





AN / ANSWER / TO A / Scurrilous Pamphlet, / LATELY PRINTED, /
Intituled, A Letter from Mon- / sieur de Cros, to the Lord –
Il n' point de plus courte vie que celle d'un mauvais livre. Mr. Vaugelas

An Answer to a late scurrillous Pamphlet, Intituled, *A Letter* *from Monsieur de Cros, &c.*

THE Author of the Memoirs had so little to apprehend in his Reputation either at home or abroad from the feeble Efforts of Monsieur de Cross in his late trifling Invective, that had it not been for the repeated Instances of some Friends, who were unwilling to have such
5 a wretched Scribler escape unpunished, he had never condescended to the severe penance of sitting an hour upon him. To their Importunities, and not to his own Inclinations is the Reader obliged for the following Remarks, which as they serve to justify those particular passages in the Memoirs that are so outrageously exclaimed against by Mr. *de Cros*, so
10 they discover, *en passant*, several Intrigues hitherto not so well known or understood.

Though we may safely allow it to be some sort of Mortification for any one to see himself lie under the lash of a Man of Wit; yet certainly 'tis infinitely more supportable than to be assaulted by a Malice altogether
15 made up of Phlegm and Dulness. *Aeneæ magni dextrâ cadis*, was said by way of Consolation to young Lausus as he fell by the hands of that celebrated Heroe. When we lie under an unavoidable necessity of being encountered in Publick, 'tis some Comfort to be engaged with Bravery and Honour:
In such a Case there is Reputation to be got if we come off with Victory;
20 but to be forced to enter the Lists with a feeble, inglorious and despicable Adversary, is somewhat afflicting; there can be no Skill, no Dexterity shown in putting by his Thrusts, and there is no Reputation acquired by gaining the Conquest.

The text has been printed from the Ehrenpreis Centre copy (EC 576), originally in the possession of Irvin Ehrenpreis: *An Answer to a Scurrilous Pamphlet, Lately Printed, Intituled, A Letter from Monsieur de Cros, to the Lord* – (London: Randal Taylor, 1693). It was never reprinted in England. Obvious printing errors have been silently corrected. Further copies are available in Cambridge University Library (attributed on the title page to Temple in a contemporary hand), The British Library, London (three copies), The Bodleian Library, Oxford (two copies), The University of Chicago, The William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, and Yale University Library. A French translation, published at The Hague in 1693, is listed in Nicéron's *Memoires*, XIII, 170, s.v. "Temple".

Certainly there never appeared in the World a Paper so little performing what it seems to promise in the Title page, so mean and undesigning, and in short so below the mighty Character of its Author who so often takes care to instruct us that a great Prince and a King did not disdain to employ him as a Counsellor of State, as this rambling, incoherent 5
 unthinking Letter. But perhaps it may be alledged by some of its Favourers, that the sincerity of what it pretends to relate, may atone for all its other palpable defects, since to use his own magnificent Expression our Deserter of a *Monk* is pleased to assure us, p. 9 that the only Heroe of his Piece shall be Truth: And indeed the Matter wou'd be somewhat mended 10
 if the Case were so; but for certain Considerations best known to himself our Letter-Writer has been so complaisant to his Heroe, as not to give him any trouble at all. However this pleasant passage puts me in mind of a certain person of the Long Robe who a little after the Restauration, when writing of Plays was more in fashion than it is at present, must needs 15
 threaten the Stage with a Play; and as a Hero is a very necessary Ingredient in all or at least most Compositions of that Nature, he designed to furnish himself with a Hero that should work Miracles, defeat Armies, charm the Ladies, and make as considerable a Figure as any Hero that had visited the World for many Ages. After he had amused himself some Months 20
 with this painful Undertaking, a Friend of his happens to interrogate him upon this Article, and asks him what Progress he had made in his Play, and how his Hero fared. To which the poor Gentleman replied, that a certain Misfortune had befallen him which had put a stop to the Affair. In short, after a tedious Enquiry, he informs him that he had unluckily killed 25
 his Hero in the first Act, and so cou'd not for the heart of him tell how to advance any farther. This was fairly and civilly done in our Gentleman. He had cut out so much Work for his Hero in the first Act, that he had left him nothing to do in any of the rest; and therefore was obliged to 30
 dispatch him in his own defence; but Monsieur *de Cros* never so much as introduces his Hero in one single Paragraph of his Letter: He threatens indeed to bring him in Play one time or another, but for all that keeps him still as invisible as a Fairy Treasure, and his Hero has no more to do 35
 throughout the whole piece, than one of the *Mutæ Personæ* in the ancient Drama.

Monsieur *de Cros* is pleased to address his Letter to a certain Noble Lord in *Nubibus*; for he no where takes occasion to name him, and this was certainly done with no other Prospect than only to recommend his Trifle the better to his Readers. He owns, *p. 3.* that *Sir W. T. is a Man of some Merit, and that he has been employed a long time upon very important* 40
Affairs, but then with his usual Confidence affirms that *he knew very little of*

the Secret of the late King of England's Designs. Sir W. T. no where pretends in his Memoirs that he knew the bottom of all the Court-Intrigues, that were managed with so much Artifice by the prevailing Ministry of those times; nay he congratulates his good Fortune that he was never made acquainted with them; and though from several remarkable Circumstances he has all the Reason imaginable to suspect that some things were not so fairly meant as was openly pretended, yet he knows no Reason why they should not trust him in any Occasions wherein the Honour of his Master or the true Interest of the Kingdom were concerned: And as for the rest, he thinks it the highest Complement the Ministry ever made him, not to disclose them to him.

Upon this Consideration says Monsieur de Cros, p. 4. *I had no great Curiosity to peruse the Memoirs, well judging that the Author was not able to give me any tolerable Light into the discovery of so many secret Intrigues that were carried on at that juncture: And besides,* continues he, *I had Reason to doubt whether these Memoirs were not principally designed to be a Panegyrick upon himself, and to blacken the Reputation of several Persons of eminent Quality and Merit, because,* adds he, *I was particularly acquainted with the Pride of Sir W. T. who fancies himself to be the wisest and ablest Politician of his Age.* If Sir W. T. is that vainglorious and ill-natured Animal as Monsieur de Cros represents him to be, he here solemnly promises him that he will never come to him to learn either Humility or good Manners; and if he has been severe upon any of the Great Men then in Vogue, he has done no more than what every Body almost in the Nation has done since. He barely contents himself with the Satisfaction of having been in some measure serviceable to his King and Country; and since he has not made his Fortunes at the expence of either, he supposes he may lawfully mention his Services without the horrid Crime of Ostentation or Vanity.

