The Gig.

AMBITION is a noble flame,
But then how various is its aim:
For look through Life, or great or small,
From Council Board to humble Stall,
It is a Passion felt by all.
When the brave Soldier seeks the wreath
Through hostile realms 'mid blood and death;
When Statesmen's plotting arts combine
To raise to Power the gilded shrine;
When Eloquence pursues the fame
That waits upon a Tully's name;
When Poetry invents the verse
For future ages to rehearse,
When deep Philosophers display
To Science many an added ray;

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The Gig.

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Universitäts- und Landesbibliothek Düsseldorf Whatever honour they attain, It is Ambition leads the train.

In other scenes the Passion glows It's tide in other Channels flows, As it is seen to be allied To all the forms assum'd by Pride. —In Fashion's course to take the Ton, When to leave off and when put on; What plumes should nod upon the brow, What flounces deck the dress below; Whether the foot should just appear, Or the Robe leave the Ancle bare; How far the bosom should display Its Beauty to the glaring day; Whether with upright gait to stalk Or with a bending grace to walk; In short to give the varying rules To the Ton's all-obedient fools, Is an Ambition to be found In the world's gay and giddy round.

Thus Lady Gew-gaw feels a pride

To be the youthful Female's guide.

As Bond Street's range she's seen to grace,

By Blood-Bays drawn in stately pace,

I give, she cries, the ev'ry air

To all the Misses tramping there.

Among the Forms this passion takes,
Of high-born men it Coachmen makes;
And bids the Heir of wealth assume
The low-wrought semblance of a Groom.
Thus, while we mark the high-flown dream,
There is a Bathos in the scheme.
While we the power of rising view,
We see the art of sinking too.
Hence while one Noble shall appear
To be the nation's Charioteer,
Others of equal rank and birth,
Will mix with common sons of earth;
Nor think they of the wheels of State,
But how to drive through Hyde Park gate,

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And, on a Sunday in the Spring,

To play Jehu, and be the Thing.

The Chief of Macedon unfurl'd His Standard o'er a conquer'd world; But, having not enough to do, He ask'd another world or two; For, form'd of such ambitious stuff, He thought one world was not enough. But in the midst of all his power, He sought to pass a Leisure hour With a Philosopher of Greece, Well known as one Diogenes; And here he found a surly Elf Full as ambitious as himself: Within the mind his haughty pride Was full as long, as broad and wide; But the same Spirit, strange to tell, Confin'd him to a narrow Cell, Nor suffer'd him to push a quarrel Beyond the limits of his barrel.

VOL. II.

X

Ne'er did the Conq'ror whose name

Is graven on the rock of Fame,

E'er feel more pride at what he'd done

E'en though the world were looking on,

Than the rude Cynic at the rub

He gave the Victor from the Tub.

But if the Muse should turn her Car
And eastward drive of Temple Bar,
Then onward, in due order range
Or to the Bank or the Exchange,
Ambition will be found possesst
Of various forms as in the West.
But Money there gives all the fire:—
'Tis Wealth to which they all aspire.
If Honour shares the anxious mind,
'Tis Honour that's with Wealth combin'd;
The splendor of a titled Mayor,
Or power of a Director's Chair.
But some will, now or then, launch forth
Before their time, to prove their worth;

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Who have the Ambition to appear

More wealthy than in fact they are;

Or, in their pride, to shew their taste,

Will idly run themselves to waste.

JACK MUSLIN understood his trade, And such a Fortune might have made, As was well suited to his station, With a good Cheapside Reputation, Had he resolv'd to toil and strive On to the Age of Forty-five: But JACK had some how got the itch To be reputed growing rich; And thought too, while yet in his vigour, It was the time to make a figure: Thus his ambition run the rig To have a well-bred Horse and Gig; While Madam thought it might prepare The way to have a Chaise and Pair. -Thus 'twas not many weeks before, From time to time, at Warehouse door,

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The Horse and Gig the Neighbours spy, And wonder at the Luxury. -No longer now it was Jack's boast What this thing fetch'd—what that thing cost; How fair his trade, how few his crosses, And how his Gains surpass'd his Losses. —He now declares, and stakes his word, He gave the GO-BY to a Lord; And that He'd driven to a stand SIR HARRY, with his Four-in-hand. So fine his Horse, and such his power, He could trot fourteen miles an hour: And then he'd wager, play or pay, To go to Brighton in a day. —Ma'am Muslin, also, ceas'd to tell To whom their various goods they sell, Or boast their windows' rich supply To tempt the wish, to catch the eye Of the vast throng of passers by. She simper'd now, and would declare How sweet to breathe the Windsor air;

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That the Princesses she had seen,
And humbly curtsied to the Queen:
While Epsom, Egham, Ascott Races
Were such delightful, charming Places.

Thus Folly grew, and soon the Shop,
With all its gains, began to drop:
For Trade, as known to common sense,
Can never thrive by negligence.
When Jack appear'd, with shaking head,
The neighbours to each other said,—
"Aye, there He goes,—but 'tis so fast,
"His Horse and Gig will never last."
And it pleas'd Fate, as we shall see,
Soon to fulfill the Prophecy;
Though not exactly in the way
That Prudence threat'ned every day.

One morning Jack, in all his pride,
Went out with Madam by his side,
When, as they drove down Shooter's Hill,
Death grac'd a mile-stone, squat and still.

Th' affrighted Horse now plung'd, now flew:
Th' unequal reins then snapp'd in two:

JACK was thrown back and tumbled o'er,
Groan'd for a while, then breath'd no more:
While Madam, jumping from the side,
Fell at the Spectre's feet, and died.—

As poor Jack's credit 'gan to fail him,
And without Children to bewail him,
His Friends did not that Fate regret,
Which sav'd his name from the GAZETTE;
For, had he liv'd, he would have found the Art
To turn his Gig into a BANKRUPT CART.

DANCE OF DEATH.

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