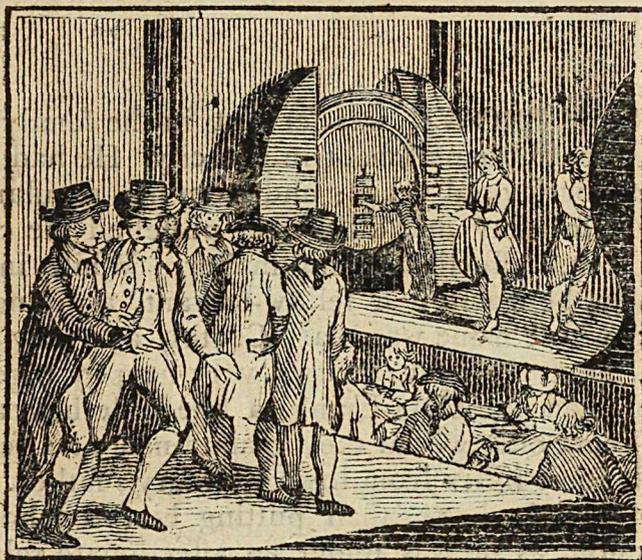


CHEAP REPOSITORY.
THE
Wonderful Advantages of Adventuring
IN THE
LOTTERY!!!



Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapside, and
No. 4, Aldermay Church-Yard, and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, London.

By S. HAZARD, at Bath; J. Elder, at Edinburgh, and
by all Bookfellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers, in Town
and Country.

Great Allowance will be made to Shopkeepers and Hawkers.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Or 4s. 6d. per 100.—2s. 6d. for 50.—1s. 6d. for 25.

A cheaper Edition for Hawkers.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ADVANTAGES, &c.

JOHN BROWN was servant in the family of a respectable merchant in this city. He had lived there for several years; and from his regular honesty, sobriety and diligence, possessed the confidence and affection of his master. While in that family, he married a fellow-servant, a young woman whose name was Mary Coates, and they lived for more than seven years very happily together. They had one child living, a fine little boy about six years old, whom they maintained at a school, kept some miles from town by Mary's father. This was thought better than putting him to school in London, as he was under an affectionate relation, and less exposed to the company of wicked children. John and his wife got leave from time to time to visit their child, and were always able to take him one little article or other of clothes, as well as a small present to the grandfather.

Thus comfortable were John and Mary, and had John been religious like his wife, they would have had a very fair prospect of continuing so. He, like many others, thought Religion rather an unnecessary thing for a man who made it a rule to be sober, and honest, and diligent, and kind. Besides

A 2

the

(3)

the other very important considerations against which he shut his heart, he did not reflect that without religion his good conduct to his family and his master stood on no solid foundation.

One unfortunate day as he was going on a message, he received a hand-bill from a man standing at the door of a Lottery Office. This hand-bill set forth many wonders, and invited all who had a mind to be rich in a hurry, to seize the lucky hour of adventuring in the wheel of fortune; shewing them how many thousand pounds they would be sure to get for one guinea! Casting his eye over the advertisement, the thought struck him that he would *try his fortune*. 'Why may not I get a prize as well as another?' said he to himself; 'and if I get the twenty thousand pound prize, or even one of the ten thousands, I shall be as great a man as my master?' It was a woeful moment for poor John, when this imagination fastened on his mind. Full of the notion of getting rich, John returned home, and appeared all that day unusually thoughtful. At night, as he was not used to conceal any thing from his wife, he told her his intention. 'Molly, (said he) we have just got our wages, and the drawing begins to-morrow; suppose *we try our fortune* in the Lottery. Not with my consent, she replied; I think we are rich enough as we are, and ought to be thankful to God that we want for nothing. John was obliged to acknowledge this; but observed that it would do them no *harm* to have something *more*. Indeed, but it might, (said Molly) for you know, John, God is the best judge of what is good for us, and it is his Providence that has placed us in our pre-

