



THE  
MUSIC SPEECH,

Spoken at the

PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT

IN

*CAMBRIDGE,*

JULY the 6th, 1714.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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OF THE

PUBLIC GOVERNMENT

IN

CAMBRIDGE

MASSACHUSETTS

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*Public Commencement*

I N

C A M B R I D G E,

JULY the 6th, 1714.

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By ROGER LONG, M. A.  
Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall.*

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*Qui placere se studeat bonis  
Quamplurimis, & minime multos ledere. Ter.*

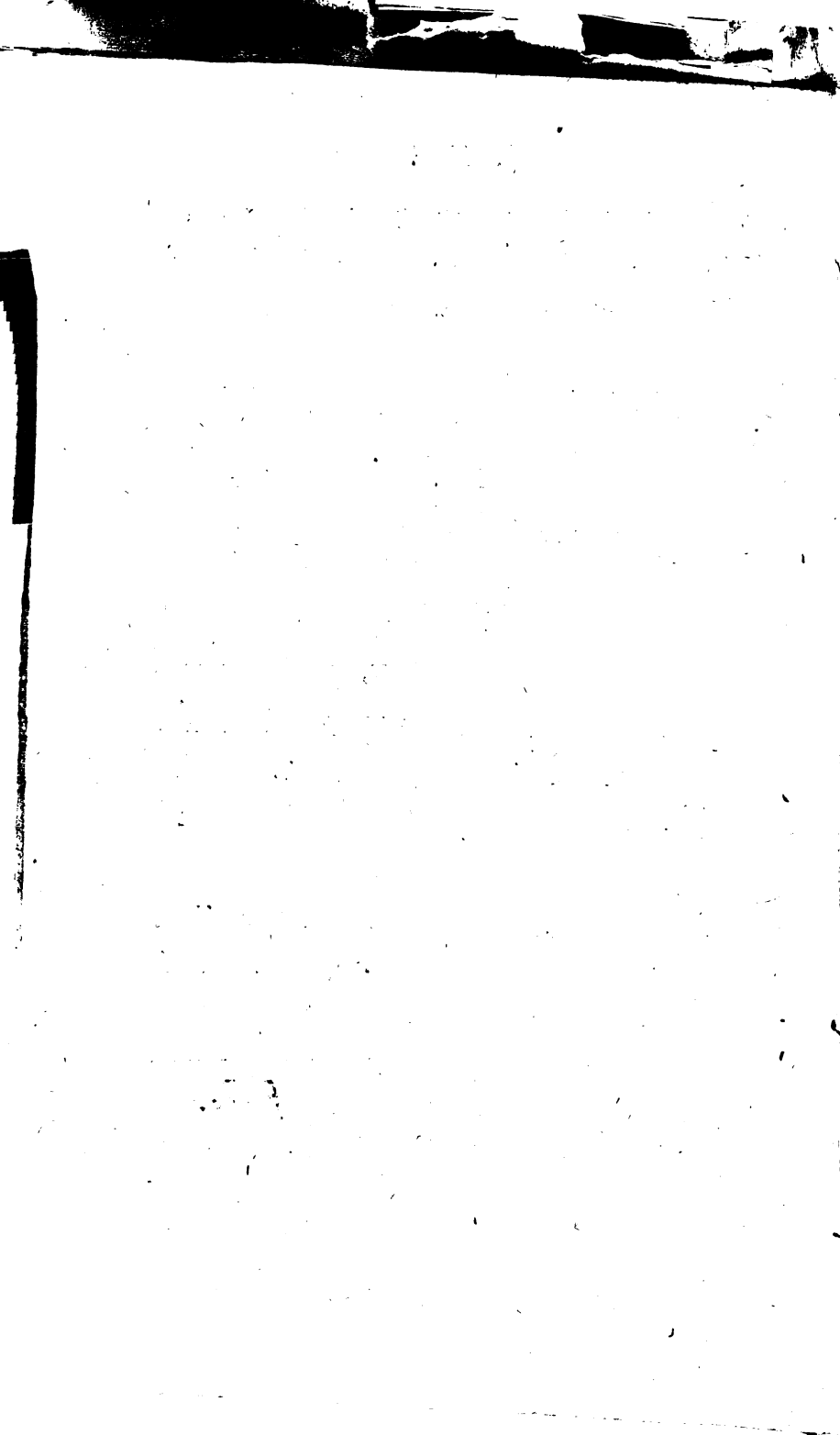
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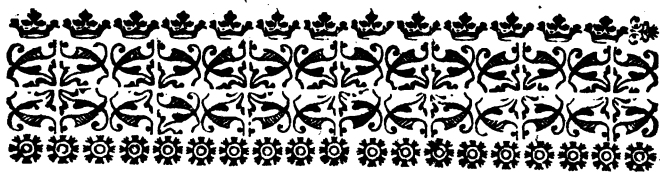
*The Second Edition.*

