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Reply To Mr. Wales's Remarks

Forster, George

London, 1778

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R E P L Y

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MR. WALES'S REMARKS.

WHEN I wrote an account of my voyage round the world, I ventured to hope for particular indulgence, as a young writer publishing his first imperfect essay, and as a foreigner unacquainted with all the niceties of the idiom in which he wrote. Attentive to the voice of the public, I had during the space of nine months flattered myself, that the event was answerable to my expectations, and that the readers in general were not wholly dissatisfied with my beginnings. But how vain and delusory are the dreams of authors! While I was lulled into security by this opinion, I was attacked by a *formidable* foe, who so far exceeds all my ideas of an implacable critic, that the temple of fame, where I began to think of occupying a little dark niche tottered under his hand, like a child's palace of cards, when a mischievous boy pushes the table on which it is built.

It will scarcely be believed, that, in consequence of this attack*, I have been in great anxiety, and (such was its virulence) dreaded the loss of reputation, till I could resolve, almost despairingly, to reply to Mr. Wales. In

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* Remarks on Mr. Forster's account of Captain Cook's last voyage round the world. By William Wales, F. R. S. London, 1778. 8vo.



vain my friends entreated me to silence, and to weaken my apprehensions-urged, “ that my opponent had substituted scurrility for argument, and “ groundless calumnies for matters of fact : that his inconsistent accusations “ and foul language, were not charms to attract, but to repel the public ; “ and that, considering the abuse to which the freedom of the press subjected men of every station, I should remain insensible to the filth which it “ might scatter.” I considered things in a very different light ; for my friends little knew the alarms of authorship. Suppose that slander should be mistaken for truth, and opprobrious names be called a zest to defamation. Suppose the *great* name of Mr. WALES should influence the readers more than his pamphlet. Suppose his fame spread over the four quarters of the world, rivalling, nay sinking old Newton’s and Halley’s, in like manner as Hervey and Mead are eclipsed by Dr. Rock* and his successors, whose exploits are recorded in hand-bills. There are so many suppositions of *this* kind, that I cannot help treating *very* seriously, what to others seems trivial and beneath contempt.

When I was first told of having been attacked, it was matter of great surprize to me that I, who meant harm to no man, simply relating what I had seen, and what I had felt in consequence, should be accused of a malicious disposition, and blackened as a criminal ; not being able to guess in what manner I had incurred my opponent’s displeasure, so as to draw from him this dreadful imputation. There were some who reminded me of the old saying, *malefacere qui vult, nusquam non causam invenit*, or, that “ it is easy to find stones, if you are in a pelting humour ;” but, as I was by no means satisfied with this answer, I went and purchased the pamphlet. And I had no sooner opened it, than I discovered their error in the first line ; seeing, that Mr. Wales, whom they wished to represent as an ill-natured, mischief-making, quarrelsome man, in fact assures every body, that he is not less.

* See Hogarth’s Prints.

less *peaceably* disposed, than I can be. I was, to be sure, not a little staggered, when I found him saying presently after, that I had given him *personal provocation* to write against me; I not recollecting what it could be, and he forbearing to explain himself any farther on such a ticklish subject. One of my friends eagerly interrupted my reading, to tell me, " Mr. Wales must have been sensible of assigning a very weak motive, because " the fear of disgusting his readers had determined him to suppress a particular mention of it." Another shrewdly remarked, " that it would have betrayed a want of skill in controversy, thus to let them into the secret." I could only bid them have patience. By the time I had nearly read forty pages, I found out what Mr. Wales meant by *personal provocation*, and was glad, for his own sake, it was not to be physically understood, but contained in the following words, quoted from my account of my voyage round the world :

Vol. I. p. 554. " We had the greatest reason to admire the ingenious " construction of the two watches which we had on board; one executed " by Mr. Kendall, exactly after the model of that made by Mr. Harrison, " and the other by Mr. Arnold, on his own plan, both which went with " great regularity. The last was unfortunately stopped immediately after " our departure from New-Zeeland, in June, 1773."

This little word, was, had given umbrage to Mr. Wales, to whose care the watches had been intrusted during the voyage. It implied, according to his ideas, that he had stopped Mr. Arnold's watch, and on that account he had written to me in June last to expunge it, and advertise it as an erratum in the news-papers. My answers, which he has now printed, tended to convince him, that I harboured not the shadow of a suspicion against him, and that the innocent meaning of my words could not be so wrested, as to become prejudicial to him. But I argued in vain, and he finished by threatening me with the publication of his remarks on my book. Having heard no



of this threat for six months afterwards, I had forgot the trifle which occasioned it. In my opinion, if the proposed *erratum* had been all he wanted, he might have published it, with such extracts from my letters, as suited his purpose. A *peaceable* man could not have wished for a more ample justification. But all those, who take upon them this name, think not alike. For instance, what peaceable man would think of other men's matters? Mr. Wales, however, apprizes us of his intention to stand forth the champion of the whole ship's company, with whom he sailed round the world, at the same time owning, that they do not much concern him; and we all know *he is a very peaceable man*. That quality, however, does not exempt him from the common failings to which human nature is liable: he may make false conclusions, and not always sufficiently know himself, to assign the true motives of all his actions. How many emotions of the soul, with all their multifarious effects escape the attention of the most minute and critical observer. I am led to this reflection, by remarking the *apparent* insufficiency of the causes which Mr. Wales enumerates, as his *only* inducements to write against me, and believing, that he himself has been at a loss to alledge good grounds for this attack. It is not in my nature to add to the perplexities of others, but if possible to lend them a helping hand. I do not doubt then, but that I am able to assign a better motive to account for the appearance of his pamphlet, and which shall not leave the reader in suspense as to the efficacy of its workings. It shines, indeed, so clearly, through every part of Mr. Wales's *very impartial* performance, that I am much mistaken, if all, who have read *that*, are not already apprized of it.

Previous to our departure from England in 1772, Parliament had granted a very considerable sum towards defraying the expence of the voyage; a sum, which was originally intended as the salary of Dr. JAMES LIND, F. R. S. but upon his declining to go, at a very short notice, was transferred

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to my father and myself. In this great commercial state, where preferment is always in proportion to interest and influence, the "great good fortune" of obtaining such an appointment, was, I acknowledge, a remarkable event. Whatever Mr. Wales may think of it, I hope it will not be deemed arrogance to say that the public in general, and such persons in particular as took the trouble to inquire into the circumstances, did not find fault with the choice which had been made of my father. Good men might rejoice to see him appointed, who was not unequal to the task: but, let the human heart be of the purest composition, still in misfortune it will repine at the prosperity of others. Thus it happened, that even among our shipmates, many of whom had amply deserved a reward by a life spent in continual dangers in their country's service; our success aggravated the bitterness of their unavailing labours. Mr. Wales, indeed, to the best of my knowledge, did not derive his merit from past *service*, but, comparing our salary and his, and observing ours to preponderate, the consciousness of his own VALUE taught him to think himself injured by the partiality of fortune. By a very usual, though unjust transition, those who seemed to be preferred, became the objects of his resentment. To thwart them on all occasions, to depreciate their abilities, to slander their reputation, to attempt to lessen their means of subsistence;—are not these the effects of ENVY? What was hatched like a basilisk in the damp and noisome cabbins of the *Resolution*, might acquire its full growth, and produce a monstrous progeny in the dark cloisters of Christ's Hospital. Strangers to that passion, who cannot conceive it to be the sole motive of Mr. Wales's attack, may not think to wrong him, by concluding that another weighty consideration of a yellow complexion, suggested to him by a certain nobleman, was powerful enough to overcome the scruples of this *peaceable* antagonist of mine.

Mr. Wales then, being resolved to take the field, must have foreseen a number of difficulties in the execution of his plan, for which he condescends



seems to make apologies, before he enters into his subject. All meekness at first, as the reader may have remarked, he presently after acknowledges himself to be passionate, and intreats indulgence for the illiberal expressions, which he means to use very freely in the sequel, actuated by the irrefragible impulse of his *polite education*. He is, moreover, candid enough to acknowledge, that to refute matters of fact, is not an easy enterprize, but this he purposes to get the better of, by adhering to the first maxim in casuistry, which teaches “*to deny the facts.*”

Mr. Wales begins his remarks, by attributing my account of the voyage, to my father, having as he says, found my father’s “*language and sentiments*” in that work, and a more manly tone than he was willing to allow a “*youth scarcely twenty years of age.*” Now, tho’ I have heard it observed, that this manner of shifting his ground, was a mere act of complaisance to his great employer, yet I am apt to believe, he was sincere in it, and meant to shew himself without disguise to the reader. The *candour* of an author who suffers his real disposition to shine out in his works, cannot be too much admired. Mr. Wales, in this instance, has so contrived as to add a great and masterly stroke to the outlines of his own character. We knew him *peaceable*, but passionate when provoked; he now, as it should seem, endeavours to convince us, that he is likewise extremely *conscientious*. For, having, I suppose, reflected that the *personal provocation*, which he had at first assigned as his motive for writing against me, was in fact, too trivial and imaginary, to come into any consideration upon so important an occasion, his conscience, (gentle readers, why will ye smile?)—I say, even *his* conscience, acquitted me of the charge of having injured him at all. It may be urged, that by this means he entirely deprives himself of the pleasure of giving a *single* reason for his conduct; but it is not necessary that Mr. Wales, with all the rest of his good qualities, should likewise have a good memory; and if he has forgot the principle upon which he has



acted, I have already helped him out, (p. 9.) by shewing how a *peaceable* man may almost in spite of himself, yield to the incentives of envy. On the other hand, if Mr. Wales really could think I had given him *personal provocation*, he must have been prevailed upon to lay aside the thought of pursuing me, by his great patron, to whom I am scarcely known, and who did not mean to contrive against *me*, but against my father, who had disdained to be his sycophant. Supposing this to be the case, I conceive how much it must have *cost*, to make him give up his first idea of revenging himself on *me*, and to prevail on him to direct his batteries against my father. But he is luckier than he may imagine, and has the satisfaction of attacking me, at the same time that he follows the views of his employer; for every line of the work in question, is most undoubtedly drawn up by myself, according to my own circumscribed ideas. The manner of writing and the turn of the expressions, is likewise intirely my own, if I except the corrections, which have been bestowed upon it by a worthy and learned friend, and which have greatly contributed to clear it of grammatical improprieties, as well as to smooth the rugged dialect of one who is not a native. The publick will soon be in possession of another proof, more decisive than my simple assertion; I mean the publication of those *Observations*, which my father has drawn up, and which were intended to be printed along with Captain Cook's narrative, but rejected by the Earl of Sandwich, with a superiority of knowledge, and an equity, of which his Lordship alone can determine the propriety.