A 2

sent

sent situation. If he saw that more riches would do us good, I believe he would send them to us in an honest way: but I am sure you and I know some people, that are not at all the better for their riches, no nor the happier either.' 'But what harm (said he) can there be in *trying our fortune*?' 'I know there is harm, (replied his wife, who was well read in the Bible,) I know there is harm in covetousness; for the word of God says, *Be content with such things as you have; and he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent; and the love of money is the root of all evil.* For my part I am very well satisfied as I am, and when I think of the poverty and distress our blessed Saviour submitted to, I find great reason to praise him for the abundance we enjoy. Besides trying our fortune, as you call it, is no better than tempting God, who is the real giver of what men say fortune gives them. Our blessed Saviour refused, you know, when he fasted in the wilderness to act in an extraordinary manner, in order that God might give him riches and others things, for he said that would be tempting God: and what would going into the Lottery be but tempting God, for would it not be taking an extraordinary course in order to try whether God would make us rich? But, my dear, what has put this matter into your head?' John pulled the hand-bill out of his pocket, and explained to her, as well as he could, all the wonderful advantages which it promised. This did not satisfy his wife: and she wisely observed, that if there were so much to be got by these same tickets, it was strange that the people who sold them would not rather keep them for themselves. 'But do you not see there before your eyes (said John) the number

ber of prizes that were sold last year at the *Lion's Office*?' 'Well (replied his wife) I wish they had published the number of *blanks* that were sold too

'But ah! John, there are a great many lies in print: and to tell you the truth, I fancy it is all a gambling trick, and that the people who sell these tickets are little better than *knaves*, and the folks who buy them no better than *fools*. And you know, my dear, our little boy wants clothes, and this is the time that you generally take something to his old grand-father. Sure (said she, while a tear stole down her cheek) you will not forget our dear Johnny.' But all her arguments were in vain; and he concluded the conversation rather peevishly, with declaring. 'It is a folly to talk; I am resolved to try.' His wife wiped her eyes, and only said with a sigh, 'I am sorry for it.' He had never grieved her so much before.

That night John slept little; he was anxiously debating which of the various modes of adventuring was to be preferred, and laying a thousand plans as to what he would do upon getting his expected riches. Early next day he got from his wife some money which he had given her to keep; and making a false excuse of business for leaving home, he hurried to the Lottery Office. There, looking at various tickets, and shares, and policies that were shewn, out of several numbers that he was informed were peculiarly *lucky*, he selected one ticket. But as he was returning with it home, beginning to think that it was foolish to spend *all his luck* (as he called it) upon *one* number, he went back, and changed the ticket for six policies, which he got at a guinea a piece. 'Well (said he) as he put them in his

pocket, they can never be all drawn blanks.' Upon hearing that the ticket he had taken first was drawn the next day a prize of ten pounds, he thanked his *stars* that he had parted with it, as he should by no means be satisfied with gaining so little as two or three pounds by his venture.

John now became hourly anxious to know whether his numbers were drawn or not, and often neglected his business to enquire after them. He appeared thoughtful and gloomy in the house; and sometimes gave his master a very short answer, if he found fault with him. All in the family wondered at the entire change in his conduct:—his poor wife alone guessed at the cause. To her he now observed an entire silence upon the subject, as he had found her so decided against his venturing in the Lottery. But one day, when he had come home after hearing that two of his numbers were drawn blanks, and a third drawn a 10l. prize, (from which he of course got nothing,) she affectionately seized his hand, and with a flood of tears asked him why he had been for some days so peevish to her. 'My dearest husband, (said she) it was never so with you before since our marriage. If I have done any thing lately to offend you, I am ready to go on my knees to ask your pardon. Only do not break my heart by behaving as if you did not love me.'—'Pugh! Woman! (replied he sullenly)—don't make a fool of yourself.' 'Alas! (said she) is it folly to be grieved at seeing you unhappy, or at the fear of having displeas'd you? But, ah! I fear the Lottery is the cause. I thought no good would come of it.' Molly perceived that his mind was in a state of vexation; and therefore did not press the
subject

subject then. But in the evening she took an opportunity of tenderly entreating him to rest satisfied under any loss he had already suffered, without venturing farther; observing that he might thus learn a lesson which might be useful to him all his life; but that in the course in which he was he could not expect the blessing of God.—'And surely (added she) we shall be richer with that blessing and a few worldly comforts, than if we had all the world without it. Ah! John! there is indeed, as our Saviour says, but *one thing needful*. What matter whether we be rich or poor in this life, if we get to heaven at last? And truly God is so gracious a master, that his service brings peace and comfort with it even here: while on the contrary, those who set their hearts upon the world, do not even find in it *now* the enjoyment which they seek; not to say, *that if they gained the whole world, and lost their own souls, they would make a fool's bargain.*'

