From my Chambers, Lincoln’s Inn

THERE is something so entertaining in Voyages and Travels that most People like amusing themselves in Books of that Nature; for which Reason several fictitious Adventures and Voyages have been publish’d, and been receiv’d with as much Satisfaction as if every Page bore the strongest Testimony of Truth. For instance, the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe has been read over the whole Kingdom, and pass’d as many Editions as, perhaps, any Book now extant: His being cast on a desolate Island kept the Reader in an agreeable Suspence, and the Account of his daily Labours, though they were trifling enough, yet were very natural; and he pleas’d more by being alone, than if he had been in the most populous Kingdom in the World: But of all fictitious Voyages, those of Gulliver are the most excellent, for besides all the romantic Air of the Traveller, we are charm’d with the fine Strokes of the Satyrist; and while we are amus’d with the wonderful Extravagance, we are delighted with refin’d Sense.