ABS.1 82.157(1-5)

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST.

A

DRAMATIC SATIRE,

As Acted every Day at

WHITE's

AND OTHER

Coffee-Houses and Assemblies.

——— Quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? Alea quando
Hos animos? neq; enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum Tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ.
Juv. Sat. 1.

LONDON:
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[Price One Shilling.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author begs Leave to acquaint the polite World, that on the Payment of ſo ſmall a Price as Five Pieces, he is ready to wait upon any Nobleman, Lady, Gentleman, or others, in order to give a more particular Explanation of the Characters diſplayed in the following Scenes.

The Author's Proteſt.

WHEREAS Authors are every Day invaded in their Properties, in ſo flagrant a Manner, as no other Nation can parallel, to the Scandal of all

Law, Moral and Civil; and to the no leſs Diſcouragement of all Literature: In order, therefore, to prevent ſo infamous a Practice as much as in me lies, I do hereby moſt loudly proteſt againſt the ſame; and accordingly, be it at the Peril of all Bookſellers, Publiſhers, Mercuries, Hedge-Printers, Hawkers, and others, to print or vend any pirated Copies, for that they will be proſecuted for the ſame with the utmoſt Rigour, I having duly entered this my Property at *Stationer's-Hall*, and am within an Am's-ace of being honoured with the Royal Licence.

And whereas, if any Nobleman, Gentleman, or other, ſhould hereafter think fit, for divers good and weighty Purpoſes, to cauſe a public Repreſentation of this little Piece on the Stage, I humbly hope I ſhall not be affected by this Publication, but be entitled to the uſual Right of Authors, as if there had been no ſuch Publication. And accordingly, I do hereby reſerve to myſelf the Profits ariſing from all Third-nights, as well as the Privilege of naming the Theatre where ſuch Performance ſhall be exhibited.

Three

Three Important Nota Bene's.

1ſt *N. B.*—A Set of curious Songs are ready to be clapt in (little inferior, if not equal to any in the *Beggar's Opera*) in caſe the ſaid Repreſentaticn takes place.

2d *N. B.*—The genuine Books publiſhed by the Author, will be all ſigned with his Name.

3d *N. B.*—The Author is preparing a Diſſertation *upon Signs* at *Whiſt*, in which will be contained all manual and ocular Intimations in the moſt elaborate Exactneſs, as well as the moſt ſecret, yet moſt ſignificant Manner of Conveyance; calculated for the Emolument of weak Players, and which will be explained for the further eaſy Price of Five Pieces.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

Supposed to be spoke by a Waiter at WHITE'S.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

AN Affair having happened to me, with which I think it my Duty to acquaint your Lordships, I entreat your Indulgence a Moment. A shabby Sort of a Person came to me yesterday, and put a Paper of Verses into my Hands, desiring I would get them by heart, and speak them when there was a full House, if so be my Memory would serve me, and I thought I could do it handsomely. As to that I told him, I had as good a Memory, and could repeat a Thing as well as my Neighbours, but that I durst not presume to do any such Thing, for that it was as much as my Place was worth; but the Gentleman continuing to press me, and I having, Thanks to a sober Education, a tolerable Share of Compassion in my Composition, I complied with his Request so far

far as the getting the Lines by heart, but muſt ſubmit it to your Lordſhips, whether you will be pleaſed to give what I have to ſay a Hearing or not?

Company. Hear him—hear him—

WAITER.

Such the vaſt Heap of Follies, which we find,
By various Authors, charged upon Mankind,
No Way ſeemed open ſtill to play the Fool;
No new Materials left for Ridicule;
But Folly's bleſt with ſuch Fertility,
Nature herſelf ſhall ſooner fail than ſhe.
Who will believe that Man could e'er exiſt,
Who ſpent near half an Age in ſtudying Whiſt?
Grew gray with Calculation—Labour hard!
As if Life's Buſineſs center'd in a Card?
That ſuch there is, let me to thoſe appeal,
Who with ſuch liberal Hands reward his Zeal.
Lo! Whiſt *he makes a Science, and our Peers*
Deign to turn School Boys *in their riper Years;*
Kings *too and* Vice-roys, *proud to play the Game,*
Devour his learned Page in Queſt of Fame,
While lordly Sharpers dupe away at White's,
And ſcarce leave one poor Cull for common Bites.
With ſuch as theſe, the comick Scene we fill;
For ſuch the Muſe employs her keeneſt Skill.
If any Mirth, if any Wit from hence,
Or any Good—ſhe has her Recompence.

THE

The DRAMA.

MEN.

Lord *Stakeland.*
Lord *Rally.*
Sir John Medium.

Sir Calculation Puzzle, { *A passionate Admirer of* Whist, *who imagines himself a good Player, yet always loses.*

Lord *Bubbleboy*, Capt. Rookwood, } *Sharpers of Fashion.*

Lurchum, Shuffle, } *Common Sharpers under the Appearancce of Gentlemen.*

Lord *Slim*, Young *Jobber*, } *Pupils to the* Professor.

Young *Stakeland*, { *Son to Lord* Stakeland, *obliged to leave his Country through Gaming.*

Alderman *Jobber.*
Professor *Whiston.*
Cocao, *after of the* Chocolate-House.
Author, Bookseller.
Several Lords, Gentlemen, and Servants.

WOMEN.

Lady *Stakeland.*
Lady *Deuce.*

Arabella, { *Sister to Sir* Calculation, *and Pupil to the* Professor.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE HUMOURS OF *WHIST.*

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Lurchum, *followed by* Shuffle.

SHUFFLE.

