

Alexander Pope.

O, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to Fate!
Too soon dejected; and too soon elate!
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away;
And cursed for ever, this victorious day!

For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the Mill goes round.
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp, and fiery spirits blaze!
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide;
And China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once, they gratify their scent and taste;
While frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait, hover round the Fair her airy band.
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

Coffee (which makes the Politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah! cease, rash Youth! desist, ere 'tis too late!
Fear the just Gods, and think of SCYLLA'S¹ fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air;
She dearly pays for NISUS' injured hair!

¹ Vide OVID, *Metamorphoses*, VIII.