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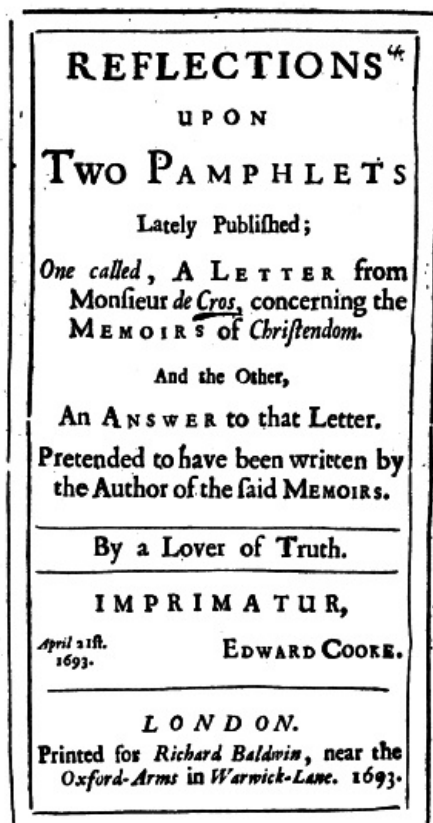
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK REFLECTIONS UPON TWO PAMPHLETS LATELY PUBLISHED ***

Transcriber's note

This etext contains

1. [Reflections on a Letter from Monsieur de Cros, concerning the Memoirs of Christendom](#)
2. [Reflections upon an Answer to the Letter from Monsieur De Cros](#)

The spelling and hyphenation in the original are erratic. No corrections have been made other than those listed at the end of the etext.



[A1r]

REFLECTIONS
UPON
TWO PAMPHLETS
Lately Published;

*One called, A LETTER from
Monsieur de Cros, concerning the
MEMOIRS of Christendom.*

And the Other,

AN ANSWER to that Letter.

Pretended to have been written by
the Author of the said MEMOIRS.

By a Lover of Truth.

IMPRIMATUR,
April 21st. 1693 EDWARD COOKE.

LONDON.

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the
Oxford-Arms in *Warwick-Lane*. 1693.

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[A2] [Pg 1]

REFLECTIONS

ON A

LETTER

From Monsieur *de Cros*, &c.

I Was very glad when I heard that one Monsieur *de Cros* had published an Answer to a late Book, Entituled, *Memoirs of what pass'd in Christendom, &c.* And could not but expect some considerable Discoveries in those Affairs and Intrigues, from a person who thought himself a Match for Sir *W. T.* Besides, I hoped it might have had this good Effect, to move that Author in his own defence to oblige us once more with his Pen. This was sufficient to make me buy this Pamphlet greedily, as I do most others; which tho very often they entertain one ill enough, yet serve in general for some amusement amidst the Noise and Hurry of a dirty Town.

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But when I had read it over, I soon found my self deceived in the first; and have now lost all hopes of the other, since I have waited above two months in that Expectation, whereas two days were sufficient, had that Author thought fit to take any notice of such a Trifle, which makes me now despair of it; and as I perceiv'd the Town never looked for any such thing; so all I meet with, either in Coffee-houses, or Ordinary Conversation, have such despicable Thoughts of this Letter, that I now begin to find I never had any reason to expect it at all. For in truth, the whole Letter seems to me only design'd to *Banter* Fools or Children, and to be written by a man who had lost all Respect to the Publick, whom he thinks fit to entertain with such wretched stuff, which certainly he could not pretend should either please or instruct any Reader, who had not as much malice, and as little Wit as himself. For besides Railing and Foul Language, his whole Letter from the beginning to the end is an errant Sham, and has nothing in it. I was therefore in vain to imagine Sir *W. T.* would descend so much below himself, to take any notice of so fulsome a Libel; and I do not believe either *de Cros*, or the kind Writer of the *Advertisement* after the Letter, did ever expect it.

For first, If Sir *W. T.* be such a Philosopher, as he seems to be by his *Essay upon the Gardens of Epicurus*, as well as several others; he must infinitely contradict the Ideas those Writings have given of him, if so sordid and insipid a Trifle as this Letter of *de Cros* could have any power to provoke him, tho it were but to scorn it.

Besides, if he be so proud a Person, as *De Cros* is pleased to call him; certainly, while

he remembers his own Quality, and the great Employments he has passed through with so much Honour to himself, and such important Services for his Prince and Country, such thoughts will never allow him to enter the Lists with one, who to say no more, has owned himself in his Letter to be *Un Moin Defroquè*, which none who understand the least of the *French* Tongue, need be told, is the lowest and most profligate Character that can be given a Man. I suppose the reason of it is, because he who has once broke his Vow to God, there are People enough apt to believe he will never regard any he makes to them.

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A third Reason is, Because his Letter is indeed unanswerable; and Prosecution would be as little necessary to him, as to one that pleads guilty at the Bar; for he owns over and over, every Line of the Charge that he pretends is laid against him; says not one word, either to defend or extenuate it; does not contradict the least point in the Memoirs he pretends to Answer; nor lays one ill Action to Sir *W. T's* Honour. So that there remains but one way to Answer this Letter with any Rule or Justice, and that is, to gather all the cleanly Language one can pick up at *Billingsgate*, and bring it in its natural Reeking to the Press, and so make up a short, but sweet Pamphlet, set out with a Bead-roll of such Pearls, as are always to be found among the Oyster-women.

A fourth Reason is, Because that Book which goes by the Name of Sir *W. T's* *Memoirs*, as one sees by the Publishers Preface, has been printed wholly without his Knowledge or Consent: For in the very first lines he plainly intimates he had his Copy from no Man then alive: And a known Writer since, who pretends to have inquired into that matter, assures us, the Publisher had it lying by him several years before it was published; nor can I find by my own best Inquiries, that Sir *W. T.* has ever own'd it. And tho I may believe, like others, that he must have writ them, by that excellent Stile, that strength and clearness of Expression, as well as by that Spirit and Genius which so brightly shines through the whole, and is peculiar to that Author above others of his Age; and besides, because I suppose no Man else was capable of knowing or discovering so much of these Transactions; yet since they have stollen into Publick against his will and his privity, it is not to be imagined he should defend a thing he does not reckon as his own; and therefore if *de Cros*, or the honest *Translator*, had found themselves injured, their resentments had been more justly levelled at the Publisher, than the supposed Author.

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By all these Reasons, 'tis easy to believe, that a Person of Sir *W. T's* Character and Honour, and whose Reputation is so firmly established in the World, will [Pg 4] never fall so low to oppose himself against the Scurrilous Reproaches of so foul-mouth'd a Railer; 'twould be like a set Duel between a strong Man well-arm'd, and a poor wretched Cripple. The Quarrel therefore will be more properly turn'd over to the rest of Mankind; for tho the venom of *this* be too weak to reach where it aim'd; yet all those who have any regard for Truth or Justice, for Learning or Virtue, or even for good Manners and common Civility, must think themselves concern'd in a Quarrel, where they find so notorious a breach of them all.

'Tis fit therefore so ignominious a Libeller should be exposed in his proper Colours, of an infamous, slandering, and unprovok't Railer; which tho his own Letter has plentifully done, yet 'twill be very proper to point to several places in it, where it is most remarkable.