OLD, *Lurchum*—I have followed thee a good while, and if one may guefs at thy Thoughts by the convulfive Emotions of thy Head and Shoulders, thou fhould'ft be difturbed at fomething.

Lurch. Thou art a keen Difcerner, *Shuffle*, to read a Man behind. I am thoughtful.

Shuf. What thoughtful, and ſo fine a Morning! For ſhame, for ſhame!—Look up—look—round, look every where, and own it a Sin both againſt the Sun, and thoſe brighter Luminaries of the Mall to be thoughtful.

Lurch. Let me ask thee—Will Beauty, or a ſerene Sky, diſpel the gloomy Proſpect of Contempt and Beggary?

Shuf. Ha, ha, ha! Commend me to the Man that won his Thouſand laſt Night, yet talks of Starving.

Lurch. Which in all Appearance will be the laſt I ever ſhall win; and I'm of that Author's Opinion, who ſays, that the greateſt Curſe of Misfortune is the Remembrance of former good Fortune.

Shuf. Rank Spleen, by *Mercury!*

Lurch. Faith! all Things conſidered, I think you have as much Reaſon to be ſo as myſelf.

Shuf. Prithee explain,—What does all this tend to?

Lurch. Thou knoweſt we have the Honour to be admitted into the beſt Company, which neither our Birth or Fortunes entitle us to, merely for our Reputation as good *Whiſt*-Players.—

Shuf. Very well!

Lurch. But if this damn'd Book of the Profeſſor's anſwers, as he pretends, to put Players more upon a Par, what will avail our ſuperior Skill in the Game? We are undone to all Intents and Purpoſes—The *Spaniſh* War is not more neglected than we ſhall be—We muſt bid adieu to *White*'s, *George*'s, *Brown*'s, and all the polite Aſſemblies about Town, and that's enough to make a Man mad inſtead of thoughtful.

Shuf.

Shuf. Damn him, I ſay,– Could he find no other Employment for forty Years together, than to ſtudy how to circumvent younger Brothers, and ſuch as us, who live by our Wits? A Man that diſcovers the Secrets of any Profeſſion deſerves to be ſacrificed, and I would be the firſt, *Lurchum*, to cut the Profeſſor's Throat for what he has done, but that I think I have pretty well defeated the malevolent Effect of his fine-ſpun Calculations.

Lurch. As how, dear *Shuffle*? Thou reviveſt me.

Shuf. I muſt confeſs the Publication of his Treatiſe gave me at firſt ſome ſlight Alarm; but I did not, like thee, *Lurchum*, indulge in melancholy deſponding Thoughts: On the contrary, I called up my Indignation to my Aſſiſtance, and have ever ſince been working upon a private Treatiſe on *Signs* at *Whiſt*, by way of counter Treatiſe to his, and which, if I miſtake not, totally overthrows his Syſtem.

Lurch. Entirely!—Thou haſt a lucky Invention.

Shuf. Here—take it, and give it a Look over. We ſhall have Occaſion for all the Aids of Art to-day at *White*'s—Deep Matches are talked of—Some Fortunes will ſqueak for it—I warrant.—Hah! yonder goes young *Stakeland* with his Executioner, Sir *John Tricklad*.

Shuf. And here comes that egregious Coxcomb, Sir *Calculation Puzzle*, who with ſcarce one tolerable Idea of the Game, fancies he plays it well; and the beſt on't is, let him loſe ever ſo much, while you charge it to his bad Luck, and not to his bad Play, he's the moſt reconciled

Creature to his Loſſes imaginable.—Hah !—yonder's his Grace too, and Lord *Tallman*; let's after them.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John Medium, *and Sir* Calculation.

Sir *John*. I'm ſurprized, Sir *Calculation*, that your repeated ill Succeſs at Play ſhould not give you an utter Diſtaſte, and make you forſwear ever touching a Card more.

Sir *Cal*. I have loſt ſome Thouſands in my Life, that's certain—but who can help ill Luck, Sir *John ?*—I'm allowed to play the Game for all that.

Sir *John*. By thoſe you loſe your Money with, I ſuppoſe, who behind your Back only make a Jeſt of you for't.—I ſhould hate, methinks, to pay for being laugh'd at.

Sir *Cal*. Laugh'd at! ha, ha, ha! All Imagination, my Dear; by whom ?—by whom ?

Sir *John*. Why, there's Lord *Bubbleboy*, and Capt. *Rookwood*.

Sir *Cal*. Oh, they! ay, they indeed might very well laugh; I was a mere Novice at the Game when I loſt with them.

Sir *John*. Do you think too, your loſing a Thouſand to that infamous Sharper, *Gorgeit*, afforded no Raillery in Town ?

Sir *Cal*. Phoo, Pox! Let us diſtinguiſh a little—That was from the Oddity of the Circumſtance, and not from the Badneſs of my Play—That certainly was the moſt out-of-the-way Bite ever was heard of.—Upon the Pinch of the Game, when he muſt infallibly have loſt it, the Dog eat the

the loſing Card, by which means we dealt again, and faith he won the Game.

Sir *John*. 'Twas by ſome ſuch laudable Practices, I ſuppoſe, that you ſuffered in your laſt Affair with *Lurchum*.