But to let the World see that Monsieur de Cros has no Malice in his Heart, but that he really designs Sir W. T's Good, he condescends p. 5. to give him wholesome Advice, and sets him Copies to write after. To this purpose he recommends to his Perusal *the Memoirs of Villeroy, the Negotiations of Jeanin, and the Letters of Cardinal Dossat, in all which there reigns a Spirit of Sincerity and Modesty.* Sir W. T. never presum'd to set himself in Competition with any of those illustrious Persons; he is no Stranger to their Merits or Character, but is afraid that Monsieur de Cros has proposed some Models to him which he never intends to follow himself. It was not Sir W. T's Bookseller that called him *One of the greatest Men of this Age*, as Monsieur de Cros falsely insinuates, p. 5. but a reverend Prelate of our Church, who published the *Memoirs* without the Author's Consent or Privy; and who, in his Advertisement to the Reader, does not

stile him *Un des Grands Hommes de ce Siecle*, as Monsieur *du Cros* maliciously has printed it, but only *an Ornament to Learning and to his Country*: So that this being a Mystery to no body in *England*, he wonders how some People come to make such Blunders about it in *Holland*. But by this and several Instances of the like Nature, any man may easily guess what famous Exploits Monsieur *de Cros* designs to perform with the Help of his *Hero*. 5

To make good the Charge of Presumption with which Monsieur *de Cros* taxes the Author of the Memoirs, he cites a Passage, *p. 6.* which he found accidentally at the first opening of his Book; and assures his Noble Lord, that he doubts not but he shall be able in a short time to produce several others to the same Effect. *The Negotiations which I had managed at the Hague, at Brussels, and at Aix la Chappelle, and saved Flanders out of the hands of France in 1668. made them believe that I had some Credit amongst the Spaniards, as well as in Holland.* Indeed, as he has cited this Passage, anyone would believe, that all the Glory and Merit of Preserving *Flanders* was intirely owing to Sir *W. T.*'s Conduct; and with this wrong Scent Monsieur *de Cros* runs along very furiously, talks of erecting Statues, of the Ingratitude of *Spain* and *Holland*, with abundance of other bitter things, with which his Indignation plentifully furnishes him at all times. But our Comfort is, that this Passage is nothing near so criminal and arrogant in the Original as our Letter-monger would have it; and therefore it may not be *mal à propos* to cite it fairly. **This I suppose gave some Occasion for my being again design'd for this Embassy, who was thought to have some Credit with Spain as well as Holland, from the Negotiations I had formerly run through at the Hague, Brussels, and Aix la Chapelle, by which the remaining Parts of Flanders had been saved out of the Hands of France in the Year 1668.* In the first Citation it looks as if Sir *W. T.*'s Management of the Treaty had wholly occasioned the Preservation of *Flanders*, whereas in the latter, if it meets with a true Construction, nothing more is meant, but that the Negotiations at the abovementioned Places, in which Sir *W. T.* had his share amongst the other Ministers that acted there, retrieved *Flanders* from ruin. If we may believe Monsieur *de Cros*, he will positively tell us *p. 8.* *that all the Merit and Glory of the Peace as well as of the Triple League, ought in justice to be ascribed to the generous Resolution and Constancy of the States-General, who employ'd, upon this Occasion, a Minister who far surpassed Sir W. T. in Prudence, in Experience and all Abilities.* Sir *W. T.* has nothing to quarrel with Monsieur *de Cros* for upon this last Article (tho, as he is sure, no one is the worse for his Calumnies, so he thinks no one is the better for his Commendations), nor is he insensible what a generous Part the States-General acted at this important Conjunction, when the publick Repose of all *Europe* so much depended upon their Resolutions and Conduct: Only he thinks it hard that *England* should not be allowed 10 15 20 25 30 35 40

* *Me-moires*,
p. 30.

the least Share in the Turn of these Affairs, and that the Ministers of so powerful a Crown should be passed over in Silence without any Mention or Acknowledgement, as if they had been reckoned abroad for so many Cyphers.

- 5 After this Fit of Passion is over, the Weather begins to clear up with our Author; and, during this Interval, he makes bold to acquaint his Lordship, p. 8. that he does by no means design in this Place to examine Sir W. T's Memoirs to the Bottom; No, he will take some better Opportunity for that, and then, if God spares him with Life and Health, he fairly promises him a Volume of Remarks, at least as
10 big as Sir W. T's Book. Those Persons that are never so little vers'd in the true Character of Monsieur *de Cros*, need not be inform'd that he promises mighty things, and performs just nothing at all. This unlucky shifting off his Resentments to a fitter Occasion (tho 'tis certain he can never meet with a more proper one to unload himself of them) looks like making
15 Exceptions to the Ground when a man is to meet his Adversary with his Sword in his Hand in the Field. In common Prudence he ought to have acquitted one part of the Debt now, and then the World would have been so civil as to have taken his Word for the Payment of the rest. However let this terrible Day come as soon as it will, Sir W. T. is under no Agonies at
20 the thought of it: For let our Monsieur scribble a Cart-load of Books if he pleases, 'tis a sad but undeniable Truth, that 'tis in his Power to injure no man breathing by them but only his Bookseller.

- Had I the Vanity like him, says the modest, self-denying Monsieur de Cros,
p. 8. to print my Memoirs in my Life-time, I have now a very fair Pretence to do
25 it. Well, certainly there never dropt in this World so unwary a Passage as this from the Pen of a Counsellor of State and all that! For who will now be ever brought to believe that Monsieur *de Cros* is acquainted with the Intrigues of other People, and consequently in a Capacity of writing Memoirs, who is a meer Stranger at Home, and so utterly unacquainted
30 with himself. If I had the Vanity; No, never fear it, do but consult a certain thing called a Looking-Glass every Morning, and thou mayst with a safe Conscience say good morrow to one of the compleatest Pieces of Vanity in the Universe. But once more, If I had the Vanity like him, meaning Sir W. T. What Occasion Monsieur *de Cros* had to publish so unjust and
35 invidious a Calumny, no body can tell but himself; for had he consulted either the Reverend Publisher's Epistle to the Reader, or Sir W. T's to his Son, or lastly maintained any manner of Correspondence with his old Acquaintance in England, it had been impossible for him to make so gross, so unpardonable a Mistake. All or any of these must certainly
40 have convinced him that Sir W. T. knew no more of the publishing of the Memoirs than his ungenerous Adversary Monsieur *de Cros*.

Well, but to pursue him in his Reveries; *I should publish*, says our mortal
 Foe to Vanity, p. 9. *juster and more solid Memoirs than Sir W. T. has done, if I*
had any Inclinations to appear in Print; and yet to see what a strange Spirit
 of Contradiction possesses some people, he adds in the very next Lines
 that follow, *Not that I have the Presumption to imagine my self more capable of* 5
performing such an Undertaking than He is. In the first place he proclaims
 it to all Mankind, that he is fitter to write just and solid things than
 Sir W. T. and secondly, before the Words are well out of his Mouth, he
 would not be guilty of so much presumption as to think himself better
 qualified for such an Undertaking than Sir W. T. If there be any meaning 10
 in this senseless inconsistent passage, it amounts only to this, *viz.* That 'tis
 possible for a Man to write more justly and solidly than another (as for
 instance Monsieur *de Cros*, if you'll take his own Word for it, can write
 more justly and solidly than Sir W. T.) and yet after all, with these two
 Qualifications, is not capable of writing better than he that has neither of 15
 them. Writing *justly* and *solidly* are none of Monsieur *de Cros*'s Talents; and
 therefore he was resolved to be revenged upon them.

