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T H E  
P R O J E C T.  
A P O E M.

DEDICATED TO  
D E A N T U C K E R.

*Verum, ubi, tempestas, et cæli mobilis humor  
Mutavère vias, et Jupiter uvidus Austris  
Densat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa, relaxat  
Vertuntur species animorum;—*

VIRGIL!

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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# DEDICATION.

REVEREND SIR,

I SHOULD not take the liberty to recommend a mere *Poem* to your attention, were it not, in some degree, *sanctified* by the subject of which it treats; and more particularly entitled to your regard from the great purpose it is designed to promote ---For *the Project* relates to *Politics*; that weighty science, which, according to your candid confession, is at least of equal importance with *Religion*---And the object it aims at, is the same with regard to *all* our political disputes, as yours avowedly is upon the *one* great contest of the present times---To cut off the distempered *bough*, was *your Project*; *mine* strikes at the very *root* of all opposition.

It was in consequence of an attentive perusal of your *Traacts*, that I set myself to search for this *grand Arcanum*.-----After ranging in vain through Grotius, Burlamaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Montequieu's *Spirit of Laws*, without making the least discovery---But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils---I need not refresh your memory with the particulars of his system upon the relation between climate and national character---It would, however, be great presumption to arrogate to myself the merit of a discovery, which I owe entirely to the great Montequieu ---It is from that profound Philosopher that I have learnt to account for all the variations of temper, by the operation of the atmosphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By

## DEDICATION.

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce similar degrees of cowardice or courage---so that it solely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkish slavery, and braced or hardened to English freedom---Upon this foundation my Project is raised ---which I submit to your wisdom and candour--- but, as most Projectors are of a sanguine temper, and, as I own, I entertain no doubt of the full success of *my* Project, I cannot conclude, without protesting against that *Nolo Episcopari* which accompanied *yours*---Nothing can be more opposite to my sentiments than your total abjuration of all possible reward for your political labours---On the contrary, I hereby most solemnly engage to receive, with great readiness, any and every honourable recompence that these *my* researches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wisdom to bestow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

*Reverend Sir,*

*Your most devoted Disciple,*

The A U T H O R.



---

T H E  
P R O J E C T.

SINCE sage philosophers aver,  
That *climate* forms the *character* ;  
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,  
Just as its air is hot or cold ;  
What schemes might crafty statesmen lay,           5  
If such a system they'd obey ?

Suppose the Turks, who now agree  
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,  
Should build an ice-house, to debate  
More *cooly* on affairs of state,                   10  
Might not some Mussulmen be brought,  
To brace their minds, not shrink at thought ?

B

How,

How, as their blood began to cool,  
 Would nature scorn despotic rule?  
 The filken sons of slavish ease, 15  
 Wou'd glow for freedom, while they *freeze* ;  
 And, in porportion to the coldness,  
 Discover latent fire and boldness.

For thus 'tis Montesquieu explains  
 The power of air upon the veins ; 20  
 The short'ning fibres brac'd by cold,  
 The blood'flies back, the heart grows bold,  
 Relax'd by heat, their force declines,  
 The spirits droop, the being pines :  
 'Till, quite o'erpow'r'd, the sick'ning soul, 25  
 Yields to the atmosphere's controul.  
 Thus air each impulse can impart,  
 To that *thermometer*, the heart.

Thanks, mighty Jove, thy sovereign care,  
 Environs us with Northern air ! 30  
 Our atmosphere to honour leads,  
 Inspires the breast to hardy deeds ;  
The

The heart beats quick ;---the spirits rise ;  
 All which our *latitude* supplies.

Yet, for extremes ev'n virtue mar, 35

We sometimes carry ours too far :

When winter winds too chilly pierce,

We grow impatient, wild and fierce ;

While every softer virtue flies,

To gentler climes, and milder skies. 40

To moderate this bold extreme,

Is oft the philosophic theme ;

Sense, wit, and policy combine ;

But still too learnedly refine.

The system's plain if well pursued ; 45

We must correct our *latitude*.