For my own part, I will confess, I have been a great Reader of all Sir *W. T's* Writings, and perhaps may have doated on some of them, especially, *That Immortal Essay on Heroick Virtue*, as one Writer since has deservedly called it; and that other upon *Poetry*, and even on this of the *Memoirs*. And finding Common Fame, wherever I had met it, agrees so well with the Picture these Pieces had given me of him, I will own to have had a very great Honour for the Author, as well as for his Books, and could not but esteem both a great deal the more for this Letter of *de Cros*, when I found that the triple-corded Malice of the *Writer*, the *Translator*, and the *Advertiser*, had not given one lash either to the Honour of the Person, or the truth of his Books. And all this put together, has in very truth given me so much Spight and Indignation, that I could not refrain entring on the *Pamphletiers* Trade, which I never did before, nor

ever thought I should have done at all: And but for this Provocation, could have been very well satisfied to have lived on without the itch of seeing how I look in Print; so that I may truly say for this, as the Poet does for his Verses,

—*Facit Indignatio Versus.*

Before I enter upon observing what *de Cros* says concerning Sir *W. T.* which takes up the greatest part of his Letter, and leaves him either no Room, or no Memory for the *Memoirs* he pretends to Answer; I shall first examine what he speaks of himself, and in his own defence, against what he takes himself to be charged with.

He begins, p. 10. *There arrived* (says he, quoting the *Memoirs*) *at that time from England, one whose Name was de Cros.* Upon this he falls immediately into a Scurrilous Chafe. Now, one would wonder what should make the Man so offended to be called by his own Name, or what would have become of Sir *W. T.* if he had call'd him out of his Name, which is indeed commonly thought an injury, but not the other, as ever I heard of before; yet he reckons it a terrible one to himself and his Family, which he tells us is *a good one*; I know not whether he means the *de Cros's*, or the *Monks*. The first I must confess, I never heard of in *France*, but the other is indeed a great one abroad, and a good one at home. But whatever he would have us think of the Goodness of his Family, I will never believe, by what little understanding I have of Heraldry, that any *Gentleman* would either write such a Letter, or *Translate* it, tho it were only out of the common Respect that is due to the Memory of a Great King, whose Person Sir *W. T.* has so often represented, and in so high a Character.

But to proceed; *That he was formerly a French Monk* (as the *Memoirs* call him), he confesses, and owns besides (tho with a great deal of ill-will) that *He changed his Frock for a Petticoat*: For, tho he denies it positively, p. 11. yet five Lines after, he has these words; *There was too great advantage to throw off my Frock for the Petticoat I have taken, not to do it; it is a Petticoat of a Scotch Stuff, &c.* I am glad it is of one so good as he mentions, and wish it were large enough to cover all his Shame: But whatever he says in the same Page, too malicious to be taken notice of here, of *Princesses, who have quitted the Veil for the Breeches* (tho, in that it self, I believe he is mistaken) yet all this will never serve to wipe off the Ignominy of *Un Moin Defroquè*: Upon which I shall only add, That the Marriage of a Monk, when stripp'd of his Frock, is not thought likely to mend the matter: And I believe men of all Religions will agree in the Opinion, That if a Monk leaves his Frock, he ought to do it for a *Gown*, rather than for a *Petticoat*; and if he leaves the Orders of one Church, should in decency continue in the Orders of that Church to which he professes himself converted.

As to his being a *Swedish Agent*, tho he is very angry the *Memoirs* should call him so; one cannot well discover by his Letter, whether he has a mind to grant it or no; however, he confesses, p. 13, 14. That *being Envoy from the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, the Interests of his Master being inseperable from those of Sueden, he found himself engaged to be very much concerned in the Interests of that Crown; and that Monsieur Van Benninguen believed, He was intrusted with some Affairs from thence.* Which amounts to the very same with what the *Memoirs* say, p. 335. That *he* (de Cros) *had a Commission from the Court of Sueden (or Credence at least) for a certain petty Agency in England.* This he says, *Is very Dirty.* Alas for the cleanly Gentleman! one would think he was afraid of fouling his Fingers, but he had a great deal more need have taken care of his mouth. By the way, I cannot but admire at the insufferable Impudence of the *English Printer* or Translator, who hath in the Title Page named this man, *An Ambassador at the Treaty of Nimeguen*; since in the several Accounts I have seen printed of that Treaty, there is not the least mention of such a Name any other way than in those *Memoirs* he pretends to Answer. And 'tis doubtless very agreeable to think, that a man who gives himself so *good* a Character in his own Letter, should make so great a one in so August an Assembly as that is recorded to have been: And he himself in his whole Letter, arrogates no other besides that of Envoy Extraordinary from the Duke of *Holstein-Gottorp* into *England*, who was a Prince at that time wholly dispossess'd of His Dominions.

Another Passage in the Memoirs which he takes sadly to heart, is in the same *Pag.* 335. as follows: *At London he had devoted himself wholly to Monsieur Barillon, the French Ambassador, though pretending to pursue the Interests of Sweden:* Against which he thus defends himself. First, *Letter, pag. 14.* He absolutely denies it; and says in the next, *He fell out with Monsieur Barillon for three Months, because he diverted the King of England from taking into his consideration the Interests of Sweden.* And *pag. 16.* He says further; *That Monsieur Barillon put all in practice to sift him to the bottom (concerning the Swedish Affairs) nevertheless all the Offers of this Ambassador proved ineffectual, and wrought nothing upon this man (meaning himself) who if man would give credit to Sir W. T. was entirely devoted to Monsieur Barillon, and yet Monsieur Barillon found him not to be corrupted or bribed.* All this would be an Account good enough of his Innocence in that point, if it had not the misfortune to be so ill plac'd. 'Tis indeed a good way back to the fifth Page of his *Letter:* And therefore what he says there, one may by the help of a little Charity, impute to the shortness of his Memory. These are his Words: *I have had the happiness during some years, to partake in the confidence of a Minister of State, &c.* And a little after; *Sir W. T. may well imagine that I did not ill improve this able Minister's Confidence, when he tells us, that I had wholly devoted my self to him.* But then how comes it, that in the same *15th* page, where he twice endeavours to defend himself against this Imputation, he should make such a Blunder as to say, *But yet I must confess, that at such time as he (Monsieur Barillon) stickled for my Master's Interest, and that of Sweden, I was entirely devoted to him, &c.?* After this; let the Reader judge, whether *de Cros* does not confess at least as much, if not more in this Point, than the Memoirs charge him with: And it is to be observed from the same Book, that at the very time *de Cros* speaks of, *France* had taken into its Protection the Interests of *Sweden*, which it seem'd for some Months before to have very little regarded.

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But nothing touches him so nearly as the following Passage in the same *335th* page of the Memoirs: *This man brought me a Pacquet from Court, commanding me to go immediately away to Nimeguen.* Upon which, says he, *Pag. 16. Sir W. T. has a mind to make men believe that I was only sent into Holland to carry him a Dispatch from the Court.* This passage has so fiercely gall'd him, that he is set a railing for six pages together; and the affront is, that he should be taken for an ordinary Courier, or Messenger. Had a dozen Wasps settled on his Tongue, they could not have swell'd or infus'd more Poison in it; he frets and foams at the mouth, and spatters so much Dirt on all sides, that it is not safe following him. In short, he takes it so heinously to be reckoned a Common Courier, that one could not have nettled him more, had one call'd him a Post, or a Post-horse. I cannot imagine why any such words in the *Memoirs*, should put a man into so much passion: And for my part, both in this and all the rest, I see but one reason why he is angry; and that is, *Because he is angry.* However, against this grievous Imputation, he defends himself by this strong Argument; *That he was not sent over on purpose to deliver the Dispatch to Sir W. T. but for something of greater importance, which he knows himself, and will not tell any body.* Wherein I think he acts very discreetly; and I do not doubt, but the best way to give any Reputation to his mighty Secrets, is to hinder them from taking Air: Tho had he done us the favour to discover but one of all those he boasts so much of, it would perhaps have been the most effectual way to raise our expectation of the rest. He would indeed make us believe, that in five Hours time he stay'd at the *Hague*, he had made some mighty Turn of State by his Negotiations there; which if there be any truth in it, we will grant him to have been not only an *Agent*, but a *Conjurer*; and from the strange Effect of his Conduct in that strange *Adventure of five hours*, we may hope one day to see a *Tragedy of that Name*, as there has been a *Comedy* already. But till he thinks fit to make more important Discoveries, he will pardon our suspense in that modest Opinion he has of himself, That doubtless he should publish more just and solid *Memoirs* than *Sir W. T.* if he would set about it. But I observe he desires *My Lord to take notice, that Sir W. T. confesses it was De Cros procured this Dispatch.* I find when men are very angry, that Truth is the least thing they regard: For this is more than ever I could observe after reading those