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L O N D O N, *Read.*

Printed, and Sold by J. MORPHEW near *Stationers-Hall*, and C. CROWNFIELD in *Cambridge.* 1714. Price Six-pence.





*Dignissime D<sup>ne</sup> D<sup>ne</sup> Procancellarie,  
Nobilissima Juventus, Dr. Green.  
Veneranda Capita,  
Hospites presertim ab Oxonio  
gratissimi,  
Viri gravissimi,  
Corona florentissima,*

**Q**UOD toties ab immortali numine pre-  
cati sumus, eo tempore, cum vel apertâ  
infernissimorum hostium audaciâ, vel occultis  
amicitiam simulantium insidiis, in summo bo-  
norum omnium discrimine, de rebus nostris  
tantum non conclamatum esse videbatur, ut a  
furore Fanatico incolumes, ea securitate frue-  
remur quam vel disciplinæ nostræ ratio postu-  
let, vel Legum a Majoribus latarum Autoritas  
polliceatur: id tandem Annæ pietissimæ inde-  
fessus in Populum Anglicanum Amor, Senatusq;  
pro-

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providiffimi vigilantia elaboravit, effecit, atq; si rerum humanatum fors id ferre possit æternum fore spondit.

Non est enim in presentiâ quod vobis gratulemur unum solum atq; alterum caput Hydræ istius Fanaticæ resectum esse, quæ virus suum in utramque Academiam, in Episcopos, in Principes nostros, evomere solebat; sed profligatas prorsus ejus vires prostratasq; sed succiosos nervos, ipsamque oppressam penitus fractamque atque animam simul cum veneno expirantem.

Non autem ideo de reportata ab istiusmodi hostibus victoriâ triumphamus, quod ab eorum Armis si aperto Marte dimicandum fuisset, nobis erat magnopere timendum: testantur fatis vel fracta toties vel in ipsos retorta eorum tela, quàm imbelles sint erroris in Veritatem, Schismatis in Fidem, superstitionis in Religionem impetus.

Verum

Verùm enimvero quos iusto certamine ag-  
 gredientes & meritò spernere, & facilè superare  
 possis, ab iisdem vel dolo decipi, vel fictæ  
 amicitix larvâ deludi, haudquaquam novum  
 est: neque adeo ex imbecillitate suâ & ener-  
 vatis viribus homini cordato estimandus est  
 istiusmodi hostis, qui dolo an virtute res gera-  
 tur nil pensî habeat, quippe quod qui infirmior  
 est, quàm ut vel arcum tendere, vel hastam  
 vibrare, vel gladio decertare valeat, idem ta-  
 men vel clam admotis facibus incendium ex-  
 citare poterit, vel occulto pugione latus perfo-  
 dere, vel proditrice manu venenum propi-  
 nare.

Adeo nunquam satis a Danaorum insidiis ca-  
 veri potest! Tanti refert ne quando viperam  
 in sinu foveas, ne quidem mortuam!