What follows is extremely surprising. *Whenever I put Pen to Paper*, says
 Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 9. *I will write without Complaisance, without Flattery,*
without Passion: 'Tis strange he did not add *without Sence and Meaning*. 20
 No doubt but Monsieur *de Cros* will write without Complaisance let him
 begin when he will; so far we readily believe him: But that he will ever be
 persuaded to renounce two of the dearest Qualities about him, Flattery
 and Passion, is somewhat hard to digest. 'Tis true he promises fine things
 all along, but is still so unkind to himself as to give us but very small hopes 25
 that he'll remember to be as good as his Word. And 'tis very natural for
 the censorious World not to regard what a Man promises, especially if he
 does not regard them himself. In this small inconsiderable Letter, as short
 as it is, he has taken care to exercise both his Flattery and his Passion;
 and if it was impossible for him to write four Sheets without calling 30
 them both to his Assistance, can it be supposed he can write threescore
 without a spice of them? Nay, continues the sweet-tempered Monsieur
de Cros, *I will not express the least Passion, no, not so much as against Sir W.*
T. but will do him the kindness to instruct him in abundance of things, which he
poor Man has executed without knowing the true Reason why he was set on to do 35
them. This is an Effort of good Nature which Sir W. T. little imagined to
 receive at his Adversary's hand, and upon that score very much questions
 the continuance of it. Perhaps, as was intimated before, *the Court might*
employ Sir W. T. in some Affairs, without acquainting him with the
true Grounds and Motives; and 'tis evident Sir W. T. no where denies it. 40
 However if Monsieur *de Cros* will so far oblige him as to give him a true

Light into those Matters, he promises to receive it with all due Gratitude and Deference.

I came not by this Intelligence, says Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 9. *by being a Counsellor of State to King Charles the II.* How then in the name of Wonder came he by it? *But by having had the Happiness for several years to possess no small room in the confidence of a certain Minister, who has on several occasions of the last Importance been as it were the Primum Mobile of that Conduct, which has surprized all Europe.* 'Tis a scurvy Complement, this to the Memory of K. Charles (whom for all that *de Cros* pretends still to honour) to tell the World that Monsieur *Barillon* (for that is the first Letter of this certain Minister's Name) an Ambassador of a foreign Prince, and one engaged in Interests visibly opposite to those of *England*, knew more of his Affairs than any of his own Subjects and Privy-Counsellors. The whole Nation is indeed satisfied that our Court was at that juncture too much influenced by *French* Councils; but few will be brought to believe that the *French* knew more of our own Affairs than we our selves did. By their Bribes and constant Application to the Ministry then reigning we grant they might know as much as we, but hardly more, unless it be proved that we did their Business implicitly, just as Sir *W. T.* ran through several Negotiations for K. Charles, without knowing the Reasons and Grounds of them. As we have already observed, 'tis no new thing for our mighty Statesman to contradict himself, and he does it *très grossièrement* in this particular. Here he informs us that he owes all his Intelligence to his frequent Conversations with Monsieur *Barillon*; and a little below, where we shall, perhaps, examine this Matter more carefully, we are told, p. 29. that this Ambassador came not to *London* till several years after his Arrival there, and that then he never maintain'd any Commerce with him *au prejudice de son devoir*, i. e. to the prejudice of his Duty. Now how Monsieur *de Cros* as Counsellor of State to King Charles the II. should be ignorant of several important Affairs relating to that Prince, but as the Confident of Monsieur *Barillon*, should be made acquainted with them, and yet all this while preserve his *Duty* inviolate, is a contradiction fit to be reconciled by no Man but the Party that made it.

Having thus made it appear from whence he borrowed his Materials, Monsieur *de Cros* very gravely assures his noble Lord, p. 11. that *after his death infallibly, and perhaps while he is alive* (for alas, poor Gentleman, he never knew his own Mind above a quarter of an hour) *his Memoirs shall appear in publick, and there he will discover abundance of things the truth of which has been hitherto concealed with so much Address and Dexterity.* Lord what an

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insufferable deal of Impertinence and Noise have we already had about the intended Writings of Monsieur *de Cros*. First of all he promises, *p. 8.* to print a Book of Remarks upon Sir *W. T.*'s Memoirs, and this Book is to be at least full as big as the Memoirs. In the second place, *p. 9.* he promises to visit the World with a Book of his own Memoirs, in which (to see how strangely 5 Children and Books do sometimes degenerate from their Parents) there is to be neither one Word of Complaisance, nor Flattery, nor the least grain of Passion. Nay what is more remarkable, it shall reveal several important but hidden Truths; it shall unlock the Cabinets of Princes; it shall turn *Whitehall* and *Versailles* inside out, and in short come out with a hundred more 10 Advantages than ever any Book before it could boast off.

But what will you say to him, if after all this Parade and Ostentation, he never publishes his *Memoirs*; for upon my Word the thing is extremely doubtful. Can it be imagined that a Man of Monsieur *de Cros*'s Christian Temper and Complexion will ever be accessory to any Man's Ruine, but 15 especially to that of a great Minister of State, who can be reproached with nothing in the World, *p. 12.* but only a blind Obedience to the Will of the King his Master? No, no, he is far from pursuing the Destruction of any one, tho' never so great an Enemy to him; and therefore since his Memoirs will most *infallibly* ('tis his own Expression, *ibid.*) produce so tragical an effect, 20 there's no Question but he may be easily prevailed with to suppress them. Besides what may serve to confirm us farther in this Opinion, he solemnly professes, *p. 12.* that he still preserves a profound respect for the Memory of the late King, and that he has a great regard for several Persons of Quality who even at this time of day are deeply interested that he should hold his Tongue. Now from 25 hence I gather that as 'tis impossible for him to write his Memoirs without being somewhat familiar with the Reputation of King *Charles* the II. (and if so, why does he quarrel with Sir *W. T.* *p. 38.* for *prostituting that Prince's Reputation*, since by this passage 'tis apparent that a Man cannot avoid the doing of it, provided he designs to write sincerely) so 'tis probable that 30 this Consideration may incline a Man of his Compassion and Bowels to forbear the sacrificing a dead Monarch to his Indignation; especially since it must be attended with the unavoidable ruine of several eminent Persons still alive. Thus after a due Examination of the Matter, I find 'tis a difficult Case to resolve whether Monsieur *de Cros* will *infallibly* publish, or 35 else *infallibly* suppress his Memoirs.

If Monsieur *de Cros* designed this Letter as a Specimen of what he shortly resolves to enrich the World with, he's extremely mistaken in his Politics. To pretend it is an Answer to the Impostures of Sir *W. T.* *Réponse aux impostures de Monsieur le Chevalier Temple* (for all this it threatens to 40 perform in the Title Page) and yet not to prove him faulty in one single

Matter of Fact, but only in general Terms to say he is frequently mistaken, which yet the best Man in the World may be without deserving the Name of Impostor; and that care shall be taken to satisfie him better at some other Opportunity, was certainly the grossest and most absurd Solæcism
 5 in the World. But not to dwell any longer upon this nauseous Chapter, I am sorry for my Reader's sake, who it may be expected a more agreeable Entertainment, that I have obliged my self to pursue Monsieur *de Cros* from Paragraph to Paragraph: For Connexion being the least thing he troubles his Head with, his Answerer, of Consequence, must be forc'd
 10 to ramble along with him: But this being too late to be prevented now, I return to him once more.

My Lord 'tis not my Design (cries Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 13.) *to write you a Letter full of Invectives against Sir W. T.* Now if that were not his Design, he would very much oblige the World to let them know at his first
 15 Convenience what it was. *Neither shall I descend into the Particulars of his Conduct.* A wonderful great Favour! and Sir *W. T.* to show he is resolved not to be behind-hand with him in Courtesie, promises by way of requital, never to trouble himself with the Particulars of his. *I shall say no more at present than what is barely necessary to convince your Lordship and all the World,*
 20 *that I have the means in my hands to revenge my self abundantly for the Injuries he has done me.* To return a full Answer to this last period, we need only put him in mind of the Proverb, *Canes timidi vehementius latrant quam mordent,* and much good may it do him.

