

The Lottery

Henry Fielding

Table of Contents

<u>The Lottery</u>	1
<u>Henry Fielding</u>	2
<u>PROLOGUE</u>	3
<u>SCENE I</u>	4
<u>SCENE II</u>	8

The Lottery

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- PROLOGUE.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.

The Lottery

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *CIBBER*, Jun.

As Tragedy prescribes to Passion Rules,
So Comedy delights to punish Fools;
And while at nobler Game she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the Vulgar as her Prize.
Some Follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just Glass, which shews you as you are.
But Farce still claims a magnifying Right,
To raise the Object larger to the Sight,
And shew her Insect Fools in stronger Light.
Implicit Faith is to her Poets due,
And all her laughing Legends still are true.
Thus when some Conjurer does Wives translate,
What dull, affected Critick damns the Cheat?
Or should we see Credulity profound,
Give to Ten Thousand Fools, Ten Thousand Pound;
Should we behold poor Wretches Horse away
The Labour of a Twelvemonth in a Day;
Nay, should our Poet, with his Muse agog,
Show you an Alley-Broker for a Rogue,
Tho' 'tis a most impossible Suggestion,
Faith! think it all but Farce, and grant the Question.
[Page]

SCENE LONDON.

The Lottery

SCENE I.

Mr. Stocks, alone.
AIR I.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO*.

A lottery is a Taxation,
Upon all the Fools in Creation;
And Heav'n be prais'd,
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in Fashion:
For, Folly's a Fund,
Will never lose Ground,
While Fools are so rife in the Nation.
[Knocking without.]

Enter 1 Buyer.

1 Buyer.
Is not this a House where People buy *Lottery-Tickets*?
Stocks.
Yes, Sir—I believe I can furnish you with as good *Tickets* as any one.
1 Buyer.
I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you, what *Number* a Man fixes on.
Stock.
Any of my *Numbers*.
1 Buyer.
Because I wou'd be glad to have it, Sir, the *Number* of my *own Years*, or my *Wife's*; or if I cou'd not have either of those, I wou'd be glad to have it the *Number* of my *Mother's*.
Stocks.
Ay, or suppose now, it was the *Number* of your *Grandmother's*?
1 Buyer.
No, no! She has no *Luck* in *Lotteries*: She had a whole *Ticket*, once, and got but fifty Pounds by it.
Stocks.
A very unfortunate Person, truly. Sir, my Clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the Office. Ha! ha, ha!—There's one 10000 *l.* got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich Men will one Month reduce to their former Poverty. [Knocking without.] Come in.

Enter 2 Buyer.

2 Buyer.
Does not your worship let *Horses*, Sir?
Stocks.
Ay, Friend.
2 Buyer.

SCENE I.

The Lottery

I have got a little Money by driving a Hackney–Coach, and I intend to ride it out in the Lottery.

Stocks.

You are in the right, it is the way to drive your own Coach.

2 Buyer.

I don't know, Sir, that—but I am willing to be in *Fortune* 's way, as the saying is.

Stocks.

You are a wise Man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one—'tis not above—no matter, how many to one, but that you are this Night worth 10000 *l*.

AIR II.

Free–Masons Tune.

Here are the best Horses,
That ever ran Courses,
Here is the best Pad for your Wife, Sir;
Who rides one a Day,
If Luck's in his way,
May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir. The Sportsman esteems
The Horse more than Gems,
That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;
But here is the Hack,
If you fit but his Back,
Will leap you into an Estate, Sir. *2 Buyer.*
How long a Man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a Minute at play!

AIR III.

Black Joke.

The Soldier, in a hard Campaign,
Gets less than the Gamester, by throwing a Main,
Or dealing to Bubbles, and all, all that:
The stoutest Sailor, every one knows,
Gets less than the Courtier, with cringing Bows,
And, Sir, I'm your Vassal, and all, all that:
And Town–bred Ladies too, they say,
Get less by Virtue, than by Play;
And dowdy Joan
Had ne'er been known,
Nor Coach had been her Ladyship's Lot,
But for the black Ace, and all, all that.

