Grubstreet Journal, Thursday, September 23. Number 90.
Bavius Senior, to Bavius Junior.
From the Elysian Fields.

Probably you may be surpriz’d at my Name, and date of this Epistle from this lower World; which many have undertaken to describe, tho’ imperfectly, particularly Homer, Virgil and Lucian, who give the best account, but not without Mistakes; and if the Ancients were mistaken, who were assisted by Dreams and Visions, soberly digested in the Den of Trophonius, how erroneous must the Relations of the Moderns be which are generally the effect of indigested Liquor.

Many Letters have been written from the Dead to the Living; but as they were written with a view only to keep the Authors alive, such accounts are not to be depended upon.

They all agree, that Persons have the same Desires, Studies, and Pursuits below as they have above. And I am to inform you, that we have establish’d here a regular Grubean Society, situated at the Foot of the Elysian Parnassus: As we are so near our Enemies, several of our Members are often climbing up to them, but are soon brought back by their own specific Gravity.

Our Society is very numerous and consists of Philosophers, Mathematicians, Physicians, Orators, Poets, Grammarians, etc.

Amongst our Philosophers we have one who wants to climb up to Sir Isaac Newton, to set that Anti-Grubean right in his Notion of Opticks; and rails at his Executors for not fixing up his Skeleton according to his last Will.

Those who were Members of your Society, and of Crane Court, read Lectures upon Cockle-Shells, and hunt Butterflies; those of Warwick-lane, are not much for Conversation, being often upbraided by their former Patients for dispatching them from the other World sooner than they desir’d.

We are over stock’d with Poets, and divide them into several Classes of Dramatic, Epic, Lyric, Satiric, etc. That universal Genius, Mr De F-e, entertains us with his various ways of writing. He assures us, that he wrote two celebrated Papers, one Whig, the other Tory, and pleas’d both Sides; and makes us merry with the management of Booksellers in putting off Authors with no Money, and their heavy Copies with new vamp’d Titles, etc. But Mr B-- the late famous Bookseller approaches; so farewell.
Mr Bavius,

Notwithstanding your pretended Impartiality, yet in the *Explications of your emblematical Picture* (See page 1020) you shew too much Regard to your own Profession as an Author, and unjustly apply the Figures of *Janus* and of the most conspicuous Devil, to Booksellers, for treating Authors in a very unworthy manner. These indeed you have in General allowed ‘are properly represented by the Gentlemen with the Head of a Dog, a Horse, and a Swine’; but you forbore observing the Propriety of each of these Emblems. This Defect I shall now supply by a more consistent Explication.

The middle Division of the Picture well represents a Consultation of Grubean Authors, held at some Printer’s House, over which Dulness and Wickedness preside, one in the Shape of an Owl, the other in that of a Devil. The grand Figure with two Faces may denote all mercenary Authors who are ready to undertake any piece of Work, which a Bookseller shall propose, upon Subjects the most different, in Morality, Religion, or Politicks. We have seen a Person of great Volubility of Tongue and Velocity of Pen, proceed directly from railing against a Party, to talking and scribbling for it; for which being generously paid he pours out a weekly Torrent of Tautology, in which the Arguments are as threadbare as his old Coat, the Language as glittering as his new, and the Sound of it, when read, as rattling as that of his Chariot-wheels. The Face of the *Janus*, towards the Company, looks more like a Mask than a natural Countenance, to shew, hireling Authors generally write under a Disguise, which they can change at Pleasure. This double Figure may likewise point to the genuine Successors of *Daniel De Foe*, who is believed to have had a Hand at the same Time, in a Whig and a Tory Paper.
The Daily Courant, January 18.

The Writer in this Courant questions the Fairness and Honesty of their Proceedings who endeavour to inflame the People against the Administration, upon the bare Supposition of an Excise. They have painted the Figure of a horrible Monster like those in the Ballad published on this Occasion; which indeed gives us a lively Idea of their own Writings upon this Subject, but which never had any Foundation in Truth.

The whole Weight of their Arguments has been turned against a General Excise, as if that was the Scheme which the Administration had in View. Was this indeed the Thing proposed, it would deserve to be rejected with the utmost Indignation against the Projectors of it; and a Minister would find it as dangerous to make such a Proposition to His Majesty, as he would find it difficult to thrust it down upon the People.