The next Paragraph carries a very mournful Mien with it; for there he
 25 complains that Sir *W. T.* set upon him first, that he writes with a Spirit of Vengeance, that he suffers himself to be transported with ungovernable Heats like a Man who fansies he is touch'd to the Quick: But now mind what follows, *As for my self* p. 13. *I protest to you My Lord, that I write de Sang Froid in cold Blood.* How consistent Writing in cold Blood and a hot Head
 30 is, I leave it to Monsieur *de Cros* to determine at his Leisure. In the mean time an inconsidering Man who sees such sort of Stuff so often repeated would imagine that our Letter-writer had all the Meekness of a Primitive Saint, and carried no such thing as a Gall about him; when 'tis plain, we may say the same thing of his Gall, what some Physicians have observed of
 35 the Liver in a vitiated Constitution, *crescente Liene decrescit reliquum Corpus,* and that his has increased at the Expence of the rest of his Body.

To be fully satisfied of the Truth of this, let us examine what follows next. 'Tis true, says Monsieur *du Cros*, p. 14. *that Sir W. T. has glittered for some time, but then he borrowed all his Lustre principally from the Protection of a certain*
 40 *Noble-Man whom at last he betray'd, and of whom he makes insolent mention in his Memoirs, and that with the blackest Ingratitude that may be.* This is a very severe

Charge, if it could be made out: But neither did Sir W. T. derive all his Lustre from my Lord A—n, nor does he treat him insolently any where in his Memoirs. As soon as that Lord forsook his Master's and the Kingdom's real Interests to cultivate the growing Power of a Neighbouring Nation, Sir W. T. thought it high time to leave him; but it never enter'd so much as 5 into his Thoughts to betray him. *After this*, continues our Pamphleteer, *he advanced himself by the Patronage of some other Persons, to whose Service he intirely devoted himself, to the Prejudice of his Duty; and so well did he insinuate himself into their Confidence and good Graces, the Post he was in giving him the Privilege to have a frequent Access to their Persons, that he was in a Capacity to have rendred 10 very considerable Services both to the King his Master and to his Country if he had made the best Use of that Advantage.* If Sir W. T. ever failed of doing the best Offices he could for his King and Country, it might perhaps proceed from want of better Information, but his Duty and Affection were never in fault. This he thinks a sufficient Reply to this ill-grounded Calumny; for he never 15 dedicated himself so intirely to the Service of other Persons (*Monsieur de Cros* must here mean the P. of O.) as to make the least Infringement of his Allegiance. And *this will notoriously appear by several Passages in the Memoirs, but particularly p. 153. where Sir W. T. gives a large Account of a long Conversation between the P. of O. and himself in the Garden at 20 Hounslerdyke. The Prince had been telling him before, that the Dispositions and Designs of the Court were generally thought so different from those of the Nation, especially upon the Point of Religion, that his Friends there did not believe the Government could be long without some great Disturbance unless they chang'd their Measures, which was not esteem'd very likely 25 to be done. To which Sir W. T. answered That his Friends (as they pretended) in England must see farther than he did to believe the King in any such Dangers and Difficulties as they imagined. That the Crown of England stood upon surer Foundations than ever it had done in former times, and the more for what had passed in the late Reign; and that he believed the People would be found better Subjects than 30 perhaps the King himself believ'd them. That it was however in his Power to be as well with them as he pleased, and to make as short Turns to such an End; if not, yet with the help of a little good Husbandry he might pass his Reign in Peace, tho not perhaps with so much Ease at home or Glory abroad as if he fell into the Vein of his People.* What could *Monsieur de Cros* himself have done more in such a Station? 35 Here was not the least Injury design'd to the late King, and as for the other Part of Sir W. T's Discourse, his Obligations as well as Ties of Friendship to the Prince necessitated him to give him a faithful Representation of Affairs in *England*. But our furious Counsellor of State is still inveighing against Sir W. T. *for being often deficient in an exact Fidelity, which every Minister 40 is obliged to preserve inviolably even in Matters of the least Consequence.* Sir W. T.

to his great Comfort is not the first Minister that has sometimes made bold to disobey or suspend his Masters Orders, by the same Token that there are the Names of several upon Record, who after they have transgress'd upon this Point, instead of Frowns or Punishments, have received Rewards from their respective Princes as soon as they came to be better inform'd. After all an implicate blind Obedience may do well in *France*, or under a despotick Climate; but all the Application in the World will never bring it to Perfection in *England*.

Well, but says Monsieur de Cros, p. 15. *the late King of England found him out at last, and was so sensible of it, that tho he dispatch'd him with a Commission into Holland, he did it only out of a Consideration of the Acquaintance he had there.* And a little lower, *Nor was he then made use of but only in such Occasions as are never devolv'd upon a Man with whose Conduct and Trust a Prince is well satisfied, or for whom he has any regard and esteem; a Truth owned and acknowledged by Sir W. T. himself in his Memoirs.* If Sir W. T. had half the Vanity that makes so large a Share in the Composition of Monsieur de Cros, he has here a fine Opportunity to tell the World what particular Confidences his Prince reposed in him; but as this can be no News to his Friends in *England*, so he does not esteem it worth the while to proclaim it to Foreigners, some of whom perhaps are too much prejudiced against him to receive any thing in his Behalf. 'Tis true indeed, that Sir W. T. frequently takes notice in his Memoirs of the many Marches and Counter-Marches of our Court, as he had just Reason to do, and as all *Europe* observed as well as he. However he must humbly beg Monsieur de Cros's Pardon, if he cannot believe that they were done with any Design to prostitute him to the World: For if that were true, he thinks they carried on their Revenge too far, and instead of prostituting his Character did but prostitute their own more effectually.

And thus it is visible, continues Monsieur de Cros p. 16. *that the King, a little after the Peace of Nimeguen neglected him.* If making Offers to him of a Secretary's Place immediately after his Arrival, be the Sign of Neglect, all this is certainly true; and seldom employ'd him. 'Tis not as Sir W. T. would make the World believe, the Love of Retirement, and his Indisposition of Body, that made him throw up his Employs; for never Man more passionately desir'd to have his Share in the Publick Administrations than he. Well, 'tis no Miracle however to see a Man who is perfectly so unacquainted with his own Humour to be a Stranger to all the rest of Mankind. The Author of the Memoirs was at this time prevailed with by the King to have a Part in a New Constitution of Council; and after almost two years unsuccessful Endeavours at some Union, or at least some Allay of the Heats and Distempers between the King and his Parliaments, took up a Resolution of having no more to do

with affairs of State; and accordingly sent his Son in 1680. to acquaint his Majesty with it. Whether he has departed from these Resolutions since, he leaves it to the World to judge.

