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Miscellaneous works Of The Late Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl Of Chesterfield

Consisting Of Letters to his Friends, never before printed, And Various
Other Articles

**Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope of
Dublin, 1777**

XXII. Old England, Or the Constitutional Journal. Saturday, February 19,
1743. N° 3.

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Having said thus much, I declare that this paper shall cease, as soon as the motives on which it is undertaken have ceased; but till then it shall be carried on with all the spirit, which is consistent with decency, law, and the principles of this constitution. While the writers in it keep to these, they are determined to fear no consequences; because nothing can arise so melancholy to their own private interest, as an attempt to crush the liberty of writing must be to those of the public.

JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM.

XXII.

OLD ENGLAND,

Or the CONSTITUTIONAL JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, February 19, 1743. N^o 3.

I SCARCE know a more delicate and difficult situation, than that of an author at his first appearance in public. He presents himself without introducer or credentials. He is his own ambassador, sent by himself to speak of himself and for himself; in which case it is almost impossible for him not to say either too little or too much. But the difficulties of a weekly author, or an author by retail, are still greater, as they are perpetual; for even should he get through his first audience with success, and be graciously received, the least slip in his subsequent conduct undoes the whole, and he is disgraced. He is bound over, as it were, from week to week, to his good behaviour, and a hundred thousand judges, not all of them learned or impartial as the twelve, are to determine whether he has forfeited his recognizances or not.

Aware

Aware of these dangers, I should not have encountered them, had not a full conviction of my own superior merit assured me that I was safe from them all. Armed with wit, judgment, erudition, and every other eminent qualification, I rush into the world, secure, like one of Homer's heroes, in armour given him by all the gods. I would not have said thus much of myself, for, I thank God, I am as free from vanity as ever any author was, and what I have said every author thinks, but that, as yet, I have nobody else to say it for me, and it was absolutely necessary that the public should not be ignorant of so important a truth. The first impression is often decisive; and the generality of mankind chuse to take an opinion ready made, even from the party interested, rather than be at the trouble of forming one of their own. In a very little time, the unanimous voice of my readers will, I dare say, render any farther intimations of this kind unnecessary.

As I foresee that this paper will occasion many questions, I shall here give the answers beforehand to such of them as occur to me, that the curious may know what they have to expect for the future.

"What is this new paper, this constitutional journal?" says some solid politician, whose unerring judgment has never suffered him to stray out of the beaten road of facts and dates. "Has it matter and sound reasoning? or is it only a paper of wit and fancy for the amusement of the frivolous? Is it whig or tory, for or against, the court? I will know a little more of it before I take it in." To this I answer and engage, that it shall have the most material of matter, and the most reasonable of reasoning. As to whig and tory, I know no real distinction between them; I look upon them as two brothers, who, in truth, mean the same thing, though they pursue it differently; and therefore, as Martia did in the like case, I declare myself for neither, yet for both. As to for, or against, the court, I only answer it shall be constitutional, and directed with regard to the court, as Trajan desired his sword might be, for him, or against him, as he deserved it.

"Here is a new paper come out, I am told," says some vigorous minister. "It is treason to be sure, but is it treason within or without the law? can I get at it? I

“do not like the title on it, especially at this time.” With humble submission, I beg leave to assure his lordship, that I shall not write treason, because I never think treason. The royal family has not a more faithful and loyal subject in the kingdom than myself; and if I may borrow an expression I have long admired, it is under this royal family alone that I think we can live free, and that I hope we are determined to live free. His lordship shall most certainly never get at me, till it is criminal to be an Englishman; should that ever happen, indeed, he may possibly have the satisfaction of condemning me to a wheel-barrow in the mines of the Hartz*.

“This Jeffrey Broadbottom, this constitutional journal, is certainly levelled at us,” says a conscious, sullen apostate patriot to his fallen brethren in the Pandæmonium. “It is ten to one, but it is written by some of our old friends, and then we shall have all our former speeches, pamphlets, and declarations turned upon us, and our past conduct set over against our present. I wish we could buy it off; as soon as ever I can find out the author I will, for I have some reason to be pretty sure that there is no man who is not to be bought;” and then

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

Pray why do you think my paper is levelled at you? has your expiring conscience in its last words told you so? and has the same authority informed you that I am to be bought? You are mistaken in both. You may happen, indeed, sometimes to hitch in a paper, but you must be much more considerable than you are before you become the principal object of one; and you must stay till you are trusted with the disposal of money, and till I love it as well as you do, two things which will never happen, ere you will be able to buy me.

