

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, January 14, 1746.

Mr. GREEN,

Shall make no Excuse for the following Ode: I imagine, the Intention of it is sufficient to cover a Multitude of poetical Faults, and give it a candid Reception, with every true Briton, as well as procure it a Place in your Paper. If it should excite others of greater Ability to exert themselves, in celebrating the glorious *New-England* Expedition, I have my Wish.

IT is a Question with me, whether ever there was so much real Foundation for the *Story of the Iliad*; and I am sure we had a much better Reason for undertaking the Siege of *Louisburg*, than the *Greeks* had (by *Homer's* Account of it) for the Siege of *Troy*. The *French* are our natural Enemies, and Rivals in almost every Thing; but more particularly in settling the Northern Part of this vast Continent; which, as it is as large and fine a Country, so perhaps, in Time, it may be as famous for Liberty, Arts, and Sciences, as ever *Greece* was: It must be so, if it continues to be possessed by the Descendants of *Great-Britain*, and they inherit the Vertues and Spirit of their Ancestors. But we can never be entirely safe from all Interruptions, in carrying on so noble a Work, while the Creatures of an *Absolute Grand Monarch*, aiming at *Universal Empire*, or, in other Words, *Universal Slavery*, are so closely bordering upon us. It would therefore be a Design perfectly worthy of the brightest Genius, to warm and animate his Countrymen, by the irresistible Magic and Energy of harmonious Numbers, with an ardent Desire for Liberty, Safety, and Glory, that they may embrace every Opportunity of getting rid of such dangerous Neighbours; and thereby gain the immortal Honour of securing to their Posterity the peaceable and free Possession of, perhaps, the finest Country (when improv'd) in the known World.

THAT this may meet with due Encouragement, I shall conclude with a Hint from *Martial*, to the Great Men of our *American* World.

Sint Mæcenates, non decrunt, Flæccæ, Marones.

I am your's, &c. PHILO-MUSUS.

AN ODE,

In Honour of NEW-ENGLAND, (on their important Conquest of Cape-Breton from the French,) of ever glorious Memory.

SHall brave NEW-ENGLAND's Glory
Thro' Earth, Air, S.e. and fill the Sky.

P. Found in the Clause:

Shall distar

For Shame, my lazy Muse, arise,
Shake off the Slumber from your Eyes,
And strike the sounding Lyre:
What can afford a nobler Theme, [Fame,
Than SHIRLEY'S, WARREN'S, PEPP'ERELL'S
To set a Muse on Fire.

O cou'd I soar on *Pindar's* Wing,
Or like great *Horace* touch the String,
These Deeds I might rehearse:
What was achiev'd and greatly done
At *Louisburg* on *Cape-Breton*,
Deserves immortal Verse.

First SHIRLEY'S enterprizing Mind
The bold, the glorious Scheme design'd;
First let him grace the Song:
And WARREN'S, PEPP'ERELL'S, mighty Hand,
The *Gallic* Force cou'd not withstand,
Tho' lodg'd in Fortress strong.

Yet let not these ingross the Praise;
NEW-ENGLAND'S Sons their Voices raise,
And justly claim a Share:
'Twas they that fought, nor fear'd to fall;
'Twas they that broke th' embrazur'd Wall,
Which made their Foes despair.

And what avail'd their Demilunes,
Their Parapets, and brazen Guns;
They were but *Frenchmen* still:
Their feeble Genius soon gave Place
To bold *New-England's* hardy Race,
Led on by *Pepp'ers* Skill.

But hark! the Thunders roar,
They rend the frighten'd Shore,
And batter Castles down:
By Water lo great *Warren* comes,
And at the Gates are *Pepp'ers* Drums,
Demanding up the Towns.

Confusion reigns — a dread I Waite
O'erwhelm