Though John seldom read his Bible; yet he knew enough of it to be satisfied, that what she said was all very true; and she spoke with so much gentleness and affection, that he could not take it amiss. He then promised her, that he would not throw away any more money in the Lottery. She thanked God for her husband's resolution, and prayed that he might have grace to keep it. But wishing to withdraw him from the scene of temptation, she proposed that he should ask leave of his master to visit their little child in the country. To this John consented, and easily obtained permission. It was with joy that Molly saw him set off next morning; but she little thought how soon her joy was to be succeeded by the bitterest sorrow. Her husband's heart

was still hankering after his three numbers that remained in the wheel; and as the drawing was pretty far advanced, he became every day more anxious and impatient. He therefore resolved, instead of leaving town that day, to spend it in the place where the drawing was going on. 'Who knows (said he to himself) but I may return to my wife this evening, with news that will make her own, that I did right in *trying my fortune*?' As he was on his way, he came to a famous office for insuring numbers. John had often heard of *insuring*, but did not well know what it meant. Having however become a gambler, he had an itch after *trying his fortune* in this way also. He therefore stepped into the office. 'I want (said he) to *insure*; but I don't know how to do it, nor indeed what it is.' 'Sir, (replied a well-drest man behind the counter) you are perfectly right. *Insuring*, Sir, is the only way to make money; and I will explain it all to you in a moment with the greatest pleasure.' John thanked his honour. 'Only give me (continued the other) the trifling premium of 6s. 10d. on any number you choose, and if it be drawn either blank or prize in the course of the day, you may call on me for Five Guineas, and they will be paid you down upon the nail: hard guineas, Sir, hard and heavy. There is no office in the city that pays *hits* with so much honour as this. I had demands on me yesterday to the *tune* of 300l. and all were answered as soon as called for.' 'Well, (said John, who had not the wit to ask himself how the gentleman came to be so finely drest while he was losing so much money,) 'Well, and if the number be not drawn to-day at all, will you give me *any thing*?'

'O!

'O! Sir (replied office-keeper) as to that, it is very unlikely. And really, it is not any interest I have in this, that makes me carry on the business; but a pleasure I have in offering better terms to my customers than any other office in London can boast of. And I would recommend it to you, as a friend, to insure at least ten or twelve numbers; that you may be *certain* of winning. Take my word for it that is playing a sure game. Five Guineas, Sir, for 6s. 10d. I think of that.' The cunning office-keeper was so friendly and so obliging, that he easily prevailed on John to insure his three remaining numbers, besides several others, for that day. The poor man now thought it was hardly possible but that he must put something in his pocket. 'Whether the numbers (thought he) be drawn blanks or prizes I get money: and if any of my three remaining policies turn up the 10,000l. prize, my fortune is made. It is yet in the wheel; and why may not I get it as well as another?' Full of this thought he hastened to watch the drawing; while the office-keeper, as he went out, put the money in his pocket and his tongue in his cheek, sneering at John's simplicity. John found at the place of drawing a number of drunken, ragged, blaspheming wretches. Their appearance and language at first shocked him; especially when he heard one and another cursing themselves for their folly in *trying their fortune*. But he now became all attention to the numbers that were declared as soon as drawn; and his heart beat, whenever any one near his own was mentioned. In a little time, wearied with expectation, he began to imitate the example of others around him

him in laying wagers whether the number next drawn would be a blank or prize: and a decent looking man, who sat near, soon engaged with him in the business. The stranger, who knew better than John how to reckon chances, let him win a few shillings at first; but soon stript him of every farthing in his pocket. He was ashamed to confess that he had no more money, and the spirit of Gaming having now completely seized him, he hurried back to his master's house; and when his wife with surprize asked the cause of his sudden appearance, he pretended that he recollected on his way to their little boy some article which he had forgotten to take with him, and returned for it. He had not been used to *lying*; but having now commenced Gamester, he was going on step by step in wickedness. His poor wife perceived confusion and distress in his countenance; but believing what he said, she made no farther enquiries, and only urged him to hasten his departure. She knew not that he took away with him a silver goblet and some spoons, which belonged to his master, and were under his care. These he immediately pawned, expecting that he should be able to release them before they would be missed. But sooner or later the devil always leaves his servants in the lurch: and so he now served John.