How many *Questions* have been lost,

By the house meeting in a *frost* ?

The opposition flock together,

Like strings of wild geese, in hard weather ; 50

Keen, as the blast that chills their blood,

They nip each ministerial bud :

The

The tender bloom of *ways and means*,  
 That *North* with wit and wisdom screens,  
 Too oft their adverse influence feels, 55  
*Shrinks* from the storm, and half congeals;  
 That, ev'n in all his blushing grace,  
*Rigby* scarce thaws them, with---his *face*.

Whence then, in spite of sense and reason,  
 Do statesmen choose *this* adverse season? 60  
 Why not the parliament adjourn,  
 'Till summer's *genial suns* return?  
 But ah, what honest squire would stay  
 To make his *speech*, instead of *hay*?  
 The *Beaux* wou'd scarcely think of law, 65  
 To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa*:  
 And say ye *sportsmen*, wou'd a member  
 Attend *St. Stephen's* in September?

Winter, stern pow'r! must still create  
 The kindred storms of mad debate; 70  
 Still, by the climate's magic pow'r,  
 Must gloomy statesmen droop and low'r,

Unless

Unless some *Project* we can frame  
 To smoothe its rage, its rigour tame.

A simple plan the muse explains ; 75  
 Nor asks a patent for her pains.

In either house, below the chairs,  
 Where *Batburst* rules, and *Norton* glares,  
 There stands a table, where they place  
 The votes the journals, and the mace : 80

“ Hence with that bauble ! ” Cromwell cried ;  
 And wisely too ; ’tis useles pride ;  
 Hence with it all ! it fills a place  
 A nobler ornament shall grace.

Here with capacious bulk, profound 85  
 As Falstaff’s paunch, as *Plymouth*’s round,  
 A vast *Buzaglio*, day by day,  
 Shall chase the noxious blasts away,  
 And spread an artificial glow,  
 Tho’ Palace-yard is wrapt in snow.--- 90  
 Around the flame, with vestal pride,  
 A *Fire-Committee* shall preside,

Ballotted by the same directions  
 As *Grenville's lottery for elections* ;  
 With *Nominees*, to feed the fire, 95  
 And make it spread, and blaze the higher ;  
 And *Chairmen* more sedately sage,  
 To quench its too excessive rage.

The fuel for such deep designs,  
 Nor springs from groves, nor lurks in mines ; 100  
 Combustibles for state affairs  
 The press more speedily prepares ;  
 The teeming press shall hither scatter  
 Rheams of inflammatory matter ;  
 Here, "thoughts that glow and words that burn" 105  
 To their own element shall turn ;  
 But, shifted from their author's aims,  
 Shall spread more salutary flames.

*Almon*, by contract shall provide  
 The libels *vamp'd* for either side, 110  
 And stipulate throughout the season  
 To furnish proper stock of treason.

How bright will the *Buzaglo* glow,  
 While heaps of *Junius* blaze below ?  
 What ardours wil *Plain truth* dispense  
 Fir'd with a page of *Common sense* ?  
 Yet in a moment 'twill be slack'd,  
 By thrusting in *Dean Tucker's tract* ;  
 Again 'twill kindle in a trice,  
 Refresh'd with scraps of *Dr. Price* ;  
 Now smoulder slow with clumsy smoak,  
 While *Johnson's* fogs each passage choak ;  
 Now hiss, and sputter, and besmear  
 The house with brimstone of *Shebbeare*.

O flattering hope, whose gilded ray,  
 Too oft bids raptur'd fancy stray !  
 Thy shadowy forms the muse deceive,  
 Or time shall bid her *Project* live.  
 Already, by thy fond presage,  
 Her blest *Buzaglo* melts the age ;  
 Relenting Party feels its sway ;  
 And Faction's vapours die away.

Behold the busy hour approaches,  
 When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coaches,  
 Rattle with senators each fleet in, 135  
 Impatient for the first days meeting :  
 Mark well what looks ! what anxious hopes !  
 Some con their metaphors and tropes ;  
 Some, more secure, for fear of flaw,  
 Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras* ; 140  
 Whence, if the treacherous memory halts,  
 The glancing eye repairs its faults.