After Monsieur *de Cros* has thoroughly chafed himself by assigning, as he pretends, the true Reason why Sir W. T. was discarded the Court, 5 namely, the King's being dissatisfied with his Services, and Sir W. T's endeavouring all that in him lay to frustrate the King's Commands, contained in a Dispatch which our *Letter-writer* left with him at the *Hague*, as he was going to *Nimeguen* by his Majesty's Order, to conclude a Peace *Don't expect*, says he p. 17. *My Lord, that I should here acquaint you with the true Cause of so extraordinary a Resolution, which according to Sir W. T. entirely changed the Fate of Christendom. I should do him too great a Pleasure if I should reveal so important a Secret, and several other Intrigues, in which some Persons, both of the late and this Reign in England, are nearly concerned.* But two or three Pages above, Monsieur *de Cros* spoke in another Tone, *je lui fairai le plaisir de le mieux instruire*, p. 9. but now the Weather-Glass is alter'd with him, so that, for all I can discover, we must e'en tarry till his Remarks, or his Memoirs are printed, and till then blunder in the Dark. 'Tis true, he is pleased to give a very pleasant reason why he is by no means for opening his Raree-show at present, which the Reader may take in his own Words; 20 *I doubt not*, cries he, p. 18. *but Sir W. T. passionately desires it; he knows well enough that a full Discovery of these Practises would incense the Parliament against the Advisers of them; and 'tis their Ruin he wishes at the Bottom of his Heart.* And a little lower, *Besides, I would not at this critical Conjuncture, when K. William labours with so much Zeal and Glory to procure the Repose of Christendom, and the Happiness of his own Subjects, revive those Animosities and Quarrels which have already occasioned but too many Convulsions in England, and might be a great obstacle to that Union, which is so necessary towards the happy Execution of the Designs of this great Monarch.* Most Authors have their *le Fort* and *le Foible*; 25 but this Discourse of Monsieur *de Cros* is altogether made up of *Foibles*. For him to imagine that the great Senate of *England* has nothing else to do but to read his Books and be directed by them, is such a horrid piece of Vanity that nothing can parallel. No, Monsieur *de Cros* may safely print his Book, and yet for all that K. William with his Confederates may reconquer *Flanders*, the Parliament supply the King with Money, and not so much as one single Courtier be sent to Grass. And this is so certain a Truth, that he needs not be in a moment's pain about it; for if his Memoirs are no more regarded in *England* than his Letter has been, he can injure no man living by them, but (as we have already told him) *himself* and his Bookseller. 30

Well, at last (Heaven be prais'd) we are come to the Merits of the Cause; and now it appears that the true and real Cause why Monsieur *de* 40

Cros has all along so vehemently declaimed against Sir W. T. proceeded not from his giving a wrong Relation of State-Affairs, from his disturbing the Sacred Ashes of King *Charles* the Second, from his neglecting to execute his Master's Orders, from his inexcusable Ingratitude to his Protector and Patron, or, in fine, from his Pride, his Opiniatreté, or any crime of that Nature. 'Tis a Thing of a nearer Relation, and of a deeper Concern. He had injuriously attacked the Reputation of Monsieur *de Cros*, and now he must expect to be severely handled for it.

At this time, says our incensed Statesman, p. 19. there arrived from England one *de Cros*, as Sir W. T. has express'd it, I shall not, my Lord, make any stop at this term of Contempt, One *de Cross*; tho to his great Commendation be it spoken, he has almost spent a whole Page about it before he has done, 'tis in Relation to my self an Expression of the blackest Malice. From thence he takes the Hint to bespeak himself to his Reader, telling him that the late King of England did him the Honour to treat him with more Respect and Civility, both in his Pass-ports, his Letters, and the Commissions he entrusted him with. He says 'twas *fort Cavalierement*, in plain English, impudently done to speak after that saucy manner, of a Man that was born of a tolerable good Family, that had been honour'd near twenty years with several Employments, and whom a great Prince and a King did not disdain to take for a Counsellor of State. There is a certain Figure in Rhetorick (I have forgot the Name of it) which the Grammarians tell us we are guilty of committing, when we pretend to pass over those very things which we design to enumerate; and this I find has been very serviceable all along to Monsieur *de Cros*; he won't make any stop at those words, no, not he; he won't rake into the Particulars of Sir William's Life, no, not he, but all the while does it; and to say the truth, there's nothing in the whole Rhetorick that he copies with so good a Grace. Well, let all Authors for the future, as they hope to avoid Sir W. T's sad Destiny, whatever they do, be sure to mind their Heraldry; for they may see what a terrible Adversary he has drawn upon himself by making a small mistake in that ancient and honourable Science.

The Author of the Memoirs, p. 325. giving a short account of Monsieur *de Cros* and his Character, was so ill advised as to throw out these Words: He had formerly been a French Monk, and some time since had left his Frock for a Petticoat. And now 'tis worth the while to observe what judicious Remarques our furious Letter-Writer has made upon them. This is a fine reproach, says he, p. 20. to come out of the Mouth of a Protestant Ambassador, one that belonged to a Monarch who stiles himself Defender of the Faith; and in short, one that so loudly declared at Nimeguen that he'd have nothing to do with the Pope's Nuncio. A very hard Case this, that Sir W. T. shall not have the liberty

to acquaint the World that Monsieur *de Cros* had been a Monk, because, forsooth, his Master was Defender of the Faith: Nor to take notice that *he had exchanged his Frock for a Petticoat*, because he would not shake hands with the Pope's Nuncio at *Nimeguen*. This is a strange sort of reasoning, but not very terrible. But perhaps the Apology that follows may make 5 some amends for the whipp'd Cream above. *I don't know, my Lord, whether it is a scandalous thing to be a Monk, this I am certain of, that it is infinitely less scandalous to have been one.* Sir W. T. will never contradict Monsieur *de Cros* upon this Article, nor did he say in his Memoirs that 'tis scandalous to be a Monk: But Monsieur *de Cros*, who values himself much upon his 10 Politics, seeing he was unable to carry on the War much longer at his own Expence, was resolved to fight his Battles with the whole Body of the Regular Ecclesiastics; and therefore making it a Cloister Quarrel, indicts him upon a *Scandalum Monachorum*. But to proceed, *I make no doubt*, continues he, *but that among the Monks as well as among the rest of Mankind, one may find sad wretched Fellows* (Speak softly lest any of the Brothers of the Surcingle hear thee), *of mean, base Parentage* (Prethee for your old Acquaintance-sake, not so loud), *of infamous, irregular Lives* (nay, now you have undone your self with them for ever), *Drones, good for nothing* (I find 20 he'll never have done with this Chapter), *without Honour, Good Manners, or Reputation*. And yet not a quarter of an hour agoe it was no scandal to be in such blessed Company. Sir W. T. *without Question looked upon me to be one of this number.* This is more than he knew; but however since he has positively asserted it, Sir W. T. will not contradict him. *But then*, says our *Furioso*, turning the Tables, p. 21. *there are also to be found among them Persons* 25 *illustrious for the Sanctity of their Manners, Men of extraordinary Merit, and of the highest Quality, Sons of Princes and of Crown'd Heads, nay, Kings themselves, and Sovereign Pontiffs.* He is now thinking to cajole the Monks after he had so plentifully bespatter'd them before: And must fain let the World see how dexterously he can blow Satyr and Panegyrick with the very same Breath. 30 *But if this sort of Life is not reckoned now a-days, as it has been heretofore, so certain a Character of an honest good Man does Sir W. T. imagine he dishonours me, when he says that for a Petticoat I have abandon'd a Profession which he himself looks upon to be so contemptible.* If Sir W. T. has not dishonoured Monsieur *de Cros*, why all this Fury, this Heat and Indignation? All that the Author of the Memoirs said was very harmless. *As an Historian he was obliged to give a short Account of those persons, whose Actions he there recounts.* Mr. *de Cros* happening to be a Man very remarkable towards the conclusion of the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, Sir W. T. acquaints the World with part of his History, and in particular says he had been formerly a Monk. Nor does Monsieur *de* 40 *Cros* deny it, and yet for all that fansies himself abominably injured. What!

because he reported him to have been of that Profession of Life which has bred so many learned Men, furnished the Almanack with so many Saints, Thrones with so many Kings; nay, and the Pontifical Chair with one third of her Popes? — But some people I see are never well, full nor fasting.