Sir *Cal*. O Gad, No, Sir *John*—Never any thing was fairer, nor was ever any thing ſo critical.—We were nine all. The adverſe Party had 3, and we 4 Tricks. All the Trumps were out. I had Queen and two ſmall Clubs, with the Lead. Let me ſee—It was about 222 and 3 Halves to---'gad, I forgot how many---that my Partner had the Ace and King—let me recollect---ay---that he had one only was about 31 to 26.—That he had not both of them 17 to 2,—and that he had not one, or both, or neither, ſome 25 to 32.—So I, according to the Judgment of the Game, led a Club, my Partner takes it with the King. Then it was exactly 481 for *us* to 222 againſt *them*. He returns the ſame Suit; I win it with my Queen, and return it again; but the Devil take that *Lurchum*, by paſſing his Ace twice, he took the Trick, and having 2 more Clubs and a 13th Card, I-gad, all was over.—But they both allow'd I play'd admirably well for all that.

Sir *John*. So it may be ſaid of young *Stakeland*, poſſibly, who is in a fair way nevertheleſs of loſing all in his Power to loſe.

Sir *Cal*. As to young *Stakeland*, we all know he is very far from underſtanding the Game. I've often told him ſo, and advis'd him to leave off while he was well. But he will play and loſe becauſe he ſees his Grace, and other People do ſo,

Sir

Sir *John*. He's not the laſt I dare ſay that will ſuffer, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion. And here comes one that will make my Words good, or I miſtake.——My Lord *Slim* your moſt obedient.

Enter Lord Slim.

Ld. *Slim*. Sir *John Medium*,—Sir *Calculation*—Wiſh me Joy, my dear Friends,—I'm * enter'd i'faith—Not one black Ball, by *Jupiter*.

Sir *John*. I ſhare in any thing gives your Lordſhip Pleaſure.

Sir *Cal*. And I heartily.—I rejoice to ſee your Lordſhip a Member of a Club, which, without Exception, is the moſt elegant one in *Europe*—I muſt add too, I think no one has a more juſt Pretenſion ;—The Progreſs your Lordſhip has made for the time you have ſtudy'd under the Profeſſor is wonderful.—Pray, has your Lordſhip ſeen the dear Man to day ?

Ld. *Slim*. O yes.—His Grace ſate him down at

* In the Club at *White*'s, being a ſelect Company above Stairs, where no Perſon, of what Rank ſoever, is admitted, without being firſt propoſed by one of the Club a Week before. It conſiſts of upwards of a hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen, and when any Perſon is propoſed as a Member, there muſt be at leaſt twelve of the Club. The Method of Admiſſion is by Ballot. The Week's Time being expired after the Nomination of the Perſon, the Company preſent proceed to the Ballot in the following Manner: A proper Number of black and white Balls being prepared, and one of each given to every Member then preſent, they put a black or white one into a Bag, according as he approves or diſapproves the Candidate. In caſe of Approbation, the Balls are all found to be white; but if there is one black, the Perſon is not admitted, and no farther Queſtion is aſked, or any Reaſon aſſigned.

at my Houſe, and I have juſt lent him my Chariot into the City.---How do you like the laſt Edition of his Treatiſe with the Appendix, Sir *Calculation?* I mean that ſign'd with his Name.

Sir *Cal.* O Gad, my Lord, there never was ſo excellent a Book printed.--- I'm quite in Raptures with it.---I will eat with it---ſleep with it---go to Court with it---go to Parliament with it---go to Church with it.---I pronounce it the Goſpel of Whiſt-Players; and the Laws of the Game ought to be wrote in golden Letters, and hung up in Coffee-houſes, as much as the Ten Commandments in Pariſh Churches.

Sir *John.* Ha! ha! ha! You ſpeak of the Book with the Zeal of a primitive Father.

Sir *Cal.* Not half enough, Sir *John*---the Calculations are ſo exact!

Sir *John.* As exact, perhaps, as our Warriors at *Carthagena*, who computed Twenty Thouſand when One did the Buſineſs.

Sir *Cal.* O pox, No---the Profeſſor is no ſuch Blunderer---his Obſervations are quite maſterly! his Rules ſo comprehenſive! his Cautions ſo judicious! There are ſuch Variety of Caſes in his Treatiſe, and the Principles are ſo new, I want Words to expreſs the Author, and can look on him in no other Light than as a ſecond *Newton.*

Sir *John.* Who, poſſibly, may ſtand in as much need of being explained.

Lord *Slim.* I find you han't read it, Sir *John?*

Sir *John.* Nor do I intend to do it, my Lord.

Ld. *Slim.* What not ſuch a Maſter-piece of Science! How I pity thee!

Sir

Sir *Cal.* Ay, dear Lord *Slim*, let us roaſt him a little.

Ld. *Slim.* A Book ſo univerſally admir'd!

Sir *Cal.* And that ought to be taught in all Schools, eſpecially of the Mathematics.

Ld. *Slim.* Poſitive. I have join'd twelve Companies in the *Mall*, and eleven of them were talking of it.—It's the Subject of all Converſations, and has had the Honour to be introduc'd into the Cabinet. Why, thou'lt be laugh'd at intolerably unleſs you can tell how many Hundred and odd it is for, or againſt One, that your Partner has, or has not ſuch a Card, or ſuch a Card.

Sir *Cal.* Right, my Lord; a Man wou'd now make as odd a Figure without underſtanding *Whiſt*, as he wou'd in not knowing how to make a Bow.

Sir *John.* That may be.

Ld. *Slim.* Where lies your Objection, Sir *John?* The Book is abſolutely uſeful, and purely calculated for preventing the leſs knowing in the Game, from being impoſed upon by thoſe of ſuperior Skill.

Sir *John.* I rather think it will make the Generality of them worſe Players. It may confirm the Adept, but will only confound the Unskilful. And with reſpect to its Utility, where one will uſe it to prevent his being impos'd upon himſelf, I dare ſay a Hundred will ſtudy it in order to impoſe upon others. I muſt therefore abide by my Opinion, that I can ſee no Good this Treatiſe can be productive of, any other, than that as ſome People will only die by the Rules of Art, ſo our fine Gentlemen and Ladies have an Opportunity

given

given them of ruining one another by the Rules of *Whist*.