These observations, when published, will undoubtedly make it evident, that my father's manner of expressing himself, and mine, are widely different, and that we also frequently differ in matters of opinion, which are hitherto undecided. And here, every true and disinterested lover of science will agree, that the greatest latitude, which may be allowed to philosophical opinions, can only tend to general improvement, and that by
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such means, every subject of philosophical enquiry may be fairly and freely discussed and brought to the test of truth. Nay, I will be bold to say, that many an extravagant hypothesis, has furnished hints to men of more profound reflection, and led them to the most important discoveries. Far from being tenacious of my opinions, I am ready to give them up, whenever any thing more probable is produced;—but universal toleration is no less desirable in science, than in religion. In the mean while, till I can refer to my father's book, which is not yet published, I am entitled to lodge a claim to my own, and I trust it will not be attributed to another author, upon such grounds as Mr. Wales's vague suppositions. With infinitely more propriety I might attribute the remarks on my voyage to Lord Sandwich rather than Mr. Wales, as they sound so harmonically in unison with his Lordship's private sentiments.

Having thus endeavoured to convince the reader, by rejecting this fair opportunity of withdrawing myself from the lash of criticism, that I prefer to acknowledge my own productions, with all their faults, rather than lay them at another man's door; it is evident that I must also take upon me the task of defending them against Mr. Wales's Remarks. Before I proceed, it is but justice to thank him for his good intention to save "my credit;" for it was with this *kind* view, he transferred his criticisms from me to my father. At the same time, I beg leave to differ in opinion from him, respecting the necessity of such a step, as I cannot imagine how the early age of an author becomes a discredit to his works. I always understood that their contents determined his fate, and that youth was rather a plea in his favour than otherwise. It were scarcely worth while remarking a mistake, which Mr. Wales has committed on this occasion, if it did not shew, that the best mathematician may sometimes err in his calculations. He has fixed my age at a sixth lower than it really is. Perhaps he does not reckon the years I spent in the voyage round the world; I have
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indeed much reason to look upon that time as lost; but it is far otherwise with him; he owes every thing to that period.

I have made it appear, that Mr. Wales had *just* reason to be incensed against my father, *whose salary exceeded his own*. It would have been strange *after that*, if Mr. Wales could not discover as many blots in my father's character, as he thought proper to cast upon it, and if he had not begun to draw a picture of the man, before he proceeded to criticise him. Mr. Wales is indeed so strongly persuaded, that the readers ought to be made acquainted with the characters of writers, who appear before their tribunal, that he has taken care at the first outset to draw a whole length of himself, as I have already observed. Agreeable to the same principles, he has prefixed to his remarks a sketch of my father's character, in which pride, ignorance, and weakness are the least exceptionable lines. Were we to examine upon what foundation Mr. Wales draws with so harsh a pencil, we should find him indeed a decisive logician, concluding that my father is ignorant,—because he humbly examines the ground on which Mr. Wales treads unconcernedly when he measures the spheres, and because he makes plants his study, which that famous astronomer holds unworthy of a look. When he adds, that my father is conceited, the public will perhaps be apt to imagine, that he has treated poor Mr. Wales with some degree of contempt.

As I am well assured that my father has never thought of rivalling Mr. Wales, either as a man of letters, or a man of sense, I shall not take upon me in this place to defend his character; or to draw another more like the original. Some degree of partiality would be attributed to a son, even though he should entirely divest himself of prejudice. But this I presume I am intitled to say, that though the warmth of my father's temper, may on a certain occasion have been unfavourable to himself, yet I wish his enemies the strict honour and warm heart from which it proceeded. Mr. Wales



next thinks proper to find fault with my father, for being discontented with the lodging which was provided for him in the ship, and speaks of a disagreement between him and Mr. Gilbert the master, on that account. I reply that we embarked under several untoward circumstances. We were appointed only a few days before our departure, and had therefore no opportunity of seeing our accommodations, which were the most uncomfortable cabins in the ship. Captain Cook promised, when at London, to enlarge my father's cabin, by including in it a space which one of the cannon then occupied. But when we came on board, the Master claimed the space, and the Captain, to prevent disputes, ordered every thing to remain in *statu quo*. Was it surprizing, that my father should offer to exchange his cabin for a better? And was it unreasonable to expect that a person inured to the sea would not be averse to make the exchange, upon receiving a valuable consideration? That the offer of MONEY on such an occasion should be construed into an affront, as Mr. W. insinuates, will, I dare say, not very readily be conceived. What Mr. Wales has added of a threat to complain to the King, really leaves me at a loss to determine, whether he so much despises the readers intellects as to imagine they will give credit to the story, or whether fortune in compassion to my weakness has so ordered it, that my opponent should unwittingly contribute to his own overthrow, by this pitiful accusation, which ridicules its inventor. He concludes for the present with accusing my father of a quarrelsome disposition, to which the readers will not surely refuse belief, as in this case Mr. Wales has thought fit to give no lesser proof, than his own word, which always amounts to an "irrefragable demonstration." Not contented however with his performance, Mr. Wales has continued to the last page of his pamphlet to improve this portrait, by adding an incredible number of finishing strokes. But as these are deduced from *my* book, they undoubtedly belong to *my* picture, and they form indeed a very capital companion



to the first. It may not be unentertaining to the reader, to set before them my likeness, in the *style* of this great artist. Let them figure to themselves, “ A piratical pretender to knowledge, biaſſed by system, guilty of continual misrepresentations, inconsistent, unworthy of credit, contemptible, ignorant and illiterate, unmannerly, uncivil, indelicate, unskilful, inattentive, rash, timorous, absurd, silly, shallow, blabbing, unfociable, ill-tempered, lying, bribing, knavish, artful, deceitful, abusive, malignant, spiteful, revengeful, arrogant, slanderous, proud, covetous, cruel, execrable, and finally mad.” Such a string of adjectives, sure, never fitted one person before, and yet I have not enumerated all the epithets Mr. Wales is pleased to bestow upon me. It must be allowed, that his *colorit* is somewhat black, and that he neglects the advantages of light and shade. There is a kind of imputations, which need no reply, to wipe them off: I shall therefore forbear wasting my time to that purpose.

Mr. Wales proceeds to remark upon the preface to my book, which he begins to stigmatise as a “ master-piece of misrepresentation and chicanery.” He enters largely into argumentation, to prove that my father has forfeited the emoluments of a publication, which were secured to him, by such ties as should be sacred to all men; and warmly descants upon the impropriety of my publication, when it cannot be supposed, that he has been led into error himself, but that he wishes to mislead the public on this subject, from motives which are easily detected. If it needed a proof, that his warmth is borrowed, and that his remarks are directed by a more powerful opponent the reader may plainly perceive it in this attack. A state of the case between the first Lord of the board of Admiralty and my father, is now preparing for publication; and will enable the world to judge, on which side the injustice lies. The heavy expence of lawsuits, and the inability to support a just claim, for want of a fortune have forced my father to take this method, before he can think of lodging his complaint



plain in a court of Judicature. I need not explain to Englishmen, how much it is in the power of the great, to protract the distribution of justice, and to ruin by that means a less opulent adversary. Though this previous publication will not determine my father's cause, it will do what is nearly as much, by proving his right, and preparing the world for a more intuitive knowledge of this iniquity. There is likewise this consolation in it, that it will shew the public, how he has been injured and oppressed. Others may learn from his misfortunes, to caution themselves against faithless promises. It would be superfluous to state this matter here, as it could be but imperfectly done; and it is the less necessary, as Mr. Wales appears to be too little acquainted with any one circumstance relating to the whole affair. How could it, indeed, be otherwise expected; he went already far enough out of his private line of knowledge to take it up. I shall therefore confine myself to say something in reply to his remarks only, on that subject. I had mentioned in my preface, p. vi. that the agreement between Captain Cook and my father, specified "*the particular parts of the account which were to be prepared for the press by each of the parties separately.*" Mr. Wales takes occasion from hence to be surpris'd, that my father's *specimen* was rejected, because it was not deemed conformable to this particular specification. But, because the Earl of Sandwich chose to declare it contrary to the agreement, it does not follow that it *was* so; and, because my father was *convinced*, that he must be the victim of a quibble, it does not follow that this quibble was changed into an equitable and generous act by his acquiescence. Mr. Wales charges me pretty roundly with the want of *common honesty*, because I venture to assert, that not being in treaty or under agreement to any living person, I had an undoubted right to compose from my own materials, and publish such books as I thought proper, when the circumstances which will soon be made known, prevented my father from publishing his own, and that I was justifiable in

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endeavouring to make them more worthy of public notice, by collecting all the information I could obtain from others. I still think I acted consistently with the strictest morality, which it is my greatest ambition to practise; and can assure Mr. Wales, that a doubt against my honesty, is not to be settled between him and me. I am very ready to acknowledge that the insinuation against Captain Cook's narrative had better been suppressed; for though it was not without sufficient foundation, yet truth need not always be told.

Two or three other remarks upon my preface remain to be answered. Mr. Wales cannot leave unnoticed my assertion, that the Endeavour fired upon the Loofort at Madeira, and that M. de Bougainville visited Juan Fernandez. He tells us most exultingly that he is AUTHORIZED (and I believe that he is ORDERED) to contradict the former, upon the testimony of persons who failed in the Endeavour.