Et quidem de hujus seculi Schismaticis nequid  
 detrimenti Rebus nostris afferre possent, satis  
 cautum esse videbatur, ea Lege quæ a Senatu,  
 a Magistratu, a Muneribus publicis arcendos  
 esse

esse fancivit. Hoc unum Senatoribus nostris restabat optandum, ut quorum minas enarmâssent, mucrones a jugulis nostris rejecissent, gladiosque in optimum quemque districtos reddissent, eos aut saltem eorum filios, in posterum nocendi etiam voluntate privarent. Non enim desperandum est venturis temporibus, acerrimos propugnatores Academias, fidiſsimos subditos Monarchiam, pientissimos filios Ecclesiam, ex eo hominum genere inventuram, qui tanta hucusq; rerum bonarum imbiberunt odia, ut ad concitandum in Ecclesiâ Schisma, in Republica Seditionem, non tam disciplina edocti quam a natura facti, non instituti sed imbuti esse videntur.

Sic Annæ Cordi est hostes superare, ut ex atrocissimo bello Pax, e crudelissimo diffidio Concordia, ex acerbissimo odio Amor oriatur. Hinc eo ipso die, quo Lege latâ claudendas esse Schismaticorum scholas statutum est, ne in Ecclesiæ sinum redeuntibus deesset locus, jacta sunt novorum Templorum fundamenta.



En quos Triumphos Anna Pacifica sibi decerni postulet, quæ Trophæa Statui ! Non arcus triumphales longâ titulorum serie aut gentium devictarum imagine superbas, non ingentes Palatiorum moles ex everfarum urbium ruinis congestas, miserorum atque innocentium sanguine & lacrimis fædatis : sed surgentia ad cognata astra Tempa, simplici Majestate, cultum veri numinis intus celebrandum imitantia. Sed quò feror ? Annæ nomen ubi aures personuit, nec opinantem rapuit tantarum laudum pelagus.

Vellunt aurem uti video *Sophista* ægre ferentes se tam diu lactatos esse & vana jocorum spe productos, at quid agam, aut quò me vertam ? Ex quo enim sensi Procancellarium in animo habere lucidissimas hæc sceminarum constellationes de proprio cœlo deturbare, atque *Cancellis* cogere, & Decus Theatro nostro, & sales perorantibus, & acumen opponentibus, & calcar, quo nonnunquam opus habent, Doctoribus defore videbam : nam quum committun-

tur inter se hostiles disputantium acies, ubi *Capita* omnes ingenii vires exhauserint, quas sensistis, quàm sint exiguæ, ubi inter dumeta spinasque Theologiæ non sine multo sudore versantur, in quibus se non inficiantur mediocriter esse versatos, quam fortitudinem, quos animos adderet in Turneamento Academico digladiantibus Quixotis nostris tot Dulcinearum aspectus; at in præsentia (pro dolor!) e longinquo tantum atq; id limis aspectare cogimur. Adeo ut plurimos existimem Regio Theologiæ Professori sua invidere *conspicilla* hoc in loco non *aures* solum adjuvantia. Nam plerisque vestram fat scio confusa ista lux e *Cancellis* emissa hinc viam quandam Lacteam repræsentare videtur, illic nebulosum præsepe. Verum Galileus ille noster singulas stellas, seu fixæ sint, sive erraticæ, seu nativa luce splendeant, seu mutuatitia, distinctè rimatur, satellites, si quos habeant, detegit; varios observat motus, nunc directas, nunc retrogradas, nunc stationarias conspicit. Nunc veloces, nunc tardas. Varias Phases notat, quasdam plenas, quasdam gibbosas. Varios aspectus & positiones

( II )

tiones deprehendit, alias in oppositione, alias in conjunctione, nonnullas etiam ex aliarum interpositione eclipsin patientes. Quod ad maculas attinet, major est distantia, quam ut per crassam hanc Atmosphæram possint detegi.

Quod siquid mea valuissent vota, pro veteri more his etiam Comitiis supra Doctorum capita tanquam tot auspicata sydera fulsissent fœminæ, sed procancellarius cæteroquin humanissimus his precibus aures præbuit penitus obferatas.

Non faxa nudis furdiora navitis

Neptunus alto tundit hibernus fallo.