“What is this new paper, this broad-bottom Journal, I think they call it,” says a fine woman in the genteel languor of her morning conversation, with some fine gentleman of distinguished taste and politeness: “Is it like the Tatlers and Spectators? has it wit or humor? or is it only upon those odious politics that one hears
“ of

* Mines belonging to certain German dominions.

“ of all day long ? in short, will it do with one’s tea in
 “ a morning ? ” “ Not with your tea, replies the fine
 “ gentleman, but incomparably well with your ale, if
 “ you ever take any ; not that I have read it yet, but, to
 “ say the truth, the title does not promise well. Jef-
 “ frey Broadbottom and John Trott seem to be synony-
 “ mous terms. I dare say, there is nothing of what the
 “ French call *enjouement* in it ; and I take it to be a kind
 “ of heavy hot loaf to stay the stomachs of hungry poli-
 “ ticians in a morning.” Have a little patience with me,
 ye illustrious rulers of the *beau monde*, ye tremendous
 judges, whose decisions are the final decrees of fashion
 and taste. I know your importance too well not to en-
 gage your favour if possible : though I shall be often, what
 you never are, serious, I shall be sometimes, what you
 are always, trifling. My lazy and my idle hours shall be
 sacred to the amusement of yours ; lighter subjects shall
 sometimes engage your attention and unbend mine, and
 the events of the polite world shall fill up the intervals of
 the busy one.

The universal question will be, who is the author, or
 supposed author, of this paper ? To which if I do not give
 an answer at present, I must beg leave to be excused ;
 being determined at present, to shine like phosphorus in
 the dark, and scatter my light from the impenetrable re-
 cesses of mine own closet. I will, for a time, at least, en-
 joy the sensible pleasure of unsought and unsuspected
 praise, and of hearing, wherever I go, my labors ap-
 plauded, and severally ascribed to the most eminent wits
 and politicians of the age ; as they certainly will be, till I
 think proper to declare myself, and vindicate the glory
 due to me alone.

Having thus given not only an account, but some sam-
 ples, of what the public may expect from me hereafter,
 I shall conclude this paper with a friendly and disinterested
 piece of advice, to such of my fellow subjects as are de-
 sirous of information, instruction, or entertainment. Se-
 cure my paper in time, for the demand will soon be too
 great to be complied with, and those who take it in first
 shall, as in justice they ought, have the preference after-
 wards. Mr. Purser, my printer, assures me it is impos-
 sible to print off above one hundred and ninety three
 thousand of these papers in a week ; a very small pro-
 portion

portion to the number of those who will be solicitous to read them : for reckoning the people of this kingdom at eight millions, and deducting half that number for young children, blind people, and men of quality, who either cannot or do not chuse to read, there will remain four millions of reading souls, of whom three millions eight hundred and seven thousand cannot have the satisfaction of reading this paper at the first hand, but must wait, with patience, for the future editions. I do not say this from any sordid view of interest, which I am infinitely above, for I most solemnly protest that I desire nothing for myself, and that the immense profits of this paper shall be all distributed among my friends, the printer, the publisher, compositor, press-men, frys, and devils, without quartering myself upon any one of them, or requiring any thing from them contrary to their former conduct, honor, or conscience.

JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM.

XXIII.

T H E W O R L D *.

SATURDAY, May 3, 1753. N^o 18.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the world, if its length, or, what at present happens to be the same thing, its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of beauties ;

but,

* This paper was set on foot by Mr. Moore, the ingenious author of the *Fables for the Female Sex*, and of the tragedy of the *Gamester*. He soon met with assistance from numerous correspondents, and, as he informs us in the dedication of one of his volumes to Soame Jenyns, esq; who was himself one of the writers in it, the *World* became *the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public*. Lord Chesterfield was one of these ; but, as he sent his first paper to the publisher without any notice from whence it came, it underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopt any future communications ; but fortunately lord Lyttleton happening to call at Mr. J. Doddsley's, this paper was shewn to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing, of the noble author. Mr. Moore, being informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discerned its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the author.