Sir *Cal.* Prithee don't grow grave. Upon my Soul, my Sister will never like thee, if thou talk'st at this Rate. She's a great Proficient herself, and studies under the Professor. Capt. *Rookwood* will certainly rival thee, if thou dost not take care. I tell thee this as a Friend. Come, away with this unfashionable Aversion to all Play.

Sir *John.* You mistake me, Sir *Calculation.* I like Play, but am an Enemy to Gaming I make it my Diversion, as a Relaxation, but not as a Trade to impose upon, or create a general Spirit of Avarice in Mankind. Consider'd as an Amusement, it is innocent and agreeable; but when it becomes a Science, it sinks into the worst and most scandalous of Professions, and puts the Man of Quality upon a Level with common Gamblers. The Spirit of Gaming, like that of Drinking, is growing into an Excess, that I wish may not one Day prove of very dangerous Consequence to this Nation. I have made it an Observation, that in those Countries where the Spirit of Gaming prevails most, there is the least of public Liberty; and the Reason is obvious: They are indulg'd the greater Latitude in the former, as a sort of Equivalent for the Loss of the latter.

Sir *Cal.* Egad, you remind me, Sir *John*, of an Observation I have made too, which is, that as long as *Quadrille* and *Ombre* were the Games in Vogue, we certainly were under *French* Influence. Whereas now *Whist* is come in Fashion,

you ſee our Politics are improv'd upon us. We have thrown off all mean Dependance; and poſitive, I think the Spirit of the new Miniſtry may be fairly aſcribed to this turn of Taſte in Favour of *Whiſt*.

Sir *John*. Ha! ha! ha! a very nouvelle Diſcovery!

Ld. *Slim*. But, Sir *Calculation*, we forget ourſelves. Is Sir *John* for *White*'s?

Sir *Cal*. No. I ſuppoſe he'll join my Siſter yonder —

Ld. *Slim*. Allons! Sir *John* your's.

[*Exit* with Sir *Cal*.

Sir *John*. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient— Ay—here's *Arabella* with Lady *Deuce*. Capt. *Rookwood* with them too! Damn that Fellow. I'll not join them. [*Exit*.

Enter Lady Deuce, Arabella, *and Captain* Rookwood.

Capt. *Rook*. I'm miſtaken if you are not mine to-night, Mrs. *Arabella*. And 'twill be a Maſter-ſtroke to make an old Miſtreſs ſubſervient in getting a new one. [*Aſide*.] Dear Lady *Deuce*, prevail on *Arabella* to give us her Company to-night.— A fine Opportunity for your Ladyſhip to repair the ill Run of laſt Night. [*Aſide to Lady* Deuce.]

Lady *Deuce*. *Arabella*, you ſhall go.

Ara. Dear Creature, don't tempt me. I've been ſo unlucky of late, that, as much as I admire play, I'm half determin'd never to touch a Card again.

Lady

Lady *Deuce.* Ridiculous! han't you ſeen that I have been broke twenty times, and retrieved all again by one good Hand or two. Come, come, you muſt go. I have promiſed Lady *Tenace* to bring you. There will be a deal of charming Company.

Ara. Her Ladyſhip has certainly the politeſt Aſſembly in Town, and I never ſaw any thing that might call a Woman's Conduct in queſtion to be Witneſs of; yet I can tell you every Body does not judge ſo favourably.

Lady *Deuce.* What, Sir *John Medium*, I ſuppoſe?

Capt. *Rook.* He, I dare ſay, my Lady.

Lady *Deuce.* Well, *Arabella*, I'll ſay nothing; but if ever you marry that Man, you'll be miſerable.

Ara. Your Reaſon? Not that I intend any ſuch thing, but ſhou'd like to know what Objections you have to him.

Lady *Deuce.* Nay, he's a very pretty Fellow, and has a good Eſtate; but he has the Gravity of 50 at 25, and you may judge what he'll be when he comes to be 50 indeed. In ſhort, he thinks too much; and a Man who preſcribes Rules to himſelf, will certainly lay his Wife under the ſame. I hate dull Moderation.

Capt. *Rook.* Very true; what is any Pleaſure when one is under certain Reſtrictions not to exceed ſuch or ſuch Bounds in it! But this is nothing to the Aſſembly, my Lady.

Lady *Deuce.* I proteſt, *Arabella*, if you don't go, I'll tell all the World you ſtay away to oblige Sir *John*.

Ara. You are resolved to take no Denial, I find.

Lady *Deuce.* You'll be there, then?

Ara. Since you'll have it so. Are you for the other Turn?

Lady *Deuce.* With all my Heart, my Dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Alderman* Jobber's *Houſe.*

Enter Alderman.

Ald. Since this new Treatiſe on *Whiſt* has been made public, there's no Buſineſs follow'd with half ſo much Application. It is become the Oracle of our Coffee-houſes, and is taught or ſtudy'd in all our Families. But I'll break the Neck on't in mine, I'm reſolv'd. Here —— Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Ald. Whenever that Profeſſor, as they call him, comes here again, let me know.

Serv. He's here now, pleaſe your Worſhip.

Ald. Is he ſo? then I'll tell him a piece of my Mind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Professor *and* Young Jobber.