Si causam quæritis, cur stellæ hæ adeo longè a Meridiano nostro sint deductæ, ut tantum non infra horizontem occultentur, paucis accipite. Deprehendit Procancellarius, qua est in Astrologia peritia, postremis Comitiis cum

erant in summa altitudine, seu, ut loquuntur Astrologi, culminatione, multas Calamitates toti Academiae infixisse. Nam quaedam earum erant calidae & siccae, & intolerabili aestu sitique torrebant sophistas, quaedam aqueae & humidae, & imbre falso irrigabant Oxonienses, quaedam terreae & melancholicae, & seniores Collegiorum socios inclinabant ad morbum hypochondriacum, aliae erant igneae & cholerae, & bellum rixasque ciebant inter disputantes, aliae frigidae & phlegmaticae, & maligno aspectu Doctores respiciebant, nonnullae sed paucae admodum benignioris naturae divitias & lucrum pollicebantur, sed illae radios in Commensales potissimum projiciebant & semper habentes in Horoscopo Mercurium crumenimulgos Bedellos. Habetis Academici causas cur cum tot Foeminae huc.

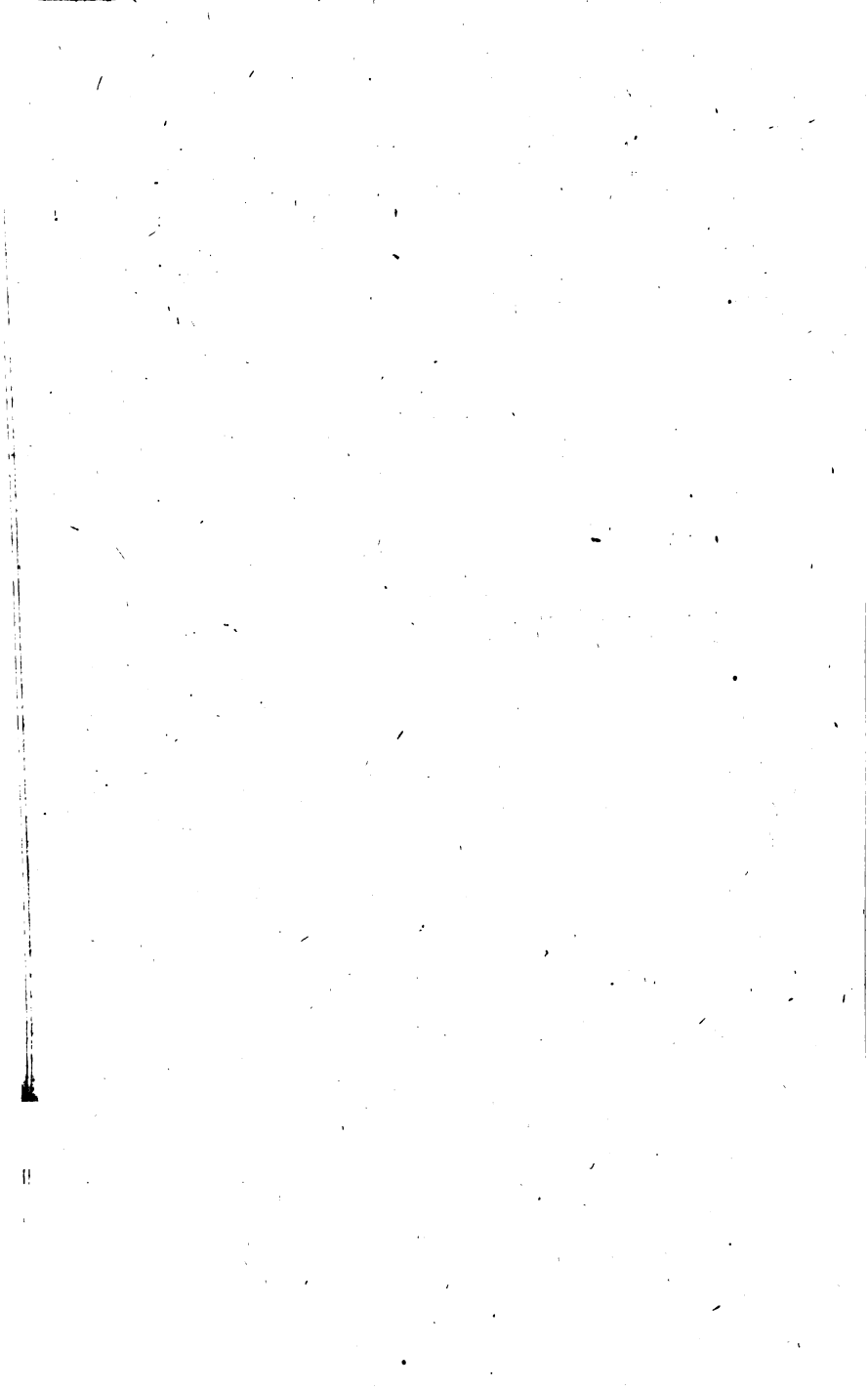
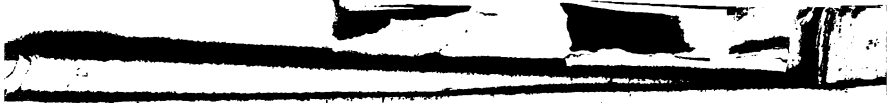
Spectatum veniant, veniant spectentur ut ipsae