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Memoirs with more care and application than I am sure his good humour would ever permit him; and in *pag. 336.* find these Words: *How this Dispatch by De Cros was gain'd, or by whom, I will not pretend to determine.* Which *De Cros* has very politickly thus altered, *Letter, pag. 18. I will not pretend to determine by what means, and how De Cros obtained this Dispatch.* But *pag. 19.* he forgets himself again, and says. *As for me, tho I had the dispatch given me, yet he (Sir W. T.) does not accuse me openly in this place of bearing any other part in this affair, than only as a Messenger intrusted with the Conveyance.* But I suppose he never looked farther than his malice would give him leave, which is usually very short-sighted.

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But, after all, 'tis not easily thought why he should lay it so much to heart to be called a Courier, when the whole account he gives of his great Negotiations (besides his being Envoy of the *Duke of Holstein-Gottorp*) is, that he *was sent by King Charles the Second into Sweden and Denmark, to hasten the Passports for the Congress at Nimeguen:* Which is all he tells us of his great Employments, and must be thought to have brought him into that intimacy and confidence he pretends with that great King, and for which he is pleased to make his Majesty such grateful Returns, and to form such a Character of him as he does in his Letter.

For in the first place he tells us, *p. 5.* That *Mons. Barillon was the Primum Mobile of that King's conduct, which surprized all the World.* Which is to affirm more of him than any of his discontented Subjects, the pretended Patriots of that Age. For it is to assert openly and positively what they only pretended to suspect.

Again, Soon after the King had made the Peace with *Holland, De Cros* brings his Majesty in, *p. 23.* speaking to him in these Words: *Tell the King my Brother (meaning the French King) that it is much against my mind, that I have made peace with these Coquins the Hollanders.* And then a little before the conclusion of the Peace at *Nimeguen,* he delivers the King speaking thus to *Mons. Shrenburn* concerning the *Hollanders; In a little time Monsieur, I will bring these Coquins to Reason.* And in the same page he makes that Prince use the same Name to two great Ministers, *Mons. Barillon,* and *Mons. De Avaux.* The former whereof he pretends to have been the first Mover of all His Majesty's Councils. All which, if they be not absolute Untruths, as from his plentiful Gift that way, I am very much inclined to believe, yet are so far from shewing the *profound Respect* the Writer pretends to, for the Memory of that Prince, that being put together, they make up this malicious Character; That a King of *England* was guided in his Conduct by a *French* Ambassador; That he made and observed his Treaties with ill-meaning, or with ill-intentions; and that he treated his chiefest Confident (whom he makes to be *Mons. Barillon*) and another Ambassador, with the greatest scorn and contempt.

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Besides, he brings this noble Prince upon the Stage, acting a mean piece of Dissimulation to cover his Confidence with so worthy a Person as *Mons. de Cros;* 'tis concerning his Dispatch so often mentioned into *Holland;* for being forc't to confess, that the King was angry with him at his return from thence; He plaisters it up with saying, *p. 25. If the late King of England did not approve of my Conduct in the Affairs of Nimeguen, which in effect he declared in publick not to be pleased with, in which he plaid his part to admiration, &c.*

But since we have seen the Character he gives of him as a King, let us observe how he Treats His Majesty as a *Mediator,* and how he Represents him balancing the Affairs of *Christendom* then in his hands. First, *de Cros* tells us, This Dispatch of his *was concerted with Monsieur Barillon:* For tho he says, That that Ambassadors had no hand in the beginning of it, yet he owns him in the same place to *have part of it when it was concluding;* and that *Monsieur de Ruvigny was dispatcht by the King with an Account of it to the French Court the very same day that de Cros was sent away for Nimeguen.* And *p. 25.* He tells us further, That *Prince Rupert askt him upon his Return, with a stern Countenance, If the Peace was concluded? and he answering in the Affirmative, the Prince cried out, O Dissimulation!* And *p. 28.* he tells us, That the *Prince of Orange* (the Kings Nephew) *writ thundring Letters against him; and all the Ministers of the Confederates called for Vengeance, &c.* Yet after all these Marks

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of something so very injurious to the *Allies*, and confidence to *France, The King* (says he, in the page last mentioned) *laughs in his Sleeve at the Surprise, at the Sorrow, and Complaints of the Confederates*. Which is to give us just such a Character of a *Mediator*, as he did before of a *King*.

I leave it to all mens Judgment, whether more villanous Slanders could have been broached abroad by the worst of this Prince's Enemies; and whether it be not a Scandal to our Country, that they should be translated and published in *English*. But since Monsieur *de Cros* is so bold with the Sacred Memory of a Great King, for which he is yet so Impudent, as to profess *a most profound Respect*; What can a *Subject* expect, for whom he owns such a virulent Malice, and to whom he threatens such open Revenge.

The same vein of truth and sincerity shines through the whole Letter, and the Author's Ingenuity is at the old pitch in what he pretends to rake out of the *Memoirs* concerning several Persons in great Employments; as the D. of *Lauderdale*, the present E. of *Rochester*, Sir *Joseph Williamson*, Sir *Lionel Jenkins*, and Mons. *Beverning*. This *Conjurer*, in all he says of them, seems resolved to raise up the Spirits of the Dead, to joyn with those of the Living in the Quarrel with these *Memoirs*; and by such distorted Consequences, draws Characters of them, whereof there is no Apparition, but what he himself raises: So that the Characters he gives of these Persons by such false Deductions for Sir *W. T's*, may justly be said to be his own.

But from all I have observed in this Letter, I have wonder'd at nothing so much, as that impudent Vanity in the Writer, who endeavours to make himself and the World believe, that these *Memoirs* were intended chiefly against him, whose very name is hardly twice mentioned after these two Pages in the whole Book, which does not pretend to give Characters of Persons, but only to relate things that were done, or words that were said; And the way to have made an answer with any Justice, had been to have laid Exceptions either against the one, or the other, whereof there is not one word in all this *Answer without any Answer*. However, so ridiculous is this mans Insolence, that he begins his Letter thus, *I have been informed of the Calumnies that Sir W. T. hath caused to be printed against me*. And p. 7. *He set upon me first, he writes out of a Spirit of Revenge, &c.* The senseless Arrogance of which I cannot think of; but it remembers me of the Fly on the Chariot-wheel. For he would fain make it to have been a piece of Revenge against him, for having brought that Dispatch to the *Hague*; and yet he lays it much to heart, that in that Affair he should only take him for a *Messenger*. And this indeed is to make him a very reasonable person, and like a man, that when he receives a blow, grows angry with the Stone by which it is given. But by all I can observe in these *Memoirs*, I do not find any thing which bears the least resemblance of Anger or Spleen, much less of Revenge against Mons. *de Cros*; but so far from it, that in the very Passage he lays most to heart, of the Kings calling him *Rogue*, the *Memoirs* mention particularly, that His Majesty said it *pleasantly*, which he himself cannot forbear observing in his Letter.

