Appendixes
A List of Some Persons Who Attended the Jubilee

Associated with the Theater

David Garrick, his wife, his servant Charles
George Garrick, business manager
David Ross, manager of the theater at Edinburgh, his wife and daughter
James Lacy, copartee with Garrick of Drury Lane
George Colman, manager of the theater in Covent Garden
John Lee, manager of the theater at Bath
James Messink, stage manager at Drury Lane
Samuel Foote, manager of the theater in the Haymarket
Francis Gentleman
Arthur Murphy
William Kenrick
Charles Macklin
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kelly
Kitty Clive
Mr. and Mrs. Yates
Mr. and Mrs. Tom King
John Moody
William Havard
W. "Gentleman" Smith
Mr. and Mrs. James Love
Henry Woodward
Ellis Ackman
John Hartrey
Richard Hurst
Signor Grimaldi, who walked Falstaff, a great clown and father of a greater one
Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley. Mr. Baddeley left in his will a sum of
money for a Twelfth-Night cake still eaten every year by the actors at Drury Lane.

Benjamin Victor, stage historian
French, in charge of stage lighting at Drury Lane, and Porter, his assistant, scene designer for Sadler's Wells

Johnson, box-keeper at Drury Lane

Benjamin Wilson, general artistic director of the Jubilee

Inigo Richards, and Dahl (sometimes spelled Dall), scene designers at Covent Garden

Domenico Angelo, in charge of fireworks, his wife and son Henry, and

Clitherow, pyrotechnist at Ranelagh, his assistant

The Musicians

Dr. Thomas Arne, composer and conductor
Isaac Bickerstaffe, librettist

The soloists: Vernon, Brown, Champness, Mrs. Radley, Miss Weller, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Barthelemon, Mrs. Baddeley

François Hippolyte Barthelemon, composer
Samuel Arnold, composer at Covent Garden

Ailmont, free-lance composer

Charles Dibdin, composer

Jerningham, writer of lyrics

Richards, conductor at Drury Lane, and his orchestra

One account said there were 145 actors present. Probably the figure included musicians, and such theatrical figures as Colman, manager of Covent Garden. I am under the impression that all stage people mentioned so far walked, or were to have walked, in the procession of Shakespearean characters.

Others Present on Jubilee Business

Thomasp Becket, bookseller
Latimore, architect
Boar, architect

Jackson, costumer

Westwood of Birmingham, who struck the medals
Gill of Bath, chief
"Musidorus," correspondent for the Public Advertiser and the London Chronicle; possibly Richard Baldridge of the Advertiser, who was present

For the horse race: Pompillion (or Papillon), bay colt; the owner, Mr. Fettiplace; the jockey, Edward Freeman; Lofty, gray colt; the owner, Mr. Watson; the jockey, John Rider; Marlin, bay colt; the owner, the Hon. Mr. King; the jockey, Thomas Camel; Scholes, chestnut colt; the owner, Lord Grosvenor (jockey not named); Whirligig, brown colt, owned and ridden to victory by John Pratt, groom

Stratford People and Neighbors Often Mentioned in the Accounts

Samuel Jarvis, mayor during Jubilee planning
John Meachum, mayor during preparations and during the Jubilee
Nathanael Cooke, elected mayor the opening morning of the Jubilee, to take office according to custom on the first Tuesday in October
William Hunt, town clerk
Other burgesses: Lees, Lord, Halford, Allen, Evetts, Nut, Stevens, Gardner, Ingram, Boyles, Bolton, Hitchcocks, Wheler, Eaves
The Hart family
The Reverend Joseph Greene
John Payton, host at the White Lion
Francis Wheler, his daughter, and her aunt Miss Smith
Thomas Sharp
John Ange, who felled the tree
George Willes
Ashton Smith
John Jordan
J. Keating, bookseller
Shank, the lad who was his assistant
Fulk Weale, job printer
Dionysus Bradley
John Huckell, who assisted Garrick in writing the Ode to Shakespeare
Mrs. Hatton, who lived next door to the ravaged New Place at Hall's Croft
The Whitmores
James West, who "received many men of rank and genius" as Jubilee guests at his home Alscott Park
Appendix A

