

Mrs. Garrick was said to be "the most agreeable woman in England." Sterne, who saw her among the beauties of Paris in the Tuileries Gardens, declared "she could annihilate them all in a single turn." Even Horace Walpole could forsake his cynicism, and say of her that her "behaviour is all sense and all sweetness." "During the twenty-eight years of their married life," observes a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, "David was not so much the husband as the lover; and his affection was rewarded with a love as true and as constant as his own. Mrs. Garrick survived her husband more than forty years, and for at least thirty of these she would not allow the room in which David died to be opened. Buried, at her own request, in her wedding sheets, she occupies the same grave with her husband at the base of Shakespeare's statue, "until the day dawn and the shadows flee away. Doubtless a helpmate so attractive, and so congenial and pure, greatly aided the actor in striving to attain his ideal."

In September, 1769, Garrick put into execution his favourite scheme of the jubilee in honour of Shakespeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, and produced a pageant on the subject at Drury Lane in the following month. In June, 1776, having been manager of Drury Lane Theatre for nearly thirty years, Garrick took his leave of the stage in the character of Don Felix in *The Wonder*.

Garrick died at his house in the Adelphi on the 20th of January, 1779, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, his disorder gradually increasing, and admitting of no remedy. His physicians knew not how to designate his illness. Observing many of them, the day before his death, in his apartment, he asked who they were; being told they were physicians, he shook his head, and repeated these lines of Horatio, in the *Fair Penitent*:—

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last *Fool* is welcome as the former!"

Few men have been the subjects of more epi-

grams, repartees, and *bon mots* than David Garrick, and few men living in the society of the witty and the learned have had more poetry addressed to them. Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, Johnson's friend, for instance, thus apostrophises him:—

"The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick,
Thou who reversest odes Pindaric,
A second time read o'er;
Oh, could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review
And charm us thirty more!"

From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761 we call the following:—

"Says Garrick, amongst
other sociable chat,
What could I without
Shakespeare do? tell
me that."

It was replied—

"Great connexions you have
with each other, 'tis true:
But, *now*—what can
Shakespeare do, sir,
without you?"

The following colloquial
epigram appeared about
the same time:—

"*Wilnot*,

"You should call at his
house, or should send him
a card,
Can Garrick alone be so
cold?"

"Garrick,

"Shall I, a poor player, and
still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden
make bold?
What joy can I give him,
dear Wilnot, declare!

Promotion no honours can bring;

To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,
Wish joy to your country and king."

Wishing Sir Joshua Reynolds to make one of a party to dine with him at Hampton, and finding some difficulty in persuading him to come so far from Leicester Fields, Garrick said to him, "Well, only come, and you shall choose your dinner, though that is a favour I would not grant to everybody with such an insatiable *paléte* as yours."

"David would indulge some few friends"—says Charles Dibdin—"but it was very rare—with what he used to call his *rounds*. This he did by standing behind a chair, and converging into his face every possible kind of passion, blending one into the other, and, as it were, shadowing them with a prodigious number of gradations. At one moment you



GARRICK.