An belike you, Sir, I wou'd willingly ride upon the *Number* of my Coach.

Stocks.

Mr. *Trick*, let that Gentleman the *Number* of his Coach—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it, or no. —As the Gentleman is riding to a Castle in the Air, an airy Horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some Person of Quality, by the Impudence of the Footman.

Enter Lady.

SCENE I.

The Lottery

Lady.

Your Servant, Mr. *Stocks*.

Stocks.

I am your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.

Lady.

I am come to buy some *Tickets*, and hire some *Horses*, Mr. *Stocks*.—I intend to have twenty *Tickets*, and ten *Horses* every Day.

Stocks.

By which, if your Ladyship has any Luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40000 *l*.

Lady.

Please to look at those Jewels, Sir—they cost my Lord upwards of 6000 *l*.—I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

[Knocking without.

Stocks.

If your Ladyship pleases to walk up into the Dining–Room, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

Enter Porter.

Well, Friend, what's your Business?

Porter.

Here is a Letter for you, an't please you.

Stocks. *[Reading.]*

Brother *Stocks*,

Here is a young Lady come to lodge at my House from the Country, has desir'd me to find out some one who may instruct her bow to dispose of 10000 l. to the best Advantage.—I believe you will find her worth your Acquaintance; she seems a meer Novice, and I suppose has just receiv'd her Fortune, which is all that's Needful
From your affectionate Brother, Tim. *Stocks*.

Very well.—It requires no other Answer than that I will come. *[Knocking hard without.]* Heyday! more People of Quality—

[Opens the Door.

Enter Jack Stocks.

Ha!

J. Stocks.

Your Servant, Brother.

Stocks.

Your Servant, Brother.—Why, I have not seen you this Age.

J. Stocks.

I have been a Man of great Business lately.

Stocks.

I hope your Business has turn'd to a good Account. —I hope you have clear'd handsomely.

J. Stocks.

Ay, it has turn'd to a very good Account.—I have clear'd my Pockets, Faith!—

Stocks.

I am sorry for that—but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear Brother.—Here is a Lady of Quality stays for me; but as soon as this Hurry of Business is over, I shou'd be very glad to—drink a Dish with you at any Coffee–House you will appoint.

J. Stocks.

SCENE I.

The Lottery

Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so to cut the Affair as short as possible, I desire you wou'd lend me a brace of Hundreds.

Stocks.

Brother!

J. Stocks.

A brace of Hundreds! 200 *l.* in your own Language.

Stocks.

Dear *Jack*, you know I wou'd as soon lend you 200 *l.* as one, but I am at present so out of Cash, that—

J. Stocks.

Come, come, Brother, no Equivocation: 200 *l.* I must have, and will.

Stocks.

Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. Stocks.

Sdeath! you fat Rascal; what Title had you to come into the World before me?

Stocks.

You need not mention that, Brother; you know, my Riches, if I have any, are owing to my Industry; as your Poverty is to your Laziness, and Extravagance—and I have rais'd my self by the Multiplication-Table, as you have undone your self at the Hazard-Table.

J. Stocks.

That is as much as to say, I have undone my self like a Gentleman, and you have rais'd your self like a Pick-pocket. —Sirrah, you are a Scandal to the Family, you are the first Tradesman, that has been in it.

Stocks.

Ay, and the first that has been worth a Groat in it. And tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a Method to put you in a way to make you the Second. There, read that Letter. [*J. Stocks reads it to himself.*] Well, Sir, what say you to 10000 *l.* and a Wife?

J. Stocks.

Say! that I only want to know how to get them.

Stocks.

Nothing so easy.—As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a Lac'd Coat, and a Lord.—Now I will make over both those to you in an Instant.—My Lord *Lace* hath pawn'd his last Suit of Birth-Night Clothes to me; and as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em—The Clothes and the Title are both at your Service.—So, if your Lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just dispatch my Lady, and be with you.

J. Stocks.

If I can but nick this time, Ame's—Ace, I defy thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Lottery

SCENE II.

