

Alexander Pope.

'O, if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the Small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use!
To patch, nay, ogle! might become a Saint;
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint!

'But since, alas! frail Beauty must decay!
Curled, or uncurled, since Locks will turn to grey!
Since, painted, or not painted, all shall fade!
And she who scorns a Man, must die a Maid!
What then remains, but well our power to use;
And keep Good Humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, Dear! Good Humour can prevail,
When Airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail!
Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul!'

So spake the Dame; but no applause ensued!
BELINDA frowned. THALESTRIS called her 'Prude!'
'To Arms! To Arms! the fierce virago cries;]

'To Arms! To Arms!' the bold THALESTRIS cries;
And swift as lightning to the combat flies!
All side in Parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack!
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise;
And bass and treble voices strike the skies!
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound!