

**A farewell-oration to the chair of the College of Physicians, London.
Spoken in the Comitia, the day after Saint Michael, MDCCLXVII / [William Browne].**

Contributors

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APPENDIX II TO OPUSCULA.

A

FAREWELL-ORATION,

TO THE CHAIR OF THE COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

SPOKEN IN THE *COMITIA*,
THE DAY AFTER SAINT MICHAEL,
MDCCLXVII,

APPOINTED FOR RENEWING
THE COLLEGE-ADMINISTRATION;
AND FORTIFIED, BY A FIRE-ENGINE,
AGAINST THE INCENDIARY LICENTIATES.

BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, M. D.
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.



Ne quid Falsi dicere audeat; ne quid Veri non audeat. CICERO.

*Never let him dare to speak what is False;
never not dare to speak what is True.*

L O N D O N, MDCCLXVIII.

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Price One Shilling.



TO
THE PRAESIDENT
AND FELLOWS OF THE COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON,
HIS AUDITORS,
THIS
FAREWELL-ORATION
IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR:
* TO SUCH FRIENDS,
THAT NEITHER HATH THE WORLD
PRODUCED ANY MORE WORTHY,
NOR IS ANY ONE MORE ATTACHED
TO THEM THAN HIMSELF.
FROM QUEEN-SQUARE,
JANUARY III,
MDCCLXVIII.

* Horace, *Such Friends, nor can the world produce more dear,*
Satyr V. B. I. v. 41. *Nor any one more than myself revere.*





FAREWELL-ORATION.



EVER, most respectable Col-
 legues, *let me dare, to speak
 what is false; never not dare,
 to speak what is true.* * *The
 manly age and inclination,
 with conformable studies, I di-
 ligently applied to the practice
 of physick in the country: where, as that age ad-
 viseth, I sought riches and friendships. But after-
 ward, being fatiated with † friends, whom truth,*

* Horace, Art of Poetry, v. 166. *The manly age to different studies tends:
 Wealth, friends, and honor, are its proper ends.*

† Terence, Andrian, Act I. Sc. I. v. 41. *By flatt'ry you may friends obtain,
 While truth can only hatred gain.*

not

not flattery, had procured, fatiated with riches,
which * Galen, not Fortune, had presented, I re-
sorted immediately to this College: where, in
farther obedience to the same adviser, I might to-
tally † addict myself to the service of honor.

CONDUCTED by your favor, instead of my own
merit, I have been advanced, through various degrees
of honor, a most delightful *climax* indeed, even to
the very highest of all, which the whole profession
of Physic hath to confer. In this Chair therefore,
twice received from the Elects, shewing their fa-
vor to himself, he confesseth, much more than to
the College, your Praesident

‡ Acknowledges, that he has happy been,
And, now, content with acting this sweet scene,
Chuses to make his exit, like a guest
Retiring pamper'd from a plenteous feast :

in order to attach himself and the remainder of
his life, no longer as before solely to the College,
but, by turns, also to the medicinal springs of his

* Epigram. *Dat Galenus opes : dat Justinianus honores :*

Dum Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes.

Galen gives riches : from Law honors come :

While, forc'd to trudge on foot, is Logic's doom.

† Horace, Art of poetry, v. 166.

‡ The same, Satyr I. B. I. v. 117.

sacred both to health and pleasure,
own country, although as a Physician, never un-
mindful of his duty, yet after his own manner, with
hilarity rather than gravity: to enjoy * *liberty more
valuable than silver and gold*, as in his own right,
because that of mankind, not without pride, which
ever ought to be its inseparable companion.

† *Now the free foot shall dance its fav'rite round.*
Behold an instance of human ambition! not to be fa-
tiated, but by the conquest of three as it were medical
worlds, lucre in the country, honor in the College,
pleasure at medicinal springs! I would, if it were
possible, be ‡ *delightful and useful* to all: to my self
|| *even totally, and aequal*: to old age, though old,
diametrically opposite, § *not a censor and chastiser*,
but a commender and encourager of youth. I would
have mine such as, in the Satyr :

‡‡ *Crispus's hoary entertaining age,
Whose wit and manners mild alike engage.*

THE age of praesiding, by the custom of our
praedeceffors, was generally a *lustrum*, five years,
although our Sloane, now happy, like another

* Horace, Epistle X. B. I. v. 39.

† The same, Ode XXXVII. B. I. v. 1.

‡ The same, Art of Poëtry, v. 343.

|| The same, Satyr VII. B. II. v. 86.

§ The same, Art of Poëtry, v. 174.

‡‡ Juvenal, Satyr IV. v. 81.

Nestor, lived to see three ages, both as Praefident, and as man. But two years more than satisfe me: for, that each of the Elects may in his turn hold *the sceptre of prudence*, far more desirable than power, given by Caius, which * *the law of justice and aequity recommends*,

† *No tenure pleases longer than a year.*

But in truth, among such endearing friendships with you, such delightful conversations, such useful communications, with which this amiable situation hath blessed me, one or two things, as is usual, have happened not at all to my satisfaction.