- 5 Mr. Dryden, I remember, amongst several other judicious Remarks that so frequently occur in his *Essay upon Dramatick Poetry*, has this of the famous *Johnson*, which in my Opinion (and I think I have not lost all my Taste in my Old Age) is admirable. *Ben*, says he, never introduces any Person upon the Stage, but first of all informs his Reader of his Character,
- 10 and by that means bespeaks his attention. As for instance if a *La-fool* is to be brought in, he makes a Foot-boy tell *True-wit*, that one Monsieur *La-fool* is coming to pay him a Visit; and before he makes his appearance, *True-wit* lets his Friends know, and consequently, by them, the Audience, what sort of a Gentleman *La-fool* is, and what are his best Qualities. By this
- 15 ingenious Piece of Conduct the Poet takes care to please his Spectators, who it may be are at first as uneasie to see a strange Face upon the Stage, as in Company at the Tavern, till they are better acquainted with his Dispositions; and then his Conversation is always more edifying. The same management has been used by several Historians (and not to
- 20 descend into a *detail* of the rest) by *Sallust* himself, a Writer of the first Rank and Quality: And why Sir W. T. should not practise it, is certainly a Mystery. If then the Matter of Fact be true (nor dares *de Cros* deny it) where's the Imposture? If the Truth that is told does no ways reflect upon the Reputation of the Party concerned (as he himself owns it) where's the
- 25 Injury, where's the Affront?

- Indeed as a famous *Grecian* Philosopher is reported thus to have express'd himself in relation to his Thoughts of Humane Life, That it was much better not to have been born than to live at all: So in relation to the Monastick State, one may say without breach of Charity, that it is
- 30 (at least as the Sentiments of the World run now) far preferable not to have been a Monk, than sometimes to have been one: For though 'tis no scandal to wear a Cowl, I am sure there's no Credit got by wearing it. In all such large Societies, the number *des miserables, d'une basse naissance, gens inutiles, sans honneur & sans reputation*, are ten to one in comparison of
- 35 the *tres-celebres par la Santeté de leur mœurs, d'un merite extraordinaire, &c.* And so much in answer to Monsieur *de Cros*'s *Princes and Kings, Cardinals and Popes.*

- I will not here tell you*, says Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 21. *how I came to be engaged in this Life in my younger Days.* Truly that is somewhat hard. *Neither will*
- 40 *I tell you the Reasons why I quitted it.* This is the hardest of all: For though we may allow Monsieur *de Cros* to have gone into a Convent for little or

no reason at all; yet 'tis a very severe Case if a Man of his Kidney had not several good Reasons to leave it: His Youth excuses the former; but he was certainly at Years of Discretion, when he abdicated the Monk, and set up the Lay-man. But let us comfort our selves. The Memoirs will be printed, and then we shall know all.

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However though Monsieur *de Cros* at this present Writing would not acquaint his Noble Lord with the Reasons of his Change; yet he is so far complaisant as to satisfie him that *it was not for a Petticoat: Ce ne fut pas au moins pour une jupe*, p. 21. And then he gives an admirable Reason for what he says. *I passed several Years without having any Inclinations to a Petticoat*. A pretty Argument; and therefore a Petticoat was not the cause of his Change. But as the Schoolmen say, *Quod primum in intentione, ultimum in executione*. And so in the present Case, a Petticoat might be the first thing in Monsieur *de Cros*'s Intention, though it happened to be the last in Execution. *Nay it appeared to the World*, p. 22. *that I was very irresolute and difficult in my Choice*. And who can blame him for it. The Matrimonial Vow is infinitely a greater Curb than the Monastick. A man if he can make Friends with the Pope may get himself absolved from the latter; or in case of Necessity, may turn his own Pope, as Monsieur *de Cros* did: But a Wife is not to be discarded at that easie rate. 'Tis not the old Gentleman with the Cross-Keys and Triple-Crown, but with the Scythe and Hour-glass that can free a Man from his Spouse, and set him at liberty.

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I had too much Advantage on my side, p. 22. *to change the Frock for the Petticoat I have chose, not to do it*. Well this plain Confession makes amends for all. What was pretended a little before, *viz. That some Years were passed before I had any Inclinations to a Petticoat*, was spoke by the Politician: But here the true, the sincere, the undebauched Monk speaks, who owns he would have taken up a Petticoat much sooner, but only was looking sharp out all this while for one that was well fringed with *Advantages*. And now as there are abundance of Husbands in the World, who as soon as their Wives happen to be mentioned in Company, cannot forbear to enlarge upon their several Perfections and Vertues; so it fares with Monsieur *de Cros*, for now he is got into his Petticoat, he will never have done. 'Tis a Petticoat, continues he, *d'une étoffe d'Ecosse, of Scotch Cloth, which has been of far greater Ornament and Service to the Crown of England, than even Sir W. T. himself*. Since his Petticoat has done such rare Exploits, by my Consent let Monsieur *de Cros* write a Panegyrick upon it. But by the bye this is a very figurative way of Writing; and therefore, though I don't understand it, I hope there may be some meaning in the bottom. *If he does not know so much already*, p. 26. *the History of the last Transactions in England and Scotland will better inform him*. Here we are referr'd again to a *Hans en Kelder* of a

History, which when it will be midwifed into the World the Lord knows. But I wonder extremely why he wou'd condescend so low to compare his useful Petticoat to Sir W. T. as why in another place *p.* 8. he tells us that the Dutch Minister who forwarded the Triple-League, surpassed Sir W. T. in
 5 Prudence. A very sorry Complement this, both to his serviceable Petticoat and to his prudent *Dutch Minister*, if as he pretends, *p.* 62. Sir W. T. was taken abroad *pour dupe*, for a Cully.

I will not say any more of this Matter, continues Mounsieur de Cros, *p.* 22. because I have no mind to engage my self to publish the Misfortunes and Disorders of Sir W. T's Family. Methinks he might have left out Disorders, for Misfortunes is enough; and that in my Opinion wou'd not be fair and honest. Why the bare mention of a Petticoat should engage him in such a Narration, is hard to conceive; and yet this blind Insinuation is infinitely more malicious than if he had wandered into a large History. There the
 15 World would have been satisfied what these Misfortunes were, with which Monsieur de Cros so brutally refreshes Sir W. T's memory; whereas this blind *Innuendo* leaves open room for the Conjectures and Surmises of all people, who in such Cases generally imagine the worst. I have no Occasion, says he, that I know of, to complain either of his Wife, his Son, or his Daughters; why then all these invidious Hints? Is it not enough for other Persons to condemn our Author, but must he pass Sentence upon himself.