Visitors

The Duke of Dorset, High Steward of the borough, and his entourage
The Duke of Manchester
Lord and Lady Pembroke
Lord and Lady Spencer
Lord and Lady Denbigh
Lord and Lady North
Lord and Lady Shrewsbury
Lord and Lady Pigot
Lord and Lady Northampton
Lord and Lady Hertford, with his brother
General Conway
George Selwyn, and Miss West
Lord and Lady Archer
Lord and Lady Beauchamp
Lord and Lady Craven
Lord and Lady Carlisle
Lord and Lady Plymouth
Lord and Lady Grosvenor
Lord Greville
Lady Moslyn
Lord Cautherley
Sir Francis Skipworth
Sir Robert Ladbrooke and his two daughters
Sir Watkin Williams Wynne
The Hon. Mr. Charles Fox
James Boswell
John Hoole, translator and dramatist
Admiral Rodney
Joseph Cradock, his wife, and her sister Miss Stratford
Robert Baldwin, London publisher
Robert Baldridge
Crew, Member of Parliament from Chester, and
Payne, Member from Shaftesbury, with their wives, two famous beauties
Mrs. Bouvierie, another reigning beauty of the day
Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, translator
Mrs. Macauley, historian, politician, at that time suspected of being author of the Junius letters
The Reverend John Fullerton, Wilts
The Reverend Richard Jago, Snitterfield
Mr. Charles Oakes
Mr. Ned Dickinson
Mr. Lucas of Oxford
Mr. Hazard of Oxford
Mr. Shelden
Miss Guise
Miss Winsor
Miss Fisher
Mr. Dagge, a solicitor
The two Mr. Swintons of Scotland
Matthew Bolton of the Soho
Dr. Berkeley of Scotland
Mr. Baillie of Lichfield
Captain Johnson "of an India man"
Lieutenant Vyse of Sir Joseph Yorke's Dragoons, son of a Lichfield clergyman
Captain Shelton of Lord Benney's 38th Regiment of foot, and his beautiful Irish wife
Captain Edward Thompson of the Navy, author
George Saville Carey, author
Mr. Cook, clergyman of Powick in Worchester
Mr. Franks, "younger brother of the King's upholsterer"
Mr. Richardson, a painter
James Henry Castle, who died of a chill caught at the Jubilee
A Mr. Harris and a Mr. Walley were important enough to be singled out for comment. Possibly James Harris and Peter Whalley, the editor of Ben Jonson's works
Various accounts hint that these were present, but no Stratford report mentions their presence: William Whitehead, poet laureate; George Keate; George Alexander Stevens; Paul Hiffernan; the composers William Boyce and Theodore Aylward
The following text of Garrick's Ode is taken from the first edition printed for sale at the Jubilee. The two footnotes marked by asterisks are Garrick’s own.

An
ODE
upon
Dedicating a Building,
and
Erecting a Statue,
to
SHAKESPEARE,
at
Stratford upon Avon
By D.G.

London:
Printed for T. Becket, and P. A. De Hondt, in the Strand.
MDCCCLXIX

251
Appendix B

To what blest genius of the isle,
Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
Decree the festive day,
Erect the statue, and devote the pile?

Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
To own the "bosom’s lord?"
'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
Who Avon’s flow’ry margin trod,
While sportive Fancy round him flew,
Where Nature led him by the hand,
Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command!
'Tis he! 'tis he!
"The god of our idolatry!"
To him the song, the Edifice we raise,
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
And to our spell-bound minds impart
Some faint idea of his magic art;
Let awful silence still the air!

From the dark cloud, the hidden light
Bursts tenfold bright!
Prepare! prepare! prepare!
Now swell [at once] the choral song,
Roll the full tide of harmony along;
And Fame expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov’d, rever’d, immortal name!

SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE!
Let th’ enchanting sound,
From Avon’s shores rebound;
Thro’ the Air,
Let it bear,
The precious freight the envious nations round!
Appendix B

CHORUS.

Swell the choral song,
Roll the tide of harmony along,
Let Rapture sweep the strings,
Fame expand her wings,
With her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!

SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE!

AIR.

I.

Sweetest bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never sure did witching tongue,
Warble forth such wood-notes wild!

II.

Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
Loves and Pleasures hither come;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's banks were once your home.

III.

Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Songs of triumph to him raise;
He united all your pow'rs,
All uniting, sing his praisel
Tho' Philip's fam'd unconquer'd son,
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won;
He sigh'd—that his creative word,
(Like that which rules the skies,)
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword:

But when our SHAKSPEARE's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword, had done with men;
He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan,
Not limited to human kind,
He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
Rais'd other worlds, and beings of his own!

AIR.

When Nature, smiling, hail'd his birth,
To him unbounded pow'r was given;
The whirlwind's wing to sweep the sky,
"The frenzy-rowling eye,
To glance from heav'n to earth,
From earth to heav'n!"

O from his muse of fire
Could but one spark be caught,
Then might these humble strains aspire,
To tell the wonders he has wrought.
To tell,—how sitting on his magic throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state,
The subject passions round him wait;
Who tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;
With that superior skill,
Appendix B

Which winds the fiery steed at will,
    He gives the awful word—
And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for their Lord.

With these his slaves he can controul,
    Or charm the soul;
So realiz'd are all his golden dreams,
    Of terror, pity, love, and grief,
Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
    The woe-struck mind finds no relief:
Ingratitude would drop the tear,
    Cold-blooded age take fire,
To see the thankless children of old Lear,
    Spurn at their king, and sire!
With his our reason too grows wild!
    What nature had disjoin'd,
The poet's pow'r combin'd,
    Madness and age, ingratitude and child.

Ye guilty, lawless tribe,
Escap'd from punishment, by art or bribe,
    At Shakespeare's bar appear!
No bribing, shuffling there—
    His genius, like a rushing flood,
Cannot be withstood,
Out burst the penitential tear!
The look appall'd, the crime reveals,
    The marble-hearted monster feels,
Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

SEMI-CHORUS.

When law is weak, and justice fails,
The poet holds the sword and scales.
Appendix B

AIR.

Though crimes from death and torture fly,
   The swifter muse,
   Their flight pursues,
Guilty mortals more than die!
   They live indeed, but live to feel
   The scourge and wheel,
"On the torture of the mind they lie;"
Should harrass'd nature sink to rest,
The Poet wakes the scorpion in the breast,
Guilty mortals more than die!

When our Magician, more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r;
The thunder growls, the heavens low'r,
And to his darken'd throne repair,
The Demons of the deep, and Spirits of the air!

But soon these horrors pass away,
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day:
He smiles,—they vanish into air!
The buskin'd warriors disappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums;
The scene is chang'd—Thalia comes,
Leading the nymph Euphrosyne,
Goddess of joy and liberty!
She and her sisters, hand in hand,
Link'd to a num'rous frolick band,
With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the Monarch of th'enchanted land!
Appendix B

AIR.

I.
Wild, frantick with pleasure,
They trip it in measure,
To bring him their treasure,
The treasure of joy.

II.
How gay is the measure,
How sweet is the pleasure,
How great is the treasure,
The treasure of joy.

III.
Like roses fresh blowing,
Their dimpled-cheeks glowing,
His mind is o'erflowing;
A treasure of joy!

IV.
His rapture perceiving,
They smile while they're giving,
He smiles at receiving,
A treasure of joy.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Surrounded thus, the Bard in transport dies;
Appendix B

The little Loves, like bee,
Clust'ring and climbing up his knees,
His brows with roses bind;
While Fancy, Wit, and Humour spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind.
Which teeming soon, as soon brought forth,
Not a tiny spurious birth,
But out a mountain came,
A mountain of delight!
LAUGHTER roar'd out to see the sight,
And FALSTAFF was his name!
With sword and shield he, puffing, strides;
The joyous revel-rout
Receive him with a shout,
And modest Nature holds her sides:
No single pow'r the deed had done,
But great and small,
Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jest,
The huge, mishapen heap impress'd;
And lo—SIR JOHN!
A compound of 'em all,
A comic world in ONE.