Enter Lovemore.

What a Chace has this Girl led me? However, I have track'd her all the way, till within a few Miles of this Town. —If I start her again, let her look to't.—I am mistaken, or she began to find her Passion growing too violent, before she attempted this Flight—and when once a Woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the Arrow still sticks in her Side.

AIR IV.

Chloe is false, but still she is charming.

Women in vain Love's powerful Torrent,
With unequal Strength oppose;
Reason, a while, may stem the strong Current;
Love still at last her Soul o'erflows.
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her Lover charms her,
Of Pride disarms her;
Down, down she goes.

Enter Whisk.

So, *Whisk*, have you heard any News?

Whisk.

News, Sir! ay, I have heard News, and such as will surprize you.

Love.

What! no Rival, I hope.

Whisk.

You will have Rivals enough now, I suppose.— Why, your Mistress is got into a fine Lodging in *Pall-Mall*— I found her out by meeting that Baggage her Maid, in the Street, who wou'd scarce speak to me. I follow'd her to the Door; where, in a very few Minutes, came out such a Procession of Milliners, Mantua-makers, Dancing-masters, Fiddlers, and the Devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a Parliament-Man's Country Lady, to pay her first Visit.

Love.

Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in Keeping already; some Bawd has made Prize of her as she alighted from the Stage-Coach.—While she has been flying from my Arms, she has fallen into the Colonel's.

AIR V.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO*.

How hapless is the Virgin's Fate,
Whom all Mankind's pursuing;
For while she flies this treach'rous Bait,
From that, she meets her Ruin.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

So the poor Hare, when out of breath,
From Hound to Man is prest,
Then she encounters certain Death,
And 'scapes the gentler Beast.
[Exeunt

Enter Chloe, and Jenny.

Chloe.

Oh *Jenny!* mention not the Country, I faint at the Sound of it—there is more Pleasure in the Rattling of one Hackney—Coach, than in all the Musick that Romances tell us, of singing Birds, and falling Waters.

AIR VI.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO.*

Farewel, ye Hills and Valleys;
Farewel ye verdant Shades;
I'll make more pleasant Sallies,
To Plays and Masquerades.
With Joy, for Town I barter
Those Banks where Flowers grow;
What are Roses to a Garter?
What Lilies to a Beau? *Jenny.*
Ay, Madam—wou'd the 10000 *l.* Prize were once come up.

Chloe.

Oh, *Jenny!* be under no Apprehension. It is not only from what the *Fortune-teller* told me, but I saw it in a Coffee-Dish, and I have dreamt of it every Night these three Weeks.—Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny.

Oh, Madam! there is nothing so easy in Nature, in this Town, as laying it out.

Chloe.

First of all, *Jenny,* I will buy one of the best Houses in Town, and furnish it.—Then I intend to set up my Coach and Six, and have six fine tall Footmen.—Then I will buy me as many Jewels as I can wear.—All sorts of fine Clothes I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately: And then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in Housekeeping, Cards, Plays, and Masquerades, and other Diversions.

Jenny.

It is possible you may.—She has laid out Twenty thousand of her Ten, already.

Chloe.

Well, I shall be a happy Creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

AIR VII.

In *Perseus* and *Andromeda.*

Oh what Pleasures will abound,
When I've got ten thousand Pound!
Oh how courted I shall be!
Oh what Lords will kneel to me!
Who'll dispute my,

SCENE II.

The Lottery

Wit and Beauty?
When my golden Charms are found:
O what Flattery,
In the Lottery,
When I've got ten thousand Pound!
An't I strangely alter'd in one Week, *Jenny*? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in *London*, already?
Eh! does not the nasty red Colour go down out of my Face? Han't I a good deal of pale Quality in me?
Jenny.
Oh, Madam! you come on gloriously.

Enter Servant.