But supposing a real Design to extend the Excise Laws to Wine and Tobacco; what Tendency has this to a General Excise? A General Excise, is an Excise upon all the Commodities of our own Produce; as well as of those imported; upon the common Necessaries of Life, as well as upon those Things that administer to Luxury. But no body will say, that he cannot live without he drinks Wine, or smoaks Tobacco; he may as well aver, that unless he wears Velvet, he cannot keep himself warm.

I have heard, says this Writer, that Daniel De Foe would write an Answer to Books before they were published; and that once he wrote an Answer to a Book that was never published; but I never thought Mr D’anvers would have follow’d the Example of so mercenary a Writer, for whom he takes every Occasion to express so great a Contempt.
Mr Urban,

_The Tour Through Great Britain_, as originally written by, I think, Daniel de Foe, is an entertaining and useful book, describing faithfully the face of the country as it appeared about the year 1725; but the last edition is the strangest jumble and unconnected hodge-podge that ever was put together. The compiler has cut out paragraphs from books that have been since published, and tacked them to the original work, without any local knowledge, and with so little skill, as to make what was separately respectable become truly ridiculous by the strange admixture of it with the old materials.

It would be a very acceptable thing to the public if a set of gentlemen would undertake to describe the present face of the country; the numberless improvements it has received from turnpikes, navigations, buildings, and the modern and beautiful style of ornamenting grounds, are such as to furnish an inexhaustible fund of entertainment; and if it were properly conducted, there can be little or no doubt, that they might obtain liberal information from gentlemen in the different counties. The advantage of this would be, that a thousand circumstances, a thousand particulars, which must escape the mere traveller, however intelligent, would be brought to light by the local knowledge of one resident in the neighbourhood. I think that the work should be confined to the present state of the country, and, like the original one, not meddle with antiquities, at least farther than to inform the inquisitive where they are.

If you, Mr Urban, approve the hint, and any gentleman shall adopt it, and signify their intentions in your entertaining Miscellany, they shall be welcome to such information, as I can give.

Yours, &c.

S.
Obituary of Considerable Persons with Biographical Accounts

At Stoke Newington, Mrs Sophia Standerwick, wife of Mr James S, late of Cornhill, London, haberdasher, and daughter of Mr Daniel Defoe, who died in North America some years since, and was son of the ingenious Daniel Defoe, of exalted memory, formerly an inhabitant of Stoke Newington, to which parish, on Easter Monday, being April 10, 1721, he paid £10 to be excused serving parish offices.
Mr Urban,

Among the many services rendered to the Republic of Letters by your useful Magazine, none is more agreeable to individuals than the information they receive in answer to their queries proposed in it on the subject of remarkable persons. But not only the querists receive intelligence, but the Gentleman’s Magazine becomes a store-house whence the writers of English biography may draw materials. All the persons of whom accounts are transmitted to your store-house may not be eminent enough to deserve a niche in that national repository the Biographia Britannica; but in time a Supplement may be formed of the second order: nor would it be an ungrateful task to commence one from your valuable repository.

There are many names, very familiar to literary men, with the particulars of whose lives they are however little acquainted. Nobody is conversant with the works of Milton who is ignorant that he inscribed his Tractate on Education to Mr Hartlib. A man so distinguished could surely be no obscure, no indifferent person - yet, though I have made many enquiries, I could never find any account of him in any book, though in catalogues of auctions of books I have seen books mentioned as written or published by one of that name. I should be glad if any of your learned correspondents could inform who Mr Hartlib was, and of what part of England, for though I have [word obscure in original text] over descriptions of counties, I could never find any family of that name.

There was a much more remarkable man with whose history we are not better acquainted: I mean the author of Robinson Crusoe, a book scarcely less known than Don Quixote. I think Robinson Crusoe is allowed to have been the work of Defoe - but I know no particulars of Defoe’s life, nor what other books he wrote. Defoe’s life must itself have been singular. Whence came so able a geographer? not only a geographer, but so well acquainted with the manners of savages, and with the productions animal and vegetable of America! Whence came he not only so knowing in trade, but so able a mechanic, and versed in so many trades? Admirably as Dr Swift has contrived to conceive proportional ideas of giants and pigmies, and to form his calculations accordingly, he is superficial when compared with the details in Robinson Crusoe. The Doctor was an able satirist, Defoe might have founded a colony.