AIR.

A world where all pleasures abound,
So fruitful the earth,
So quick to bring forth,
And the world too is wicked and round.

As the well-teeming earth,
With rivers and show'rs,
Will smiling bring forth
Appendix B

Her fruits and her flow'rs;
So FALSTAFF will never decline;
Still fruitful and gay,
He moistens his clay,
And his rain and his rivers are wine;
Of the world he has all, but its care;
No load, but of flesh, will he bear;
He laughs off his pack,
Takes a cup of old sack,
And away with all sorrow and care.

Like the rich rainbow's various dyes,
Whose circle sweeps o'er earth and skies,
The heav'n-born muse appears;
Now in the brightest colours gay,
Now quench'd in show'rs, she fades away,
Now blends her smiles and tears.

Sweet Swan of Avon! ever may thy stream
Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme;
Not Thames himself, who in his silver course
Triumphant rolls along,
Britannia's riches, and her force,
Shall more harmonious flow in song.

O had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore
Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
And from their full and precious store,
Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise!
(Like that kind bounteous hands*,
Which lately gave the ravish'd eyes

* The D— of D—, with the concurrence of Mr. B—y, most generously ordered a great number of Trees to be cut down, to open the river Avon for the Jubilee.
Appendix B

Of Stratford swains
A rich command,
Of widen'd river, lengthen'd plains,
And opening skies)
Nor Greek, nor Roman streams would flow along,
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong,
Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal,
At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

AIR.

I.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakespear would dream,
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

II.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain,
The sweet bud of beauty, no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

III.

Here youth shall be fam'd, for their love, and their truth,
And cheerful old age, feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.
Appendix B

IV.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

Tho' bards with envy-aching eyes,
Behold a tow'ring eagle rise,
And would his flight retard;
Yet each to Shakespeare's genius bows,
Each weaves a garland for his brows,
To crown th'heaven-distinguish'd Bard.
Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,
And to the genius join'd the feeling man.
What tho' with more than mortal art,
Like Neptune he directs the storm,
Lets loose like winds the passions of the heart,
To wreck the human form;
Tho' from his mind rush forth, the Demons to destroy,
His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness, and joy.

AIR.

More gentle than the southern gale,
Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,
And gathers on its balmy wing,
The fragrant treasures of the spring,
Breathing delight on all it meets,
"And giving, as it steals, the sweets."
Appendix B

Look down blest SPIRIT from above,
With all thy wonted gentleness and love;
   And as the wonders of thy pen,
   By heav'n inspir'd,
   To virtue fir'd

The charm'd, astonish'd, sons of men!

With no reproach, even now, thou view'st thy work,
To nature sacred as to truth,
Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
   To taint the mind of youth.
Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
And as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend;
   And may no sacrilegious hand
Near Avon's banks be found,
   To dare to parcel out the land,
And limit Shakespear's hallow'd ground*.
For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
As broad, and general, as thy boundless mind.

Can British gratitude delay,
   To him, the glory of this isle,
   To give the festive day
The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
   To him the first of poets, best of men?
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

DUETT.

Shall the hero laurels gain,
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
And shall his brows no laurel bind,
Who charms to virtue humankind?

* This alludes to a design of inclosing a large common field at Stratford.
Appendix B

CHORUS.

We will,—his brows with laurel bind,
Who charms to virtue human kind:
    Raise the pile, the statue raise,
Sing immortal Shakespeare's praise!
The song will cease, the stone decay,
    But his Name
And undiminish'd fame,
Shall never, never pass away.

1. The two words in brackets do not appear in the text of the first edition of the Ode, but are given in Garrick's erratum on the verso of the title page.