Serv.
Madam! here's one Mr. *Spadille* at the Door.
Chloe.
Mr. *Spadille*! Who is that?
Jenny.
It is your Ladyship's *Quadrille* Master, Madam.
Chloe.
Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn any thing more this Morning.—I'll take two Lessons to-morrow tho'—for they tell me one is not qualify'd for any Company, till one can play at *Quadrille*.
Serv.
Mr. *Stocks* the Broker too, Madam, is below.
Chloe.
Oh! that's the Gentleman who is to dispose of my Ten thousand Pound for me—desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many Visitants. Is not this better than staying at home for whole Weeks, and seeing none but the Curate and his Wife, or the Squire.
Jenny.
It may be better for you, than seeing the Squire; for, if I mistake not, had you stay'd many Weeks longer, he had been a dangerous Visitant.
Chloe.
I am afraid so too—for I began to be in love with him, and when once a Woman's in love, *Jenny*—
Jenny.
Lud have Mercy upon her!

AIR VIII.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO*.
Chloe.
When Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies;
The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
In vain we keep out charming Sin;
For Love will find some weaker place
To let the dear Invader in.

Enter Stocks.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

Stocks.

I had the Honour of receiving your Commands, Madam.

Chloe.

Sir, your humble Servant.—Your Name is Mr. *Stocks*, I suppose.

Stocks.

So I am call'd in the Alley, Madam; a Name, tho' I say it, which wou'd be as well receiv'd at the bottom of a piece of Paper, as any He's in the Kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you wou'd be instructed how to dispose of 10000 *l*.

Chloe.

I wou'd so, Sir.

Stocks.

Why, Madam, you know at present, Publick Interest is very low, and private Securities very difficult to get— and I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest Men in the Kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of Money with Safety and Advantage, and that is—to put it into the Charitable Corporation.

Chloe.

The Charitable Corporation! pray, what is that?

Stocks.

That is, Madam, a Method invented, by some very wise Men, by which the Rich may be charitable to the Poor, and be Money in Pocket by it.

Enter Servant.

Serv.

Madam, here is one my Lord *Lace* desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe.

Oh Gemini! Who's that?

Stocks.

He is a Man of the first Quality, and one of the best Estates in the Kingdom: Why, he's as rich as a *Supercargo*.

Enter Jack Stocks, as Lord Lace.

J. Stocks.

Bid the Chair return again an Hour hence, and give Orders that the Chariot be not us'd this Evening.—Madam, I am your most obedient humble Servant.—Ha! Egad, Madam, I ask ten thousand Pardons, I expected to have met another Lady.

Stocks.

I suppose your Lordship means the Countess of—

J. Stocks.

Ay, the Countess of *Seven Dials*.

Stocks.

She left these Lodgings this Day—Sev'night, my Lord, which was the Day this Lady came into 'em.

J. Stocks.

I shall never forgive my self being guilty of so great an Error; and unless the Breath of my Submission can blow up the Redundancy of your Good—nature, till it raise the Wind of Compassion, I shall never be able to get into the Harbour of Quiet.

Stocks.

Well said, Faith—the Boy has got something by following Plays, I see.

The Lottery

[Aside.

Chloe.

Is this one of your proud Lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the Parson of our Parish.

J. Stocks.

Ha! and are you then resolv'd not to pardon me! Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my Pardon with your Tongue, when you have executed me with your Eyes.

AIR IX.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO.*

Chloe.

Alas! my Lord, you're too severe,
Upon so slight a thing;
And since I dare not speak for fear,
Oh give me leave to sing.
A Rural Maid you find in me,
That Fate I've oft deplor'd;
Yet think not I can angry be,
With such a noble Lord. *J. Stocks.*

Oh ravishing! exquisite! Exstasy! Joy! Transport! Misery! Flames! Ice! How shall I thank this Goodness that undoes me!

Chloe.

Undoes you, my Lord!

J. Stocks.

Oh Madam! there is a hidden Poison in those Eyes, for which Nature has no Antidote.

Jenny.

My Lord has the same Designs as the Squire, I fear, he makes Love too violent for it to be honourable.

[Aside.

Chloe.

Alas, my Lord! I am young and ignorant—tho' you shall find I have Sense enough to make a good Market.

