

laughed, at another you cried; now he terrified you, and presently you conceived yourself something horrible, he seemed so terrified at you. Afterwards he drew his features into the appearance of such dignified wisdom that Minerva might have been proud of the portrait; and then—degrading, yet admirable, transition—he became a driveller. In short, his face was what he obliged you to fancy it—age, youth, plenty, poverty, everything it assumed."

The following lines were written by Garrick to a

conversation with him said, "Dear sir, I wish you were a little taller;" to which he replied, "My dear madam, how happy should I be, did I stand higher in your estimation."

"Will your figures be as large as life, Mr. Foote?" asked a titled lady, when he was about to bring out at the Haymarket his comedy of *The Primitive Puppet Show*. "No, my lady," replied Foote, "they will be hardly larger than Garrick."

Garrick having a green-room wrangle with Mrs.



HAMPTON HOUSE.

(From a Print published in 1787.)

nobleman who asked him if he did not intend being in Parliament:—

"More than content with what my labours gain,
Of public favour tho' a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking time and place, and character!
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd 'strut and fret' no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask of any stage."^{*}

Garrick's stature was slightly under the middle size, but manliness, elasticity, ease, and grace, characterised his department. A lady one day in

Clive, after listening to all she had to say, replied, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone, and know the effects of both; but you are the cream of one and the flower of the other."

Garrick once gave at his lodgings a dinner to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber, &c., and fees to servants being then much the fashion, Macklin, and most of the company, gave Garrick's man (David, a Welshman) something at parting—some a shilling, some half-a-crown, &c., whilst Fielding, very formally, slipped a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded in the inside. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got. "I can't tell you yet, sir," said Davy, "here is half-a-crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless

^{*} *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1761.