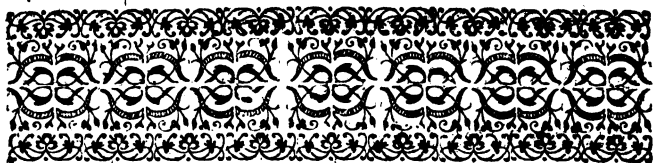
In locum tam obscurum & a vestro conspectu remotum sint detrusae: ut autem videatis

videatis quàm strenuè ego earum causam  
egi, hem vobis petitionem a me, illarum  
nomine, Procancellario, sed quod cum dolore  
dicendum est, frustra oblatam.



T H E





**T**HE *humble Petition* of the Ladies,  
who are all ready to be eaten up  
with the Spleen,  
To think they are to be lock'd up in the Chancel,  
where they can neither see nor be seen ;  
But must sit i' the Dumps by themselves all stew'd  
and pent up,  
And can only peep through the Lattice like so  
many Chickens in a Coop ;  
Whereas last Commencement the Ladies had a  
Gallery provided near enough,  
To see the Heads sleep, and the Fellow-Com-  
moners take Snuff.

'Tis.

'Tis true for every Particular how 'twas order'd  
then we can't so certainly know,

Because none of us can remember so long as  
Sixteen Years ago ;

Yet we believe they were more civil to the Ladies  
then, and good Reason why,

For if we all stay'd at home your Commencement  
wou'dn't be worth a Fly :

For at *Oxford* last Year this is certainly Matter of  
Fact,

That the Sight of the Ladies and the Music made  
the best Part of their Act.

Now you should consider some of us have been at  
a very great Expence

To rig our selves out, in order to see the Doctors  
commence :

We've been forc'd with our Manteau-makers to  
hold many a Consultation,

To know whether Mourning or Colours wou'd be  
most like to be in Fashion ;

We've



We've sent to Town to know what Kind of Heads  
and Ruffles the Ladies wore,

And have rais'd the Price of Whalebone higher  
than 'twas before ;

We've got Intelligence from Church, the Park,  
the Front-box and the Ring,

And to grace St. *Mary's* now wou'dn't make our  
Cloaths up in the Spring.

In Flounces and Furbelows many Experiments  
have been try'd,

And many an old Gown and Petticoat new scour'd  
and dy'd.

Some of us for these three Months have scarce  
been able to rest,

For studying what sort of Complexion wou'd be-  
come us best ;

And several of us have almost pinch'd our selves  
to Death with going strait lac'd,

That we might look fuller in the Chest, and more  
flender in the Waste.

C

And

And isn't it now intolerable after all this Pains  
and Cost,

To be coop'd up out of Sight, and have all our  
Finery lost ?