This is the second time I have been called to account, for that assertion. The Monthly Reviewers mentioned it, as a circumstance which was flatly contradicted by persons who had failed in the Endeavour. Upon further enquiry however, these gentlemen, whose candid and liberal behaviour justly entitles them to that steady support of public favour which they enjoy, did me the justice to acquit me of an intention to mislead the public. Mr. Wales, however, not instructed by this example, hoped to gather laurels in the encounter, and thought himself sure of victory by backing his assertion with the names of two petty officers in the Endeavour. I am sorry he has taken his measures to no purpose, and still more so, that he revives a dispute, which had better lay dormant. I must tell him then, that as I did not fail in the Endeavour, I could not relate what happened in that vessel, from my own personal knowledge, but from the information of others. A gentleman, whose veracity I had no reason to call in question, and who failed round the world in the Endeavour, related to my father this *confessed* fact,
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with a number of little concomitant circumstances, all which my father repeated to me within an hour or two after he had heard them told. If I was to blame in giving credit to a story so well attested, then honour and veracity are words without a meaning; and yet I dare say Mr. Wales being by his own account a passionate man, would be most furiously incensed against any one that should call in question his veracity, or that of the gentlemen on whose testimony he builds his assertion. With regard to Mr. Bougainville's visit at Juan Fernandez, which Mr. Wales attempts to disprove by nautical computation, I can only affirm, what I have heard from men of unquestionable faith, viz. that M. de B. himself has acknowledged his having been there. Upon the whole, it would have been more generous on the part of Mr. Wales and his employer, to have *spared* me on this occasion, especially as Captain Cook's narrative affords a recent instance of the mutilations to which books published by authority are exposed. I will ask them, Did *nice honour and spirited conduct*, teach the publishers to pass over in silence the very *respectful* manner in which one of the King's vessels under Capt. Cook's command, was treated by a Spanish man of war*?

Mr. Wales is perfect in the art of making preambles. After talking in a very high strain of pirating, purloining and publishing the works of other authors, he introduces his criticism upon the General Chart, which I have annexed to my account of the voyage, and which he affirms, is copied from Captain Cook's. This he concludes from the correspondence of the situations in both. It is true, I or my father NEVER obtained the situation of any one island NEWLY DISCOVERED during OUR voyage, from Mr. Wales †; for

* See my account of the voyage, &c. vol. 1. p. 8.

† Mr. Wales wishes to insinuate the contrary. He has given me the ship's situations at sea, from November 1773, to April 1774, reckoning the longitude according to Mr. Kendall's watch; and I take upon me to prove, that during the latter part of the time, he gave me *false* longitudes, &c. by that means conferring a favour to appearance, whilst he really offered me an injury, by endeavouring to mislead me.



for this being the whole stock of knowledge which he collected, he was always extremely jealous of it, taking care to place " his lamp under a bushel," rather than light his ship-mates. He went farther; he prevailed upon the officers to with-hold these *discoveries* from us. Captain Cook, however, not acting upon these illiberal principles, communicated to my father the situations of the new discovered islands; hence that exact correspondence, which Mr. Wales would fain deduce from another cause. Mr. Wales, besides this opportunity, has in many passages of his pamphlet studiously repeated his declaration of my *ignorance* in nautical and astronomical matters, accompanying it with the harshest and most contemptuous expressions. I freely confess, that I know too little of either of these branches of the mathematics, to put myself on a level with the learned Mr. Wales, and am moreover, so simple, as to have no idea of being dishonoured by that ignorance; not believing that Mr. Wales will think himself greatly reflected upon, by the remark, that he is no proficient in botany, physick, logick, languages, or civility. I also wish to have it known, that by prefixing a map to my book, I only meant to facilitate to the reader the knowledge of those discoveries, which had been made during the voyage, well knowing that more particular, as well as much more accurate information in this respect, was to be *expected* from those persons, whose *sole* business it was to attend to that part of science. Neither did I wish to arrogate to myself any credit by having mentioned the situations of places in my book; my only view was to render it more acceptable to the readers, by making it as complete as I could. Those concerned with the nautical department, were likewise in this case, supposed to discuss every thing with greater precision, and to write more immediately for the mariner and geographer; and yet, by doing my best endeavours, I hope my book and chart are not the *very* worst that have been published of late, though not under *the sanction* of the Admiralty

Board.



Board. That it never was my intention to meddle with any other man's business, and particularly with that of the astronomer, may be, I think justly inferred, from my not having brought to sea, even a Hadley's quadrant, or seldom during the voyage having attempted to set the bearings of any point of land; though I humbly apprehend, that it is not necessary to be possessed of supernatural powers, in order to take an altitude, or to box the compass. There was not a midshipman in the ship, (and we had 14 who did duty as such) who without being an astronomer by profession, did not at one time or other observe the sun and moon's distance and compute the longitude, according to the easy method prescribed in the Nautical Almanac, and Dr. Shepherd's Tables; and the worst observer of them all, was never, I dare answer for it, above one degree out in his computation of the longitude.

I do not mean in the most distant manner to infer from thence, that a professed astronomer was unnecessary on the voyage; on the contrary, I think it would have been of great use to send one whose accurate observations and greater knowledge in his science could have placed him as far above Mr. Wales, as he was above all those who sailed with him. But it naturally follows, from what I have premised, that it would have been no difficult matter for one who had his senses about him, to make such observations as would have been accurate enough for the construction of a general chart, had he been so inclined; in the same manner as I am fully persuaded, that a dunce may, with the help of the Linnæan system, determine the class, genus and species of a plant, without being intitled to the name of a botanist. The *mechanical* part of both sciences is far from being difficult, but it were absurd to maintain as much of their higher and more attractive objects, to which the utmost strength of human reason, can never be misapplied. Natural history is not so forward



as astronomy; it has been but lately investigated by a method that could promise success; but in return, it bids fair for rivalling that sister-science in point of importance.

In the course of Mr. Wales's remarks, some *capital mistakes*, which I have fallen into respecting nautical matters, are pointed out; and it is observed, that the navigator, being misinformed, may risk the loss of his ship and all the lives it contains. But the navigator, in mere *nautical* matters, will probably follow Mr. Wales's opinion in preferring Captain Cook's directions and make the most of them; and yet even in that case, he might be sometimes misled. Suppose a future seaman should run for the port of VALPARAYSO †, according to Captain Cook's chart, on a parallel of $23\frac{1}{2}$ deg. S. he would be much surpris'd to find the dreary desarts of Atacama, instead of this elysian vale. The fact is, that Valparayso lies full TEN DEGREES OF LATITUDE more southerly. Mr. Wales is accustomed to draw *general* inferences from *single* circumstances; but he will not surely say, that Captain Cook "meddles with what he does not understand," because he was drawn into a mistake in this instance?

To conclude his observations upon my preface, my opponent animadverteth upon my account of O-Mai's equipment and of the principles suggested to him in England. If Mr. Wales cannot comprehend, that O-Mai during his stay in this country could have more usefully employed his time than at court, at the play, pantheon, taverns, and other scenes of dissipation, an attempt to enlighten his intellects and mend his morals may prove every unsuccessful. When Mr. Wales thinks it *reasonable*, that a man with a good heart, such as O-Mai really was possessed of, after being taught to form a rational idea of virtue, to comprehend the importance of religion, and to believe its divine origin, may forget these glorious truths again, and never think of them after he had left us; will not every virtuous

† Literally, the *Vale of Paradise*.



reader think it *reasonable* too, that this doctrine, which places in a contemptible light, all that is sacred and respectable amongst men, most unerringly betrays its secret author? I would ask my opponent, if I thought he could understand me,

————— Virtutem *verba* putas, et

Lucum ligna?

Mr. Wales has thought proper to assert, that our arts and manufactures are not so well adapted to the climate of O-Taheitee as to our own; but does it follow, that *none* of our arts deserve to be transplanted thither, or that it would have been no benefit, if O-Mai could have taught his countrymen to perform that in a day, on which they now spend weeks and months of tedious labour. The more their labour is abridged, the more time remains for reflection, and for the improvement of social and moral felicity. O-Mai might have been taught to fabricate iron into tools, to make pots and other vessels of clay, to prepare from cotton, and from grass, more lasting garments than the bark of a tree, and to improve the knowledge of agriculture among his countrymen. A ship load of raw materials would not only have served him, but made happy many generations of Taheiteans, particularly if hints had been given him to search for some of these articles, such as iron, clay, and cotton in his own country. It is next to a certainty, that the chiefs of the country will strip him of all his riches, the moment after Captain Cook is sailed from thence; he then returns to his first insignificance; whereas, had he been taught a trade, his knowledge would always have been real riches to him, and paved his road to honour and opulence among his countrymen. Mr. Wales insists much on the utility of introducing cattle at Taheitee; and if he hath carefully examined my preface, he must have perceived, that I am far from censuring this step; but I cannot help smiling when he talks so pompously of “poor O-Mai’s” horses. I presume, the *real use* of these animals,

mals, on the little island of Tahitee, of which the inhabited part is no where above a mile in breadth, can only be the gratification of O-Mai's vanity, who, by displaying feats of horsemanship, will become an object of wonder and amazement to the inhabitants, and give the poets of his country an opportunity to revive the fable of the Centaurs.