Having thus long been considering how far he is provok'd, and how well he defends himself; 'tis time now to see how he attacks the Person whom he fancies his capital Enemy, and how the Play begins. 'Tis then in these words, p. 1. *I know very well that Sir W. T. is of great worth, and deserves well, and that he hath been a long time employed, and that too upon important Occasions*. This is a piece indeed very much of a piece with all the rest. Now, in the name of wonder, what can be the meaning! I wot well enough, what he would be at in all the rest of his Letter; but the Sense, the Wit, or the Design of these sweet Lines, is not easy to devise. I confess, I see a good many Plays, and I believe I have read more, but never met before, so fair a Prologue to so foul a Farce. I have read somewhere of a Monster among the Ancients, with a Virgins face, and all beside, a Serpent; which holds exact Resemblance here, unless *de Cros* should object against it, because Serpents have stings, and his Letter has none. However, if we will not grant him a *Conjurer*, as he would fain be thought, yet we cannot in Conscience deny him to be a *Jugler*, since the first thing he presents us with, is meer *slight of hand*; For he lays down a piece of *Gold* upon the Table, and

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immediately, *Presto, 'tis gone*; and all we can see, is only half a dozen Pellets of *Dirt*. In short, I am not able to reach what he means by so whimsical a beginning, and of so different a piece from every word that follows; unless that being resolved to say nothing afterwards, which any body would believe, he thought fit to entertain us at first with three Lines he is sure no body doubts.

But, to be serious. If Sir *W. T.* be *of great worth*, If *de Cros* either believes it himself, or would have any body else to do so, why is every word that follows, so contradictory to these? If he *deserves well*, why is he used so very ill? Does *de Cros* understand what a man of *great worth* means? I doubt he does not, either by himself, or by such Company, as so much good Language in all the rest of his Letter, would make us believe he keeps. Can a man of *great worth*, and that *deserves well*, be *Vain, Proud, Revengeful, Ungrateful to his Friend, False to his Master*, and impertinently *Ambitious* in his very Retreat from all Publick Affairs? This is indeed a very worthy, and a very lively Character of a Man *of worth*. But is not such stuff as this, just a sputtering out, *Quicquid in Buccam venerit?* Like hot Porridge, that burns his Tongue; tho' 'tis pretty plain, that all his heat proceeds from the overflowing of his Gall within, and from nothing without. One would think he has very well practised the old Rule of *Calumniare fortiter*; yet he has lamentably fail'd of the consequence, *Aliquid inherebit*; for all the *Dirt* he endeavours to fling about, loves its own Element, and sticks close to his own Fingers. I never knew so unlucky a Gamester to throw so often, and to be always out! What, not one hit! I think the devil's in the Dice; however, lets throw again, but first we'll change Dice, and if the good Morals of this Man of great worth will not pass, let's try our luck at his Naturals. Sir *W. T.* (says my Gamester) *has been often and long employ'd*; but he himself *did not know about what*; 'twas too, *upon very important occasions*, but he did *not know why*, unless, because, as *de Cros* tells us, *The King had an Aversion for him, and never trusted him*, how often soever he employed him. This great Ambassador, to say the truth, is a very *Bubble*, and has as little Wit in some parts of the Letter, as Honesty in the other. Good Lord, how this silly World is apt to be gull'd! What a Cheat, and what a Jilt this common Fame is! Who would have believed that the Author of the *Observations on the Netherlands*, and of the charming *Miscellanea*, should be such a Cully, if *de Cros* had not made the discovery? but sure he could never be Author of those Books; doubtless he either hired some body to write them for him, or else some honest Bookseller like his own, had got the Copies, and set Sir *W. T.*'s name to them. *I would to God he had been so honest to set mine in the stead*. But now we have heard the Charge, pray make room for the Evidence: Sir *W. T.* is the *proudest Man* in the World; and what are the proofs, or the Instances? Why, *de Cros* says it, and that's Demonstration. He is ungrateful to his Friend, and why? Because *de Cros* knows it. He is false to his Master, and the Reason's plain, *de Cros* pretends to believe it. He is *the most revengeful of Men*, for he calls *de Cros* by his *own Name*. He is of all men *the most Ambitious*, and *never did man desire more to have a hand in Affairs*. This is beyond dispute, for *de Cros* knows his thoughts, and tells us not only what he says of others, but what he thinks of himself, and with equal truth. This is the *Conjurer* again, and with a witness he tells us further, *p. 9.* of men *whose ruin Sir W. T. desires at the bottom of his heart*; where it is not to be questioned, but *de Cros* has been; and to put it beyond all doubt that he was so, he says, *p. 13.* That *Sir W. T. came once to render him a visit at his Lodging*, and that *Mons. Olivencrants the Swedish Ambassador, was then at his House*, which gives me a scruple, that the visit might be meant to *him*, rather than to *Mons. de Cros*. However this is all the instances I find of his Acquaintance with a Person whose heart he pretends to know so well, and with whom by all the rest of his Letter, I should be apt to judge he was the least acquainted with, of any man in the World. But to close all these Generals before we come to particulars; he tells us, *p. 29.* he knows something of Sir *W. T.* upon the Subject of what passed between him and my Lord *Arlington*, *that makes his hair stand on end*. Alas, the poor Gentleman's in an Agony! Bless us all from sprights! what a puny Conjurer is this! to raise a Spirit that scares no body else, and run into a hole for fear of it himself: He has formed so terrible an Image of Sir *W. T.* in his own little working Noddle, that he knows not were he is, nor what he does, but is all in a

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maze. However, this I am certain, that no man alive who has read the rest of *de Cros's* Letter, but will allow him to be one, that if he knew any thing ill of Sir *W. T.* would at least be sure not to tell it; we have his own word for it, p. 7. *My design is not at all, my Lord, to write you a Letter full of Invectives against Sir W. T.* And in another place, *That* (says he) *would not be like a Gentleman.*

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[C2]

But yet to give him his due, and as he says, p. 7. *To let everybody see he has means in his hands to be revenged;* there is one point, and that alone, where he brings his Proof, lays down his Instance, and that out of the *Memoirs* themselves; 'tis designed undeniably to convince the World of Sir *W. T's* Vanity, of which he could give *my Lord* many instances, but at present contents himself with one, and 'tis a thumping one. 'Tis the following Period, which I shall quote out of the *Memoirs*, a little more faithfully than he does in his Letter, which I was so curious to observe, by thinking the word [*Clutches*] to be no part of Sir *W. T's* stile, and found he had taken a great deal of pains, to wrest it as much as he could to his turn. It runs thus, *Mem.* p. 30. *This I suppose gave some occasion for my being again designed 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 part of Flanders had been saved out of the hands of France in the year 1668.* Now for my own part, I must confess my self so giddy a Reader, and of so much inadvertency, that when I read that Passage, I took it for a singular piece of Modesty, since the Author gives for a Reason, why the King chose him for his second Embassy in *Holland*, because he had been formerly employed in those Countries, and not for any Personal Merit in himself; but *de Cros* is so great a Stranger to Modesty, that we cannot blame him for not knowing it when he meets it; and since he has no other Accusations of this kind, I must profess, I can discover nothing of Vanity in the whole *Series* of all those Relations, nor can reckon for such, the Author's not avoiding to speak of himself any more than of other Persons (when it came in his way) who had so great and so continual a part in the whole Course of that Story. In his other Works this Author I am sure makes little mention enough of himself; and it were to be wisht that Persons so much employ'd in publick Business, would tell all their own Parts as well others Mens, and as nakedly as he seems to do in these *Memoirs*.