An author in an humbler walk was William Peacham, who wrote a pamphlet formerly well known, called The Worth of a Penny. He wrote other small but curious pieces, of which I should wish to see a list.

Sir Hugh Platt, an ancient writer on fruit trees, is but little known. Did he write other books?

Who was the author of that singular book, Memoirs of a Cavalier, I almost despair of learning. Some, I think, have ascribed it to Defoe, whom I mentioned before.
Two foreigners, yet both familiar to this country, and one of them a writer in English, are not better ascertained. The first was the author of *The Turkish Spy*, which, besides its own intrinsic merit, had the honour of suggesting the idea of the *Persian Letters*, betides a numerous train of younger brothers. The other author at whom I hinted was Psalmzanazar, who so mysteriously concealed his true name.

With memoirs of Mrs Astell, who endeavoured to establish a Protestant nunnery, and I think published her plan, the public is not furnished. The French, I believe, have a book which discovers the writers of many books of which the authors have concealed their names. Why have we no such work in English?

It was suggested to Mr Davies, the author of *Garrick's Life*, but too late, to give a History of the *Beggar's Opera*, which, like *The Turkish Spy*, was the patriarch of a very populous race. It would be curious to have a list of all that was written in praise of or against that excellent production, for so it is as to the composition and to the intention, though it may unhappily have had a pernicious effect by seeming to shew roguery and vice triumphant. It is also memorable for its general and lasting success: no piece perhaps was ever so often represented in an equal number of years. It never was revived, after intermission, without a long run; and wonderful are the number of theoretic heroines who have risen from that single piece, as often as they have been introduced in the part of Polly. Even the late degradation of the *Beggar's Opera* by transposing the sexes hath had a strange success. Some of the veterans of the stage may perhaps supply what Mr Davies could certainly have performed. I have heard from aged persons, that Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, and even Pope himself, are said to have assisted Gay in the composition. The prohibition of the second part, its restoration after so many years, and its being supported at both periods by the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry is a curious part of the history of that Opera.

PHILOBIBLIOS.
... Another correspondent of yours (p882), enquires after Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*: if I mistake not, there was, in your obituary, a short time since, some short account of his family in connexion with the death of his grand-daughter, Mrs Standewick. Defoe wrote *Memoirs of the Plague-Year*, a Romance of a very peculiar kind, but which is very strongly marked with his character, minute pathetic description; it is impossible to read it without horror at the situations he describes, though under the prepossession of its being a fiction, founded, however, on truth, and a tradition he received from his mother, or some near relation, who survived the plague in London; he writes in the character of a tradesman (I think a sadler) in Whitechapel. On recollection, he calls it, I believe, “An Account of the Plague-Year”: it is some years since I read it. He also wrote the *History of Colonel Jack*, a work excellent in its kind, though little known; it contains much manner of low life, and much nature: this author appears never to have attempted any scene in high life, with which doubtless he was unacquainted, but his rank is very exalted as a writer of original genius. I doubt not a much fuller account of him* might be collected from other correspondents.

Langbourniensis.

*Defoe had a son who assumed the name of Norton, and followed his father's profession of a writer; and a daughter married to Henry Baker, Esq. FRS. A copious and accurate Life of him has lately been prefixed to the re-publication of his *History of the Union*. Editor.*
Mr Urban,

As there has been a Life of Daniel Defoe published in the *New Annual Register*; and as we live in an age distinguished for biographical enquiry; some account of a descendant of that extraordinary man may not be unworthy of a place in your repository.

His grandson is at this time cook to the gentlemen of the gun-room of the Savage sloop of war. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Having been lately surgeon of one of his Majesty’s ships s on the coast of Scotland, and business requiring me on board that ship, I casually heard a Daniel Defoe mentioned among the seamen. The name being so familiar to me, I enquired from motives of curiosity concerning his family. He told me, his father was a callico-printer in London, who had failed in business; that his grandfather had written *Robinson Crusoe, The true-born English-man*, &c. I felt myself, Mr Urban, much affected when I saw the descendant of an ingenious man in so unworthy a situation; and, making the circumstances known, recommended him to the attention of the gentlemen on board.

Yours, &c.

