In a garden belonging to Mr. Syris at Denbig in Sury is a walk terminated by a Beautiful Alpese, and Dewgrass. In which are two elegant shady seats on which are seated a gentleman and lady's boll, each of which also comprise the male and female constant.

Mrs. Lady's Scull.
Blush not, ye fair, to own me— but beware,
Nor turn from Pau Mortality your Eyes,
Some say she's and some alone can tell her true,
I once was lovely; and below like you;
Where are my Virtues, where my Flatters now?
Flew with the subject of each lover Vows.
Alas! the Roses rest, and Lilly while.
Ah! those Eyes that made the Darkness bright.
No more alas! those Coral Lips are seen.
Nor longer Breathes the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your Helen, and behold in me,
Woke what thousands can't or dare not see.
Uncarnival! the real truth impart
Nor love am placed but to direct the Heart.
Survey me well, ye fair ones! and be hospitable.
The Grave may lurk, but can't deceive.
On Beauties Grave State no more depends:
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end.

How drops this Blast, how shrinks the final scene?
Nor offers grace thriftstore from gay festival.
All press alike to that same goal— the Tomb.
When wench'd the Laura smiles at Cicis No sound.
When Coxscombs flatter, and when feet above,
Here learn the lesson to be vain no more.
Yet virtue still against Decay can arm.
The Gentleman's Scull

Why start—The cause is yours, or will be seen:

Aam years perhaps perhaps another Noon.

Life, at its utmost length, is still a breath.

And those who longest dream, must wake in Death.

Like you I once thought ev'ry step was sure,

And goods of ev'ry kind the certain cure.

Still slip in, dinner, and business, with pain.

Too late I found all Earthly Riches vain.

License with decent, knew back the liberal eye,

And Death still answers—what is good done?

Fame, titles, honours most I vainly sought.

But Goods obscure weard the Chariot thought.

Casts with bitter applause, and just had praise;

Till time in my ignorance, Enfolds Days.

Tell Death, o'er me from my dream of Sin.

And lead a proper Nigger by my side.

Pleasure, I count, are objects of my foot;

She Banquet smile, and smile the gay Repeat.

A deathless Carcase was my constant Care.

And Words were Kanneke, but for me to shew.

On Cain. Now to Liv: to form,

Yet know I feasted, but to feast a lesson.

Ail may our up parents claim.

And you like me shall ever that Life is a Dream.

Farewell! Remember me not my Words Despire.

The only Happy are the Early Wise.

She! Hunt His Hands.

She! Hunt His Hands.

July the 23rd, Anna Jan.

1714