But suppose, says Monsieur de Cros, *p.* 23. that I had quitted the Frock for the Petticoat, what of all that? 'Tis no more than what an infinite number of Persons of eminent Worth, such as Nuncio's, Bishops, Cardinals, Kings, and Popes have done in their time: Nay, there have been some Princesses in the World that have changed a Veil for a pair of Breeches, whose Posterity I don't question are held in great Veneration by Sir W. T. All this may very well be; and yet I cannot but observe how natural it is for your great Persons to excuse themselves by the Example of their great Predecessors. And thus the poor Ant in the
 25 Epigram that unfortunately tumbled down the Precipice of a Mole-hill, comforted her self with the Precedent of Phaeton: 'Tis true, says she, I have had a damn'd Fall here; but what then? Sic cecidit Phaeton, Phaeton had one before me.

If I had been a sort of an Agent for Sweden, says Monsieur de Cros, *p.* 24. as Sir W. T. has represented me, I should not have defended my self upon that score; I should have taken it for a great Honour to be employed by so mighty a King. I wonder then where was the hurt if Sir W. T. conferr'd a Swedish Agentship upon him. But at that time I was at the Court of England in Quality of Envoy-Extraordinary from the Duke of Gottorp, whom Sir W. T. never so much as mentions in his Memoirs, although he had two Ministers at the Congress, and France stipulated for his re-establishment in the second Article of the Peace. By
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Monsieur *de Cros*'s leave, the Agent was some Years older than the Envoy; and if Sir W. T. has omitted the Duke of *Gottorp* in his Memoirs, 'twas pure Forgetfulness, but not want of respect. *Well*, concludes he, in a great Fit of Devotion, p. 26. Heaven be praised Sir W. T. is not the Dispenser of Glory and Immortality. And Heaven be likewise praised, say I, Monsieur *de Cros* is not
5 the Dispenser of Scandal and Ignominy.

Sir W. T. in his Memoirs, p. 335. speaking of Monsieur *de Cros*, happen'd to let fall this short particular. At London he had devoted himself wholly to Monsieur Barillon, the French Ambassador, though pretending to pursue the Interests of Sweden. Upon this Monsieur *de Cros* raises a curious
10 Outcry, and to furnish himself with a better pretence of complaining of his unjust usage, as he imagines, he has quite perverted the meaning as it lies in the Original: For whereas Sir W. T. barely says, that he devoted himself to the Service of the *French Ambassador at London*, without specifying any time at all, Monsieur *de Cros* has translated it, *Des qu'il avoit*
15 *été à Londres*, that is, *ever since he came to London*; and thereupon informs his Reader that Monsieur *Barillon* was not at *London* when he was sent thither, but the *Marquis de Ruigny*, who was afterwards succeeded by Monsieur *de Courtin*. By this piece of Fourberie, to give it no worse a Name, he thought to have eluded the severe, but just Imputation cast upon him
20 by Sir W. T. of being one of *Barillon's* Creatures, but with what Success any unprejudiced Reader may see. For,

Observe what he says in the next Paragraph. *I never devoted my self to that Ambassador*, p. 29. *and never maintained any Correspondences with him to the prejudice of my Duty.* As just before Monsieur *de Cros*, with an ingenuity
25 peculiar to himself, had made Sir W. T. speak what he never designed, in order to invalidate his Testimony; so here, forgetting it seems what he had formerly advanced, he gives himself the Lye. There is no doubt but every man may make as bold with his own Reputation as he pleases, but then this gives him no Privilege to invade that of his Neighbour: and therefore
30 Sir W. T. though he allows Monsieur *de Cros* the liberty to contradict himself as often as he in his great Wisdom sees fit, and easily forgives him that Offence; yet he desires him for the future not to commit the same violence upon others.

It may very pertinently be demanded what Monsieur *de Cros* means
35 by these Words, to the prejudice of his Duty. For a man that pays so small a regard to Truth, as he seems to do, perhaps, may think nothing in the World an Infringement of his Duty. But let us hear him explain himself upon this Chapter. *I confess indeed*, p. 30. *that when he, meaning*
40 *Monsieur Barillon, employ'd himself for the Interests of my Master, and of Sweden, I became intirely devoted to him.* At last Monsieur *de Cros* owns

himself to be devoted to Monsieur *Barillon*; however to mollifie it somewhat, he pretends that he never made those Advances till that Ambassador cultivated the Interests of his Master and of *Sweden*. A miserable Evasion! for how perfidiously the Ministers of that Crown
 5 have all along dealt with their Allies, let *Candy* and *Messina* proclaim to the World. Their Friendship has been fatal to all that ever depended upon it, as the Histories of the last Times will evidently show; and though they pretended never so cordially to espouse the Quarrel of their Confederates, yet they seldom scrupled to abandon their Interests
 10 when it made never so little for their Advantage to do it.

How this Dispatch by de Cros was gained, or by whom (says Sir W. T. in his Memoirs, p. 336.) *I will not pretend to determine.* And a little lower: *The Account I met with at Court was, that these Orders were agreed and dispatched one morning in an hours time, and in the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Chamber by*
 15 *the intervention and pursuit of Monsieur Barillon.* In this place Sir W. T. by no means pretends to decide the Question, but only relates what were the general Sentiments of the Court upon it, and for the Truth of this, appeals to several eminent Persons still living. But it is pleasant to observe what a learned Harangue Monsieur *de Cros* has made upon this Account.
 20 'Tis a great deal of pity, says he, p. 35. *that an Ambassador of England, who had the Secretary's place so often proffer'd him, was not only during his absence, when he was negotiating the Publick Affairs at Nimeguen and the Hague, but even at his return into England, so little instructed in what had passed there, and principally in an Affair of this Importance and Consideration.* Perhaps
 25 'tis a great deal of pity, as he says; but by his favour 'tis no wonder at all, especially considering the Constitution of our Court at that juncture, that when they were to play any private Game, they never thought it worth their while to acquaint Sir W. T. with their Intrigues; nor does he envy the good Fortune of Monsieur *de Cros* for being made a Party in them.

30 *What a horrid Impertinence,* adds our Declaimer, p. 38. *was it in him to endeavour to perswade the World, that the most important Affair of that time, on which according to him, the Fate and Destiny of Christendom depended, was dispatched and concluded in an hour's time in the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Apartment by the Intervention of Monsieur Barillon.* We may well allow
 35 Monsieur *de Cros* to Christen Truth by the Name of Impertinence, because he's so seldom guilty of such Impertinences; and his Memoirs when they visit the World, whatever Faults they may be charged with, will be never liable I believe to that Exception. Sir W. T. as has been already said, only delivers this as the Opinion of the Court, without interposing
 40 his own Sentiments: And indeed to any unprejudiced Person, who considers what an unfortunate influence that Ambassador in conjunction

with the Mistress had upon the late King, this Account will not appear so impertinent as Monsieur de Cros represents it.