[Aside.

J. Stocks.

Oh Madam! you wrong your own Charms.— Mr. *Stocks*, do you send this Lady the Diamond Ring you have of mine to set.—Shall I beg you wou'd honour it with wearing? It is a Trifle, not worth above 3000 *l.*—You shall have it again the Day after we are marry'd, upon Honour.

[Aside to Stocks.

Stocks.

It shall be sent to your Lordship's Order in three Days time—which will be after you are marry'd, if you are marry'd at all.

[Aside to him.

Chloe.

Indeed, my Lord, I know not what to say.

J. Stocks.

Nor I neither, Rat me! *[Aside.]* Say but you will be mine.

Chloe.

You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I can give my Consent at first Sight?

J. Stocks.

Oh! it is the Town way of Wooing; People never see one another above twice before Marriage—

Stocks.

Which may be the reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are marry'd.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

J. Stocks.

I wou'd not presume to ask such a thing, if I were not pressed by Necessity. For, if I am not marry'd in a Day or two, I shall be oblig'd to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

Chloe.

Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

AIR X.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO*.

I've often heard
Two things averr'd,
By me dear Grandmamma
To be as sure,
As light is pure,
As Knavery in Law.
The Man who'll prove
Once false to Love,
Will still make Truth his Scoff;
And Woman that
Has—you know what,
Will never leave it off. *Stocks.*

I see, Madam, this is a very improper time for Business, so I'll wait on your Ladyship in the Afternoon.

J. Stocks.

Let me beg leave, Madam, to give you a little Advice. I know something of this Town.—Have nothing to do with that Fellow, he is one of the greatest Rogues that ever was hang'd.

Chloe.

I thought, my Lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. Stocks.

Yes, Madam, yes,—the Fellow has some 40 or 50000 *l.* of mine in his Hands, which, if ever I get out, I give you my Honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his Face again. But as for your Money, don't trouble your self about it, leave the disposal of that to me—I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter Lovemore.

Lovem.

My *Chloe*! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe.

Sir, I know you not.

Lovem.

Not know me! And is this the Fellow for whom I am unknown? this Powder-Puff—Have you surrender'd to him in one Week, what I have been Ages in soliciting?

J. Stock.

Hark'e, Sir,—whoever you are, I wou'd not have you think, because I am a Beau, and a Lord, that I won't fight.

Lovem.

A Lord! Oh! there it is! the Charms are in the Title.—Yet what will the Title avail to a Mistress? She will have no Pretensions to it. A Lord's Mistress has no Title till he has marry'd her.

J. Stocks.

You will find, Sir, that a Lord's Wife has Honour, Sir, which it will be dangerous to take away.

Lovem.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

Ay, almost impossible! for why shou'd it not be as difficult to take away her Honour, as her Husband's, which is quite impossible.

AIR XI.

Dame of Honour.

Nice Honour, by a private Man,
With Zeal must be maintained;
For soon 'tis lost, and hardly can
Be evermore regained:
But once right Honourable grown,
He's then its rightful Owner;
For tho' he's the greatest Rogue in Town,
He still is a Man of Honour. *J. Stocks.*
Sir, it is this Lady that protects you—or—
Lovem.

What can you see in this walking Perfume-shop, that can charm you? Is this the Virtue, and the Virtue, that you have been thund'ring in my Ears? Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a Woman shou'd be proof against the Arts of Mankind, and fall a Sacrifice to a Monkey.

AIR XII.

Son Confus.

Some confounded Planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your Sense defiled,
To like that Rake,
And beguiled,
To mistake.
I shou'd wonder,
Cou'd you blunder,
Cou'd you blunder thus awake.
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my Service is grown hateful,

Willing, I the Place forsake,
And since you think fit,
Me for him to quit,
Ev'n brew, ev'n brew as you bake.

AIR XIII.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO.*

Chloe.
Dear Sir, be not in such a Passion,
There's never a Maid in the Nation,
Who' wou'd not forego
A dull Squire for a Beau;
Love is not your proper Vocation. *Lovem.*
Dear Madam, be not in such a Fury,

SCENE II.