But, lo ! the royal cavalcade !  
 The trumpet sounds ; the signal's made ;  
 The Tower-guns tell the *speech* begun ; 145  
 They fire again ; ---the *speech* is done.  
 Now let the ful ! *Buzaglo* glow !  
 Spread wide the flame above, below ;  
 Now, *Montesquieu*, thy wisdom shines ;  
 Thy system's true, 'tis heat refines : 150  
 Its genial influence all adore ;  
 And opposition is no more.---



From bench to bench, in spite of gout,  
 The soften'd *Chatbam* moves about :

“ My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d'ye do?      155

“ I like the speech ; 'twas penn'd by you.

“ America has gone too far ;

“ We must support so just a war :

“ Its better than to put a curb on

“ The Spaniard, or the House of Bourbon.      160

“ Good day, my Lord ! I could say more ;

“ But I must talk to *dear Lord Gower*.”

Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne's* brows ;

How graciously to *Bute* he bows !

See *Camden* fitting as a friend by      165

*Mansfield* ! see *Richmond* close to *Denbigh* ;

Ev'n solid *Devonshire* relents ;

He smiles and votes with the *Contents* ;

While *Abingdon*, at *Markham's* nod,

Kisses the *magisterial* rod.      170

Their leaders gone, it follows duly,  
 The plastic minds of *Corke* and *Beaulieu*,

With half a score of silent votes,  
 Obey the times, and change their notes.  
 And ah, if *Fitzroy's* whim requires, 175  
 Ev'n *Hinchliff's* eloquence expires!  
 What wonder then their Lordship's prefs,  
 Without division, the *Address* ?

Now haste my muse, at Fancy's summons,  
 To try thy Project on the *Commons*. 180  
 A secret sympathy espouses  
 The upper and the lower houses ;  
 Thus half thy work's already done ;  
 Where *Chatbam* hobbles, *Granby* 'll run.  
 If *Rockingham* became a *Turk*, 185  
 How *Mabomet* wou'd shine on *Burke* ?  
 He'd send him his enlight'ning pidgeon :  
 For party zeal is *Burke's* religion.

But some there are of firmer frame ;  
 For them must the *Buzaglo* flame : 190  
*Grenville's* with stubborn sense endued ;  
*Saville* but lives for public good.

Yet if ambition, or the weather  
 Some gloomy discontent should gather,  
 The temper'd air shall chafe offence; 195  
 And blend good humour with good sense.  
 Behold at length ev'n *Barre* soften!

“ I rise to oppose,” He murmur'd often:  
 But finding that, he knows not how,  
 Reluctant praise his words allow, 200  
 The hardy veteran fits him down;  
 Yet gives the *Treasury Bench* a frown.  
 Now mark the *Statesmen* of the *City*!  
 Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil! *Hayley* witty!  
*Sawbridge*, so chang'd the scene appears, 205  
 Consents to keep *his* seat seven years;  
 Ev'n *Bull*, the savage *Bull*, looks tame!  
 And melts before the conqu'ring flame.

Not so the *Luttrell's*; in despair  
 The clamorous band besiege the chair. 210  
 “ I burn, I burn,” old *Irnham* cries:  
 The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wife;

But

But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge  
 Themselves, 'tis breach of privilege ;  
 And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in, 215  
 Against this barb'rous stop to talking :  
 In vain ; the House enjoy th' effect  
 And the *Buzaglo* all protect.  
 But *Fox*, more warily, to gain  
 His dear delight to rail again, 220  
 Most humbly moves, since they approve  
 This potent wonder-working stove,  
 Left some unseen mischance ensue,  
 They'd have a *Ventilator* too.  
 Tho' plausible his *Project* fails ; 225  
 Thine, happy Muse, alone prevails.  
 The vanquish'd *Charles* to *Almack's* fled,  
 The *Speech* is prais'd : the *Address* is read :  
 The *Question* carried nemine con :  
 The *House* is up : the business done. 230



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