

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. SOUTHEY.

ON Thursday se'night, according to a notice in the *Courier* from the pen of his friend and physician the celebrated Dr. PARACELUS BROADHUM COLERIDGE, departed this life the better portion of ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esquire, formerly "Man of Humanity" and Independent Poet, latterly Poet Laureat and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. Mr. SOUTHEY'S numerous works, remarkable for their impartial argument for and against despotism, and their equally impartial satire upon the writers on the two sides of the question, are well known to the public, especially his *Wat Tyler* and articles in the *Quarterly Review*, and his ridicule of the Duke of MANTONBOROUGH and praise of the Duke of WELLINGTON. He had long been in a sick and lingering way, attended with great irritability; and what is very curious, nothing would satisfy him in his more impatient moments, but imitating NIMROD, who hunted men, and for whose character he had latterly conceived a high admiration; but what is still more curious, he would start none but such as he hunted in company with formerly, and such others as disapproved his new mode of chase in particular.

This, of course, appeared to them very ridiculous and not to be tolerated. They would make all reasonable allowances for eccentricity and weakness, but when he came to presume upon their forbearance, for the purpose of overthrowing and trampling upon them, it was rather too much. He would get up for instance early in the morning, and after taking his breakfast in a very staid manner, and playing with the children which Nature and Mr. MALTRUS had agreed to favour him with, would mount his hobby; and couching his pen in hand for a lance like DON QUIXOTE, go galloping after divers Reformers, calling out to them all the while in such terms as the following:—"Hallo there! You vagabonds, thieves, liars, incendiaries, and worse than housebreakers, whom I formerly agreed with,—I was an honest and virtuous youth, a stripling of nine and twenty, for thinking as you do; but you are a pack of rascals, yelping curs, bears, tygers, and boars, for thinking as I did; and you, especially, who are no older than I was and only think half of what I did, are a parcel of provoking beasts, brutes, cattle, vermin, and reptiles. Therefore, in honour of your masters, who have put this bag of money in my pocket and this reverend laurel on my head, and above all, in honour of myself who am all contradiction and perfection, I shall hunt you down, you rascals, into ditches, Bastiles, and Inquisitions." So saying, he would clap pen to poney, and press forward, uttering the strangest mixture of oaths and exclamations, such as, "Hip there! Halloo! NIMROD for ever! 'Fore GEORGE! By your leaf, Mr. PYE! Ille ego qui quondam! I by myself, I! Ha, ha, my boys! GARROW and well-away! GIBBS for your squibs! I'll cut ye up there, slaughterly and Quarterly! What are ye grinning at? BOB and St. JAGO! Oh the days when I was young! King and no King! Here come two of us! Charity and Persecution for ever! Principle and Apostacy ditto! What, they agree with me, do they? And without my consent! Hark forward, Impudence, got by Legitimate! Fire and fury! Ods bod'guards! Now then I have 'em, says I have

Corpus!"—with a great quantity of other unaccountable phrases, too numerous and fearful to mention. When he came up to the objects of his pursuit, who in the mean while did not stir a foot, but stood pitying him and laughing by turns, he would ride up to one and say with a hideous grimace—"Grip, Envy!" attempting at the same time to run over him; but missing his aim, would tumble over head and heels, and then mount again, and ride off crying triumphantly, "Kept my seat! Kept my seat!" To another he would say, "You have been consistent, have you?" and then plunge at him with great malice;—a third he would endeavour to knock down, crying out—"So you think still, as we used to do!"—and at a fourth he would ride with exceeding rage and desperation, exclaiming, "So you never thought more than half of what I did!" but he always got the worst of it, though there were a set of hired fellows in waiting to clap you up in dog-kennels, had he obtained the least advantage. One of his opponents would hoist his foot out of the saddle; a second would give him such a dig in the left side as made him groan; a third would crack his laureat skull for him; and a fourth would lay him as flat as his court-poems. It was this day fortnight that he got his mortal blow from one of them. He had met with several rebuffs from this bystander, who was a prodigiously sturdy person with the least possible air of pretending it, and who continued looking on with a sort of half-angry, half-melancholy aspect, having, it seems, been an old acquaintance. The rebuffs mortified our hero so much (as indeed they well might, having laid open his head) that he got his friend Dr. PARACELUS BROADHUM COLERIDGE to come to his assistance, when unfortunately his ally, who has a trick of "encumbering with help," and wasted his time besides in fumbling and referring to some old books about him to know what to be at, exposed him in the most singular manner to the other blows, and at last fairly pushed him upon his mortal one, which was given in the jaw. His friend the Doctor,—not the other friend formerly known by that title, whose faculties have been rendered incapable long since by the same hand,—but the aforementioned Dr. COLERIDGE, immediately saw how matters were; and after decanting with due ejaculations of sorrow on the wound, which he proved on the spot to be exactly such a one as was given two hundred years ago to an unfortunate Friar Minor mentioned by the profound SAMUEL SARTORIUS, in his chapter *De Suicidis aliena manu perfectis*,—Folio, London. Vol. 45, p. 1960, announced the fatal intelligence by saying, that cruel as was the blow, his friend was a good Christian and "would not retaliate;" which being interpreted out of the Doctor's mystic phraseology, meant, that his patient had no strength or vitality left. The old romances used to say on similar occasions, that the person smitten "had no more need of a surgeon;" but this would have been somewhat too indecorous and lively for Dr. PARACELUS, who never makes even a joke that hath not a grave and worshipful effect.