Almost every word, which an author commits to paper, may be censured, by an *able* and *attentive* critic, and of this, Mr. Wales's remarks on my book afford a striking instance. In order to make it appear, I shall follow him very assiduously through his first stricture on the narrative part of my work. Already, on the third page of my first volume, he meets with a reprehensible passage. I beg pardon for repeating it here, as it could scarcely have been honoured with attention by any one besides Mr. Wales. It relates to the circumstance of our ship's breaking a-drift in Plymouth Sound, the day before our departure. I have asserted that my father *first* observed the vessel to change her position, on which he acquainted Mr. Gilbert, the Master, with his apprehensions. Mr. Wales contends that the honour of this discovery does not belong to my father, but to the master himself. I own that the man who made it, might think himself *fortunate*, in being the means of preserving the ship; but that, which so entirely depended on chance, no man could reasonably esteem as an honour. It may be worth while, once for all, to remark Mr. Wales's manner of expressing himself. He is supposed to relate the circumstances from Mr. Gilbert's information. "About one or two o'clock in the afternoon, being in his cabin, he thought he saw the objects on the land alter their situation with respect to one another, on which he went upon deck, where Dr. Forster was walking, and soon found that the ship was broke a-drift. He ordered one of the petty officers to turn the hands up, and went down to acquaint the Captain. When he came up, Dr. F. whose first suspicions had most probably arisen from the petty officer's orders, asked him, if he did not think the

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“ ship was a-drift? he answered in a manner which is peculiar to him, when he thinks people are either *pretending to a knowledge of what they do not understand, or are meddling with things which they have no business with; namely, by assuming a total ignorance of the matter.*” I was on deck, when my father spoke to Mr. Gilbert; it was *before* he ordered the petty officer to turn the hands up, and *before* he went down to acquaint the Captain. He might, for aught I know, have observed the ship to be a-drift, before that, in his cabin; but my father could not possibly know it, or discover it by his unconcerned behaviour. I would now ask Mr. Wales, how much sublime knowledge is necessary to discover that the ship was a-drift in broad day-light in the midst of a harbour, with two ships lying close to us? I wish he would likewise tell me whether he thinks all the world, himself excepted, are dunces, or estimates the understanding of others, by his own? I shall not ask him, (who is probably too *stoical* upon such occasions,) but every impartial reader, whether a man may be said to be *meddling* with matters which do not concern him, when he sees himself a-drift in a ship, and apprehending the most imminent danger, acquaints the officers with it? I will allow, for a moment, that Mr. Gilbert has first discovered the ship to be a-drift.—But suppose he had *not* looked out at his cabin-window, and *not* discovered it? What then was my father to do? To be silent for fear of meddling? The consequence might have been a watry death to us all. Let every man ask himself, what is his most important business? and I am much mistaken if it does not prove to be, the preservation of his life.

Mr. Wales's pamphlet is extremely fertile in observations on this circumstance. I had ventured to say, that we had escaped, “ the most imminent danger of being dashed against the rocks under the castle.” To this he replies, “ Every person, *who knows* any thing of Plymouth Sound, and “ *what belongs to the management of a ship*, will see the WEAKNESS of Dr. Forster's apprehensions, and the ABSURDITY of his assertions concerning



“ our danger, when he is told that there was a brisk gale of wind at “ N. W. by W. which can be proved by every log-book on board the ship.” Now though the greatest number of the readers are excluded from judging in this case, *by Mr. Wales's restriction*, yet the weakness and absurdity will not appear so great, *when they are told*, that the tide set the ship towards the shore, and that Mr. Gilbert himself exclaimed half a score times, with various round oaths, *that she would strike*. It is natural that our escape should become the topic of conversation on board, at least for that day. I began my journal by minuting down the substance of it, and gave it to the public with my own reflections on the tutelar guidance of providence.

This innocent, and if the reader pleases, unnecessary and trifling observation, Mr. Wales cannot pass by without a sneer; but the reason is easily guessed; DIVINE PROVIDENCE, is an expression so discordant to certain ears, that wherever it occurs, the whole paragraph is condemned in the lump, without mercy. Admitting that the whole circumstance of the ship's breaking a-drift, might not be of very great consequence; is it in the nature of things, that all the remarks which a man may make, should have equal weight and importance. It is the first and most necessary qualification of a painter, to draw a correct *design*; but who will affirm, that the whole art of painting consists in making outlines? There are some trifling touches, which may indeed be dispensed with, but when they are employed, generally contribute to the finishing and symmetry of the whole. This I hope will suffice as a specimen of Mr. Wales's manner of criticising, especially if I add his *candid* judgment on this obnoxious paragraph, namely, that there is not a single circumstance in it, “ which is not misrepresented in the *gross*est “ manner.”

I have remarked in the beginning of this Reply, that Mr. Wales in his last letter (see his pamphlet, p. 47) to me, threatened to publish his Remarks, so early as in June, 1777. *Parturiunt montes!* He has at length pro-



produced them, after six months of hard labour, and published the letters which passed between us, omitting however my last reply, which closed the correspondence, and which is now offered to the public.

To Mr. WALES,

Sir,

“ MY book resembles all other human productions ; it is very far from
“ being faultless. The letters which I have written to you, were not written
“ with a view to be published.—But in regard to the former, you, like any
“ other purchaser may make remarks upon it ; and as to the latter they are
“ in your power also, and I have no reason to be ashamed of them. If your
“ remarks on my book are illiberal and groundless, they will only recoil
“ on you ; if they tend towards the improvement of science, I shall be
“ obliged to you for them. I believe, that you will make no other remarks
“ on my father’s letters and mine, than such as are becoming the character of
“ a gentleman ; and I feel indeed that it is not in my nature to suffer indig-
“ nities. I am, &c. †

“ June, 30th, 1777.

G. F.”

I *believed* too much, as the event has proved ; and consequently could not put up with Mr. Wales’s remarks without appealing to the public. I am steadfast in my opinion relative to my own book ; I know its faults. As to the justice of Mr. Wales’s Remarks, let the reader determine upon that, when he has heard my defence. The bulk of these remarks very naturally fall into three parts, containing, First, the *defence of the sailors* ; Secondly, *corrections of mistakes* ; and Thirdly, *attacks on matters of opinion*. Those of the

† By this letter I meant that if Mr. W. offered any insult to me, I should *resent it*. But the perusal of his pamphlet pointed out to me the mode of doing it. The man who demeans himself from the character of a gentleman, deserves not to be treated as such.

the first class are incomparably the most copious, as there is not a single passage in my book relating to the seamen, which hath not incurred the displeasure of Mr. Wales and his employer.

I. Among the common crew of the Resolution, we had several individuals of the worst moral character, who had escaped the infliction of severe punishment, and the horrors of a prison, by entering into the King's service. We had further some patterns of complete brutality, who set a very bad example to the rest; men without principles, and without reason, subjected to absolute command, and therefore cruelly tyrannical where they had power to follow their inclinations. We had likewise, fortunately, among our officers, several gentlemen, whose morals, good temper, and benevolent heart, contributed as much as in them lay, to restrain the mariners impetuosity and unthinking cruelty. I could not help observing these different characters, and I was the sooner persuaded to publish my remarks upon them, as they did not coincide with the ideas I had formed of seamen, from the descriptions of various authors, who appear to have observed them only whilst on shore; though they are by no means the same on land as at sea. Voyagers have seldom dropped a hint on the characters of sailors, hastening to describe the inhabitants of distant regions, without knowing their own countrymen. But wherever they have thought fit to mention them, their remarks have rather confirmed than run counter to mine. And allowing, which yet remains to be proved, that instead of complaining of their brutality and insensibility, any authors should have extolled their compassionate and generous disposition, it can only be inferred that they spoke of one particular set, and I of another. For my own part, I have seldom extended my reflections to the whole body, but where the perfect similarity of situation and circumstance admitted of it. If it was weakness in me to look upon drunkennets, debauchery, and contempt of the fellow-creature, as vices deserving of censure, I confess I cannot form a resolution,

to,



to overcome that weakness. I doubt not, that men of greater strength of reasoning, and more unfettered ideas, are above such paltry prejudices. Ask my Lord's monkey, robed in canonicals †, if virtue is a jest, and religion nonsense? he will grin, and chatter, and nod assent. Indeed, I am willing to believe, it is not Mr. Wales that speaks against me on these occasions, but a more refined thinker, whose principles are sufficiently known. If a drunkard defends ebriety; if a tyrannical slave is the advocate of cruelty; if a lecher justifies the utmost brutality of lust, is there any thing to excite the world's wonder?

I shall now advert to the separate passages of the pamphlet, which at the same time, that they exculpate the sailors, retort upon me the charge of cruelty and injustice. I trust, it will appear, that in many instances my meaning has been utterly mistaken, and often supposed to convey some reflection on the sailors, where a clear-sighted reader will not find the shadow of a complaint against them, but on the contrary, remark the *sublime arts* of criticisms which my antagonist displays in all their extent.

(P. 20) Mr. Wales good naturedly tears me to pieces, for saying that the sailors beat and starved the monkeys they purchased. Does it argue a very humane disposition, to tie a monkey to the thwart of a boat, and flog him while his executioner could lift an arm? This I have seen, and of this I complain; not of the Captain's judicious order to drown some of them; by which means they were at once freed from torments. (See my Voyage. Vol. I. p. 41.)

The poor swallow too, which I have mentioned in my voyage, (Vol. I. p. 45.) gives offence to Mr. Wales. There is, says he, not the least *authority* for supposing, that it was caught, and given to a cat. I can inform him, that

† The reader knows, that I allude to a notorious circumstance equally *hencurelle* to its noble perpetrator, and the laws of the country.

that I was positively assured at the time it had been so disposed of; and that I only expressed the circumstance as probable, because I happened not to have seen it myself. But Mr. Wales is fond of the word *authority*, which with him, has that peculiar emphatical meaning, lately introduced, tending to evince the infallibility of men in power, whose sanction alone is supposed to fix the stamp of truth on the accounts of circumstances which happened on the opposite side of the globe.

(P. 22 and 37.) Mr. Wales seems to wonder that I do not commend the riotous drunkenness of the sailors upon Christmas, 1772, and 1773.

(P. 26.) He denies that a musket was fired at the Taheitean chief, whom I have mentioned Vol. I. p. 274. I know, and have truly related, that the first musket was fired over his head. The subsequent ones appeared to me to be levelled at him. He was indeed a very ungrateful fellow; but his life was undoubtedly of more value than the object which had tempted him.

(P. 27.) Mr. Wales takes offence at my hazarding it as a conjecture, that the Dolphin's crew were the first aggressors in their most unfortunate quarrel with the natives of Taheitee. But, though he quotes the books published by *authority* in confirmation of this opinion, I have been frequently told circumstances very unfavourable to the Europeans, by a gentleman, who was in the Dolphin.