Y. Job. Dear, Mr. *Professor*, I can never repay you.—You have given me such an Insight by this Visit, I am quite another Thing—I find I knew nothing of the Game before; tho' I can assure you, I have been reckoned a First-rate Player in the City a good while—nay, for that Matter, I make no bad Figure at the *Crown*—and don't despair, by your Assistance, but to make one at *White*'s soon.

Prof. You may depend upon all in my Power, Sir.

Y. Job. Yes—I must own I am vastly ambitious of making one at *White*'s Do you think I ever shall, Mr. *Professor?*

Prof. I pronounce you already sufficient, Sir.

Y. Job. How you transport me!

Prof. Of all my Pupils, I don't know any more promising than yourself and Lord *Slim*.

Y. Job. Lord *Slim!* Does his Lordship take a Lesson?

Prof. O yes, Sir,—And Lord *Tallman* too.

Y. Job. Lord *Tallman* too?

Prof.

Prof. Yes——for tho' he does not play the Game ill enough to loſe, he is not Maſter of playing it well enough to win—Every one, you know, Sir, likes to win.—

Y. Job. Very true, Sir.

Prof. Whereas his Grace——

Y. Job. His Grace? ha, ha, ha! Is his Grace one of us too?

Prof. Yes, Sir——He does me the Honour to receive my Inſtructions, but from a different Principle again——He has been bubbled out of large Sums by playing the Game ill, and is now in Hopes to win them back by playing it better——and I don't doubt very ſoon of being able to gratify his Grace's Ambition to vye with ſome of our Firſt-rate Players, and by that means put his Grace in a Condition to lick himſelf whole again.

Y. Job. What a public-ſpirited Man you are! the Nation has Reaſon to bleſs you---you'll be the ſaving and getting of many a fair Fortune---Pox--here's my Father now to interrupt us---I'm terrified to Death---he'll certainly ſay ſome ſhocking Thing or other---'Tis a ſtrange Thing a young Fellow can't have a polite Taſte, but theſe old Fathers will take an ill-natur'd Pleaſure in thwarting it.

Enter Alderman.

Ald. I have heard, Sir, of the Pains you have been taking to inſtruct my Son in the noble Myſtery of Gaming; but as it is a Science not quite ſo reputable for a Citizen, being deſtructive to the meaneſt, and may be ſo to the greateſt,

greateſt, I muſt beg you to deſiſt your Viſits for the future.

Prof. O Sir—there was no Neceſſity for this Abruptneſs—I ſhall certainly obey you—I don't want half a Word—For know, Sir, it is a Favour that I attend your Son.

Y. Job. O yes, Sir, ——— a prodigious Favour.

Ald. Favour, Blockhead!

Prof. Yes, Sir, a Favour —— for at this Inſtant a Dozen Dukes, and as many Earls, Lords and Ladies, are waiting for me————Nay, Sir, between you and me, they are all under Tutillage at St. *James*'s.

Ald. Do you look upon that to be a good or a bad Omen, Sir?

Prof. People calculate differently, Sir: Some one Way, ſome another. I ſhall be able to give you my Solution to-morrow: In the mean time, let me undeceive you, Sir. Indeed you are under very wrong Notions concerning *Whiſt*. It is one of the nobleſt and moſt uſeful Games in the Univerſe, Sir: All good Citizens ought to ſtudy it. Partnerſhip in *Whiſt* is an Emblem of Partnerſhip in Trade: It ſhews how much depends upon good Partnerſhip, and I will venture to ſay, that a good *Whiſt* Player will make both a good Partner and a good Merchant. In ſhort, Sir, I hope to ſee the Time when *Whiſt* ſhall become our moſt darling Purſuit, and have the Pleaſure to ſee the Nation playing one univerſal Game, *Sundays* not excepted.

Ald. Your talking after this Manner, Sir, does not give me the better Idea of the Game; and, for

for ought I know, this Treatise of your's may be a Plot against our Liberties, Sir.

Prof. Ha, ha, ha! a Plot against our Liberties!

Ald. Yes, Sir,—Every Thing that tends to the weakening our Morals, is a Weakener of Liberty, and so far may be said to be a Plot against it. Thus, by your inculcating the Doctrine of *Whist* in a Scientifical Manner, it will become constitutional in our Youth, and by becoming constitutional, eradicate usefuller Studies; and by eradicating usefuller Studies, vitiate our Morals; and by vitiating our Morals, open a Door to the Destruction of our Liberties, as I said before: And therefore, Sir, as you have manag'd it, I look upon *Whist* as a very vile Game.

Prof. Vile Game, Sir?

Ald. Yes, Sir, Vile Game.

Prof. Pray, Sir, what is all the World but a Game if you go to that? Religion, Government, Law, Physic, are all a Sort of Games, and the principal End, like Commerce, is to get Money. They have all their Chances too, like the Game of War; and like Commerce again, they have all their several Tricks too.—Ha, ha, ha!

Ald. How, Sir! Do you abuse Trade to my Face? I desire you, Sir, to be gone while you are well.

Y. Job. Pray don't mind the old Gentleman, Mr. *Professor*; he's *non compos.* Please to accept of these five Pieces. My Compli-

ments to the Gentlemen at *White*'s—I'll be with them by and by.

[*Aside to* Professor.

Prof. Your most obedient, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Ald. Come, Sir, get you into the Compting House; it shall not be said that any of my Family encourages his pernicious Book.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* White's *Chocolate-House.*

Discovers Lord Rally, *Capt.* Rookwood, *and Others.*

Ld. *Ral.* A whimsical Advertisement here, Captain *Rookwood.*

Capt. *Rook.* What is it, Lord *Rally?*

Ld. *Ral.* I'll read it you.