The Lottery

For from St. James's to Drury.

No Window you'll find,

No Wife of your Mind. *Chloe.*

Ah hideous! I cannot endure you.

Ah! see him—how neat!

Ah! smell him—how sweet!

Ah! hear but his honey Words flow;

What Maid in her Senses,

But must fall into Trances,

At the Sight of so lovely a Beau! *J. Stocks.*

Ha, ha, ha! we are very much oblig'd to you, Madam.—Ha, ha!—Squire *Noodle*, faith you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous Figure, Ha, ha!

Chloe.

Not worth your Lordship's Notice.

Lovem.

I wou'd advise you, my Lord, as you love the Safety of that pretty Person of yours, not to let me find it at my Return; for if I come within the Smell of your Pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your Beauship—

J. Stocks.

Impudent Scoundrel!

Chloe.

I am frighten'd out of my Wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. Stocks.

Oh, Madam! leave me to deal with him; I'll let a little Light thro' his Body.

Chloe.

Ah! but my Lord! what will be the Consequence of that?

J. Stocks.

Nothing at all, Madam—I have kill'd half a Dozen such dirty Fellows, and no Notice taken of it.

Chloe.

For my sake, my Lord, have a care of your self.

AIR XIV.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO.*

Ah think, my Lord! how I shou'd grieve,

To see your Lordship bang'd;

But greater still my Fears, believe,

Lest I shou'd see you hang'd.

Ah! who cou'd see,

On Tyburn Tree,

You swinging in the Air;

A Halter round

Your white Neck bound,

Instead of Solitare. *J. Stocks.*

To prevent all Danger, then, let us be marry'd this Instant.

Chloe.

Oh fy! my Lord; the World will say I am a strange forward Creature.

J. Stocks.

The World, Madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you, if you were marry'd to a private Gentleman— but as you will be a Woman of Quality, they won't be surpriz'd at any thing you do.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

Chloe.

People of Quality have indeed Privileges, they say, beyond other People.

AIR XV.

Hunt the Squirrel.

Whom do not Debts intral?

People of Quality, People of Quality.

Who are proud of nothing at all?

People of Quality,

At Church, and Court,

Who dares to sport?

At Park, at Play, at Ball,

Who rattle, prattle, tattle all?

People of Quality.

[Exeunt

Jenny.

This is something like—there is some Mettle in these *London* Lords.—Our poor Country Squires will always put us to the Blush of consenting—these Sparks know a Woman's Mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great Comfort to a Woman, who has done what she shou'd not do, that she did it without her own Consent.

Enter Lovemore.

Lovem.

Ha! flown? Mrs. *Jenny*, where's your Mistress?

Jenny.

My Mistress, Sir, is with my Master.

Lovem.

Damnation! Where? Shew me this Instant and—

Jenny.

And what? It is surprizing to me how a Man of Mr. *Lovemore*'s Sense shou'd pursue a Woman who uses him so ill—when, to my certain Knowledge, there is a Woman in the World has a much juster Notion of his Merit.

Lovem.

Hark'e, Mrs. *Minx*, tell me where your Mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little Soul out.

Jenny.

Oh, Murder! Murder! help! Murder!

Enter Mrs. Stocks.

Mrs. Stocks.

Heyday! what's the matter? Who is this committing Murder in my House? Who are you, Sir? What Rascal, what Thief are you, Sir? Hey!

Lovem.

This must be the Bawd, by the Politeness of her Language. [*Aside.*]—Dear Madam, be not in such a Passion; I am no bilking younger Brother; and tho' I'm no Lord, you may find me a good Customer, and as good a Paymaster as any lac'd Fop in Christendom.

Mrs. Stocks.

Sir, I keep no Shop—nor want any of your Custom.—What has he done to you, Child?

SCENE II.

The Lottery

[To Jenny.

Jenny.

He has done nothing to me, indeed, Madam, only squeez'd me by the Arm, to tell him where my Mistress was.