ONE, that, while most studious of peace myself, I hoped to have praeserved the peace of the College secure and intire, I too soon found, that *it was not otherwise to be sought for than by war*: but even after our first adversary, because inconsiderable, was instantly overthrown, and his head completely cut off by the hand of the Law, yet from the same neck, as if Hydra had been our enemy, so many other heads broke out, yea and, with inhuman violence, broke into this very senate, like ‡ *monsters swimming* in our medical sea, whom I beheld with unwilling indeed,

* Horace, Satyr III. B. I. v. 98. *Utility, mother of just and right.*

† The same, Ode XXIV, B. III. v. 14.

‡ The same, Ode III, B. I. v. 18.

but with *dry* or rather *fixed eyes*, because not suspecting the least mischief from thence to the College, and therefore laughing, so far from fearing. O ye rebel licentiates! by violating your faith, totally deserting the majority of your Order, who obey, as behoves them, the statutes of the College, and deserve well from it; and soaring, by your pride and passion, both above your brethren, and above yourselves, because besides yourselves! O ye *mimic*, O *counterfiet* Fellows! O ye so lately surgeons, apothecaries, from shops, and from such like low class, by our College-seal *admitted*, or rather, because you have been always called in our Statutes by a better and righter name, *permissi*, *permitted to exercise the faculty of physic in London and seven miles around the same*, but *not one foot farther*, nor to any larger privilege, since even this itself may perhaps appear too large! O ye intire strangers to both our Universities, the lights of science, not only to this kingdom, but also to the whole literary world: having mostly gotten your degrees, not from nursing mothers of learning, not from chaste matrons of letters, but from naked and beggarly Academical harlots, most basely and miserably prostituting and selling themselves and their honors to every purchaser, even without so
much

much as a fight of his person, and that too at a most pitiful price; who ought rather to * *seek for themselves a modest livelyhood at their spinning wheel and loom.*

† *O imitators! a most servile crew,
How is my scorn and jest provok'd by you!*

To be free and speak the truth: while you, in this manner, have vainly attempted to fow your tail to our College, you have indeed tried to exhibit to me that ridiculous and absurd picture, so pleasantly described by Horace:

‡ *While female beauties all above praevale,
To end below, in a black fish's tail.*

I cited from the same Author, immediately after dissolving the last *Comitia*, on account of the irruption of the rebel licentiates, in their own hearing, to shew how greatly this their violence had disturbed and terrified us, and will recite it in the present *Comitia*, which, || *If on earth, Democritus would recite:*

§ *Friends, can you be spectators, and not laugh?*

I cited also from the same, to shew what opinion I

* Terence, *Andrian*, Act I. Sc. I. v. 48.

† Horace, *Epistle XIX.* B. I. v. 19.

‡ The same, *Art of Poëtry*, v. 3.

|| The same, *Epistle I.* B. II. v. 194.

§ The same, *Ode IV.* B. III. v. 64.

myself had of the Counselor, who advised this violence, if indeed, which seems to be justly doubted, any Counselor at all could possibly advise it:

* *Force void of counsel falls by its own weight.*

THE other, in reality, never enough to be lamented, that, while I flattered myself with having, by my whole power of persuasion, in the room of Orphaean music, raised the Croonian medical lecture as it were from the shades into day, if there could be any faith in solemn promises; that faith being, to my very great wonder, violated, this lecture, like another Eurydice, perhaps looked after by me too hastily, beloved by me too desperately, instantly slipped back again, and † *fled indignant to the shades below.* But I would have the College seriously admonished; that, by the neglect or contempt of medical lectures, Physick itself is neglected or contemned, the College itself is neglected or contemned; which, if not useful, and studious to improve the medical art is undoubtedly nothing.

BUT, it raises my indignation to have it said, and yet it raises my indignation more to have it believed, if indeed there be any possibility of its being believed, that, like a cunning rat deserting a ship soon to be wrecked, I should have taken this resolution, to turn my back upon your chair, as fearing at least, if not

* Horace, Ode IV. B. III. v. 64.

† Virg. Aen. XII. v. 952.

[11]

V E R S E S
SENT TO THE AUTHOR, BY UNKNOWN INITIALS, D. G.
VINDICATING HIM, AGAINST THE ABUSE, AND ANGER,
OF SCOTS REBEL LICENTIATES.

AD FVSCVM, EQVITEM, PRAESIDEM.

* *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus*
Non timet Scoti obloquium, neque iram,
Nec venenatis gravidam sagittis,
FVSCÉ, pharetram.
Pone Te Scotis ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Dulce ridentem comites Te habebunt,
Dulce loquentem.

TO BROWNE, KNIGHT, PRAESIDENT.

He, whose just life due honor bears,
Nor Scot's abuse, nor anger fears,
Nor his full-loaded quiver:
BROWNE, let him try his treach'rous arts,
To wound Thee with his poison'd darts,
Thou shalt retort them ever.
Place Thee in Eden's foulest air,
Which neither tree, nor nose can bear,
Nor lungs with pleasure take in:
Ev'n there, such Spirits flow in Thee,
Thee sweetly laughing all shall see,
All hear Thee sweetly speaking.

S E P T. X, MDCCLXVII.

* Horace, Ode XXII. B. I.