Capt. *Rook.* Your Lordship does me Honour.

Ld. *Ral.* (reads.) *I* Jean Sabbot, Marmotte-*Catcher to his* Sardinian *Majesty, having at a great Expence and Labour, composed a most curious Raree-shew, called,* The Raree-shew of *England, consisting of entire new Scenes, never before exhibited by any of my Country-men, representing among others, the Genius of* England *dressed like the* Knave *of* Diamonds, *playing at Cards with several noble and common Sharpers, discovering a* Spaniard *at his Elbow laughing at them——The King and Vice-Roy of* Sicily *taking a Lesson at* Whist, *with the Knighthood of the* Professor, *and a great Lord with the Gout in his Hands, swathed in Flannel, giving Directions to another, who holds the Cards for him, with several Spectators in different Attitudes.*

tudes. This is to acquaint the Curious, that I intend to exhibit the ſame to View in a few Days, and humbly hope for the Encouragment of the Public as uſual.

God ſave the King.

Capt. *Rook.* Ha, ha, ha! I fancy your Lordſhip had a Hand in drawing up this.

Ld. *Ral.* No,—on my Honour.

1ſt. *Gent.* I wonder if his Grace has ſeen it.

2d. *Gent.* His Grace ſhould ſee it by all means. Let's ſhew it him. He's at play within.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Enter Lord Bubble-boy.

Capt. *Rook.* My Lord *Bubbleboy*, your moſt obedient.

Ld. *Bubble.* Dear Captain, yours; we meet moſt opportunely. Are you in a Humour to put ſome Thouſands in your Pocket to day? Young *Jobber* is to be here. The Bank's upon him. The Profeſſor has juſt given us the Hint.

Capt. *Rook.* I'm obliged to him; but faith I grow ſick of the Lay. I am engroſſed by more agreeable Purſuits at preſent.

Ld. *Bubble.* That is, you are grown as keen after a fair young *Whiſt*-Player, as you us'd to be after a young Heir, or as I may continue to be after a raw Booby in the Game.

Capt.

Capt. *Rook*. Even ſo, my Lord. There's nothing like playing, when a fine Woman's at Stake. To ſee the green Purſe exhauſted, and the glittering Ornamentals all gone, or mortgag'd; to ſee her Palpitations, the Perplexities, and little Diſtreſſes ſhe is under, gives infinite Satisfaction; but to lend her a Sum, and then win it back again; lend her again, and win it again; and afterwards forgive her the whole, on certain good-natur'd grateful Condeſcenſions, is Rapture inexpreſſible. And ſo, my Lord, you muſt excuſe me, if I fly to my Engagement at Lady *Tenace*'s.

Ld. *Bubble*. With *Arabella*, I gueſs.—Succeſs attend you.

[*Goes in.*

Capt. *Rook*. I need not wiſh it your Lordſhip.

[*Exit.*

Enter Profeſſor.

Gent. Mr. *Profeſſor*, your Servant. I have been juſt peruſing your admirable Treatiſe on *Whiſt*, and pronounce it the beſt wrote Thing extant.

Ld. *Ral*. Beyond all Compariſon. It is quite a Science as you have handled it, Mr. *Profeſſor*. You muſt have ſpent many Years doubtleſs in compiling ſo elaborate a Work.

Prof. Some 40 Years of cloſe Obſervation, my Lord, has made it what it is. And tho' little, I will venture to ſay, it contains more mathematical Learning than larger Volumes.

Ld.

Ld. *Ral.* Egregious Vanity! I'll mortify him a little. [*Aside.*] Mathematical Learning, ſay you, *Profeſſor?*

Prof. Yes, my Lord: Calculation is all in all in the Game at *Whiſt*; and without it, a Man will eternally be a Novice.

Ld. *Ral.* Then I'm afraid I ſhall be of that Number, *Profeſſor*; for, to deal frankly, I verily believe I ſhou'd be as long in making myſelf Maſter of the Calculations and all the Rules in your Book, as you were in compiling it. And the Queſtion is, whether it would be worth a Man's while to waſte half his Life in the Attempt?

Prof. Your Lordſhip is pleas'd to be facetious, as if I was an utter Stranger to your Lordſhip's bright Capacity.

Ld. *Ral.* Well, but pray where's the mathematical Learning of trumping out to make your Partner laſt Player? This may be Demonſtration at *Whiſt*, but is a palpable Blunder in common Experience. And I fancy too with Ace, King, and four Trumps, I ſhould be able to fetch the Trumps out, tho' you aſſerted ever ſo roundly the contrary.

Prof. Your Lordſhip has laid your Finger on the only *Errata* in my Book. Both Errors of the Preſs I do aſſure your Lordſhip, which I will take care to ſee corrected in the next Edition. As to the reſt, I think there is no Propoſition in *Euclid* ſo ſelf-evident as this, That He who is a *good Whiſt-Player* would equally make a *good Politician.*

Ld.

Ld. *Ral.* Ha! ha! ha! I take it for granted then, our great Men at the Helm are all Players of the Firſt Rate?

Prof. That's an enſnaring Queſtion, my Lord, which I muſt beg to excuſe anſwering; but ſo much I will venture to ſay, that the late Miniſter has calculated very well for himſelf, and the new Ones very finely for the Nation. And further, without Reflection on any body, I think you may juſtly rank your Firſt Rate Players with Firſt Miniſters of State, Secretaries, Generals, and Admirals in Chief. Your Second Rate Players would ſhine at an Admiralty-Board. Your Third Rate Players might very well preſide o'er the Cuſtoms and Exciſe. All beyond would make very good Biſhops and great Officers of the Crown.