The funeral took place yesterday week. There were some mourners, whose grief surpassed show, and who would not attend publicly;—the others, after partaking a good breakfast, made up the procession in the following manner:—

A Corporal and file of Soldiers to clear the way.

Praty-trumpets, two and two.

Jacobins with their coats turned.

A Deputation from the Royal Spanish Academy.

Ditto from the Inquisition, holding thumb-screws.

A Frenchman of the old regime in full costume, powdered and sallow-faced, out at elbows, taking snuff, and bowing on all sides.

A Deputation from the Papists at Thebes, dragging in the mud the Effigies of VOLTAIRE and CAESAR.

A bag-wig and a tattered laurel laid up as a trophy.

The funeral took place yesterday week. There were some mourners, whose grief surpassed shew, and who would not attend publicly;—the others, after partaking a good breakfast, made up the procession in the following manner:—

A Corporal and file of Soldiers to clear the way.

Prany-trumpets, two and two.

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A Deputation from the Royal Spanish Academy.

Ditto from the Inquisition, holding thumb-screws.

A Frenchman of the old regime in full costume, powdered and sallow-faced, out at elbows, taking snuff, and bowing on all sides.

A Deputation from the Papists at Thoulouse, dragging in the mud the Effigies of VOLTAIRE and CALAS.

A bag-wig and a tattered laurel held up on a cushion.

Renegades from A-
giers as Pall-Bearers. } **THE BODY.** } Renegades from Al-
giers as Pall-Bearers.

MURRAY the Bookseller as Chief Mourner,
Holding down his head and looking sideways.

Dr. PARACELUS BROADBROW COLERIDGE,
Holding an enormous white handkerchief to his eyes,
and supported by two Bottle-holders.

Dr. STODDART, a Civilian,

In a very weak condition, his supporters having left him out of
weariness, as well as from the inconvenience occasioned
by his dirty mode of proceeding.

JOHN WILSON CROKER, Esq.

Supported by involuntary Contributions.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

Supported by Gentleman Pensioners, but very irritable in his
grief, kicking the mud on all sides of him and on the Ladies.

GEORGE CANNING, Esq. M.P. in a close Carriage.

Empty Carriages of the Ministers and Court.

Hirings on Horseback.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 277.

DRURY-LANE.