Edward Harwood, Junior.
Mr Urban,

In answer to Philobiblos, Vol. LV, p. 883, Daniel Defoe was the reputed author of *Robinson Crusoe*; but I am sorry to say it was not all to his credit, the real history being this: one Selkirk, a Scots man, was cast away upon an uninhabited island, off which he fortunately got. He, however, during his melancholy situation, contrived to make a diary, which he put into the hands of Defoe, to digest and prepare for the press, which Selkirk, being an unlettered man, could not undertake. Defoe, instead of publishing the simple facts as he received them, swelled it out to that size, and then told Selkirk it would not sell, and so deprived him of all the profit. He never would account with him. A few sheets would have contained the original; the rest was Defoe's invention. He was also the first who gave a hint to Richardson for the publishing of a *Tour through Great Britain*.

Yours, &c.

A Subscriber.
February 6.

Mr Urban,

I have been your constant reader about forty years, and now commence a correspondent. If you think the contents of this letter worth inserting, I may, perhaps, take the liberty of addressing you again upon such topics as may fall in my way. I am now induced to do it by a letter, signed a Subscriber, in your Supplement, p1155, respecting Defoe's transactions with Alexander Selkirk, of whom, though little is there said, yet it is so vague and inaccurate, as to make me suspect that the circumstances of his singular adventures are much less known than is usually supposed. What strengthens this suspicion is, that, a short time since, an impudent attempt was made, in a respectable Evening Paper, to impose upon the publick an ode, written by the ingenious Mr Cowper, as an original composition of Selkirk during his solitude. The person who attempted this literary cheat prefixed a short account of Selkirk, containing almost as many errors as lines. This is not wonderful; those who attempt to deceive are generally ignorant. The imposition was immediately detected, and properly exposed, but no notice taken of the mistakes in matter of fact. As this man’s adventure was very remarkable and uncommon, I have thought it worth while to extract the following summary of it from those original narratives which still exist, and some of which are only to be found in books not very commonly to be met with. I beg leave to refer such of your readers, as may wish to consult them, to Funnell’s *Voyage round the World*, Woodes Rogers’ *Voyage round the World*, Edward Cooke’s *Journal of Rogers’ Voyage*, and to Number XXVI of *The Englishman*, by Sir Richard Steele. Alexander Selkirk was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, about the year 1676, and was bred a seaman. He went from England, in 1703, in the capacity of sailing master of a small vessel called The Cinque Ports Galley, Charles Pickering, captain, burthen about 90 tons, with 16 guns and 63 men; and in September the same year sailed from Corke, in company with another ship, of 26 guns and 120 men, called the St George, commanded by that famous navigator, William Dampier, intending to cruise on the Spaniards in the South Sea. On the coast of Brazil, Pickering died, and was succeeded in his command by his lieutenant, Thomas Stradling. They proceeded on their voyage round Cape Horn, to the island of Juan Fernandez, whence they were driven by the appearance of two French ships, of 36 guns each, and left five of Stradling's men there on shore, who were taken off by the French. Hence they sailed to the coast of America, where Dampier and Stradling quarrelled, and separated by agreement, on the 19th of May, 1704. In September following, Stradling came again to the island of Juan Fernandez, where Selkirk and his captain had a difference, which, with the circumstance of the ship's bring very leaky, and in bad condition, induced him to determine on staying there alone; but when his companions were about to depart, his resolution was shaken, and he desired to be taken on board again. Happily for him, the captain then refused to admit him, and he was obliged to remain, having nothing but his cloaths, bedding, a gun, and a small quantity of powder and ball; a hatchet, knife, and kettle; his books, and mathematical and nautical instruments. He kept up his spirits tolerably, till he saw the vessel put off, when (as he afterwards related) his heart yearned within him, and melted at parting with his comrades and all human society at once.
“Yet believe me, Arcas;
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars.”

- Thomson's *Agamemnon*.

