

The Lottery Office.

AMONG the passions that infest
 The region of the human breast,
 That which enjoys the longest reign,
 Is known to be the Love of Gain.
 —The Zest for pleasure oft decays
 E'er Man has witness'd half his days ;
 Ambition too as oft is fled,
 E'er the hair whitens on the head ;
 Nay, the inspiring meed of Fame,
 Is oft'times thought an empty name,
 E'er Health has ceas'd its crimson glow,
 Or Time with care has mark'd the brow.
 But Love of gain will ne'er depart,
 When once it seizes on the heart :
 But waits on Life, in ev'ry stage,
 From Youth e'en to the dregs of Age.





To trust to Fortune's smiles alone,
Is the High Road to be undone.

-All look with horr
That bears the nam
but yet it takes the
When it becomes the
to the high ranks of I
That hurry to their
That vain remorse,
The fruits of this pro
It is not in the Cl
The heedless Gameste
Even seen among
Of Laid Lads, an
How will tell that
Asqually from Litt
And Lotteries too oft
Ladies for Bay of Br
-Tis not for those w
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—All look with horror on the vice
That bears the name of Avarice ;
And yet it takes the worsers name
When it becomes the Love of GAME,
In the high ranks of Life what ruin,
What hurry to their own undoing,
What vain remorse, we daily see,
The fruits of this propensity.
But 'tis not in the Club alone
The heedless Gamester is undone.
'Tis even seen among the Classes
Of Liv'ried Lads, and Toilette Lasses.
TYBURN will tell that ruin flows
As rapidly from LITTLE GOES ;
And Lotteries too oft supply
Cargoes for *Bay of Botany*.
—'Tis not for those who deal in Rhyme,
Up to the Statesman's desk to climb,
Or else, 'twould be a willing task
Of some Financier just to ask—
Whether these Games, for Games they are,
Though fram'd by Legislative Care,

When by the moral vision view'd
Do not produce more harm than good ;
And, to the lower ranks supply
A tempting Lure to Villainy.

'Twas MARY's case :—POOR MARY came
To serve a fashionable Dame,
And never fail'd to do her duty
In waiting on the shrine of Beauty :
But, from some whimsy of her own,
E'er she had liv'd a year in Town,
MARY was prone to entertain
This idle Fancy in her brain ;—
That, e'er she had out-run Life's Heyday,
She should herself become a Lady.
For she had Beauty, as she knew,
And her red cheeks, and eyes so blue
Had given a colour to the Line
Of many a flatt'ring *Valentine*.
Besides, at any romping Ball
In Steward's Room, or Servant's Hall,

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MARY was thought to bear the Bell
In smiling sweet and dancing well.
A Gipsej, also, had foretold
Some glut of unexpected Gold ;
And, among other flatt'ring Lies,
Had hinted at some golden prize,
From Fortune in the Lotteries. }
In this fond Hope, her wages went,
And fruits of cast-off gowns were spent :
Nor was this all,—for many a Loan,
From the Blue Balls, was fled and gone :
But though no kind returns were made
In this unprofitable Trade ;
Hope yet remain'd.—One trial more
Might, all that she had lost restore :
While at each corner of the Street,
Her eyes some golden promise meet.
—Few thoughts, 'tis seen, alas, suffice
To urge the mind that's bent on vice.
And, to trip doubting Virtue's heels,
Old Harry no compunction feels:—

He thus suggested to poor MARY—
 “ You now your fav’rite point will carry,
 “ If you can get the *Number* bright
 “ Of which you dream’d the other night.”
 “ I know it well, as I’m alive,”
 Says she, “ ’twas *Number FIFTY FIVE.*”
 —Thus fill’d with Hope, she risk’d her
 fame,
 And the rich Gem—an honest name,
 By vent’ring on foul Fortune’s game.
 My Lady’s Key the means supplies
 That guards the splendid Draperies,
 Which waited in the scented press
 Till Fashion open’d their recess.
 These she thus ventur’d to purloin
 And soon produc’d the purchas’d coin.
 Now MARY thought this could not be,
 In fact, a real Robbery,
 As they were all to be restor’d
 The moment Fortune kept her word.
 Which seem’d to be, so well assur’d,
 When the bright *Number* was procur’d.

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 ...To lose a greater misery
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—Hope did alive her spirits keep,
Though Fear had sometimes murder'd sleep,
Till the day came that would reveal
The awful Mysteries of the Wheel.
She sought the Oracles who sate
T'unfold the Billets-doux of Fate,
And ask'd her Lot ; when DEATH appear'd
Behind the Desk, and strait uprear'd
His fleshless hand, in which was seen
A word of most terrific mien,
To which she trembling turn'd her head,
'Twas *Blank* the pale Advent'rer read.
“ Then I must go, for all is gone,
“ But where,—an outcast and undone.
“ To madness only can I fly
“ To lose a greater misery.”
“ —From the sharp pangs of this sad hour,
“ From Fortune's disappointing power,
“ Thou art reliev'd ;” the Spectre said.—
—Mary was numbered with the Dead.—