


19. Public Advertiser, July 8, 1769. Letter to Keate signed by the mulberry tree refers to its “only Relation,” the crab bush.

20. Folger Library, “Shakespeareana: the First Three Jubilees,” p. 3. The writer asks Scott to accept a goblet of the crab and write some lines to preface
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a biography of Shakespeare he is "about to reprint," and suggests as subjects the crab and "the mulberry tree which shaded the great Garrick and Macklin, who instituted the Jubilee in honor of their illustrious master."


22. Hunt bought New Place in 1775. See J. C. M. Bellew, Shakespeare's Home at New Place (1863), p. 22. I think he leased it from Gastrell earlier and used it as a garden, judging from a letter to him from Gastrell in the Archives, dated December 29, 1768. The letter begins: "Sir: To enlarge your term in the Garden &c I agree with you can be in no sort prejudicial to my Interest, since I shall hardly ever entertain any thought of returning to a place where I have been so maltreated, nor indeed can I expect to survive your present term."

23. Gentleman's Magazine, LXXVIII (1808), 289. See also p. 3.

24. Ibid., 668-69. Robert Bell Wheler's reply to Jordan's picture of Brook House. For other information on Jordan, see LXX, 1000; LXXIX, 885. The first reference associates him with Ireland; the second is his obituary notice, which ends, "It is conjectured that many of his tales respecting Shakespeare were from his own inventive genius." Wheler's Guide, p. 142, deals generously with Jordan.

25. At a meeting of the London Court of Common Council a request was made for money to help in the purchase of the Birthplace. The court records show an objection from the floor, by a Mr. Anderson: "No, no; he was not born in it." Recorded response: [Laughter.] "Shakespeareana: the First Three Jubilees," Folger Library, p. 231.


28. The Public Advertiser, September 16, 1769, reported on the Birthplace with confidence and enthusiasm, and identified the room in which Shakespeare was born; but see Gentleman's Magazine, XXXIX (1769), 345, for Stratford's statement.

29. Guidebooks claimed that the Falcon Inn had some paneling from New Place. If so, it was Clopton paneling, not Shakespeare's. The major alterations on the White Lion were made in 1753. Mr. Levi Fox dismisses the legend that the White Lion was "built of the materials from New Place" as nineteenth-century legend. Yet I was interested to see in the Archives a letter from Gastrell to Hunt, dated December 29, 1768, in which he discusses payment for some grates and bricks Payton had from him.

30. The history of the house can be documented back to 1483, when Sir John Clopton owned it. Dr. Thomas Bentley, physician to the king, was owner from about 1543 until his death in 1549. The house was left to his widow on the condition that she not marry; she did marry again, and the house, now called New Place, became the property of William Bott. Before 1570 William Underwood obtained possession. William Shakespeare acquired possession by a negotiation begun in 1597 and completed in 1602. He left the house to his daughter Susannah, wife of John Hall. Their daughter Elizabeth inherited it, and after her death it was sold to Sir Edward Walker. He died in 1677, and his daughter Barbara inherited it. Thus the property came a second time into the Clopton family, for she was the wife of another Sir John Clopton. Their son Sir Hugh was given the house by deed in 1701; at his death it was sold by his son-in-law and executor Henry Talbot to Mr. Gastrell. The house was altered in 1701 when Sir Hugh received it as a gift. Theobald in his edition
of Shakespeare (1733), I, xiii, speaks of "the Mansion-house since erected upon the same spot." Malone (1790), I, 522, says Shakespeare's house was "pulled down." But it was said that the framework of the original house remained, and Wheler always says the house was "altered," and speaks of "alteration." See Gentleman's Magazine, CVII (1810), 101-2, for example. Modern science deplores the loss of New Place more than any number of mulberries, for methods of restoration now could determine the age of materials, etc. The Gastrells destroyed one of the most interesting houses in the town; association with the Clopton family alone would make it interesting.

31. Thomas Sharp died in 1799. He summoned the town officials to his deathbed and made solemn legal deposition that Sir Hugh Clopton had called the tree Shakespeare's, and that Sharp had never sold spurious wood. Wheler, History, pp. 137-38.

32. It is easy to document the fame of the tree between the years 1756 and 1769: in Chapter I mention is made of Garrick's purchase, the gifts of the town council as early as 1760, and Garrick's bon mot which shows that mulberries were well known twelve years before the Jubilee. The poet Shenstone bought a tobacco stopper from a Birmingham toy-seller named Moody in 1759. Biographia Britannica, VI (1763), Part I, p. 3639, speaks with reverence of the relics. That spurious wood was sold has never been doubted; genuine wood was scarce in 1760, and Garrick in 1762 insisted on notarized statement that his was genuine. But Malone accepted the tree as probably genuine; see his edition of 1790, I, 118, and the edition of 1821, II, 523. E. K. Chambers (II, 296) says: "Modern speculation has decided that Shakespeare planted his mulberry in 1609 when James I issued Instructions to encourage the growth of them and the breeding of Silkworms (Harleian Miscellany, ii. 218)."

33. If a story told in a letter of Edmond Malone can be true, the destruction of New Place was not the only act of wanton, self-penalizing temper in the family; Mrs. Gastrell, similarly angry at the poor of the community, refused to rent her home Stowe-hill near Lichfield because the renter was overly generous in cases of charity. See Correspondence of Edmond Malone . . . with the Rev. James Davenport D.D. (1864), p. 27. The letter is printed in Sir James Prior's Life of Malone (1860), p. 142. An interesting story to set beside the monument raised to her memory in Lichfield Cathedral by five grateful nephews and three nieces who "partook equally and amply of her bounty," describing her as "constantly employed in acts of secret and extensive charity." Dr. Johnson kept his high regard for his "dear Mrs. Gastrell." Johnson, II, 470, tells of his taking Boswell to her home for dinner March 25, 1776. He told Boswell nothing of her Stratford connections until they had left; he said then that she probably collaborated with her husband in the Stratford incident, and they probably did it for spite.

34. Wheler, Guide (1814). On March 16, 1810, a signet ring was found near the churchyard with a seal W.S. Assisted by Malone, Wheler made every effort to prove or disprove its connection with Shakespeare, and the book closes with his words: "... should success attend the investigation, this seal ring would be the only existing article PROVED to have originally belonged to our immortal poet."