

A

PANEGYRICK

UPON THE

English Catiline.

41

HA I L Mighty Hero of the *Britiſh* Race,
 Famous for Cunning now, as once for Grace;
 Whate'er the Arts of former Times could do,
 Is to your Gloty, far out-done by you.
Nero rejoyc'd to ſee his Flaming *Rome*:
 But you at once whole Kingdoms can conſume;
 And owing 'tis to your Great Arts alone,
 That they are better pleas'd to be undone.
 If you gainſay, they dare not truſt their Eyes,
 They know no Truths, if you but ſay they're Lyes,
 So Sinking Credit they believe does riſe.
 And tho' no Man thy Word could ever truſt,
 Yet they believe that thou art True and Juſt.
 The Plunder'd T-----ry thou wilt Reſtore,
 And ſo thou muſt, if thoſe that made it Poor
 Should put it in the State it was before.
 Bleſs'd with a Noble and a Clear Eſtate,
 Thou only mean'ſt to make the Nation Great,
 And free it from the Plagues it felt of late.
 Juſt as thy *At---bury* will ſet free
 The Church from Peſtilential Hereſy,
 And Ancient Rights reſtore to Prelacy.
 That Church and Nation may with Splendor ſhine,
 Is ſure as much thy long contriv'd Deſign,
 As it was good Sir *Hūmbry's* in the Mine.
Ha---t, in fine, Harangues, thy Praiſes tells;
 Juſt ſo he did the Great *Sacheverell's*.
 Had he but Liv'd in Days of *Catiline*,
 Thoſe Praiſes had been his, which now are thine,
 And like Succeſs attended his Deſign.

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