

Alexander Pope.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care.
'Let Spades be Trumps!' she said; and Trumps they
Now move to war her sable *Matadores*, [were!
In show like Leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the board.
As many more *Manillio* forced to yield;
And marched a victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Basto* followed; but his fate more hard
Gained but one Trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a Chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-coloured robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, that dares his Prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty *Pam* (that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of *Lu*),
Sad chance of war! now, destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade.

Thus far, both armies to *BELINDA* yield.
Now to the Baron, Fate inclines the Field!
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades!
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride!
What boots the regal circle on his head!
His giant limbs in State unwieldy spread!