The Cinque Ports was run on shore a few months afterwards; the captain and
crew, to save their lives, surrendered themselves prisoners to the Spaniards, who
treated them so harshly, that they were in a much worse situation than Selkirk, and
continued in it a longer time. Some months after Selkirk left the South Sea in the
Duke privateer, Captain Stradling was sent a prisoner to Europe on board a French
ship, and by that means got to England. Thus left sole monarch of the island, with
plenty of the necessaries of life; he found himself in a situation hardly supportable. He
had fish, goat’s flesh, turnips, and other vegetables; yet he grew dejected, languid, and
melancholy, to such a degree, as to be scarce able to refrain from doing violence to
himself. Eighteen months passed before he could, by reasoning, reading his Bible, and
study, be thoroughly reconciled to his condition. At length he grew happy, employing
himself in decorating his huts, chasing the goats, whom he equalled in speed, and
scarcely ever failed of catching. He also tamed young kids, laming them to prevent
their becoming wild; and he kept a guard of tame cats about him, to defend him when
asleep from the rats, who were very troublesome. When his cloaths were worn out, he
made others of goats skins, but could not succeed in making shoes, which, however,
habit, in time, enabled him to dispense with the use of. His only liquor was water. He
computed that he had caught 1000 goats during his abode there; of whom he had let
go 500, after marking them by slitting their ears. Commodore Anson’s people, who
were there about 30 years after, found the first goat which they shot upon landing,
was thus marked, and, as it appeared to be very old, concluded that it had been under
the power of Selkirk; but it appears by Captain Carteret’s account of his voyage in the
Swallow sloop, that other persons practised this mode of marking, as he found a goat
with his ears thus slit on the neighbouring island of Mas-a-fuera, where Selkirk never
was. He made companions of his tame goats and cats, often dancing and singing with
them. Though he constantly performed his devotions at stated hours, and read aloud;
yet, when he was taken off the island, his language, from disuse of conversation, was
become scarcely intelligible. In this solitude he continued four years and four months,
during which time only two incidents happened which he thought worth relating, the
occurrences of every day being in his circumstances nearly similar. The one was, that,
pursuing a goat eagerly, he caught it just on the edge of a precipice, which was
covered with bushes, so that he did not perceive it, and he fell over to the bottom,
where he lay (according to Captain Rogers’ account) 24 hours senseless; but, as he
related to Sir Richard Steele, he computed, by the alteration of the moon, that he had
lain three days. When he came to himself, he found the goat lying under him dead. It
was with great difficulty that he could crawl to his habitation, whence he was unable
to stir for ten days, and did not recover of his bruises for a long time. The other event
was, the arrival of a ship, which he at first supposed to be French: and such is the
natural love of society in the human mind, that he was eager to abandon his solitary
felicity, and surrender himself to them, although enemies; but, upon their landing,
approaching them, he found them to be Spaniards, of whom he had too great a dread
to trust himself in their hands. They were by this time so near, that it required all his
agility to escape, which he effected by climbing into a thick tree, being shot at several
times as he ran off. Fortunately, the Spaniards did not discover him, though they stayed some under the trees where he was hid, and killed some goats just by. In this solitude Selkirk remained until the 2nd of February, 1709, when he saw two ships come into the bay, and knew them to be English. He immediately lighted a fire as a signal, and, on their coming on shore, found they were the Duke, Captain Rogers, and the Dutchess, Captain Courtney, two privateers from Bristol. He gave them the best entertainment he could afford; and, as they had been a long time at sea without fresh provisions, the goats which he caught were highly acceptable. His habitation, consisting of two huts, one to sleep in, the other to dress his food in, was so obscurely situated, and so difficult of access, that only one of the ship’s officers would accompany him to it. Dampier, who was pilot on board the Duke, and knew Selkirk very well, informed Captain Rogers, that, when on board the Cinque Ports, he was the best seaman on board that vessel; upon which Captain Rogers appointed him master’s mate of the Duke. After a fortnight’s stay at Juan Fernandes, the ships proceeded on their cruize against the Spaniards; plundered a town on the coast of Peru; took a Manilla ship off California; and returned by way of the East Indies to England, where they arrived the 1st of October, 1711; Selkirk having been absent eight years, more than had half of which time he had spent alone on the island. The public curiosity being excited respecting him, he was induced to put his papers into the hands of Defoe, to arrange, and form them into a regular narrative. These papers must have been drawn up after he left Juan Fernandes, as he had o means of recording his transactions there. Captain Cooke remarks, as an extraordinary circumstance, that he had contrived to keep an account of the days of the week and month; but this might be done, as Defoe makes Robinson Crusoe do, by cutting notches in a post, or many other methods. From this account of Selkirk, Defoe took the idea of writing a more extensive work, the romance of Robinson Crusoe, and very dishonestly defrauded the original proprietor of his share of the profits. I conclude this story with Selkirk's observation to Sir Richard Steele, only remarking, that it is a proof how apt we mortals are to imagine, that happiness is to be found in any situation except that in which we happen to be. To use his own words, “I am now (says he) worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.”

