

20.
72.

T--l--nd's Invitation to *DISMAL*, to Dine with the CALVES-HEAD Club.

Imitated from Horace, Epist. 5. Lib. 1.

IF, dearest *Dismal*, you for once can Dine
Upon a single Dish, and Tavern Wine,
T--l--nd to you this Invitation sends,
To eat the CALVES-HEAD with your trusty Friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious Hopes,
Leave hunting after Bribes, forget your Tropes :
To morrow We our *Mystick Feast* prepare,
Where Thou, our latest *Profelyte*, shalt share :
When We, by proper Signs and Symbols tell,
How, by *Brave Hands*, the Royal TRATTOR fell ;
The Meat shall represent the TYRANT's Head,
The Wine, his Blood, our *Predecessors* shed :
Whilst an *alluding* Hymn some Artist sings,
We toast Confusion to the Race of Kings :
At Monarchy we nobly shew our Spight,
And talk *what Fools call Treason* all the Night.

Who, by Disgraces or ill Fortune sunk,
Feels not his Soul enliven'd when he's Drunk ?
Wine can clear up G--d-lph--n's cloudy Face, *Godolphin*
And fill J--ck Sm--th with Hopes to keep his Place; *Jack Smith*
By Force of Wine ev'n Sc--rb--r--w is Brave, *Scarborough*
Hal-- grows more Pert, and S--mm--rs not so Grave: *Summers*
Wine can give P--rt--d Wit, and Cl--v--nd Sense, *Portland, Cleveland*
M--t--g--e Learning, B--lt--n Eloquence: *Bolton*
Ch--ly, when Drunk, can never lose his Wand,
And L--nc--n then imagines he has Land.

My Province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and Linnen clean, and Pewter bright ;
From our *Mysterious Club* to keep out Spies,
And *Tories* (dress'd like Waiters) in Disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at Table next the Men you love. *Sunderland, Oxford*
S--nd--d, Or--rd, B--l, and R--ch--d's Grace
Will come ; and H--mp--n shall have W--p--p's Place. *Hampden, Walsart*
Wh--n, unless prevented by a Whore, *Wharton*
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more :
But I love Elbow-room whene're I drink,
And honest *Harry* is too apt to stink.

Let no Pretence of Bus'ness make you stay,
Yet take one Word of Counfel by the way :
If Gu--ern--ly calls, send word you're gone abroad ;
He'll tease you with King *Charles* and Bishop *Laud*,
Or make you Fast, and carry you to Prayers :
But if he will break in, and walk up Stairs,
Steal by the Back-door out, and leave him there ;
Then order *Squash* to call a Hackney Chair.

January 29.

SI potes archaicus conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cenare times olus omne patella :
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam : Cras nato Cæsare festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies : impune licebit
Ætivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

Quid non ebrietas designat? opera recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit incermem:
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne fordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non & cantharus & lanx
Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dictas aras eliminet: ut coeat par
Jungaturque pari, Brutum tibi Septimiumque,
Et nisi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, assumam, locus est & pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis acta premunt olidae convivia capre.
Tu quotus esse velis referibe: & rebus omittis,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