(P. 30, 32.) I am once more charged with misrepresenting the conduct of our seamen. They fired several muskets at a native of Tonga-Tabu, who stole a jacket out of one of our boats. I added (Vol. I. p. 464) that several innocent people were wounded on this occasion. I am glad to learn from Mr. Wales, "that no one beside the Chief himself, was hurt;" I was told the contrary, by persons who were present; myself being on board the ship at that time. The reader will find in Mr. Wales's pamphlet a more minute detail than I have given of this whole circumstance, and perhaps no-



tice the curious anecdote of a man's *running away, under water*; but I am mistaken if he finds one proof of my "spiteful, malignant disposition and total disregard to truth," which Mr. Wales declares, would warrant *any treatment that I could possibly receive* from the parties whom I have abused. I do not apprehend, that this hint will take effect upon the minds of those he wishes to inflame; nor is it to be expected, that this *peaceable* man will take upon himself the defence of his clients, any other way than with the pen.

(P. 32.) Close to this follows a second instance of my supposed malevolence, if possible *yet more cruel* than the former. Another thief was observed escaping out of the ship, and pursued. Mr. Wales spends three pages to prove that the boat-hook was not darted *at* the man, but thrown *over* him, and so hooked him afterwards; and that he was but slightly wounded by accident. The barb of the boat-hook is as blunt, says he, as one's finger; and thence follows that the thief could not be much hurt by it. Mr. Wales might have remembered that one of our seamen was wounded in the cheek at Irromanga by a dart, the point of which, according to Captain Cook's own words, "was as thick as his finger, and yet it entered above two inches*." The truth is, that this action was owing to a most unpardonable want of reflection, if it be not more properly called wanton cruelty. One who was in the boat, affirmed that the poor man bled very much. Upon the whole, I presume to hope, that whoever considers my book, without prepossession, will see no impropriety in my remark, prefixed to these two transactions: "The harmless disposition of these good people (of Tonga-Tabu) could not secure them against those misfortunes, which are too often attendant upon all voyages of discovery." The natives were doubtless a harmless good-tempered people, but addicted to pilfering. The voyagers indeed could

* See Capt. Cook's Voyage, Vol. II. p. 48.

could not be blamed if the natives were thieves; but the latter were to be *pitied*, as persons suddenly led into temptations greater than they ever felt before, but too severely repented by the strangers.

(P. 34.) Mr. Wales asserts, “ that on relating the occurrences at Tonga-Tabu, I take occasion to ridicule the eagerness of seamen to purchase curiosities.” To this I reply that it is *impossible* for him to make good his assertion.—But it appears, Mr. Wales only threw out this remark in order to have an opportunity of abusing me and my father. Truth does not always answer *that* purpose. It is indeed barely possible that his eyes have deceived him, and that he applies to the seamen, what I have evidently said of the natives, Vol. I. p. 446, 458.

(P. 49.) Mr. Wales thinks proper to brand me again with cruelty because I have mentioned that “ the officer who shot the native at the Marquesas, was that moment come upon deck, and ignorant of the nature of the offence.” I wrote this to the best of my memory, and sincerely am glad Mr. Wales is so positive of its being a mistake; though at the same time, my memory is so faithful, that I know not how to credit him. If he had not openly declared that he had a point to prove, namely, my “ misrepresentations,” his assertions would have more weight, by being apparently disinterested. The matter, allowing Mr. Wales to be right, is only changed so far, that the poor fellow who fled with the stanchion, was shot, after a *proper reflection* upon the *enormity* of his crime. It is remarkable that Captain Cook was in a boat, on his way to pursue the thief, who sat in his canoe; and if the officer had delayed his fire two minutes longer, the poor man’s life would have been saved.

(P. 55.) The amorous transactions of the sailors are taken into protection. Mr. Wales seems unacquainted that men are endowed with *reason*, as well as *passions*. To pretend, that the *latter* are given us to no purpose, is the excess



of Platonic folly. To act, as if we were destitute of the *former*, levels us with brutes.

It may perhaps surprize the readers, that the pretty story of the *old man and his son*, of which Mr. Wales only gives a hint, is not actually produced for their entertainment. But they must know Mr. Wales sufficiently by this time, to imagine that it was not suppressed, either through an excess of delicacy, or from a motive of regard for the *old man and his son*. They may indeed rest assured, that it did not suit Mr. Wales's purpose to relate the story. In the ambiguous manner, as it is now hinted at, it seems to convey a reproach; but, by disclosing the particulars, it would doubtless have the contrary effect.

(P. 59.) The expedition into the country at Huahine (Vol. II. p. 126.) affords an opportunity of insinuating, that my father and myself were eager to be of the party. Let such a charge find credit, if it may; I make no reply to wilful falsehoods.

(Page 64.) It is said, that I endeavour to misrepresent Mr. Patton's being left ashore at Namoka (Vol. II. p. 167); in answer to which, I beg leave to acquaint the reader, that Mr. Patton himself (whose amiable and worthy character will ever endear him to all that have the pleasure of being acquainted with him) related to me every circumstance of this dangerous adventure when he was last at London in 1776. Who will not smile on seeing the expression of "*wretched tooth pick case*" cavilled at, when it could mean nothing else, than that it was a wretched weapon of defence.

Mr. Wales takes every opportunity to insinuate, that I wish to detract from the merits of Captain Cook, than which nothing was ever farther from my thoughts. Captain Cook, I am well assured, needs not that slender addition to his fame which my praise can bestow; if he did, no man is readier to do ample justice to his great abilities and experience as a navigator,

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constant and indefatigable in his pursuits, skilful in planning and executing his course, attentive and tender to his crew, and careful to spare the lives of the natives he has had to deal with, wherever it was in his power. Notwithstanding these qualifications, which entitle him to the foremost rank among the discoverers of this and former ages, I am convinced, he is not so presumptuous as to maintain, that he has never erred in his opinion, and in taking his measures; or that he has never been surprized into a rash and hasty action.

—*Hanc veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim.*

To maintain such a degree of infallibility, may suit the pride of a pedant, but cannot be expected from a man of Capt. Cook's known character. His own acknowledgment, that he is not a *fine writer*, nor a book-maker, but was brought up in the coal-trade, offers an example of modesty in a man of *real genius*, of which the imitation would not disgrace Mr. Wales, were his pretensions to genius ever so well grounded.

For my own part I have set out with observing, that *the book I have made* was far from being faultless; and shall not hesitate to say, that there is *one* passage in it, (Vol. II. p. 181) of which Captain Cook may have reason to complain. It appears, from *his own narrative* of the transaction at Namoka, (Vol. II. p. 11—13, that his conduct was not reprehensible in that instance; and I willingly allow it. The wounded native was, however, in great pain and high fever. When I say, "he received a load of shot through his wrist and thigh", it is not necessary to suppose the shot passed through his wrist before it came to the thigh; but that the man's hand was in the same line with his thigh, part of the shot striking the one, and part the other.

(P. 72 and 82;) The unhappy differences with the natives of Irromanga and Tanna are severely commented upon. I am almost tired of repeating that Mr. Wales's imagination prompts him to lay to my charge what his

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own arguments cannot prove. I am persuaded, and indeed ever was, that the situation of Capt. Cook at Irromanga justified every step he took to defend his life; and that, however fatal the event has proved to the natives, he is not in the most distant manner to be charged with it. But I must observe, that Mr. Wales's arguments do not place his innocence in a clearer light. I maintain, I had my information of this transaction from the mouth of Captain Cook and those who accompanied him, within an hour or two after the affair had happened. Suppose it disagreed with Captain Cook's written journal, and printed narrative, and contained some particulars not advantageous to the seamen;—What then? What reasonable man will believe, that Capt. Cook would exactly relate the matter in the same order as he meant to write it afterwards; or that he would not, upon cool reflexion, suppress in writing the mention of such facts as were unfavorable to his own character, even tho' they could at most be construed into effects of unguarded heat. Mr. Wales harps on the expression, "that the sailors had neglected to secure the gang-board," though Captain Cook says expressly the same thing in other words. He wonders I have not mentioned the number of killed and wounded; though I could not mention what I did not know. He agrees, that a four-pounder was brought on the fore-castle, but not fired; to the best of my memory it was, for I did not write this trifle down at the time, (Vol. II. p. 256.)

With regard to the affair at Tanna, Mr. Wales labours hard to excuse the unhappy marine, who shot the native, though I never meant to throw the least blame upon him. The officer's *orders* appeared to me unjust and cruel. Let every man judge for himself. So much I know, that the matter was discussed in my hearing, with much warmth, between the officers and Captain Cook, who by no means approved of their conduct at that time.

(P. 81.); Speaking of a pigeon which feeds on nutmegs, and which was presented alive to her Majesty; Mr. Wales very justly remarks, that it did



not come from the island of Tanna; but, as he knows not whence it came, I must inform him, it was a native of Namoka, or the island of Rotterdam, where the same species of birds is to be found. Two of them were brought alive to England; but the day before they were presented, a Tahcitan dog, watching his opportunity, caught and killed one of them.

(P. 89.) Mr. Wales contends, that it was *not* intended, on leaving the New-Hebrides, to cross the South-Sea in all its breadth, without touching any where. "Captain Cook told him at Tanna, he would soon have an opportunity of making observations at New-Zeeland." But Capt. Cook consulted the surgeon *after* that time, on the practicability of that scheme, which I was repeatedly told, he had much at heart, had it been as easy to execute, as it was great in idea.

(Page 96.) The wretches, who robbed a New-Zeelander's hut, are entitled to Mr. Wales's protection. He says, only one was guilty; nevertheless there were the strongest suspicions against the whole party.

(Page 108.) He denies, that the sailors killed the animals which we had purchased. I am sorry to be positively certain that they did, and that one of us two must be *wilfully* mistaken.