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But the reason *de Cros* gives us, why he would have the World believe him in all he says against Sir *W. T.* is, Because he is first attackt, and thereupon in great Passion and Rage, which will pass for an admirable Argument, that he designs to speak nothing but truth, and for a very cunning way of being believed; tho some men perhaps may think, that whatever is said in Passion, is but just so much of *nothing to the purpose*, and that it commonly makes a man in what he says or does, not only as peevish as a Wasp, but as blind as a Beetle. But if he will believe right or wrong, why will not he believe in his turn? And why is not he contented to *Give* as well as to *Take*? He will not allow that Sir *W. T.* might several times have been Secretary of State, when Mr. *Montague*, and Mr. *Sydney*, who are named (in *Memoirs p.*) to have been set on him by the Lord *Arlington* at that time to persuade him to accept it, are still alive, as well as my Lord Treasurer, who is mentioned, *Mem.* p. 273. to have written to him by His Majesty's Command to come over and enter on the Secretaries Office. And p. 385. 'tis further added, That Sir *W. T.* received the *King's own Orders to come immediately over, and enter upon that Office, and to acquaint the Prince and States with that Resolution;* which must of course have come to him through my Lord *Sunderland's* hand, who *Mem.* p. 387. is said to have been brought into Sir *Joseph Williamson's* place, and his Lordship being likewise still alive, can easily tell, whether this be true or no. Therefore, why does not *de Cros* himself, or some Friend for him (if he has any) enquire into the truth of these Passages which are told so positively, and wherein so many parties concern'd are still alive, tho most of them with other Titles. And indeed, tho it may be ill for Sir *W. T's* private Satisfaction, that these *Memoirs* were printed against his Consent, and during his Life, which it appears was never intended; yet nothing could defend the Truth of them so much, as that so many Persons are yet alive, who had so great a part in all those Affairs there related, who are the best and most competent Judges of the Truth; and I never heard that any of

them have yet contradicted the least part. But however, since the *Monk* has got into the *Infallible Chair*, he must be believed, there is no help, and we must like the *Welsh-man*, *Take her own word for it*. And so let him go away with all those apposite and choice Epithets he has given of this *most worthy* and *well-deserving* person, without where, or when, or why, or wherefore; For I am sure there is no way of replying to them; and he that would set about it, might as well resolve to write an Answer to a Leaf in *Textor's* Epithets.

And thus I have with much ado rid my hands of a great part of *De Cros's* Rubbish, as far as it endeavours to bespatter Sir *W. T.* in his *Morals* and *Intellectuals*. It remains now I should observe a little what he says concerning his *Fortunes*, which seems to turn upon these two rusty Hinges, that make as ill a noise as all the rest; the obscurity from whence he was raised to all those great *Employments*, and his disgrace upon leaving them, which *De Cros* says was immediately after his Return from *Nimeguen*.

For my own part I must confess I am neither old enough, nor have had Conversation in Courts, and with Publick Affairs, to give an account how Sir *W. T.* came into Business, or how he went out, any further than I could gather from Writings and Transactions which are publick and known to every body; or by particular enquiries from some Friends and Acquaintance of my own; and it has happened, that some of them have long known so much of that Family, as to assure me it is a very Ancient one: That Sir *W. T.* was born of a very Honourable Father, who was for many years of the Privy Council in *Ireland* to King *Charles* the First, and King *Charles* the Second, and was long possessed of one of the best Offices in that Kingdom, both for Honour and Profit; as likewise in his time a Member of several Parliaments in *England*: That his two younger Brothers are known to have lived always with plentiful *Fortunes*, and in much esteem: So that this Gentleman alone seems to have been born under the unluckiest Planet in the world, tho Heir to his Father's Fortune, and Successor to his Office, which was so considerable; yet he only of all his Family, was *in Obscurity*, and *lay in the Dust* (for so the *French* Letter has it) till my Lord *Arlington* raised him out of both; whose beams it seems were so refulgent, as to make him shine at that distance his Foreign *Employments* carried him to. My Friends have likewise assured me from their own remembrance and knowledge, that Sir *W. T.* shined as much in a Parliament of *Ireland* soon after the King's Restoration, as *De Cros* says he shined long in his *Employments* abroad; and this was several years before he came into any Foreign *Employments*. They told me, likewise that he was very easy in his Fortune, not only by what he had from his *Father*, but from his *Lady*, to whom God be thanked (and it is very happy for her Ladyship that) *De Cros* says, he has no Quarrel. By all which, and the many *Employments* he since passed through, and of which in one of his *Essays* he says, he *never sought any*; in my weak conception I should think he was a person, that by the Circumstances of his Humour and his Fortune, needed the Court less than the Court needed him.

As to his going out from Publick *Employments*, which *De Cros* tells us was upon *the King's being so ill satisfied with his Conduct and Management of Affairs abroad, particularly those at Nimeguen*; that *he slighted him upon his return from thence, and made very little use of him*. I can give no other Account besides what I find of the Time and the manner in the *Epistle* before the *Memoirs*; only I find, by comparing the Date of his Return from *Nimeguen*, with that of King *Charles's* Declaration upon his dissolution of the old Council, and selecting a new one, that Sir *W. T.* was a Member of that new and select Council; and it was the Common Town-talk at that time, that this Declaration was writ by him, and that he was in his Majesty's Chief Confidence upon that surprising Resolution, which was received with such Applauses, Bonfires, and other expressions of Joy in the City. Besides all this, having had some acquaintance among *Spanish* Merchants in Town, I came to know, that several of them about two years after, had recourse to Sir *W. T.* upon his being then declared Ambassador Extraordinary to the Crown of *Spain*, by the King at Council, whereof he himself was then a Member. All which laid together, does most abundantly verifie what *De Cros* says of his being disgraced upon his return from *Nimeguen*. But the

best account of all these Passages we must expect whenever he will think fit to publish the first and third part of the *Memoirs*, which are mentioned at the beginning and end of those the world has seen already. In the mean time, what little has happened to fall in the way of my knowledge or enquiries, may be enough to discover the impudent Forgery of this false Coyner, who pretends to counterfeit all sorts of Metals, but is so wretched a bungler, and performs it so grosly, that not one of them will pass. 'Twas for this Reason, I suppose, that the *French* Edition of his Letter pretends to have been printed at *Cologne*, which I have long observed to be the Common Forge, or at least the Common Form of Paltry, Scurrilous Libels, printed in that Language; and which no Printer or Bookseller abroad dare set their Names to. This I cannot but mention for the Credit and Reputation of his honest Stationer at the *Mitre*, who I believe is the only Stationer in *England* would have had the ingenuity to set the *Mitre* on this *Monk's* Head.

