

[1]
A N

E L O G Y

Against Occasion Requires

UPON THE

Earl of Shaftsbury.

Calculated for the Meridion of *Eighty One*.

A T the West-End of th' Universal Frame,
 A Place there lies, which some a *Land* mis-name;
 An Excrement of World, call'd *Natures Sinke*,
 A Mass of undrain'd mire, quag, bogg, and stinke.
Ireland Yclep'd, When th' All-creating *WORD*
 Great *Natures* Architect, and Orders Lord
 From Nothing spoke out All, and all around
 With Form, Light, Beauty, and perfection Crownd, }
 This Spot alone ner'e heard th' Almighty found
 This heap of Undigested Earth! a Place,
 Which of old *Chaos* wears th' Original Face!
 As if the Out-cast of the Works of Heaven;
 'T had scarce *one days* Creation out of *Seven*.

This Country's by a sort of Natives Man'd,
 With *Brains*, as much unfurnish'd as their *Land*;
 But yet, what e're they want in *Wit* and *Sense*
 Is made up in their *TRUTH* and *INNOCENCE*
 Such Innocence born in so pure an Air,
 Their very Ground will nought that's Poysonous bear }
 Since it was washt with the last *Massacre*.

A *Massacre*, *ROME*'s Memorable toyle,
 Which like the Plague, stop't by ore-flowing *Nile* }
 Purg'd all Envenom'd Locusts from their soyle.

With a full Pack of this untainted Brood,
 Is Hunted *Shaftsbury*, to Death pursu'd.

A

All