Ld. *Ral.* Ha! ha! ha! Pray oblige us, *Profeſſor*, with your Remarks on other Games, ſince you make ſuch ſhrewd ones on this.

Prof. Your Lordſhip may command me— In the firſt Place, *Cheſs*, it muſt be own'd, is a very wiſe Game, but like Wiſdom at the Bottom of a Well, as ſuppos'd by ſome Philoſopher, rather too deep for any ſolid Uſe: It is well enough adapted to the Patience of the *Chineſe*, who can ſit you croſs-legg'd for Years together. Every Game, my Lord, bears ſome Analogy to the Genius of the People of the Country where it prevails.

Ld. *Ral.* I have read ſo.

Prof.

Prof. Nothing ſo plain. There's *Ombre* and *Quadrille*; they are light and ſuperficial, partaking of the Humour of their airy Inventors, the *French*. *Picquet*, indeed, has more of Solidity; and I would recommend it as a perfect Emblem of *French* Faith, which ſacrifices every thing to its Intereſt, by adhering to, or departing from Treaties, as they happen to claſh, or coincide with her preſent Views; and this I think is plainly exemplify'd in keeping in, or diſcarding, ſuch Cards as ſuit, or do not ſuit, with your preſent Purpoſe.—As to *Engliſh* Games; *All-Fours* is a very ſneaking Game, that I could wiſh were aboliſh'd. It inculcates a very ſcandalous Moral, by begging a Favour of one you are often in a Condition to grant it to; than which, nothing is ſo mean and villanous. *Cribbidge* is rather too vulgar to be mention'd; though there you have your Sequences, and pretty tolerable Calculations, which are admirably well ſuited to the lower Claſs of People, by teaching them to reckon as faſt as I have ſeen them ſcore up at a Fair. *Putt* again is a daring impudent Game, apt to inſpire falſe Bravery, which by no means ought to be encouraged: And *Brag* too is liable to give much the ſame Turn to the Mind: But this Game, by-the-by, I take to be of *Iriſh* Manufacture.—Now *Whiſt*, my Lord, is the only genuine old *Engliſh* Game, which ſhews the Genius of the Nation as to its Underſtanding as much as *Chevy Chace*, or *Britons ſtrike home* does as to its Muſic. Our Solidity is ſhewn in the Gravity obſerved in playing the Game: Our

Our Judgment is ſhewn in playing it well: And the Choice we make of Partners affords a fine Leſſon to our Stateſmen, never to go to War without good Allies; for a King, my Lord, can no more hope to be ſucceſsful Abroad without good Allies, than a Man can hope to win at *Whiſt*, without a good Partner——*Verbum ſat*——ha! ha! ha!

Ld. *Ral.* There you have them, indeed, *Profeſſor*. That's a keen Stroke upon Somebody. But, pray, Mr. *Profeſſor*, when do you oblige us with your *Artificial Memory?* I think your Treatiſe imperfect without it.

Prof. Doubtleſs, my Lord.

Ld. *Ral.* And in my Opinion, *Profeſſor*, there is ſtill ſomething wanting to compleat the Syſtem of *Whiſt*; and that is (if I may recommend a Subject when you have rid your Hands of your Treatiſe on *Memory*) A Diſſertation on the Lucky Chair. [*Company laugh.*]

Prof. Ha! ha! ha! Your Lordſhip's Hint is excellent — I'm oblig'd to you for it.

Ld. *Ral.* You are very welcome to it.— And really, I think, when you have compaſſed theſe grand Points, the leaſt can be done is ſome public Mark of Honour for your good Services to the Public---Believe me, as Honours go, you will very well deſerve a Title.

Prof. I wou'd not be vain, my Lord; but the Card-makers have already complimented me on the Increaſe of their Trade, occaſion'd by my Book, which of courſe increaſes the

Revenue; and, as your Lordſhip juſtly obſerves, ſeveral have had Titles conferr'd with leſs Pretenſions.--At leaſt, my Lord, I hope I may be intitled to a Penſion.

Ld. *Ral.* As you ſay, there's more Solidity in that than an empty Title. You calculate well, *Profeſſor*.

Enter a Beau.

Beau, Ha! ha! ha! I ſhall dye, Lord *Rally*.

Ld. *Ral.* What's the Matter?

Beau. Inſolence humbled! Vanity mortify'd to the laſt Degree.

Ld. *Ral.* As how?

Beau. Yonder's Lord *Fineſſe* and Sir *George Tenace*, two Firſt-Rate Players; they have been moſt laviſhly beat by a Couple of 'Prentices. Ha! ha! ha! They came ſlap Four by Honours upon them almoſt every Deal.

Ld. *Ral.* I find, *Profeſſor*, your Book do's not teach how to beat Four by Honours. Ha! ha! ha!

Prof. Curſe them! I'd rather have given a Thouſand Pounds than this ſhould have happen'd. It ſtrikes at the Reputation of my Treatiſe. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Never were Creatures ſo gall'd, my Lord.--They frown'd, they ſum'd, they ſtampt, they tore the Cards. They were in ſuch a Fermentation, i-gad, had they ſeen how they diſtorted their poor Features, it would make them forſwear Cards.

Ld.

Ld. *Ral.* Were there any more Parties won and loſt, Sir *William* ?

