

Alexander Pope.

What tender Maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's Ball?
When FLORIO speaks, what Virgin could withstand,
If gentle DAMON did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots, sword-knots
strive,

Beaus banish Beaus; and coaches, coaches drive.
This, erring mortals Levity may call.

O, blind to Truth! The Sylphs contrive it all!

'Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful Sprite, and ARIEL is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the Main this morning's sun descend!
But Heaven reveals not What, or How, or Where.

'Warned by thy Sylph, O, pious Maid! beware!
This to disclose is all thy Guardian can!
Beware of all! but most beware of Man!'

He said: when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and waked his Mistress with his tongue.

'Twas then, BELINDA! if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a *billet-doux*.
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read;
But all the vision vanished from thy head!