

**De justo, et tenaci propositi viro. Ad perillustrem Baronem de C-den /
Adjecta versione Anglica.**

Contributors

Browne, William, 1692-1774.

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

O D E.

D E

IVSTO, ET TENACI PROPOSITI VIRO.

A D

PERILLVSTREM BARONEM DE C—DEN,

VIRTVTIS VERAЕ CVSTODEM,

RIGIDVMQVE SATELLITEM,

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA,

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,

Iustum, et tenacem propositi virum,

Non voltus instantis tyranni

Mente quatit solida.— HOR.

The man just, and resolv'd, secure

Defies all threats of tyrant pow'r.

L O N D I N I,

MDCCLXX.

IX.

O D E.

C—DENE, Iuris dignior Anglici
Nuper Satelles, dum Tibi Regius
Favor niteret, Te remoto,
Solliciti lacrymamur omnes!

Te Fama magno nomine Iudicem
Miratur : aequa quod soleas manu,
Numquam Potestatem timente,
Iustitiae retinere Lances.

Quando haec habetur Quaestio maxima :
Utrum vocetur Libera Gens tua ?
Desideratam Tu dedisti,
Pro Patria trepidante Vocem.

Hoc

O D E.

C—DEN, whom we so lately saw
Most worthy, at the head of Law,
While Royal Grace your Merits meet,
Anxious we weep for your Retreat !

Your Judgment gain'd the greatest Name,
With wonder signalis'd by Fame :
That you, by Power uncontroll'd,
Justice's aequal Scales wou'd hold.

When greatest Quaestion came to be :
Whether to call your Nation Free ?
You the much wanted Answer gave,
Your trembling Country's Rights to save.



If

Hoc si Tibi pro Crimine dicitur,
 Heu! quantus esset Iustitiae pudor!
 Ut Crimen id falso putetur,
 Gloria quod meritum est haberi!
 Sed quid Ministro Principis inscio,
 Qui Te removet, contigerit Lucri?
 Exosus Ipse ut sit, Beatum ut
 Te faciat popularis aura!

* *Duris ut Ilex tonsa bipennibus,
 Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
 Per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.*

* Ex Horatii Ode IV. L. IV.

Datur, Acidulis Bathoniensibus,
 Festo Pulveri Pyrii detecti.

MDCCLXX.

*If this, in You, a Crime be nam'd,
 O how must Justice be asham'd!
 That this a Crime is falsely deem'd,
 Which shou'd your Glory be esteem'd!*

*But, by removing You, what Gain
 Cou'd this wise Minister obtain?
 Only to find Himself abhorr'd,
 And You by all the world ador'd!*

* Thus, the malignant Axe, that strove
 To lop the best Head in the Grove,
 So little hurt the noble Oak,
 He drew fresh strength from ev'ry stroke.

*Dated, at Bath medical springs,
 On Gun-Powder Festival,*

MDCCLXX.

EPIGRAMMA, Bathoniae scriptum, DE SEIPSO.
 Dominus GVLIELMVS BROWNE, Medicinae Doctor, nunc Lufor.

Quinquaginta annos, nunc, passus in Arte Laboris,
 Vult, ut sit Lufus, nullus in Arte Labor.

Sic tamen ut ludat, ne Aegroti dicere possint :

‘ Mors erit id nobis, quod tibi Lufus erit !’

EPIGRAM, written at Bath, ON HIMSELF.

Sir WILLIAM BROWNE, Doctor, now Player in Physic.

For half a Century, his Ease

Was sacrific’d, to gather Fees.

He, now, takes quite a diff’rent Aim,

To play with Physic, as a Game.

But so play, that no Sick say thus :

‘ What’s Play to you, is Death to us !’

EPIGRAMMA, DE REVISORIBVS.

Laus Censura Revisorum est, Censuraque Laus est :

Hos legito Inverse, ut Saga locuta Preces.

A Word, and a Blow, and a Salve,

TO MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

Such are the sad Reviewers of our days ;

Their Praise is Censure, and their Censure Praise.

The true Sense of each Criticism of theirs

Is backwards read : as Witches say their Pray’rs.

Nota bene. *These Pseudo-Critics were whipt, pilloried, and branded, both by SHANDY, and by CHURCHILL: yet have the Northern hardiness, to expose their scarified Backs, their cropt Ears, and the Capital Letter B, burnt on their Foreheads.*

Icti Piscatores Sapiunt : sed non Revisores.

Fishermen struck become the wiser :

But stripes mend no Monthly Revisor.

— But let this starving Crew my Pity meet !

Poor, hungry Souls ! They onely print to eat !

And yet, alas ! go to their sev’ral beds,

With bellies just as empty, as their heads !

Vivite, Valet, seroque saltem, cum Phrygibus, Sapite.

Live, and let Physic Health advise,

And late at least, with Troy, be Wise.

Datur, Saturnalibus, Dated, Christmas Holidays. MDCCLXX.