The last precious piece of his Malice I shall take notice of, is, That he grudges Sir *W. T.* even the Honour of his Retreat from Publick Affairs, by which perhaps he has been more distinguished, than by his greatest Employments: But this *De Cros* cannot allow him: No, says he, *p. 8. It was not what he would make us believe; his love for his own ease, and his indispositions of body, that made him decline his Employments.* Alas! what a sad Fate that man falls under, that dares incur the displeasure of Mons. *De Cros*? or who can tell what will become of him? He must neither live at Court, nor at his own House, in publick Business, nor out of it; In Town, nor in Country: where shall we find a place for him? I know none but the middle Region of the Air: But, *It was not his love for his own Ease, &c. that made him decline his Employments.* Why? whoever informed this Conjuror it was? I am sure the *Memoirs* say no such thing, but in the last Page gives us a quite different account; where, telling his Reasons why he excused himself, at his return from *Nimeguen*, from entering upon the Secretaries Office, are these Words: *I that never had any thing so much at heart as the union of my Country, which I thought the only way to its greatness and felicity was very unwilling to have any part in the divisions of it.* And towards the end: *After almost two years unsuccessful endeavours at some Union, or at least some allay of the Heats and Distempers between the King and his Parliament, I took the Resolution of having no more to do with Affairs of State.* Which Resolution it seems was taken about the beginning of the Year 1681. when he sent the King word he *would pass the remainder of his life like as good a private Subject as any he had, &c.* as is to be seen in the Epistle. Yet for all this Mons. *De Cros*, who knows his thoughts better than himself, or than his Actions can inform us, says, *Never did man desire more to have a hand in Affairs.* Why here he shews us the silly *Bubble* again, and the wise way he takes to fulfil this impatient Desire; 'Tis by going to his House in the Country, where he stays five years, as he tells us in one of his Essays, without so much as ever seeing the Town: and since (as I am inform'd) to avoid so much Resort at that smaller distance from the City, he goes to another of his Houses of a much greater in the Country; which was an admirable wise Contrivance to satisfie his Longings to get again into Business: Truly I my self could have helpt him to a Better: For could he not like other men of such a craving Kidney, have still buzzed about the Court, knocked at every dore there, and when one was deaf and would not open, go to another; and at the worst have grown so troublesome, that some body would at last bring him into Employment, tho it were but to be rid of him? Or, if this Contrivance had failed, he might have herded among the Factious and Discontented about the Town; gone to the Coffee-houses, railed at the Ministers, and quarrelled with the Government, till they would be glad to have hired him at the expence of an Employment to hold his Tongue: And I am sure if he talks as well as he writes, he might very well have gone this way to work, and with as much likelihood to succeed as *Others have done, or pretend to do.* Tho a Common Reader would be apt to think the Author of these *Memoirs* might have found some other ways, either of preserving himself in Business, or of getting in when he was out; at least in so easy a Court as that of King *Charles* the Second's is taken to have been. Or if these Endeavours had miscarried, he might yet have made some shift or other to have obtained his Desire upon such a Revolution as has since happened; and he is very much wronged by the common

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Voice of the Town, if he has not found it as hard to excuse himself from entering into Publick Employments in this Reign, as in that of the late King *Charles*.

[D1v] [Pg 26] For my own part, I can profess with the greatest Truth in the world, That before this Libel of *De Cros*, I have never met with in all my Conversation and Reading, with the least Reproach from any man against Sir *W. T.* except it be in one point; Of his having made too rashly, or kept too obstinately, his Resolution, Never to enter again into Publick Employments; especially since he lives in an Age where such persons as he appears to be by his Writings, might be of so uncommon use and Advantage to his Country: This I cannot but own, I have often heard said, and that somewhat warmly, to his charge, and must leave it to himself to clear it as he can. But however, *De Cros* it seems knows his thought best, and must be believed in all he says upon this Point, as well as the rest: And I only wish, since the Spark is so good at finding out what other men think, that he would take the pains to learn for his comfort what all men think of him: One thing I am sure is, that with all the Bloaches of his dirty Pencil, he has daub'd up a Picture of Sir *W. T.* which has top-fil'd the measure of all Forgery; *Sed Vetitum nihil est scheleri*, and which is as true and like the Original, as a man would make of this Dauber, if he should say, *De Cros* were a very honest, worthy, well-natur'd, well-bred, fair-spoken, plain-dealing, ingenious Writer; of excellent Morals, wondrous Wit, and exact Truth.

And now I have done with him, I can hardly answer it to my self why I ever began, or why I went about to foul my fingers with such a Subject: I am sure nothing could have forced me but an irresistible Impulse, and some natural love I bear to Vertue, to Learning, and to Truth; of all which I find so great a share in this Honourable person's Writings, which I have read so often, and with so much pleasure; and from which I cannot but confess to have learnt more than from all other Books I have read in my life; which I say after much greater and better Readers than my self, and yet I have been a great Porer too. All this would not suffer me to let *De Cros's* Libel pass without these Reflections; for as to any regular Reply, it could no more be made to this, than to a Paper that comes with a very fair Superscription, and subscribed by some *Worshipful Name*, but had nothing clear through, besides long unsightly Scrawls and foul Blots with a Pen; and so intended for some such flam as your Twelve-Penny Writers use to gull those idle people with, that buy up all Pamphlets they meet: And since I have confess'd my self such a Customer, 'tis but justice I should be laughed at in my turn.

[D2] [Pg 27] After all I have writ upon this Subject, I cannot but think my Ink has been too white all this time; however, I have Gall enough about me to make it blacker at another, if ever the fit of Scribbling should take me again; which may very well be, when I meet with another Author of so little *Wit*, so little *Memory*, and so little *Truth* as *De Cros*.

—*Melius non tangere, Clamo,
Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur Urbe.*

As to the candid Translator, I cannot forbear doing him the Justice to give him that part which he deserves, and belongs to him in all I said of *De Cros*, for his share in the Letter, by so false, and so malicious a Translation; nor can refuse him my approbation for a worthy Translator to so worthy an Author; wherein he has taken the same pains a man would do in smutting over a Chimney-Sweeper, or blacking over a Crier of Smalcoal. Which is all I shall say of him.

But, for the *Advertiser*, as his Stile is much fairer, and consists mostly of Criticisms, so he will deserve no other than very fair and critical Reflections. Yet I cannot but wonder, that in the first part of his Advertisement, he should go about to defend the *severe or indecent Language* (as he calls it) in *De Cros's* Letter: Which sure, nothing could do towards a person who has so often represented a great King, whatever his own Merits or Demerits might have been. I am also something at a loss what he should mean by slandering *De Cros* with such a Title as that of, *The Ingenious Author of the foregoing Letter*. For doubtless if the Man has any Wit, I may say of it as one did of a Gentleman's Courage, which another had much commended; That *he might have courage for ought he knew, but he had as live be damn'd as shew it.*

The rest of his gentle *Advertisement* consists, (as he pleases to call it) of *the Sentiments of the Criticks upon these Memoirs when they first came out.*

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The first whereof is, That *the Stile was too luscious and affected.* I confess I am not acquainted with that Term of a *Luscious Stile*, and cannot easily stumble upon what it means, unless it be to say, That the Bride is too fair, or the Grapes are too sweet. But 'tis yet harder for my poor Conception to find out how a Stile can be both *Luscious* and *Affected*; Which latter I should have otherwise mistook for a Quality that had ever given a harshness to any Stile, that would not be very consistent with *Luscious*: And *Tacitus* has not escaped the Imputation of being both harsh and *Affected*, by several *Criticks*. I am afraid the Gentleman's Mouth might have been a little out of taste by reading these *Memoirs*; and *that* might possibly have proceeded from some choleric Humour redundant in his Stomach; which I the rather suspect from these words in the Beginning of his Advertisement; *As nothing more sensibly touches US, than to have our Reputation, &c.* which seem to insinuate, that he took himself for one of the Persons he thought offended by them, and *treated with too much Freedom, and too little Ceremony*; as he afterwards speaks of others. But if Sir *W. T's* Stile be faulty, I have nothing to say; only desire, That some of the *Criticks* the *Advertiser* speaks of, will be so kind to mend it when they write next, whereby I think they will do a very great Honour to our Language. I am only sorry for those poor Booksellers who have so rashly undertaken the printing of his several Works, and wish they may not be undone after the Judgment of these severe *Criticks* upon them. Yet to give them a little comfort, I must needs take notice, that all men are not of the same nice Palat, neither at home nor abroad: For Monsieur *Wiquefort* concludes his *Memoirs of Ambassadors*, with regretting that there had been so few Accounts given by any of them of Foreign Countries; and that there were like to be fewer hereafter; *Because Monsieur Temple is inimitable in what he has written of the United Netherlands.* And among many Books and Pamphlets that mention his Works, I have yet seen none that does it without great Value and Approbation. I am sure in all the *French* Editions of his several Works (which have had the luck to be still Translated into several Languages as they came out) the Epistles and Prefaces prefixed before them, are full of the greatest Honour and Applause that can be given to Writings, which pass so ill with the *Criticks*, this *Advertiser* tells us of at home; so that 'tis possible some of these *Memoirs* may yet go off, which I suppose was the chief thing intended by him that publisht them.