Mrs. Stocks.

And what have you to do with her Mistress?

Love.

Why Faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her Mistress, without your good Offices.—Look'e, Mother, let me have the First of her, and here are 500 *l.* at your Service.

Mrs. Stocks.

What does the Saucebox mean?

Lovem.

Ha, ha, ha!

AIR XVI.

Set by Mr. SEEDO.

When the Candidate offers his Purse,

What Voter requires what he meant?

When a great Man attempts to disburse,

What little Man ask'd his Intent?

When the Lover has nam'd the Maid,

And thus has ask'd good Mother's Aid,

Who, but a Novice in the Trade,

Wou'd ever ask his Meaning? Mrs. Stocks.

Oh! I understand you too well.—Oh that ever I shou'd live to see this Day!—I that have escap'd the Name of a Whore in my Youth, to be call'd a Bawd in my old Age.—Sirrah, Sirrah, the Mother that bore you was not an honest Woman.

Enter Jack Stocks, and Chloe.

J. Stocks.

What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks?

Mrs. Stocks.

Oh, Madam! had you heard how I've been abus'd upon your Account—here's a filthy Fellow has offer'd me Money to—

Chloe.

What, dear Madam?

Mrs. Stocks.

To procure him your Ladyship—dear Madam.—

J. Stocks.

Sir, I desire you wou'd omit any farther Solicitations to this Lady, and on that Condition, I forgive the past. This Lady is now my Wife.

Lovem.

How! Is this true, Chloe?

Chloe.

Ev'n as you've heard, Sir.

J. Stocks.

Here's a Fellow won't take a Lord's Word for a Wife!

Lovem.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

Henceforth, I will never take a Woman's Word for any thing.

AIR XVII.

Set by Mr. *SEEDO*.

Heav'n fear'd, when first it Woman made,
Too perfect she had been,
Therefore took care
That those who were,
Without so fair,
Shou'd be within
Well cramm'd with ev'ry Sin.

Enter Servant, who gives a Letter to Chloe, during the Song. She faints.

Jenny.

Help! help! my Lady faints!

Lovem.

Ha!

J. Stocks.

What can this mean?—This Letter must unfold—

[Reads.

Madam,

No. 4960, *is a Blank*. Ha, ha, ha!—My dear Angel—and cou'd that give you any Pain?

Chloe.

Does it not you?

J. Stocks.

Not a Moment's, my Dear, indeed.

Chloe.

And can you bear the Disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. Stocks.

Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe.

Why, did not you marry me for my Fortune?

J. Stocks.

No, no, my Dear—I marry'd you for your Person; I was in love with that only, my Angel.

Chloe.

Then the Loss of my Fortune shall give me no longer Uneasiness.

J. Stocks.

Loss of your Fortune! Ha! How! What! What!

Chloe.

O my Dear! I had no Fortune, but what I promis'd my self from the Lottery.

J. Stocks.

Ha!

Chloe.

So the Devil take all Lotteries, Dreams, and Conjurers.

J. Stocks.

SCENE II.

The Lottery

The Devil take them, indeed—and am I marry'd to a Lottery–Ticket, to an imaginary Ten thousand Pound?
Death! Hell! and Furies!

Chloe.

Is this your Love for me, my Lord?

J. Stocks.

Love for you! Damn you, Fool, Idiot.—Blood! Blunders! Blanks! and Bubbles!

Jenny.

This it is to marry a Lord—he can't be civil to his Wife the first Day.

Enter Stocks.

Stocks.

Madam, the Subscriptions are ready—and if my Lord—

J. Stocks.

Brother, this is a Trick of yours to ruin me.

Stocks.

Heyday! What's the matter now?

J. Stocks.

Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Lovem.

The Ten thousand Pound is come up a Blank, that's all.

Stocks.

A Blank?

J. Stocks.

Ay, a Blank; do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, Madam, you are bit as well as I am, for I am no more a Lord, than you are a Fortune.—Here, Sir, take your Clothes again; I'll shew you I am no Lord, for I scorn to wear fine Clothes, without a Shilling in my Pocket.