(Page 26.) Mr. Wales flatters himself, he has fairly caught me napping, and remarks, that the two passages of my book, Preface p. xviii. and Vol. I. p. 303, are *glaring inconsistencies*. In the last-mentioned place, considering that the frequent arrival of European ships at Taheitee, gradually impoverished that island, by stripping it of its provisions, which are its richest produce*; this reflexion extorted from me a wish, that all intercourse in future had better be discontinued, before the inhabitants could be tainted with the corruption of our civilized climates. In the Preface, considering

* I may give as an example, among many others, the almost total extinction of the breed of common fowls on the island, in consequence of the two first voyages of Capt. Wallis and Mr. de Bougainville; and the diminution of the breed of hogs.



on the other hand, what great advantages this intercourse might be productive of to these poor islanders, *if properly conducted*, I wished, that voyages of discovery might still be set on foot, but *on a disinterested plan, where it should not be in the power of unjust servants to defeat the intentions of their royal master*. It is supposed, that the KING's views are *all generosity, humanity and goodness!* under this restriction therefore, it was not inconsistent with any thing I had said in the body of the work, to wish my Taheitean friends the benefits, without the evils of a connexion with this country.

(Page 99.) I am supposed to have had another fit of drowiness. Page 503 of the II. vol. of my works, I censure those who are of opinion that the *Pecherais* of Tierra del Fuego, (the most wretched beings of the creation) are as happy as ourselves. In another place I have drawn a parallel, vol. II. p. 108, between the life of a Taheitean and European, pointing out the advantages of each, and ending with the remark, that they may be both happy in their respective situations. But must it follow, that the poor *Pecherais*, degraded to a being so brutish and insensible, that the life of some animals seems almost preferable, has equal pretensions to happiness, with a people so far advanced and so greatly blessed with the means of gratifying the primary wants of nature, as the Taheiteans? On this supposition, however Mr. Wales has honoured me with the title of *Sir Hudibras*.

(Page 97.) To crown these remarks, Mr. Wales brings on a most curious recrimination, and tells the public that my father was "*twice confined*" in the course of the voyage, for wanton acts of cruelty to the natives; "*once by Captain Cook for shooting (as Mr. Wales was told) at the natives of Uliatea, and the second time by Lieutenant (now Captain) Clerke, for spurning with his foot, and spitting in the face of one of the natives of Tanna.*" Such is the accusation. I shall not perhaps adopt a method of arguing so conclusive as that of Mr. Wales, when he deals in opprobrious language, to invalidate matters of fact. However,



without that assistance, I hope to make it appear, that my father was *never* confined, nor ever deserved confinement. The first time says Mr. Wales, he was confined by Captain Cook for shooting at the natives of Uliatea; adding very prudently the words "*as I was told,*" which save him the trouble of proving it, and the disgrace of *a certain charge* conveyed in the phrase *mentiris impudentissime*, which any of his scholars will easily translate for him. It need not be imagined however that Mr. Wales had no foundation at all for this assertion; he has too great a regard for truth, to fly directly in its face, but he *quietly* passes on one side of it. On the 14th of September 1773, the ships lying at Uliatea; Captain Cook and my father engaged in conversation at or before supper, * and what was not unusual, both parties supported their opinion with warmth, till the dispute became very violent. Many unguarded expressions dropped in course, as soon as cool reasoning had once been laid aside; and to close the whole, as the scene lay in the Captain's apartment, he very rashly insisted upon my father's leaving it. This was so far from implying a confinement, that my father went to the island of O-Taha the next morning at five o'clock, (see my voyage, vol. I. p. 404.) and at his return on the 17th, the dispute was forthwith adjusted, to the satisfaction of both parties. Captain Cook in person having called on my father, introduced him into the great cabin, in the most civil manner. Honour, good sense and philosophy, as well as self respect, taught them to bury their animosities in oblivion. It is a painful reflection to every man of nice feelings, that he has suffered himself to be drawn into a quarrel; that he has exposed himself to the rashness of another man, and exposed that other again to his own inconsiderate actions. Let the candid reader judge of *his* honour, who has taken such pains to revive a private dispute.

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* I was on a visit on board the Adventure at that time, and did not return till after the dispute happened.



The story of the second confinement is not better supported. The scene lies on the sea beach at Tanna. In my voyage vol. II. p. 333, I have mentioned that one of the natives had pointed out to us a tree which he pretended was the *nutmeg-tree*, but that on shewing the leaves to the other natives on the beach, they undeceived us, "though he endeavoured to cover his deceit by telling his countrymen, to name the leaf as he had done." My father expressed his indignation in such terms, as his then very inconsiderable progress in the language of the country, suggested to him, whilst the natives themselves were so much incensed against their deceitful countryman as to rebuke him severely, and push him back into the croud. All this I saw, and can truly affirm that the addition of spurning him with the foot, and spitting in his face, though extracted from Mr. Wales's remarks, is not conformable to truth, but wholly without foundation. Lieutenant Clerke, hearing the natives about us very loud, asked my father rashly, "what disturbance he was raising?" The answer was re-echoed in the same tone, "*that he made no disturbance.*" Whether Mr. Clerke had previously conceived some animosity against my father, or whether his disagreeable duty on an unsheltered beach in the heat of noon made that good humoured man extremely waspish at the time, true it is, he forgot himself so far, as to *command* my father to leave off making a disturbance, which did not exist, nor had ever existed. A free man is not so easily commanded; my father denied the Lieutenant's power over him. "If you disobey my orders, was Mr. Clerke's reply, I shall bid the sentry to SHOOT you." A pistol, which my father drew from his pocket, and levelled at the man, who thus defied him, put an end to these extravagant heroics, and finally closed the whole dispute. Both Mr. Clerke and my father have since laughed at the violent heat, to which they suffered such trifles to mislead them; but where is the man that is not sometimes run away with by passion! So much for these curious recriminations, which need no further comment.



Mr. Wales also defends Mr. Hodges against my strictures. I refer the reader to my book, for great encomiums on Mr. Hodges's abilities, but it was my misfortune that I was not also blind to mistakes. Mr. Hodges has very great merit as a *landscape* painter, but I think too well of him, to be apprehensive, that he will lay a claim to any thing more. Had I commended his works on *every* occasion, it is not to be doubted, but that Mr. Wales would still have censured me.

II. After passing so much time in the examination of Mr. Wales's defence of sailors, it is time to turn from this entertaining topic to the *faulty passages of my work*. I can only lament, that after so much assiduous toil on the part of Mr. Wales, their number is not quite so copious, as he may wish, for the purpose of humbling that "*arrogance*" which has so greatly scandalized his modesty. However what is wanting in number, may perhaps be compensated in importance, though the primary object of Mr. Wales and his employer, has always been the defence of their favourite tars. Neither of them is interested in the improvement of science, insomuch that they *declare* at first outset, (page 1.) that mistakes in philosophy as well as practical science, might for ought they cared, mislead the world without risking detection. This sentiment is of such a *peculiar* nature, as to extort from me the tribute of *justly* merited praise. "Indeed
 " it was a noble thought; for as ignorance is to greatness like an armour of
 " adamant, it would be highly impolitic to make men clear sighted, in or-
 " der to see them unruly afterwards. On the contrary, let them know no
 " more than you chuse to tell them, and they will obsequiously adopt your
 " own ideas, and go wherever they are led. Those who pretend to think, let
 " them not have sun-shine, and they will soon be discouraged. By this
 " means universal barbarism will quickly prevail again; for stupidity is
 " catching, and spreads in CIRCLES like the vibrations of sound."

PROCEED, GREAT DAYS! TILL SCIENCE BE NO MORE,

AND CHAOS HIS DREAD ANARCHY RESTORE.

POPE.

As



As it may perhaps be acceptable to the purchasers of my book, I shall here insert Mr. Wales's corrections, having first, according to promise, returned him my thanks for them. It may likewise be proper to observe that my accounts of the women of Taheitee, (vol. II. p. 54.) of the Arceoy Society, (p. 128.) of the *lues venerca* being indigenou at Taheitee, (p. 195.) and of the probability of an intercourse between the natives of Tanna and Tonga-tabu (p. 310.) are approved of by Mr. Wales. I am so *highly* pleased with having hit upon several ideas, which agree with the opinion of that great philosopher, that I tremble lest my pride may be humbled, and the readers think so much the worse of my conjectures for Mr. Wales's concurrence, particularly as I have heard it said, that the censure of some men is more honourable than their approbation.

C O R R E C T I O N S.

Vol. I. p. 39. No astronomical observations were made on *Ilba dos Codornizes* in Port Praya at St. Jago; but the survey of the bay was taken. Mr. Wales, who has favoured the world with this *important* correction in his pamphlet, takes occasion from thence to add, that I "talk about things I do not understand." He might with more propriety have foretold, that I would not understand every thing *he* says. Did he mean to make the public believe, I did not know the difference between astronomy and surveying? It was impossible for me to determine, *what* the astronomers did on that little island, because I was not present and never afterwards heard of what they had done. They had their instruments with them, and might either measure the heavens

or



or the earth. The former was the more probable, the bay being well surveyed before by others, as the Critical Reviewers, (to whose candour I am greatly obliged) have justly observed. The plan of the bay, given by M. Fleuriu in his *voyage fait pour éprouver les horloges marines, &c.* is most undoubtedly far superior to that "exceeding accurate" one in Captain Cook's account of his voyage. Mr. Wales, I acknowledge, is not bound to know, that any other person has taken or can take surveys as well as himself; any more than Captain Cook was, to consult Mr. Dalrymple's and D'Apres's accurate charts in laying down the Molucca Islands. We read in the book of Kings of a man who thought himself the only remaining worshipper of God, not knowing there were seven thousand others in the little district of Palestine. Why should we not allow Mr. Wales to entertain as high an opinion of himself, as the only mathematician? Indeed it is almost a cruelty to undeceive him.

p. 192. Adventure Bay, on Diemen's Land, according to Mr. Wales, is not the same as Frederick Henry Bay, which he *supposes* is situated more to the Northward.

p. 369. The distance from Taheitee to Huahine is not 25, but 31 leagues, see Hawkesworth, vol. II. p. 254.

p. 371. The opening of the reefs in Owharre harbour is greater than I have mentioned.

p. 490. l. 15. *Westward* read *Eastward*. This is an error of the press, not my mistake.

p. 586. The *Tufa* of the statues at Easter Island is of a reddish grey, that of the caps a ferruginous red. Mr. Wales's strictures were therefore superfluous, and the idea of the stone's being

