
_Euph._ Let us proceed to other writers. As I purpose in future to take notice only of such Novels as are originals, or else of extraordinary merit, I must beg your allowance for all trifling slips of memory, for errors in chronology, and all other mistakes of equal consequence. I must also have leave to mention English and Foreign books indifferently, just as they happen to rise to my memory, and observation.

_Hort._ It is but just that you should have these, and every other allowance you can require, we have already laid a heavy tax upon you.

_Euph._ You see I have many helps from my notes, and I hope to receive further assistance from you both. I will proceed with my progress. The life of *Cleveland*, natural son of Oliver Cromwell, is one of the old Novels, if I may be allowed the expression, I do not certainly know the Author, nor yet the date of the first edition. When a Novel came out but seldom, it was eagerly received and generally read, this was at the time called a work of uncommon merit, but it will not bear a comparison with those that have been written since. There is originality and regularity in it. The incidents are too much of the marvellous kind, but some of the scenes are very pathetic, and there is business enough to keep the reader's attention constantly awake, and above all other merit, it has a moral tendency.

_Hort._ I have heard this book ascribed to Daniel de Foe, who as I think was also the Author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

_Euph._ His title to the last mentioned is not quite clear. It is said that he was trusted with a manuscript of Alexander Selkirk’s, who met with an adventure of the same kind as Crusoe’s, and that he stole his materials from thence, and then returned the manuscript to the Author. When Selkirk’s book was published, it was taken but little notice of; it had more truth, but less Romance, and beside, the curiosity of the public was gratified, and they looked on *Crusoe* as the Original, and Selkirk as the copy only.

_Hort._ That was hard indeed, but I fear not unprecedented; you will give us your opinion of the book, exclusive of this circumstance.

_Euph._ *Robinson Crusoe* was published in the year 1720. *Gaudentio di Lucca* in 1725. I shall speak of these two books together, because there is a strong resemblance between them, the same marks of Originality appear in both. They both give account of unknown or rather of Ideal countries, but in so natural and probable a manner, that they carry the reader with them wherever they please, in the midst of the most extraordinary occurrences. *Gaudentio di Lucca* is written by the pen of a master, it is imputed to Bishop Berkeley, and is not unworthy of that truly venerable man. There is a greatness of design, and a depth of penetration into the causes of the health and prosperity of a state, and of the moral evils that first weaken and undermine, and finally cause the ruin of it. The vast consequence of the good or bad education of youth, on which depends the health, vigour, and happiness of a nation. These circumstances give this book a manifest superiority to the other, in many other respects they are both equally entitled to our plaudit. But what gives a still higher
value to these two books, they are evidently written to promote the cause of religion and virtue, and may safely be put into the hands of youth. Such books cannot be too strongly recommended, as under the disguise of fiction, warm the heart with the love of virtue, and by that means, excite the reader to the practice of it.

Hort. A warm plaudit you have given them, I remember to have read Robinson Crusoe when very young, but I have forgot it, and ever since I have looked upon it as a book for children only; but I will read it again upon your recommendation, and judge of its merits.

Euph. That is the certain consequence of putting these books too soon into the hands of children. I will be bold to say a youth who reads them at a proper age, will never forget them. Let me also beg you will read Gaudentio di Lucca.

Hort. I will certainly read them both at my best leisure.

Soph. But let me beg you to get the old Edition of Crusoe, for this is one of the books, which Fanaticism has laid her paw upon, and altered it to her own tenets, and she has added some of her own reveries at the end of it, called Visions of the Angelical World. If Hortensius should once dip into that part of it, it would entirely discredit our recommendation.

Euph. You say true. I will get him the old Edition, which is the best.

Hort. Pray do you call these Books Romances or Novels?

Euph. They partake of the nature of both, but I consider them as of a different species from either, as works singular and Original. I shall have occasion to place some later works under this class. But it is time for us to adjourn till next Thursday.