I beg leave to inform your correspondents D.R., p. 31, that, from repeated experiments, I know his opinion to be well founded, that a musket, or even a pistol shot, will “as surely enter a tree as a nail may be driven into it by a hammer.” I have seen a pistol ball fired into an oak tree, and it penetrated near an inch into the solid wood.

Yours, &c.,

H.D.
Mr Urban,

In the course of a late conversation aeon with a nobleman of the first consequence and information in this kingdom, he assured me, that Mr Benjamin Holloway, of Middleton Stony, assured him, some time ago, that he knew for fact, that the celebrated romance of *Robinson Crusoe* was really written by the Earl of Oxford, when confined in the Tower of London; that his Lordship gave the manuscript to Daniel, Defoe, who frequently visited him during his confinement; and that Defoe, having afterwards added the second volume, published the whole as his own production. This anecdote I would not venture to send to your valuable Magazine, if I did not think my information good, and imagine it might be acceptable to your numerous readers, notwithstanding the work has heretofore been generally attributed to the latter.

W. W.
Mr Urban,

In your Magazine, Volume LV, p. 953, there is an answer made to some enquiry in a former number after the family of Daniel Defoe, mentioning him as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, *The History of the Plague* in 1665, and of a novel, intituled, *The History of Colonel Jack*. In a note by your editor at the bottom of the page, the reader is referred to “an accurate and copious life of the said Defoe, prefixed to his *History of the Union*, lately republished,” where one might have expected a circumstantial account of the said Defoe’s works, when published, and on what occasion. The reader, however, will be greatly disappointed, should he expect to find any account of the said *Histories of the Plague*, and of *Colonel Jack*; so that he will be still left in the dark as to the circumstances of the publication and character of those two tracts. In the Life prefixed to the republication referred to, there is indeed a very accurate detail of his Political Tracts, and a circumstantial account of his family, collected with great industry. But the editor did not perhaps know, that he was likewise the author of *A New Voyage round the World, by a Company of Merchants*, printed for Bettesworth, 1725; *The History of Roxana; Memoirs of a Cavalier; The History of Moll Flanders*; and of a book, intituled, *Religious Courtship*, the twenty-first edition of which I see lately advertised. All his productions of the romantic species, but especially the last-mentioned, are much in vogue amongst country readers; and, on account of their moral and religious tendency, may very probably in some measure counteract the pernicious effects produced by the too general circulation of modern novels, those occasional vehicles of impiety and infidelity. It is well known, that Defoe’s principles were in favour of public liberty, and of the rights of Protestant Dissenters, being a Dissenter himself. It is equally well known, that Dr Smollett’s principles were of a different complexion, which occasioned his treating not only his *Robinson Crusoe*, but the romance of *Colonel Jack*, with great contempt, in his own *Roderick Random*.

If any of your correspondents can give a more enlarged catalogue of Defoe’s works, he will very much oblige more than one of your constant readers. And if, in the meanwhile, you would admit the above into your entertaining Miscellany, you would confer an additional favour on one who is a sincere admirer of the character and productions of honest Daniel.

BOREALIS.

P.S. It has been said, that Norton Defoe was the author of the *Political History of the Devil*; and of *A System of Magick, or, A History of the Black Art*; both in the style and manner of his father.
Mr Urban,

Your correspondent, p. 992, who is so desirous to be informed of any of De Foe’s works, not already noticed in your Magazine, ought to be told, that the *Tour or Description of Great Britain*, originally written by him (I have heard say in his *closet*), and which has undergone several editions, and is now about to be re-printed, is a work which owes its original plan to De Foe, and, as such, may claim the assistance of the admirers of that very ingenious author. It is to be hoped that the Editors will take care to avail themselves of the many interesting descriptions of different parts of this island to be found in your Repository. The geographers have, it must be allowed, done their part, in affording accurate maps for travellers: I more particularly allude to those of the counties, done by Cary from the actual surveys already made, and to that very accurate single-sheet map, just published by Mr Sayer, in Fleet-street.

Yours, &c.

A Friend to British Travel.