Such cross ill-natur'd Doings as these are even a  
Saint wou'd vex,

To see a Vice-Chancellor so barbarous to those of  
his own Sex.

We've endeavour'd to know the Reason of all this  
to the utmost of our Power,

What has made the Doctors contrive to take us  
all down a Peg lower,

And we find 'tis only because last time their Wigs  
were disoblig'd by a warm Shower.

As for that Misfortune the Ladies may e'en thank  
the Prevaricator,

Who was so extremely arch they were ready to  
burst their Sides with Laughter,

But now we have all got well hoop'd, and can  
very easily hold Water.

LADIES,

**L**ADIES, You see by this Petition,  
 How much I pitied your Condition ;  
 And had the Doctors thought it safe,  
 You'd had a better Place by half :  
 But tis too late now to complain,  
 I was your Advocate in vain ;  
 Howe'er you may by my Assistance,  
 Know what's been doing at a distance.

The Doctor there, now so smugg'd up to  
 win ye,  
 Yesterday play'd the Part of *Nicolini* ;  
 An excellent Performer, though I fear  
 You thought his Cat-call wasn't quite so clear,  
*Nic* oft the Lyon, who has at him floun,  
 Like any *London-Prentice* has o'crthrown ;  
 But all that Battle's nothing at the Opera,  
 To th' Doctors here with *Heresy*, *Schism*,  
 and *Popery* :

*Nic* charm'd you in a Tongue not understood ;  
Here you had *Latin*, is n't that as good ?

With Ring and Kiss the second Act you saw  
Our new Professor married to the Law :  
'Tis such a Shrew that few wou'd care to venture,  
But for that all-prevailing Charm, the Jointure,  
He can assist, if you desire, to wed  
When by the Almanack it is forbid ;  
Or Licence grant without the Bans to marry,  
If for three Holidays you're loth to tarry.  
For those Transgressions which the Law thinks  
meet

With Wand be expiated and white Sheet,  
He can procure for Criminals of Fashion  
The easier Punishment of Commutation.

Our Physick Doctor next took his Degree,  
In hopes the *Title* may enlarge the Fee,

The

The *Ladies Doctor*— let him feel your Pulse,  
 I'm sure he need desire no Business else.  
 He hopes to hear Complaints from some of you,  
 Doctor I find my self I can't tell how!  
 At first your Case will put him to a stand,  
 Till the Broad-peice is slid into his Hand,  
 Then he considers— and there's all the Reason  
 To think the *Bath* may do you good this Season;  
 You soon resolve to try a Course once more  
 From which you found such Benefit before:  
 This shows your Ailment rightly understood,  
 Nothing but Company had done you good.  
 And don't you now like that Physitian best,  
 That in prescribing hits the Patients Taste?  
 But since the Vulgar can't hope to command  
 Fees worthy of a Graduate Doctor's Hand,  
 He has for publick Good made such Provision,  
 Every one here may be her own Physitian;

And

And I, though not equipt in gaudy Jacket,  
Have undertaken to retail his Packet.

Are any of you troubled with  
The Scurvey that destroys the Teeth,  
And often causes stinking Breath ;  
In short, from whose prolific Womb  
Almost all our Diseases come.

Do any of ye suffer ever  
Obstructions in the Spleen or Liver,  
Weakness of Stomack, Back or Reins,  
Rheumatick or Nephritick Pains,  
Colicks, Consumptions, Dropsies, Itches,  
Jaundies, Stone, Gravel, Cramps or Stitches ;  
Are any here afflicted by  
Melancholy they can't tell why ;  
Does any one the Megrim dread,  
Or the Vertigo in the Head,

The

The Doctor here by me assures ye  
 He'll take no Mony till he cures ye.  
 He quickly can remove the Smart  
 Of th' Palpitation of the Heart ;  
 And what the hardest Part of th' Trade is,  
 Of Fits o'th' Mother cure the Ladies.  
 Is any Husband here chagrin  
 Because his Wife has got the Spleen,  
 The Doctor tells you in a trice  
 Whence the Distemper took its Rise,  
 Whether the Coach too long has wore,  
 Or wants a Pair of Horses more ;  
 Whether she has at Ombre lost,  
 Or is outshin'd by some new Toast ;  
 Has by Gallant been left i' th' Lurch,  
 Or some Body took her Place at Church ;  
 Her Fav'rite Bafon has let fall,  
 Or wa'n't invited to a Ball,  
 Or silver Tea-kettle was shown  
 Of newer Fashion than her own.