CIBBER'S Comedy of the *Double Gallant* has been revived at this Theatre with considerable success. POPE did CIBBER a great piece of injustice when he appointed him to receive the crown of Dulness. It was mere spleen in POPE; and the provocation to it seems to have been an excess of flippant vivacity in the constitution of CIBBER. That CIBBER'S Birth-day Odes were dull, seems to have been the common fault of the subject, rather than a particular objection to the poet. In his *Apology* for his own Life, he is one of the most amusing of coxcombs; happy in conscious vanity, teeming with animal spirits, uniting the self-sufficiency of youth with the garrulity of age; and in his plays, he is not less entertaining, and agreeably familiar with the audience. His personal character predominates indeed over the inventiveness of his muse: but so far from being dull, he is every where light, fluttering, and airy. We could wish we had a few more such dull fellows; they would contribute to make the world pass away more pleasantly! CIBBER, in short, though his name has been handed down to us as a bye-word of impudent pretension by the classical pen of his rival, who did not admit of any merit beyond the narrow circle of wit and friendship, in which he moved; was a gentleman and a scholar of the old school; a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation; an excellent actor; an admirable dramatic critic; and one of the best comic writers of his age. Instead of being a *caput mortuum* of literature (always excepting what is always to be excepted, his Birth-day Odes) he had a vast deal of its spirit, and too much of the froth. But the eye of ill-nature or prejudice, which is attracted by the shining points of character in others, generally transposes their good qualities, and absurdly denies them the very excellences which excite his chagrin.—CIBBER'S *Careless Husband* is a master-piece of easy gaiety; and his *Double Gallant*, though it cannot rank in the first, may take its place in the second class of comedies. It is full of character, bustle, and stage-effect. It belongs to the composite style, and very happily mixes up the comedy of intrigue, such as we see it in Mrs. CENTLIVE'S Spanish plots, with a tolerable share of the wit and sentiment of COMEYER and VASSARON. As there is a good deal of wit, there is a spice of wisdom; and in this play, which was the privilege of the good old style of comedy, when vice, perhaps, was being less common, was less catching than it is at present. It was formerly a thing

more to be wondered at than imitated; and behind the rigid barriers of religion and morality might be exposed freely without the danger of any serious practical consequences; but now that the safeguards of wholesome prejudices are removed, we seem afraid to trust our eyes or ears with a single situation or expression of a loose tendency, as if the mere mention of licentiousness implied a conscious approbation of it, and the extreme delicacy of our moral sense would be debauched by the bare suggestion of the possibility of vice. The luscious vein of the dialogue in many of the scenes is stopped short in the revived play, though not before we perceive its object—

“In hidden mazes running,
With wanton haste and glibly cunning!”

We noticed more than one of these *double meanings*, which however passed off without any marks of reprobation, for unless they are made pretty broad, the audience, from being accustomed to the cautious purity of the modern drama, are not very expert in decyphering the equivocal allusions.—All the characters in the *Double Gallant* are very well kept up, and they were most of them well supported in the representation. *At-All* and *Lady Dainty* are the two most prominent characters in the original comedy, and those into which CIBBER has put most of his own nature and genius. They are the essence of active impertinence and sickly affectation. *At-All* has three intrigues upon his hands at once, and manages them all with the dexterity with which an adept shuffles a pack of cards. His cool impudence is equal to his wonderful vivacity. He jumps, by mere volubility of tongue and limbs, under three several names into three several assignations with three several *incognitas*, whom he meets at the same house, as they happen to be mutual friends. He would succeed with them all, but that he is detected by them all round, and then he can hardly be said to fail, for he carries off the best of them at last (Mrs. MARDYN), who not being able to seduce him from her rivals by any other means, resorts to a disguise and vanquishes him in love by disarming him in a duel. The scene in which *At-All*, who had made love to *Clorinda* as *Colonel Standfast*, is introduced to her by her cousin (who is also in love with him) as *Mr. Freeman*, and while he is disowning his personal identity, is surprised by the arrival of *Lady Sadlife*, to whom he had been making the same irresistible overtures, is one of the best *coup d'ailes* of the Theatre we have seen for a long time. HARLEY acts this character laughably, but not very judiciously. He bustles through it with the liveliness of a footman, not with the manners of a gentleman. He never changes his character with his dress, but still he is a pleasant fellow in himself, and is so happy in the applause he receives, that we are sorry to find any fault with him. Mrs. ALSOP'S *Lady Dainty* was a much better but a much less agreeable piece of acting. The affected sensibility, the pretended disorders, the ridiculous admiration of novelty, and the languid caprices of this character, were given by the actress with an overpowering truth of effect. The mixture of folly, affectation, pride, insensibility, and spleen, which constitute the character of the fine lady, as it existed in the days of CIBBER, and is delineated in this comedy, is hardly to be tolerated in itself, with every advantage of grace, youth, beauty, dress, and fashion. But Mr. ASTOR gave only the inkblot and ridiculous folly of the character, without any external accomplishments to conceal or adorn it. She has always the same painful “frontlet” on; the same waxy expression of face and person. Her affected distresses seemed to arise from real pain; nor was her flight to mischief and absurdity counteracted by any pleasing circumstances of elegance or beauty. A character of this description ought only to appeal to the understanding, and not to shock the senses. We do not know how to punish this creature; but we will add, that Mrs. ASTOR, in other