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CELEBRATION,  
OR,  
THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION  
TO  
*St. JAMES'S;*  
AN ODE.

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By *PETER PINDAR,* Esq.

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Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd Mob with shouts shall hail;  
WEST at the *head*, and WILTON at the *tail!*

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L O N D O N:

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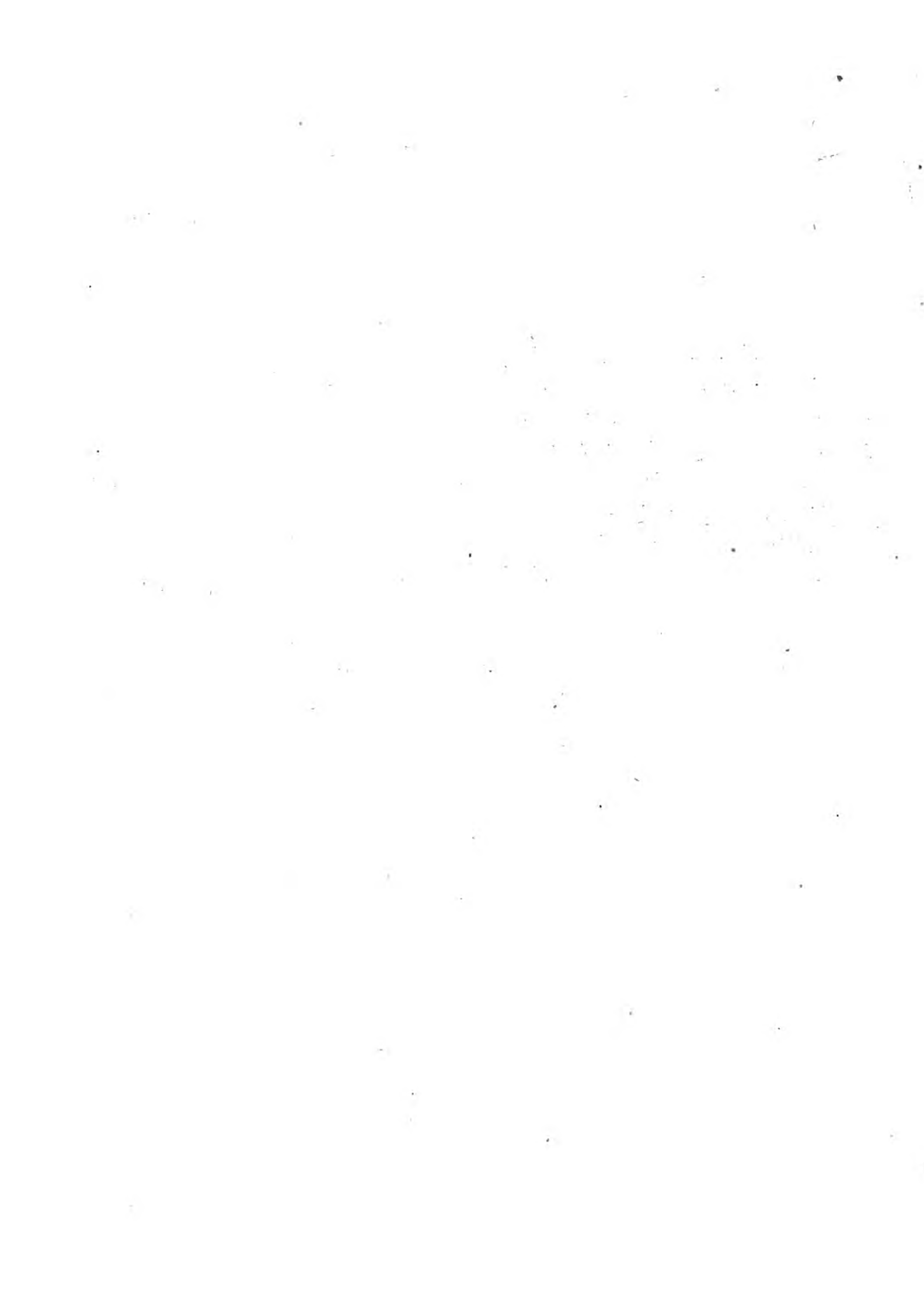
[ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.]