Is any one in mortal Fear  
 She shou'dn't have a Son and Heir,  
 The Doctor a Prescription hath  
 Wou'd save a Journey to the *Bath*.  
 Whereas Carbuncles sometimes vex  
 The Faces of the tender Sex,  
 You've his Cosmetic Secret here,  
 Wou'd ev'n a Face of Wainscot clear;  
 Take away Sun-burn, Tan, or Morpew,  
 And Freckles be they many or few:  
 And make a *Cambridge* Beauty bright,  
 At Distance or by Candle-light.  
 The Doctor can a Dye prepare,  
 To change the Colour of the Hair,  
 Teeth when decay'd draw out or clean,  
 And artificial ones set in.  
 Are any here disorder'd by  
 The Tweer or Rolling of the Eye,  
 Not *Bickerstaff* cou'd cure you better,  
 By's famous Circumspection-Water.

He



He has an excellent Receipt

To make young Damsels eat their Meat,  
Leave Chalk and Oatmeal, and such Trash,  
To diet upon wholesome Flesh.

Besides his Skill in Physiology,

He has been Student in Astrology ;

Can tell, if any wants to know

How her Affairs are like to go,

Whether the Cards will her befriend,

Or how a Suit of Law will end.

He can, by Help of magick Glasse,

Show a young Wench her Sweet-heart's Face :

I' th' stars or on her Hand can read

How long she's like to live a Maid.

He can with Ease recover soon

The Thimble lost, or silver Spoon ;

And help you to find out the Thief,

As well as by the Sheers and Sieve.

D

Should

Should an old Spark inconstant prove,  
By Spells he can renew his Love ;  
His Blood with Flames rekindled seize,  
As if he'd drunk *Cantharides*.  
He has an Amulet or Charm,  
Put it but on, you'll take no Harm,  
Though you should hear the Schriech-Owl  
    shriek,  
Or Cricket chirp, or Death-watch strike ;  
From the ill Omen it would screen,  
Should you at Table make Thirteen ;  
No Danger need you fear at all,  
Should you the Salt-seller let fall,  
Or hear the Raven thrice cry *Pork*,  
Or lay across your Knife and Fork.  
Alas ! that he no Herbs can find  
To ease the Pain of a love-sick Mind !

But

But there's no Help in that Disease,  
From *Galen* or *Hippocrates* :  
All can be done on that Occasion,  
Is gaining th' Object of your Passion ;  
Should that impossible appear,  
Then change your Mind, and fix elsewhere ;  
For this *Probatum* none can doubt,  
One Nail will drive another out.

Well then, since here (a Sight that's very rare)  
Men much more plentiful than Women are,  
Out of this Company, 'tis my Advice,  
You unprovided, Ladies take your Choice.  
Here is Variety enough, you have  
The gay, the wise, the witty and the grave.  
How do our Proctors there your Fancies hit ?  
The one for Beauty fam'd, the other Wit.

*Butlers*

*Sachéverell*

I shou'd the *Oxford* Doctor first have shown,  
But that we've Doctors plenty of our own ;  
Besides, he's little need of our good Wisheſ,  
Of whom ſo many of you long for Kiſſes.  
Some here, ſince Scarlet has ſuch Charms to  
win ye,

For Scarlet Gown have laid out many a  
Guinea.