- being factitious is very improbable, though suggested by so great a naturalist as himself.
- Vol. I. p. 599. *Note.* I say, "we saw no calabashes at Easter-Island." If I had consulted my father's journals, I should have found them mentioned among the produce of that island; a proof, if any were wanting, that my book, as well as its errors, is my own, and not my father's.
- Vol. II. p. 40. l. 3. for *mild* read wild. *N. B.* This erratum is already mentioned in the book itself, among the list of errata; and, if Mr. Wales had consulted them, he would have spared himself a superfluous criticism.
- p. 47. The richest and most elevated spots of the LOW ISLANDS are not to leeward, but generally to *windward*; and this, Mr. Wales justly remarks, is a very favorable circumstance to the navigators, as they would otherwise run the risk of being wrecked on these ledges, before they could see them.
- p. 168. We left all the reefs, situated East of Namocka, to the Northward of us, in coming to that island, as will appear from Capt. Cook's chart, No. xiv. Vol. II. p. 7, without which no man should fail for that island again.
- p. 193. Turtle-Island, instead of seven miles, as I have guessed, is not quite a league in length.
- p. 238. The reef near Three-Hills Island lies off its North-West, not South point.
- p. 240. I guessed the Monument Rock "*might be 150 yards high.*" Mr. Wales guesses it should be *feet*.
- p. 317. I was undoubtedly thinking of something else, when I suffered the following error of the press to escape me, viz. that a stiff

a stiff grass was thrown with such force, as to enter above an
inch into the hardest wood. For *inch* read *line*.

p. 507. It is *surely* of the utmost importance to the reader to know,
 that the marine, who was drowned in Christmas-Sound,
 was misled the *same* day.

p. 521. We anchored under the Easternmost of the New-Year's-
 Islands, which is likewise the largest. That next to the
 West of it is nearly of the same size, and its shape misled
 me to say it was larger.

p. 557. l. 20. South-Eastern, *read* Northern.

p. 595. Mr. Wales tells us, he asked leave, (or more properly,
 Capt. Cook asked leave for him) to observe at Fayal, which
 was granted. I understood otherwise; but the matter was
 kept a *secret*, as was every thing which Mr. Wales did.

III. When a man of Mr. Wales's talents engages in any undertaking, it
 may be depended on, that he will not do it by halves. My *injustice* towards
 the AMIABLE characters of the Resolution's crew, my *mistakes* in nautical
 matters, my *ignorance* in the very science which I profess, (p. 24, 48, 93,
 95, 99,) and in every other branch of knowledge, have been fully can-
 vassed, by this phoenix of astronomers.

It now remains, to *chastise* me for my *opinions*, and to prove their *absurdity*
 and *inconsistency* by the most "irrefragable demonstration," which is in fact,
 the easiest thing in the world; for, when Mr. WALES *declares* them absurd
 and inconsistent, the public cannot be so unreasonable as to demand another
 proof. Before I enter into the examination of this part of his pamphlet, I
 beg leave to observe, that though I have not hitherto called in question his
 right to cut, slash, and hack my work to pieces,—*if he can*,—by all fair
 means, usually employed on such occasions, such as slander, invective, and
 a generous disregard of truth; yet I cannot help protesting against the in-
 justice

justice of being arraigned, nay condemned, for ERRORS IN JUDGMENT. This conduct on the part of Mr. Wales, argues a degree of inveteracy, very unworthy of a *peacable* man; and, I am persuaded, it cannot be approved of, even by my secret enemies, since it offers a dangerous example, by reviving a practice, generally abhorred in these days of placability and gentleness.

The reader has already been told, that I am not tenacious of my opinions, but willing to give them up, when something better is offered. But I must own at the same time, that Mr. Wales, great as his abilities may be, has not, in my mind, the gift of persuasion. The road is open to enquiry; and future experiments or observations of facts, must decide whether his arguments or mine have the greater validity. Thus, I have maintained that snow-water causes swelled glands, and that O-Taheitee is the same island as Sagittaria discovered by Quiros; whilst Mr. Wales combats both these opinions. But, whether it be determined in the sequel, that I conjectured aright, or that I was mistaken, I am little interested in the event, any further than that it will give me pleasure to know the truth. Mr. Wales wishes to invalidate the account of the religion of the natives of Raic-tea, communicated to us by Tootavaï, a very intelligent native. I do not pretend to so much sagacity, as to determine whether he was or was not an impostor; but it is somewhat hard upon the poor man, to suppose him guilty of uttering wilful falsehoods, for no other reason than that he communicated his knowledge to my father, and not to Mr. Wales. By publishing what he told us, I wished to give my readers all the light I could, relative to the customs and ideas of the Taheiteans; they will not blame me, if I was misled by the natives; neither will they believe I was misled, upon such slight grounds as Mr. Wales suggests, which far from proving any thing, only tend to disclose an invidious disposition.



To the readers of my book I likewise appeal, with regard to the censure which Mr. Wales has passed on my account of the island of Namocka. I am much mistaken, if they will find my words convey any other meaning than, that Namocka is a more *romantic* spot than Tonga-Tabu; though Mr. Wales pretends to have read, that it is more *cultivated*, and combats this phantom, which himself alone has started. But who does not see the reason which induced Mr. Wales to misunderstand me? It was the means of introducing a supercilious mention of my "warm imagination, and great invention;" it led him, moreover, to sneer at the Reviewers, who have incurred the displeasure of this peaceable man; and it afforded him a most welcome opportunity of mentioning Horace, as an author of his acquaintance. Is fancy and invention (under the restriction of judgment and honesty) disgraceful to a young man? Have the Reviewers deserved the stigma, which Mr. Wales would fix on them? And will the public believe his boasted familiarity with Horace?—If Mr. Wales had asked himself these questions, I cannot believe, in spite of his modest assurance, that he would have risked the publication of his strictures on my account of Namocka.

I believe my conjectures were well founded, concerning Quiros's Bay of St. Philip and St. James, which I still suspect to be different from that which Capt. Cook has so named, notwithstanding Mr. Wales is of the contrary opinion; and I am likewise most firmly persuaded of the identity of South-Georgia, and Mr. Guyot's Isle de St. Pierre, but the subject is too dry and unimportant to be here discussed. I now proceed to several other opinions which I have hazarded in the course of my work, and which Mr. Wales has treated with still greater severity, not to call it by a harsher name.

In order to give the European reader an opportunity of estimating the size of those immense masses of ice, which we found floating in the ocean, I computed their bulk according to Boyle's experiments. This computation Mr. Wales treats as *absurd*; but, if I had followed the latest and most ac-



accurate experiments of Dr. Irving on board the *Seaborse*, near the North-Pole*, I must have made the mass of ice nearly as big again. However, *computation* is Mr. Wales's strong-hold, and *flogging* his favorite occupation.

Mr. Wales did not see the flash of lightning, which my father observed at the disjunction of a water-spout in Cook's-Strait, (see my Voyage, vol. I. p. 190.) nor the hail-stones which fell at the time, although I had some of them in my hand. I have no theory of my own to support, relative to water-spouts; but I am too great a lover of truth, to conceal that I thought very highly of Dr. Franklin's theory on that subject; and thence Mr. Wales takes occasion to pursue me with crowded sails, as a letter of marque chases an American privateer, both to plunder the ship, and please the Admiralty-Board. That the literary merits of a venerable philosopher should be honoured, though his maxims of state were disliked, might have been expected from men of a liberal way of thinking. But instead of that, the sage, whom all Europe admires as one of the most strenuous promoters of science, is carped at with no less puerility than rancour, as if his philosophical opinions were proscribed with his politics. In religion we have despised the ridiculous pretensions of Roman pontiffs to infallibility; and shall we now admit of a supremacy in science, and believe axioms of philosophy, by COMMAND? But, hold!—I am a poor short-sighted youth, “scarcely twenty,” as yet untaught in the wisdom of this world, whilst my plodding adversary is accustomed to look with an eagle's eye into futurity. Methinks I see him, quadrant in hand, taking the altitude of Flamsteed House, measuring the distance, and computing the time, in which a dull, heavy *satellite* would perform a revolution thither. New laws of motion are laid down, by which it may be accomplished. This is an employment worthy of a philosopher, but withal of so singular a nature, that

* See Lord Mulgrave's accurate account of his voyage. Appendix, p. 141.



that we cannot wonder if it should overturn whatever has been established in science to this day, and explain moreover that paradox, a PEACEABLE POLEMIC.

The public will greatly admire the candour of Mr. Wales's Remarks on what he calls my *sure sign* of being arrived in a lower latitude than thirty degrees. It is a fact, established by universal experience, that the tropic bird, (*Phaeton æthereus Linn.*) which is found in all the seas of the torrid zone, seldom goes beyond the tropic, and never beyond 28 deg. Therefore when we saw these birds flying about the ship, I might conclude that we were below 30 deg. without being seated on Don Quixote's horse. But I believe Mr. Wales took umbrage at my observation, being apprehensive, that if such signs were to be depended upon, there would be no further need of astronomers like him; for with all due deference to the science itself, and to its learned professors, many of whom I greatly esteem, I cannot help observing that when Mr. Wales looked out for the emerfion of a fatellite of Jupiter, on the wrong side of the planet's disk*, the accuracy of *such* an observation is nearly on a par with this of mine.

I shall not dispute with a blind man about colours, nor with Mr. Wales of languages; but it may be observed that a man who is acquainted with the rudiments of more than fifteen languages, may be supposed to form an idea of universal grammar, and to comprehend the construction of a new language with more facility, than a boy of fifteen years of age who knows no language but his own, and that only habitually. (See Mr. Wales's Remarks, p. 62.) Further, when I related that the Tahciteans believe they have a soul, which "combines ideas into thoughts," I wrote for Europeans and not for Tahciteans. Mr. Wales alone could confound the knowledge which was imparted to me, with *my own* manner of *delivering* it to the readers again.—

G 2

But

* At New Zealand, on the 14th of November, 1773.