With the money thus wickedly obtained he returned to the place of drawing, and arrived just time enough to lose it all, except a few shillings, before that day's drawing ended. Stung with vexation he came out into the street, cursing himself, and cursing others; and hurried along with some of his new companions to a public house.

Public

Public houses in his better days he had not been accustomed to frequent. The liquor which he drank to *drown care* soon inflamed him to madness, and prepared him for every thing that was bad. At one moment he thought of putting an end to his own life, which had now become a burden. Alas! had he followed the advice of his wife, or taken the word of God for his direction, how different would his situation have been! He knew not now what to do. Return home he durst not; for he dreaded the thought of its being discovered that he had embezzled his master's property. And to continue adventuring in the Lottery he had not the means. His mind was torn by various passions; it was a kind of Hell. But he was not truly penitent for his offence; and did not pray to God for his gracious assistance: he therefore went on from bad to worse. His companions, more hardened in wickedness, laughed at his distress. He heard them with surprize boast of the various cheats by which they supported themselves in their villainy. But one of them took him aside into an inner room, and after they had called for more drink, told him plainly that he was a blockhead for being so much cast down by his losses; and that if he had only spirit enough, he might soon have as full a purse as ever. First swearing John to secrecy, he proposed that they should join together in a scheme which he had formed of committing a highway robbery that night. He mentioned a gentleman who was to return to town with a sum of money late in the evening by the Edgware road; and assured John of getting a rich and easy booty. 'I lived in this gentleman's family (said he) till a year ago; and a good service

it

it was, for I had high wages and little work. But truly because I got drunk now and then, he parted with me, and would not give me a character for sobriety, and I have been out of place ever since. But I am now my own master; get money in an easier way, and drink as much as I please. A short life and a merry one, say I.' John was at first startled by the proposal; but after a moment's pause, observed with an oath, that *he was in for it*, and would not *flinch*. He was soon furnished with pistols by his companion, whose name was Smith; but when John took them, he expressed a hope that there might be no blood shed.

They sallied forth together, and lay concealed in a field near the road. A few days before John would have started with horror at the thought of being engaged in such a business: but when a man once gives way to what is evil, it is impossible to say where he will stop. The expected gentleman soon arrived; when rushing out, one of them seized the reins of his horse, while the other held a pistol to his breast, and with horrid oaths demanded his money. The gentleman, a Mr. Stewart, immediately snapped a pistol, which missed fire; and both the robbers discharging theirs, shot him dead on the spot. They had hardly time to rifle his pockets, when the neighbourhood was alarmed by the report of the pistols, and they were obliged to fly with all speed: but being favoured by the darkness of the night, they got clear off from their pursuers. After hastily sharing the spoils, and again swearing each other to secrecy, (as if oaths could bind villains,) they separated for greater safety, and spent the remainder of the night at different houses
of

of ill-fame. But John's mind was now racked with remorse, and guilt was visible in his countenance. When day-light came, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; but in vain: the image of the person whom he had murdered haunted his imagination; and the torment of his conscience was almost more grievous than the punishment of the law which he dreaded. He had intended to employ his ill-gotten gain in *trying his fortune* farther in the Lottery, that cursed Lottery which had brought on all his misery; and had he done so, it is most probable that he would have been stripped as he was the day before. But all courage now failed him; and being afraid to appear in public, he slunk to his master's house at an early hour, and indulged the hope that as there was no witness of the horrid deed but himself and his companion, it would remain undiscovered for ever. He little remembered that God's eye saw it; and that his Providence seldom (if ever) suffers such wickedness to pass unpunished, even in this world.