Though, I ſhou'd think, you had far better  
wed

The young in Sable, than the old in Red,

*Waterlane* There's one amongſt our Doctors may be found,

Values his Face above a Thouſand Pound ;

But if you ſtand, he'll ſomething 'bate perhaps,

Provided that you don't inſiſt on Shapes :

Some of our Dons, in Hopes to make you  
truckle,

Have for this two Months laid their Wigs in  
buckle ;

If

If clear-starch'd Band and clean Gloves won't  
prevail,  
Can the lac'd Gown or Cap of Velvet fail?  
What though th' Squire be awkward yet and  
simple,  
You'd better take him here than from the  
*Temple.*

Amongst that fine *Parterre* of handsome Faces,  
Do any like a Joynture in *Parnassus*?  
Upon us *Fellows* your Affections fix,  
But then you can't expect your Coach and Six;  
What if we're not o'er-stock'd with Land or  
Money,  
We'd gladly fettle ——— our Affections on ye,  
And then such Constancy 'mongst us appears,  
That some of us can court for twenty Years:

*Dr. Mops* *Dr. of Eley.*

But

But most of you, I fear, wou'd be but loth  
So long before you dine to lay the Cloth,

Will Beaus and Butterflies then please your Fancies,  
Well vers'd in Birthnights, Novels and Romances,  
Scandal, Plays, Opera's, Fashions, Songs and  
Dances,

We'll show you those that most politely can,  
Or tap the Snuff-box, or gallant the Fan.  
Or do your Inclinations bid you fix  
Upon some learn'd Adept in Politicks,  
We've those wou'd almost stun ye with the  
Din

Of who's to be turn'd out and who put in ;  
Those that can can tell you how you ought to  
like

The new Canal that's cutting at *Mardyke* ;

How

How far the *Bill* does th' Toleration touch,  
 Or if we by our Trade shou'd get too much,  
 What Umbrage it may give our Friends the

*Dutch* ;

How many Grains must to each Pow'r be giv'n  
 To make the Balance of all *Europe* even :  
 In short, no Difficulties of State but vanish  
 When once their Noses are well cramm'd with  
*Spanish*.

I've but one Offer more for you to choose,  
 And that is such I'm sure you can't refuse ;  
 Our Youth of Quality— ay, there's a Charm  
 The coldest Virgins Heart will quickly warm ;  
 Which of you wou'dn't be well pleas'd to fit  
 In the gilt Chariot grac'd with Coronet,

Diamonds all o'er in the Front-box appear,  
 And have the grateful Sound salute your Ear  
 Where-e'er you go— *My Lady Flounce's Servant*  
*there.*

But whilst we thus lash the \* Coquet and  
 Prude,  
 Let us not seem to modest Merit rude ;  
 In blaming Vice we do the Virtuous praise,  
 Thus Foils the Diamonds Lustre higher raise ;  
 Thus Shadows stronger make the Lights appear,  
 And *Venus* near an *Ethiop* seems more fair.  
 To you, ye Fair and Chaste, whose Eyes in-  
 spire  
 Though a resistless yet an awful Fire,

---

\* N. B. *I han't meddled much with the Coquet or Prude under those Characters, but I wanted a Rime to rude.*



The Muse wou'd fain her humble Tribute bring,  
 Such Virtues honour, and such Beauties sing,  
 But for the daring Flight too feeble finds her  
 Wing :

In every thing but her good Wishes poor,  
 Of them she gladly heaps a boundless Store.  
 May every rising Sun each circling Year  
 To Joys untasted be a Harbinger ;  
 Pleasures unmix'd the happy Hours beguile,  
 And Love and Fortune on you ever smile ;  
 May Truth and Honour only know you kind,  
 And every *Marcia* here a *Juba* find.  
 May every Fair——

But see the Sons of Harmony prepare  
 A Feast might entertain a Cherub's Ear :  
 Into such Notes *Israel's* prophetick King  
 Of old awaker'd every founding String,  
 When in like Numbers Priests and *Levites* spoke,  
 Of *Salem's* Temple the Foundation shook.

Attend ye Winds — the hallow'd Sound  
convey

O'er Heav'n's high Arch to Realms of lasting  
Day ;

There the Almighty's vengeful Pow'r withstand,  
And wrest the Thunder from his threatning  
Hand ;

Call inexhausted Show'rs of Blessings down,  
And rain 'em all on pious *ANNA*'s Throne.

---

*F I N I S.*