

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

WEDNESDAY, June 19, 1751.

From the Universal Spectator. No. 591.

OF AMBITION in its several Kinds and Degrees of Life.

AMBITION, or a Desire of Excellency and Rising above others, is natural to all who would be esteem'd above others, and therefore in Proportion to that Desire is the Ambition of him that has it.

When this longing after Pre eminence actuates Men employ'd in conducting Affairs of State or commanding Armies, it may properly be distinguish'd to be of the tragical Kind; but when the Objects of Ambition and Pride are only the common Views of private Life, they become *farical*, and instead of raising Anxiety are diverting. If it should be the Ambition of a young Gentleman or young Lady to commence a finish'd *Petit Maitre* or modern *Belle*, Drets, Finery, Balls, with a long *Et cetera*, are their only Studies, while good Sense and Understanding are totally neglected and undervalued. Hence there is scarce a *Beau* but is a Blockhead, or a *Belle* who has common Sense.

Men, who live abstracted from what is call'd the Gaiety of Life, may smile at the ridiculous Ambition of these Characters; they deserve Contempt; yet is the *Beau* a stranger Creature to the judicious Part of Mankind, than a Man merely addicted to Speculation? Both are equally ignorant of the just Rules of Life; and the Ambition of him who would be a wife Man by Speculation, is equally ridiculous to him who would affect to know the World by making a foolish Figure in it.

The most extravagant Fancies and Actions, if traced to their Source, wou'd be found to take their Rise from some extravagant Ambition.

But of all Kinds of *Pride*, the greatest is that which affects to consist in *Humility*; and as the greatest Art is to conceal Art, so in some, the greatest Price is the Contempt of *Pride*. I have often observ'd more Haughtiness and insolent Carriage in a plain Quaker like Coat and shining Beaver, than in an embroider'd Suit, and a Hat with a Cockade in it. Much Self-Sufficiency is seen in an artful Simplicity of Garb; and I have known an old Miser as proud of having a Pair of *Tape Shoe strings*, as my Lord *Vainairs* of his *Diamond Shoe Buckles*.

The Female Part of the World, have also their Topics of Ambition: Some fix all their Glory in their Faces, some in their Housewifery, and some in their Devotion; each of which may equally be liable to Censure; for on Examination, the Beauty in all Likelihood may prove an errant Coquette, the notable Woman no better than a Cook-Maid, and the Devotee a Methodical Hypocrite. However, I must acknowledge that Ambition may be rational and laudable; that is, when it seeks and aims at the Peace and Happiness of human Society, and the Good of our Fellow Creatures.

Ambition is not confin'd to any Degree of Mankind; it is evident in every Class, nor do the lowest give less Proofs of it than the highest. How far the *Pride* of Man can demonstrate itself among the inferior Sort of People, is very humourously describ'd by Mr. *Addison* in a Paper, where he observes, that a *Cobler* near *Ludgate* had fix'd in his Stall the Wooden Image of a *Beau* with his Hat off, and with an obsequious Bow extending his Hand to give him *Ends* and *Bristles* necessary for Craft: But this Ambition in our *English Cobler* did not stop at that Nobleness of *Pride* of a *Flanderkin* one. The *ans* thus:

les V. in his Intervals of Relaxation, us'd to retire to: He was a Prince curious to know the Sentiments of the best Subjects concerning himself, and his Administration;

therefore often went out *incog*, and mix'd himself in such Companies and Conversation as he thought proper. One Night his Boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a *Cobler*: Unluckily it happen'd to be *St. Crispin's Holiday*; and instead of finding the *Cobler* inclin'd for Work, he was in the Height of his Jollity among his Acquaintance: The Emperor acquainted him what he wanted, and offer'd a handsome Gratuity.—*What Friend*, says the Fellow, *do you know no better than to ask any of our Craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the 5th himself, I'd not do a Stitch for him now; but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome; we are as merry as the Emperor can be.*—The Sovereign accepted his Offer; but while he was contemplating on their rucue Pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial Host thus accosts him.—*What, I suppose you are some Courtier Politician, or other by that contemplative Phiz.*—*Nay by your long Nose you may be a Bastard of the Emperor's.*—*But be who, or what you will, you're heartily welcome—Drink about; here's Charles the Fifth's Health.*—Then you love *Charles the Fifth*, reply'd the Emperor.—*Love him?* says the Son of *Crispin*—*Ay, ay, I love his long Notship well enough; but I shou'd love him much more, wou'd he but tax us a little less: But, what the D— I have we to do with Politics—Round with the Glass, and merry be our Hearts.*—After a short Stay, the Emperor took his Leave, and thank'd the *Cobler* for his hospitable Reception.—*That, cry'd he, you're welcome to; but I wou'd not to Day have dishonour'd St. Crispin to have work'd for the Emperor.*—*Charles*, pleas'd with the honest good Nature and Humour of the Fellow, sent for him next Morning to Court: You must imagine his Surprize, to see and hear that his late Guest was his Sovereign; he fear'd his Joke on his long Nose must be pnnish'd with Death.—The Emperor thank'd him for his Hospitality, and, as a Reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desir'd, and take the whole Night to settle his Surprize and Ambition.—Next Day he appear'd, and requested, That for the future the *Cobblers of Flanders* might bear for their Arms a Boot with the Emperor's Crown upon it.—That Request was granted, and as so moderate was his Ambition, the Emperor bid him make another.—*If*, says he, *I am to have my utmost Wishes, Command that for the future the Company of Cobblers shall take place of the Company of Shoemakers.*—It was so ordained, and to this Day there is to be seen a Chapel in *Flanders* adorn'd round with a Boot and Imperial Crown on it, and in all Processions the Company of *Cobblers* take place of the Company of *Shoemakers*.

From the Paris A la main, March 22.

THE Seine has rose half a Foot every 24 Hours since the 19th. It wants at present only two Feet to be as high as in 1740, which the Continuance of the bad Weather leaves us no Room to doubt it will soon reach to. The *Petit Cours* and *Champs Elisees* are full of Water. The Road to *Versailles* is no longer passable; People are obliged to go by the Way of *Meudon*. The *Provost* of the Merchants has sent Notice to those who live on the several Bridges, to move as soon as they can. The Quantity of Deer, &c. which the Seine has swept away in its Course; gives us Ground to fear it has extended over a great Part of the Lands.

From the London Gazette, March 25.

Algiers, Jan. 31. Five of the six Ships, which went upon a Cruise, are returned without any Prize; the Sixth was lost with about 70 of her Men, near *Fanger*; but the Captain and