His wife, though surprised at her husband's speedy arrival, welcomed him with affection; and tenderly enquired after the welfare of their little boy. 'Ask no questions, Woman!' was his only reply. She was struck dumb with astonishment: but when she perceived a pistol under his coat, she clasped her hands in an agony of horror; and not daring to ask a question, she sunk on the chair, and trembled like aspen leaf.

The robbery and murder now became the talk of the town; and John's master asked him whether he had heard any thing of the circumstances. He had only power to answer, 'No, Sir,' with a faltering

tering voice. But how did his heart sink within him, when he heard soon after that his companion (who had been a notorious offender) was taken up on suspicion of having committed the fact! yet he still thought there was no evidence that could prove the charge. Every rap at the door startled him. Every person that looked at him seemed to know his guilt. He sometimes thought of flying; but again determined to stand his ground, lest his absconding should occasion an immediate pursuit. Some days passed thus, and he began to flatter himself that all was safe. But as he lay one night sleepless and tossing, his afflicted wife weeping by his side and afraid to enquire into the cause of his situation, a noise was heard at the door; and on its opening, the officers of a justice entered to apprehend him. Smith had *turned king's evidence* to secure his own life: so little confidence can villains place in each other. John was now dragged pale and trembling to Newgate, while poor Molly clung to him shrieking, and fainted away as soon as they entered the prison. When she came to herself, she felt that her heart was broken. She never raised her head again. Yet she attended him closely for a while; but pined, and soon sunk beneath the weight of her affliction. With her dying breath she prayed, that her husband might be brought to repentance, and might yet obtain mercy at the hands of God. When brought to the bar, he cast a look of indignation and reproach at his accomplice, who now appeared as evidence against him; which the other returned with a malicious sneer. His guilt was clearly proved all: circumstances confirmed it. When the Judge was going to pass sentence, he
cried

cried out for a *long day*. Oh that a *long day* were granted to every man sentenced to suffer death; even to a murderer! But in the case of murderers the law determines otherwise, and it was not the business of the Judge to give his opinion of the law, but to pass its sentence. He addressed John as follows: "Unhappy man! you seem to have forgotten that in the murder of Mr. Stewart you allowed him no time. In a moment, and without provocation, you sent a worthy person who had never harmed you into Eternity. The laws of God and man demand your forfeited life. You must prepare for almost immediate execution. Your fate will, I trust, be an awful warning to many. You might have lived long, useful, and respected, had you been content with what you acquired by honest industry; had not the desire of hasty and unrighteous gain taken possession of your heart. I mourn over the existence of such a public nuisance as appears to have been the first occasion of your fall: and I cannot help declaring, that I have never sat upon this bench after the drawing of the Lottery, but I had reason to think it had proved the ruin of many of the unhappy culprits who appeared before me. I would earnestly exhort the crowds that hear me to abhor the thoughts of adventuring in it, and to fly from it as from a plague, which will destroy domestic happiness and inward peace, and bring upon them every kind of distress. Prisoner! I mourn that others should be involved in your calamity, who have not been partners in your guilt; that an amiable and virtuous woman (as I am informed) should have died broken-hearted on your account;
[here

[There the prisoner groaned]—and that your infant child must be left an orphan in the world, that will be too forward to reproach him with his father's crime. But your doom in *this* world is sealed. Your state in the *next* now calls loudly for all your attention, and I most earnestly exhort you to call upon Him for repentance and pardon, who came into the world to save even the chief of sinners. May you have grace therefore to employ the little time remaining for you in this world, in imploring His mercy! As to the wretch before me, who has been an accomplice with you in your crime, and upon whose evidence you have been convicted, he will not escape justice. I must remand him back to Newgate, that he may stand his trial upon the charge of two other robberies. It is a painful but necessary part of my office to which I now proceed. It is with a bleeding heart I pronounce your sentence, which is, that you be *hanged, drawn, and quartered* on Saturday next the 15th instant, and may the LORD have mercy on your soul!"

He was executed according to his sentence; and would to God that this history might prove a warning to all, against *trying their fortune* in the LOTTERY!

T H E E N D .

SP

PR 974

C44

1795

Suppl.