## C O N T E N T S.

**PETER**, after the manner of Parsons, prayeth for good weather.—He beggeth **MORNING** to smile on the meat and drink, and the cavalcading Members of the **ROYAL ACADEMY**.—**PETER** upbraideth **Mr. WILTON** for guzzling porter with low People below, when he should be above amongst the Antiques.—The **CAVALCADE** described.—It arriveth at **St. JAMES'S**.—The **MEMBERS** tremble.—They appear before their **SOVEREIGN**.—They fall on their faces.—They get up again.—The **PRESIDENT** receives the honour of **Knighthood**.—He seeleth himself metamorphosed into a sublimer creature.—A most original, beautiful, and striking comparifon between **Mr. WEST's** new state, and that of a Butterfly.—**PETER** wondereth at the great power of a **SWORD**, and a word, and wisheth they could improve the literary abilities of **MISTER WEST**.—The **MEMBERS** kiss hands; who, **PETER** thinketh, would gladly kiss any other part, than no part of **MAJESTY**.





# A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O

T H E R E A D E R.

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MARVELLING READER,

SOON after the death of Dr. JOHNSON, a subscription for a monument to the memory of that celebrated MORALIST being in circulation amongst the *first* people of the kingdom, the ROYAL ACADEMY generously and unanimously voted One Hundred Pounds towards the expences, as a tribute of regard for so extraordinary a Man, and one of their own Members; Dr. Johnson holding the place of PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE. This resolution being presented to the KING, his MAJESTY, in consideration of the *extreme poverty* of the ROYAL

B

ACADEMY,

ACADEMY, instead of giving the ROYAL ASSENT, imposed the ROYAL VETO.—So much for Dr. Johnson.

In consequence of the exalted idea entertained by the MEMBERS of the Royal Academy of the late PRESIDENT'S (SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS) discourses, they resolved in council that an ELEGANT EDITION should be printed at the expence of the Academy; one copy to be presented to each of the Members; the remainder of the copies to be deposited in the Library of the Academy; and a copy to be given occasionally to the most successful Student, and to the newly-elected Academicians. This resolution was also offered to the KING, who, on account of the *still-reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceeding, by a ROYAL VETO!

MISTER WEST, the present *extraordinary* PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, *unterrified* by ROYAL VETOS, *with* and *by* the advice of his COUNCIL, magnanimously pro-

duced another string of resolutions:—viz. to beg to be *permitted to eat and drink, totis viribus*, in spite of the Academy's *poverty*, the ACADEMY'S and his MAJESTY'S good health, amidst *mountains* of meat, and *oceans* of drink; to present an address of *humble* thanks to his MAJESTY for his *unexampled Munificence* to his own Academy; and to be indulged with the honour of presenting a handsome MEDAL of GOLD to *his* MAJESTY, to *her* MAJESTY, to the PRINCE of WALES, and to the PRINCESS ROYAL. These resolutions were fortunately received by MAJESTY with the most *flattering cordiality*; and *this day*, all these things (God willing) are to be *performed and executed*, together with the most *august and sublime* ceremony of MISTER BENJAMIN WEST'S *Knighthood*.

*Redeunt Saturnia Regna!*



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THE  
ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

*St. JAMES'S.*

SOL, put thee on thy best gold wig to-day ;

Let rude DECEMBER be the gentle MAY ;

Chain'd be the tempests, and well bung'd the rain ;

Nor let a fog his fullen twilight spread,

As lately dark'ning bade us think the head

Of some HIGH-TITLED MAN was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes, let MORN look down with smiling pride,

And smile on roast, and boil'd, and bak'd, and fry'd,

B

And

And grill'd, and devill'd, gums of GENIUS greeting ;  
Smile too upon the Academic Men,  
Respectables indeed ! who, nine in ten,  
Well as of *painting*, know the *art* of *eating*.

Smile too on the Proceſſion—*grateful* Throng,  
That glorious through the Strand ſhall move along,

And at Saint James's give th' addreſs of honey ;  
Full of rich loyalty and candied praiſe,  
For royal favours that a world *amaze* !