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However, let such Statesmen as *de Cros*; or such *Criticks* as our *Advertiser*, or Malice and Detraction it self, say what they will of the *Memoirs*; I dare answer for all Scholars and Lovers of Learning, that they shall pay the Honour and Esteem which is, and will be ever justly due to the *Miscellanea*; and shall not only find what is pleasing and instructing, but also something that is new and surprizing whenever they read them, let this Author's Stile be as *Luscious* and *Affected* as it will; which is all I need say for the poor Bookseller's sake.

The second Criticism the *Advertiser* mentions, is upon the Digressions, tho he is so good to confess himself not of their Opinion who find fault with them. But I wish he had made a fairer Quotation in a Line or two out of one of them, by which he would seem to make Sir *W. T.* say, That *Prince Maurice's Parrot* spoke, and askt, and answered common Questions like a reasonable Creature: Tho indeed he only says, That his *curiosity made him enquire from the first hand about such a common Story, Of a Parrot that spoke, &c.*

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[D3v]

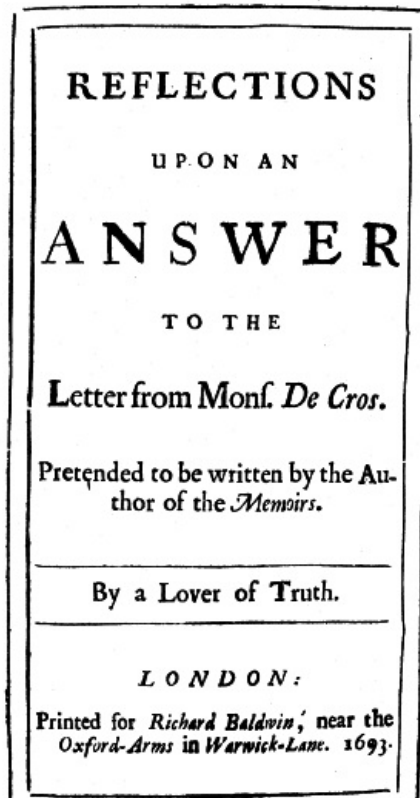
For my self, I must needs say, that that Digression gave me not only some Entertainment when I read it, but a good deal of thought since; and the more, because I remember one of the *Athenian Mercuries*, in Answer to a Question sent them upon this very Story, seem'd to allow the thing possible. But after all my rambling thoughts upon that Subject, I must leave it to better Reasoners than my self to determine, whether Speech and Reason are so individual, that whatever Creature has any share in the one, must be allow'd to partake of the other. However it be, the Letter I have been lately observing, has throughly convinc'd me, that whether a Man may *Speak* or no, at least he may *Write* without *Reason*. But this I am sure is a

The last *Criticism* the *Advertiser* mentions, is, That *in these Memoirs there are several Persons, Eminent both for their Station and Quality, and some of them still alive, treated with so much Freedom, and so little Ceremony*. This in my slender Judgment, appears a more extraordinary Objection, than the other two. For I had ever imagined, that the very *Ratio formalis* of a good History, or Memoirs, had been the *Truth* of them, which it is impossible should ever appear without *great Freedom, and little Ceremony*, either to the Persons they represent, or concerning the Actions they relate. And this in my Opinion, gives the great and general Esteem that is deservedly put upon the Memoirs of *Philip de Comines*, whose *Stile* seems very mean and vulgar, but his *Freedom* great, and *Ceremony* very little, either with those two Great Princes that were his Masters, or in any Account he gives of Actions, or of Persons, tho many of these were probably alive at the time of Writing or Publishing these *Memoirs*. But in truth since his time, his Method has been very little pursued, and more is the pity, since it has made so much room, and so unworthily, for the fulsome Flatteries, and nauseous Panegyrics of so many Books or Prefaces as have over-run the Press in our Age; which not only endeavour to put Shams and Cheats upon Mankind; but are, I doubt, of great Mischief to the Interests and Concernments of those Countries where they grow. For let the *Criticks* say what they please against writing Story with *too much Freedom, and too little Ceremony*, I am a little disposed to believe, That if there were more such *Authors*, there would not be so many such *Actors*, as have been so often seen upon the Publick Stages of the World; who, like Rooks when they are gotten to the Top-branches of great Trees, think only of building their own Nests as high as they can, and feathering them as well as they can, without any care how the Tree thrives under them, or whether by their Muting and Fluttering about, they spoil the Branches and Leaves of that Tree it self where they were bred, or found shelter. Peradventure such Actors would not have plaid such Parts upon the Stage, if they had not trusted to the Disguises and Masks they were in, or had suspected they would be pull'd off by some *plain, rough hand*, either while the Play lasts, or as soon as 'tis ended. For men are seldom so harden'd, as to grow totally careless of their Names, and their Memories, after they are dead, tho they may hope to escape while they are alive.

[D4r] [Pg 31]

For these and some other such trivial Reasons, I must profess, I cannot joyn heartily with the *Criticks* in this last Objection; but shall be very glad to joyn with the *Advertiser* in believing, or at least in wishing, that Sir *W. T.* would be prevailed with by the Letter, or this Advertisement, to take some notice himself either of the one, or the other, which might possibly make the Press some amends for this Scribble of mine; at least it would me, who should think my self very well rewarded by it. For whatever Passion *de Cros*, or the *Advertiser*, or any of those *US's* he speaks of in the beginning of his short Paper, may have against the Author, I shall ever have as much Passion for his Writings. And as for this of my own, I pretend to no more, than to be forgiven by him and other Men, because it is my first Essay, and for ought I yet know, it may be my last.

[D4v] [Pg 32]



[E1r]

REFLECTIONS
UPON AN
ANSWER
TO THE
Letter from Mons. *De Cros*.

Pretended to be written by the Author
of the *Memoirs*.

By a Lover of Truth.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the

[E1v]

[E2] [Pg 35]

REFLECTIONS *upon an Answer*
to the Letter from Monsieur De Cros.
Pretended to be written by the Author of
the Memoirs, &c.

WHEN the foregoing Papers were finished, and just ready for the Press, I was surprized to hear that Sir *W. T.* himself had thought fit (contrary to what I had conjectured in the first pages of those) to take publick notice of Mons *De Cros's* Letter; That it was now just come out, and crying about the Streets: Tho I had then several surmises that it might be some Imposture, yet one could not well be more amazed than I was, at a piece of News I had so little expected, and the contrary of which I thought I had so well convinced both the world, and my self. Whatever I expected from it, I was eager enough to get it, and to read it over: My suspicion increased sufficiently, when I had not gone above ten Lines; and when I had perused it, I found my self as much disappointed, as I was by *De Cros's* Letter; being throughly convinced it was a Counterfeit, (tho a witty one, and perhaps an innocent one too.) For this I found several undeniable Reasons, which I suppose any thinking Reader could not but observe as well as I.

[E2v] [Pg 36]

And first, I took notice of the *Exordium* as a little too common and thredbare for that Author; and imagined a worse Writer might have been hard put to it, not to have found a better than, The *importunity of his Friends* for writing in his own defence. Besides, I thought the disguise of it was something mean, and could not conceive why, if that Author had a mind to own it, he should chuse to do it in the *Third Person*, rather than the *First*.