Sir William Temple, continues Monsieur de Cros, p. 38. according to his Custom, so little regards the Reputation of his King, that he makes no scruple to prostitute it upon this Occasion after the strangest manner in the World. Nor is 5
 this sufficient, but with his usual vehemence and fury he attacks Sir W. T. for representing the King of England, obliged so much as he was by his Quality of Mediator, and much more by the Interest of his Kingdoms, to procure repose to Christendom, as corrupted by the Ambassador of France, and by the Charms of his Mistress, sacrificing all Europe and his own Dominions to a Power naturally an Enemy to England: and this hand over-head, at an hour's warning, without the advice of his Council, lock'd up in a Woman's Apartment, as if he had been sensible that he was going to do an Action, the most unworthy the Majesty of a Prince, and the most opposite to the Happiness of his people. What a profound 10
 respect Sir W. T. pays to the memory of that Monarch, as he knows best himself; so let his own Works speak for him, and particularly his Memoirs, since Monsieur de Cros has reflected so severely upon that Book, where the Reader may find the following Character, p. 273. I never saw him in better humour, nor ever knew a more agreeable conversation when he was so; and where he was pleased to be familiar, great quickness of Conception, great 20
 pleasantness of Wit, with great Variety of Knowledge, more Observation and truer Judgment of Men than one would have imagined by so careless and easie a manner as was natural to him in all he said or did. From his own temper he desired nothing but to be easy himself, and that every body else should be so; and would have been glad to see the least of his Subjects pleased, and to refuse no man what he asked. 25
 And a little below; Sure no Prince has more Qualities to make him lov'd, with a great many to make him esteem'd, and all without a Grain of Pride or Vanity in his Constitution; nor can he suffer Flattery in any kind, growing uneasy upon the first Approaches of it, and turning it off to something else. But this Humour has made him lose many great Occasions of Glory to himself, and Greatness to his Crown, which the Conjectures of his Reign conspired to put into his Head, and have made way for the aspiring Thoughts and Designs of a neighbouring Prince, which would not have appeared, or could not have succeeded in the World without the Applications and Arts employed to manage this easy and inglorious Humour of the King's. The Reader will certainly forgive this long Citation, since 30
 now he is able to judge for himself, whether of the two holds the Memory of King Charles the Second in the greatest Reverence, Sir W. T. who has drawn this true but tender Character of him, or Monsieur de Cros, who out of a Pretence of borrowing it out of the Memoirs, has made the above-mentioned invidious Representation of that excellent Prince. If 40
 there is any thing severe in Sir W. T's Character 'tis towards the latter end;

however, 'tis managed with all Decency of Language, and the Truth of it will serve to atone for the Plainness.

But now behold a new Occasion of Quarrel, upon this Passage in Sir W. T's Memoirs, p. 336. the King indeed told me pleasantly, that the Rogue de Cros had out-witted them all. To which Monsieur de Cros replies, p. 43. that if Sir W. T. had not made the King speak these Words, but had said them himself, he would apply to him with as much Justice as to any man in the World, these Verses, which he had somewhere read,

10 *Coquin, ce me dit il, d'un arrogance extreme
Va Cherchir les coquins ailleurs, coquin toi-memê.*

Which may be thus rendred into English,

*He calls me a Rogue, like an arrogant Elf,
Seek your Rogues, Friend, at home, you're a great one your self.*

By the Pointedness of the Conceit one would be apt to imagine that
15 this noble Distich was of Monsieur de Cros's Composition, and indeed 'tis but fit that an Author who shews himself so phlegmatick in his Prose, should have the same dull Genius attend him in Poetry. But be the Verses whose they will, the merit of the Application intirely belongs to our Letter-Writer, who, to his Praise be it spoken, discreetly chose out two of the
20 dullest Lines in the Universe, which it was impossible for him to murder, even by his own dull way of applying them.

After a long Discussion of the matter, he finds he is not so much hurt as he imagined at first. For in the first place he observes that the King called him *Coquin* or *Rogue* pleasantly, by way of Jest and without
25 Passion; and in the second place, that if he called him so on purpose and with Design, yet he ought not to wonder at it, p. 47. since it was so usual a Compliment with him, and he had treated not only the most flourishing Republick in the World, Holland, and two Ambassadors of his most Christian Majesty, the Count d'Avaux and Monsieur Barillon,
30 but even some Members of Parliament who had presented him with an Address, by this familiar Term. And here I cannot but make two Remarks;
1. That Monsieur de Cros does not preserve that profound Respect for

10 *Cherchir les*] Answer 1693; *chercher tes Lettre* 1693

10 *toi-memê*] Answer 1693; *toi-même Lettre* 1693

the Memory of King *Charles*, as he would make the World believe; and that he makes no Conscience to sacrifice that Prince's Reputation upon every trivial Occasion, where himself is concern'd to vindicate his own No-Reputation. 2. That as we took Notice before, our great *Letter-writer* still takes pains to justify himself by the Protection of great Names. 5 Thus, if Monsieur *de Cros* was a Monk, several Princes, and Kings, and Cardinals, and Popes were so before him; and if he deserted his Frock for a comfortable Petticoat, 'tis no more than what Nuncio's, and Pontiffs, and Persons of the highest Quality had shown him a President for: Thus if K. Charles the Second call'd him a Rogue, it never mortifies him; for 10 according to our Author, he bestowed that very same Compliment upon Parliament-Men, Ambassadors, nay the States of *Holland*: and in like manner if he was Author of the abovemention'd dull Distich, he may still comfort himself by the Example of *Tully*, of *Nero*, nay and of *Augustus* himself. 15

I need not put my Invention to the rack, says Monsieur *de Cros* p. 49. *to revenge my self on Sir W. T. If I had been minded to call Falshood to my Assistance, I should have bespattered him with bitterer things: but the Truth of my Remarks upon his Memoirs will revenge me sufficiently upon him.* 'Tis needless here to question the fruitfulness of Monsieur *de Cros*'s Invention, he having 20 given but too many Proofs of it in this short Letter; and were it not that Dulness is the chief Ascendent in his Temper, he has variety enough of Fable, to qualify him not for a Writer of Remarks, but a Poet. In short if the dreadful Volume he threatens Sir *W. T.* with, perform no greater Execution than this little Specimen, Sir *W. T.* will have all the Reason 25 in the World to bless his kind Stars for sending him so harmless an Adversary.

Our Author who found it so necessary to engage other Persons in his Quarrel, sums up all his Malice in his last Effort. Says he, p. 56. *This the most proud and vindicative of all kind, has in his Memoirs assaulted the Reputation even of the greatest Ministers, as the Duke of Lauderdale, the most 30 zealous and faithful Servant the King ever had* (by the same Token that a † late Pamphlet has recorded a celebrated Saying of his, *viz.* that he hoped to see the King's Edicts to be Laws and above the Laws); *My Lord Arlington* † Mr. Johnson's *Argument,* &c. *who had brought him out of Dust and Oblivion to place him in Employments* (but 35 this Article having been cleared already, I shall now dismiss it without any further Remark); *The principal Ministers and sagest Magistrates of Holland, the present Earl of Rochester, and the Marquis of Carmarthen.* If this were true, as 'tis apparently false, they don't want the Help of such a feeble Writer as Monsieur *de Cros* to defend them. Lastly, p. 61. *Perhaps*, says he, 40 *this great Minister, this great Confident of Kings and Princes, and only Preserver*

of Flanders, *had done wiser than to enter the Lists with a Monk, with a sort of an Agent and a cunning Rogue.* To all which let this short Answer serve. Sir W. T. had it never in his Intentions to enter the Lists with an Enemy of
5 so prostitute a Character; he only mention'd him two or three times, en
passant, and has other Business to employ him, than to engage himself in
a War where he can Expect no Triumph.

FINIS.