*Viz.* pictures, ſtatues, drawings, books, and money !

Rare Band ! whom wide-mouth'd *Mob* with ſhouts ſhall hail ;  
WEST at the head, and WILTON at the tail.

Yet let not WILTON join the glorious Rear ;  
 No, let not WILTON in the band appear ;  
 WILTON, who, lazy beer-admiring Master,  
 For Whitbread, quits his pupils and their plaster ;  
 Deserts, for common serving-men, the room,  
 And *hobs or nob*s with LADIES of the Broom :

Preferring thus black Charles's\* Æthiop face  
 To BELVIDERE APOLLO's head and grace ;

O fie ! 'midst vulgar porter-pots regaling ;  
 Who leav'ft great HERCULES for poor grey JOHN†,  
 And, what muft shock the feelings of a ftone,

The youthful VENUS for old MOTHER MALING‡.

See !

\* A Servant of the R. Academy.

† An old Servant *also* of the R. Academy.

‡ A Servant *likewise* of the R. Academy.



See ! from yon DOME, amid th' expectant throng,

Slow moves the tribe of BENJAMIN along,

While FAME before them with her trumpet flies ;

Whilst on their heads, from bulks and chimney-tops,

As thick as herrings, or as thick as hops,

Wild ADMIRATION casts her countless eyes.

And now they reach the GATE of ADORATION !

And now a very sudden palpitation

Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel !

And now of ROYALTY th' electric flock,

Just as a man upon the black-brow'd rock

Has oft experienc'd from the numbing EEL\*!

And

\* The Torpedo.

And now they panting mount SAINT JAMES's stairs,  
In *goodly* order and in *goodly* Pairs ;

Now at the HALL OF AUDIENCE they arrive ;  
Now 'midst the blaze of MAJESTY they fall,  
Prone on their faces like affrighted PAUL,  
Half dead, alas ! poor Saint ! and half alive.

See them, like nine-pins tumbled on the plain !

And now they get upon their *ends* again !—

Behold grave BENJAMIN th' Address present !  
Now on his knees (his soul's first wish !) delighted,  
Behold *once-Quaker-BENJAMIN* be-knighted,  
Amidst a moon-ey'd host of wonderment !

Now on his shoulder drops the magic sword :

“ Arise SIR BENJAMIN ! ” the SOVEREIGN says—

C

Happy

Happy, the KNIGHT ariseth at the word,

And feels himself o'erwhelm'd with GLORY's rays.

In bolder streams his blood begins to flow;

His heart sublime, a richer torrent pours;

He looks contemptuous on the mob below,

And, swelling, now a pyramid he tow'rs.

With *Lords* behold him talk—with *Ladies* chat

Of sceptres, snuff, rebellions, and *all that*.

Thus from his humble shop the filken WORM

That *crawl'd* at first the earth, to man's surprise,

Bursts forth with splendour—what an angel form!

And mounts on glittering wings of gold the skies.

Talks to *this mealy* LORD, and now *that* FAIR,

So happy mingling with the Tribes of Air !

Ah ! dwelleth such rare virtue in a *sword* ?

Ah ! lodgeth such huge magic in a *word* ?

Good heav'ns ! what pity for th' unletter'd KNIGHT,

They cannot teach to *speak* and *read* and *write* !

And now they humbly all kifs hands so sweet ;

How blest the hand of MAJESTY to greet !

For which, miles high would thousands gladly jump :

And would but sacred MAJESTY *permit*,

Such really is AMBITION's raging fit,

(Unlike RABELAIS the rogue\*) they'd kifs the *rump* !

Now

\* The story of Rabelais running from the Pope's presence is too well known to be repeated.

Now cloath'd with honour, see the troop retreat!

Now MAJESTY's good health they *drink* and *eat*!

Now, maudlin, MAJESTY's good health *disgorge*!

Now on poor *kingless* FRANCE they run their rigs!

Now mad for MAJESTY they burn their wigs!

Now, loyal, fry their watches\* for KING GEORGE!

\* This farce was actually performed during the late reign, in the full foam of loyalty, by the MAYOR and ALDERMEN of a *certain* Corporation in a western county.

T H E   E N D.