Another Reason is; That this Answerer makes him publickly own the *Memoirs*, which I could never hear he has yet done. Nay farther; He makes Him defend them in all parts; which I doubt, if he had owned them, he would not do it any further than the Truth; since for the rest, as the Publisher of them observes, they are in many places imperfect, and uncorrect, by having never been reviewed; and so may be justly liable to some Exceptions of that kind: And the *Gallicisms* upon which *De Cros's Advertiser* says, the *Criticks* have been so severe, may easily discover they were not designed for the Publick in that Dress they have appeared. Now, tho this Pretended Answerer endeavours to imitate Sir *W. T.* in this Point, as well as in the use of several other Words which are found in the *Memoirs*, and he imagines a little particular; yet he has made so great a discovery in several others, that by consisting of two such different pieces, the whole lies too open to deceive. For altho such words as *Blunder*, *Hans-en Kelder*, *A man of such a Kidney* with some others, may well enough become such a Scribler as I am, yet they are very unlike that Author's Expressions, and below his Stile.

Another ground I have to conclude this Answer for a Counterfeit, is for some Quotations which I shall never suspect such a Writer as Sir *W. T.* would have made use of. As first, that poor Line, *Canes qui latrant*, &c. which looks like an *English* Proverb translated into very bald *Latin*. Then (to mention no more of them) another Quotation as unlike as the first, from Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, which agrees very little

with that Author's way, who is observed in all he writes, to be very tender in meddling with controverted Points of State and Government.

[E3r] [Pg 37]

Besides, This whole Pamphlet, tho it must be confess'd to be ingenious, and written with a great deal of Wit, yet that very strain of *Witting* it so much, and running things into Ridicule, makes it look very different from any thing we have yet seen of Sir *W. T.*'s Writings: And I observe in several places of the *Miscellanea*, this very vein is taken notice of for a thing of *pernicious Consequence to Learning and good Manners*; so that if Sir *W. T.* be really possessed of such a Talent, he keeps it very much to himself, and must be allowed for the best Disguiser of it in the World, through all he has published; which would make his Readers think that he intended to pass rather for a Wise and Good Man, than for a Witty.

Another sufficient Reason for me to reject this Answer, is, That it makes Sir *W. T.* grant in some kind, the severest of *de Cros's* unreasonable Slanders, of *failing in his Fidelity to his Master*; and to defend himself in it, by excusing it from Examples of that kind; which in my Opinion, would be to lay himself needlessly open to Censures, that I suppose, he has not deserved; and would shew such a want of Judgment in him, as I shall not be apt to believe from any other Writings but his own, and better attested than I find it here.

I shall add to all these, what I observed in an Advertisement before the First Part of the *Miscellanea*, where the Bookseller tells the Reader from the Author, that thenceforth he would never Publish any thing without putting his Name to it, which not finding before this Pamphlet, was another Reason to conclude it a supposititious Piece. All which put together, makes me believe Sir *W. T.* was no more the Author of this Answer, than of *Tully's Offices*.

[E3v] [Pg 38]

When I had satisfied my self in this Point, it was not easy for me to find out what the Writer of this Answer should mean by taking so much pains to make it pass for Sir *W. T.*'s; which seems to me a very new way of Writing; and whereof I cannot give any other instance besides this, from what has occurred in my Reading or Conversation. I know very well, that several Ancient Pieces which go under great Author's Names, are found by the Learned Criticks of these latter Ages, to have been spurious; yet they were never born till long after the Death of the supposed Fathers. I know likewise, that there have been several Laws made in *France*; one, I am sure, in this present Century, against the Printing any Books, under severe Penalties, without setting the Author's Name to them, and their known Name, because some having two Names, one by which they were commonly called, tho the other perhaps were the particular Name of their Family; some Persons disguised their Writings under the Name that was little known, tho it might be their own: To so nice and cautious Cares the Laws there thought fit to descend upon this matter. I remember there was an Ingenious Discourse Printed within these few years in *France*, upon the Custom of using borrowed or disguised Names in the Publishing of Books: But in the Censures and Complaints that Author makes of this ill Custom, I did not take notice of any one Example he mentions, further than of such Books as had been published under Names of Persons dead, or else under such as were wholly fictitious, and made at their own pleasures; Which last has peradventure appear'd in most Ages and Countries where Printing has been used, but toucht no Man farther than a Satyr of *Don Quixot*, or *Francion*, or any such like. But I have never observed, nor heard of any Example of this kind besides this Answer, where the Author, whose Name was borrowed, was alive, and in the same Kingdom, and so avowedly with the Name of a known Bookseller in the Title-page.

[E4r] [Pg 39]

Whatever the intention may have been in the Writer, whether wholly innocent, or a little interested to give Vogue to his Pamphlet, or in considering the Bookseller's profit by making it pass for an Author's, whose Name he knew would help it off the better; yet I cannot but apprehend the Example of it ill, and the Consequences of it may be worse, if it should fall into Common practice; for by this way of Writing and Publishing either Books or Pamphlets, any Man may be made a publick Defamer of himself at another Man's pleasure, and not only *so*, but to accuse himself of any

Crime which the Rigour of our Laws requires no man to do. As far as my Thoughts will reach, I do not conceive why it should not be as bad to counterfeit a Book as a Bond; and to wrong a Man in his Reputation, as great an Injury, as to cheat him of his Money: This must be the reason why Slander and Scandal are as sufficient a ground to maintain an Action in Law, as Damage and Battery: Nothing is an injury any farther than it is taken, and hurts a Man more or less, as he is sensible of it. Now, tho it may be true, that in every Age there may be more than *Nine Worthies* who put a greater value on their Money than their Honour, yet there may be every where, and at all times, some *silly Foplings*, who do quite the contrary; and I know no reason, why they should not pretend to be safe in the Possessions they most value, as well as the others; nor why the Law should not take some care of such poor Innocents. Nor further, can I find out why a *Stationer* should not be punished for *Forgery*, as well as a *Notary* or *Scrivener* may be. Whether I am too serious or no, upon a Subject that may appear trivial at first sight, or whether such a Trifle be worth any legal Provisions against it, I am sure, *Ha Nugæ seria ducunt in Mala*; and that 'tis at least an *Edg-tool* which ought not to be plaid with.

I could never well comprehend the true reason, why it should be such a disgrace to be a *Cuckold*, or why one Person should suffer for another's fault, how nearly soever related to him: But I can very easily apprehend the Injury of it, which is, that one Man should be out upon fathering another Man's Children, or at the best should be in danger of it; and this seems to be meant by the word, which at first was intended, that a Man was *Cuckoo'd*, that is, dealt with as *Cuckoos* are said to do with other Birds, by laying their Eggs in their Nests, and thereby making them hatch and bring up young Ones that are none of their own, (for this is the best Etymology I can find out for a word so commonly used). Now, the same Injury may be as sensible in what concerns the Children of the Brain (as Books have been call'd) which may be as lawful and as natural Issues, and some Parents may be as fond of them, and as much concerned about them. And tho it pass for no Crime for People to expose their Children when they have no mind to own them, or think they are not able to maintain them, and they may be content any body else should father them that will; yet this is an Office no body would be forc'd upon undertaking, how little soever it may cost them, and how innocently soever it may have been intended.

I could not forbear to make this Reflection upon this Subject, if it were for nothing else but to make good my Profession in the Title-page, of being *A Lover of Truth*.

FINIS.

Transcriber's notes

Page 9

Page 9: there are no pages numbered 7 or 8 in the original. The numbers on the signatures indicate that there are no missing pages.

Page 11

"forgets himself again, and says." Possible error for "forgets himself again, and says,". No change made.



Page 20

"Memoirs p." page number is missing in the original.



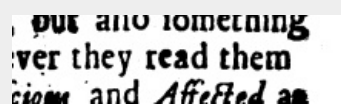
Page 25

"Never to enter again into Publick Employments" changed from "Pulick".



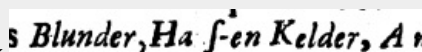
Page 29

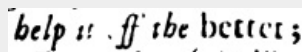
"whenever they read them," comma added.



Page 36

"Hans-en Kelder" is unclear in the original image. The phrase means "Jack





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