Stocks.

And is this the 10000 *l.* I was to dispose of? I have been trying to bring that to nothing, which was Nothing before.

[Aside.

Chloe.

Now I'm undone, indeed.

AIR XVIII.

Si Caro.

Lovem.

Smile, smile, my Chloe, smile,

Repining banish,

Let Sorrow, let Sorrow vanish.

Grief does the fairest Complexion spoil.

Smile, smile, my Chloe, smile;

Lift up your charming,

Charming,

Charming,

Char—ming Eyes;

Charming,

Charming,

SCENE II.

The Lottery

As Phoebus' brightest Rays in Summer Skies.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing Fondness for your Wife, I'll take her off your Hands.—As you have miss'd a Fortune with her, what say you to a Fortune without her?—Resign over all Pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand Pound this Instant.

J. Stocks.

Ha! Pox; I suppose they are a thousand Pounds you are to get in the Lottery.

Lovem.

Sir, you shall receive 'em this Moment.

J. Stocks.

Shall I? Then, Sir, to shew you I'll be beforehand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole Thousand at the first Sitting!

Chloe.

And can you part with me so easily?

J. Stocks.

Part with you? If I was marry'd to the whole Sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the Money.

Lovem.

Come, my dear *Chloe*, had you been marry'd, as you imagin'd, you shou'd have lost nothing by the Change.

Chloe.

A Lord! Faugh! I begin to despise the Name now, as heartily as I lik'd it before.

Stocks.

Well, *Jack*, I hope you'll forgive me, for if I intended you any Harm, may *Tickets* fall, and all the *Horses* I have let To-day, be drawn Blanks To-morrow!

J. Stocks.

Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you cou'd have got a Shilling by being a Rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Lovem.

Come, my dear *Chloe*, don't let your Luck grieve you—you are not the only Person has been deceiv'd in a *Lottery*.

AIR XIX.

That the World is a Lottery, what Man can doubt?
When born, we're put in, when dead, we're drawn out;
And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool, and the Wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a Prize.

Sing Tantararara, Fools all, Fools all. Stocks.

The Court has it self a bad Lottery's Face,
Where ten draw a Blank, before one draws a Place;
For a Ticket in Law who wou'd give you Thanks?
For that Wheel contains scance any but Blanks.

Sing Tantararara, keep out, keep out. Lovem.

'Mongst Doctors and Lawyers some good ones are found;
But, alas! they are rare as the Ten thousand Pound.
How scarce is a Prize, if with Women you deal,
Take care how you marry—for Oh! in that Wheel.

(Sing Tantarara,) Blanks all, Blanks all. Stocks.

That the Stage is a Lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten Plays are damn'd, ere one can succeed;
The Blanks are so many, the Prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you.

(Sing Tantarara,) Clap all, Clap all.

SCENE II.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Miss *RAFTOR*.

LUD! I'm almost asham'd to shew my Face!
Was ever Woman like my Lady Lace?
Maids have been often Wives, and Widows soon,
But, I'm Maid, Wife, and Widow, all in one.
Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such Pranks?
Ten Thousand—and a Lord! and both prove Blanks!
A piteous Case! and what is still more madding,
To lose so fine a Lord before I had him.
Had all been well till Honey–Moon was over,
It had been then no Wonder to discover,
I a new Mistress, He a rival Lover.
To wake so soon from such delicious Dreams,
Such pure, polite, extravagant fine Schemes
Of Plays, and Operas, and Masquerades,
Of Equipage, Quadrille, and powder'd Blades,
And all blown up at once—Oh! horrid Sentence!
Forc'd to take up at last—with—faugh! an old Acquaintance.
But hold—when my Misfortunes I recal,
Agad! 'tis well I've any Man at all.
Yet, since discarded once at such short Warning,
This too may turn me off to–morrow Morning.
If that should happen, I were finely slur'd;
What should I then do? What! why get a third.
Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
To–morrow Night, Gallants, you'll find me here.

FINIS.