But the crime lay in my presumption that men have souls. Those who act, as if they had none, will believe there is no such thing; or if they allow its existence, it is confined to beings of their own importance. The Spaniards, ashamed of their butcheries in America, attempted to throw a veil over them, by maintaining, as a religious tenet, that the poor Peruvians and Mexicans had no souls. Whilst I am upon the subject of languages, I cannot avoid answering Mr. Wales's remark, (p. 49.)

If it can be proved from a vocabulary of several hundred words, that the natives of the Marquesas, speak a language which is so near the Tahitian, that it can scarcely be called a different dialect, except that they never pronounce the *r*; where was the harm of making the observation? *Mabeine* or *Hedeede*, the young Tahitian, who was at the Marquesas with us, immediately perceived this difference, and pointed out to us all the words where his countrymen would have put an *r*; and where the natives of the Marquesas omitted it. Their language is the more guttural for this omission, and who knows, whether a physical reason may not be assigned for that, especially since the remark holds good hitherto, that all mountaineers have a guttural accent. As to the pronunciation of English, he that speaks a broad Yorkshire dialect must be allowed to be a very competent judge indeed!

Mr. Wales cannot help sneering at my observation, that the Tahitians were bad physiologists, when they supposed Captain Cook and my father were brothers. Whoever has seen them both, will own the justness of my remark. If Mr. Wales thought he perceived a reflection in my words, I admire his sagacity; for my own part, I can perceive none, even though instead of saying Captain Cook was unlike my father, I had maintained his resemblance to old Blue-Beard.

Mr. Wales very copiously comments on my suspicion that the people of Tanna are cannibals. I find that Captain Cook is entirely of my opinion on that subject, (Vol. II. p. 60.) and am very glad to quote from him a passage, which seems directly pointed at Mr. Wales's scepticism; he says that "Since
" we

“ we have not actually seen them eat human flesh, it will admit of doubt
 “ with *some*, whether they are cannibals.” The reader should be acquainted,
 that notwithstanding the proofs recorded by Captain Cook in the Endeavour,
 and Captain Furneaux in the Adventure, Mr. Wales maintained to the last,
 that anthropophagy did not exist at New Zealand, till the natives eat a piece
 of human flesh in his presence. Mr. Wales has frequently upbraided me in
 the grossest terms, with a partiality to hypothesis; may I not ask what was the
 foundation of his pyrrhonism? Mr. Wales could not be ignorant, that very
 creditable authors, ancient and modern, have taught us, that most nations,
 in the very barbarous periods of their existence have been cannibals. It
 may be objected that Mr. Wales does not know how to draw the line between
 credulity and historical faith; but if that were the case, he would *doubtless*
 have modestly forborne to enter into the subject. I only add, that the songs,
 which (as I have related, Vol. II. p. 300.) were heard every morning at
 Tanna, are mentioned by Capt. Cook in his voyage, (Vol. II. p. 75.) though
 Mr. Wales did not hear them. The man who does not believe the exist-
 ence of what he has not perceived by his own senses, must greatly confine
 his knowledge as well as his belief.

Mr. Wales is so fond of this hypothesis concerning the non-existence of an-
 thropophagi, that he rates me for saying it was probable the natives of New
 Caledonia have some neighbours who are cannibals. If it were not for the
 pleasure of finding fault, Mr. Wales would never have published his pam-
 phlet. He criticises in this place without occasion, and denies being in a
 boat with my father, when the natives told the story, though I had only spoken
 of *myself* being in the boat. But these difficulties must ensue, since he is re-
 solved at all events to attack my father. It has likewise offended Mr.
 Wales, that I look upon New Caledonia as a drougthy country. I judge
 so from the whole appearance of it. Mr. Wales says “ we were on the coast
 “ twenty-six days, and had some rain on seven, *out of which* it was *pretty con-*



“*staut on five.*” I am at a loss to think what he would infer from hence. Five rainy days in twenty-six, at the time of the *equinox*, certainly do not argue a wet climate.

As Mr. Wales draws near the end of his remarks, he is less choice in his expressions, and gives full scope to his predilection for epithets. The readers are so well prepared by the virulence of his preceding criticisms, that the redundancy of his civil phrases can no longer surprize them. I have afforded him an opportunity to apply a number of them, by saying (Vol. II. p. 466.) that the passions were given us for wise purposes. This opinion, tho’ long since established, could not fail of displeasing Mr. Wales and his employer, * because it supposes a Supreme Being, who acts with infinite wisdom and goodness. I apprehend that my sceptical opponents doubt the existence of such a Being, and look upon the passions, as masters instead of servants. I, on the contrary, thought them subjected to *reason*, but indispensibly necessary to our happiness; I contended that revenge with the savage, was the same thing as justice in a civilized state; that a savage would revenge his brother’s murder; but that with us that care was entrusted to certain persons by the common consent of all. I added that there were instances when persons so intrusted had neglected their duty; that upon such occasions, the sword of revenge and balance of equity had been taken from them, and placed in other hands, by the community to whom they belonged: I finally observed that individuals sometimes protected themselves with the *sword* or *cane*, even in civilized societies; when justice turned a deaf ear to them, or when their enemies were not otherwise accessible. The sword and cane offended Mr. Wales’s ears, his line of conduct running so much below

* It is not without sufficient grounds, that I have mentioned this *employer* several times, since I have the strongest presumptive proof of the existence of a person in that character, who has guided the pen, which has bespattered me.

low their level, that in order to contend with him at his own weapons, it would be necessary to take lessons of the eloquent fisterhood of the London markets.

After this successful attack upon my metaphysical principles, Mr. Wales finally closes his long reply to my opinions, by combating what I have slightly hinted at respecting the formation of ice in high latitudes. I have looked upon it, that the immense pieces of ice floating in the ocean, were not formed ON SHORE, either from snow, or from the fresh water in rivers, but IN THE SEA ITSELF; and I have endeavoured to obviate an objection, by adducing Mr. Nairne's experiments, which prove that sea-water freezes. Crantz has said the same thing in his History of Greenland, but it is well known, that he has not been believed, and that experiments were necessary to convince those philosophers who without having visited the polar seas, maintain in their closets, that the sea could not freeze. Mr. Wales having wintered one year in Hudson's Bay, has seen ice formed along the shore; but affirms that all was open at the distance of a few miles further out in the bay. From hence he would infer, that the sea can *never* freeze far from shores. He is moreover so well acquainted with natural philosophy as to suppose the ocean in 70° , is more salt than in 50° . I shall not destroy by anticipation the pleasure which will result from perusing a number of historical proofs of the entire congelation of great spaces of sea in my father's OBSERVATIONS, which are in the press. To that performance I likewise refer the readers for a more compleat account of the formation of ice in high latitudes.

It is generally supposed that authors have a partial fondness, nay a most impassioned affection for their opinions and systems, the motley offspring of their brain. This affection, though extravagant, is generally innocent, and very frequently the only solace of a life not worth the envying. If it be
cruel.



cruel to break their dreams, and to rob them of their favourite play-things, how much reason must I have to complain, whom Mr. Wales has attempted to deprive of every little harmless thought, and whom he has pursued with the utmost inveteracy? I must lament, like a disconsolate father, the loss of all my pretty little ones, and droop at the mortifying reflection, that I am denied the gloomy comfort of retaliation. He has no children *, no fair ideas, that sport in the regions of fancy and speculation! I must therefore be contented with this attempt to retrieve my own opinions, whether whimsical or otherwise, from that severe censure which he would draw upon them; and I trust, that my arguments have not been wholly misapplied, nor my labour without avail. I may boldly say, that I have gone honestly to work, and have not left one material charge unanswered to my knowledge. I patiently wait the judgment of the public. My occupations have not allowed me to spend much time on these few sheets; but my principal objects were clearness and truth, since from the nature of the accusation, the reply could not be made entertaining. Too many unconnected points were to be answered, too many different subjects discussed, and too many quotations alledged. If these allowances are made, and if the readers conceive that I have been hardly used, the purpose of making this reply is answered. It then only remains to publish the treatment which my father has received from the Earl of Sandwich. I have here only defended myself with composure, without so much as harbouring a thought to retort upon Mr. Wales, therein not imitating this adversary, who boasts his temper, whilst his outrageous passion is continually at variance with his professions. But I shall hereafter be forced to utter the complaints of an injured and unshielded man. The respect due to persons of rank should not so far outweigh all other considerations, as to awe its victims to silence. Neither can an ill-treated individual be blamed, if he appeal to the public, when

private

* See Macbeth.



private remonstrances have been ineffectual, and when his adversary's resentment has already been so cruelly exerted against him, that its further efforts must be superfluous. The publication of my father's case has the same thing in view, as this reply to Mr. Wales; namely, the hope of meeting with the approbation of the public. Good men will lament the abuse of power, and their countenance will be a comfort to the defenceless. Perhaps some may be found to support the oppressed, and to enable them to demand that *public justice*, which when it can be claimed, is never denied.

F I N I S.



private remonstrances have been injected, and when his adversary's re-
 sponse has already been to cruelly excited against him, that his further effort
 will be superfluous. The publication of my father's case has the same
 thing in view, as this reply to Mr. Water; namely, the hope of meeting
 with the approbation of the public. Good men will lament the want of
 power, and their countenance will be a comfort to the defenceless. Per-
 sons have been found to support the oppressed, and to enable
 them to demand that public justice which they can be claimed, is
 never denied.

It is not my intention to enter into a dispute with Mr. Water, or to
 discuss the merits of his cause, or to attempt to prove that he is
 innocent, or that he is entitled to the same treatment as a private
 citizen. My object is to show that the public have a right to know
 the truth, and that the government is bound to disclose it. I shall
 therefore state the facts as they are, and leave the public to judge
 for themselves.

2 I N T R O D U C T I O N

The first object of this work is to inform the public of the
 facts of the case, and to show that the government is bound to
 disclose them. The second object is to show that the public have
 a right to know the truth, and that the government is bound to
 disclose it. The third object is to show that the public have a
 right to know the truth, and that the government is bound to
 disclose it. The fourth object is to show that the public have a
 right to know the truth, and that the government is bound to
 disclose it.