Beau. O Gad, yes, my Lord. I have not known a Series of ſuch pleaſant Incidents in one Day. His Grace and Lord *Stim*, notwithſtanding the Aſſurance given them by the Profeſſor, that they might boldly play with the ableſt, are both ſtript, faith, by *Lurchum* and *Shuffle*; but, being diſcover'd making Signs to one another, they were forc'd to refund, and afterwards the Raſcals were kick'd out, as they deſerv'd, ha! ha! ha! And i-gad, the *Laureat* too, poor Devil! has loſt his Butt of Sack with Lord *Tallman*. And Lord *Bubbleboy* has left young *Jobber* blubbering and ſobbing as if his Heart would break. Ha! ha! ha! But I muſt ſay his Lordſhip won by dint of good Play. He play'd like an Angel. He has gain'd immortal Honour. 'Twas *Fineſſe* after *Fineſſe*, *Tenace* after *Tenace*. I-gad, I would give three Parts in Four of my Eſtate to be as great a Maſter of the Game as his Lordſhip.

Enter Sir John Medium, *and* Cocao.

Sir *John*. My Lords, I deſire you'll give honeſt *Cocao* your Attention a Moment, to the moſt ſcandalous Affair I ever heard, and greatly unworthy of a Gentleman, who has the Honour to converſe with many of your Lordſhips.

Cocao. I am very ſorry, my Lords, to appear in the Light of an Informer before you, againſt any one that frequents this Houſe; but I

hope my good Intentions will hold me blamelefs, and that you will not have the worfe Opinion of me for what I do. Certainly it is my Duty, as the Mafter, to detect any Fraud committed under my Roof—otherwife I fhould look on myfelf little better than an Accomplice in it. Your Lordfhips need not be told how great a Sufferer young Mr. *Stakeland* has been of late, in his Play with Sir *John Tricklad* and Mr. *Tiercenick*. I had for fome time fufpected them of foul Practices, and being refolved to be fatisfied, I am now ready to make Oath, that old *Sweetner*, Partner to Mr. *Stakeland*, us'd not only to trim the Cards, fo as to put it in the Adverfary's Power to cut Honours every Deal, but likewife defignedly committed the groffeft Miftakes himfelf in the Courfe of Play

Company. Shocking!

Cocao. By which Means, my Lord, the poor Gentleman has been bubbled of large Sums, and to compleat his Misfortune, has juft loft the Reverfion of his paternal Inheritance, made over to them by proper Deeds and Conveyances.

Comp. Abominable!

Cocao. They would have made a Collection for him to confole him under his Lofs, but he refufed it with a noble Spirit of Difdain—and they hurry'd away with a Precipitation that plainly fhewed their Guilt.—I humbly entreat your Lordfhip's Advice how to act on this Occafion.

Sir *John.* Lord *Rally*, you are a Relation.

Ld.

Ld. *Ral.* 'Tis a moſt infamous Impoſition, and cannot be too much expoſed.——But I would not have *Cocao* divulge any thing of this to young *Stakeland*, if he has not already.

Cocao. I have not, my Lord.

Ld. *Ral.* So much the better—I'll take care to inform his Father, that he may take his Meaſures.—Huſh! here he comes.

Enter Sir Calculation, *and Young* Stakeland.

Sir *Cal.* Come,--come--never be diſcouraged, *Stakeland*--you have but ſhared the Fate of Thouſands before you.—Pox! have not I loſt my Money as well as you the Reverſion of your Eſtate.

Ld. *Ral.* The Reverſion of your Eſtate, Mr. *Stakeland!* I do not wonder you are ſo penſive. It will require all the Philoſophy of a Stoick to reconcile yourſelf to the Loſs of Fortune, Parents, Friends, and be inſenſible to the numberleſs Inſults you muſt expect to be expoſed to from the unpitying World.

Y. Stakeland. Dear Lord *Rally*, leave me to the Stings within my own Breaſt, and do not overwhelm me with your Lordſhip's keen, tho' too juſt Reproaches.

Sir *Cal.* Nay, hang it, be not too ſevere, my Lord, I can aſſure you he has nothing to accuſe himſelf of. Upon my Soul he played admirably well for all that. But what will you have, my Lord, Luck was againſt us.

Ld *Ral.* Was you in the Game, Sir *Calculation?*

Sir

Sir *Cal.* Only a Better, my Lord,—an humble Better. Let me ſee—They were 8 to 9 of the Game.

Ld. *Ral.* Who, pray?

Sir *Cal.* Why, Sir *John* and *Tiercenick*—The Odds for 8 is about 3 and a half in the Hundred againſt 9; but plague of my treacherous Memory, I not happening to remember whether it was with, or againſt the Deal, I laid with as many as would take me up, in favour of nine, and i-gad loſt my fifteen Hundred. My Lords, your moſt obedient. Sir *John*, ſhall I ſet you down?

Sir *John.* With all my Heart.

[*Exit with* Cal.

Ld. *Ral.* Mr. *Stakeland*, you go with me.

Y. *Stakeland.* I wait upon your Lordſhip.

Ld. *Ral.* Gentlemen, yours.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Company break up, and Scene cloſes*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Anti-chamber in Lady* Tenace's *House, discovers several Tables of Refreshments, and the Groom of the Chambers at a Table with Cards.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. More Cards---more Cards---quick.

Groom. The Deuce is in them, *Smart*, I think, for tearing the Cards to night. They have destroyed me more than in any Night since my being in Lady *Tenace*'s Family.

Serv. What need you repine at that, as it is so much the better for you?

Groom. I know that, but I'll be hang'd if Lady *Deuce* is not on the losing Pin.

Serv. Ay, and *Arabella* too.

Groom. That's somewhat strange, and Capt. *Rookwood* her Partner!

Serv. O Pox!---I can see he loses for the Nonce.---I smoak him.

Groom. Well! what unaccountable Things, *Smart*, are these same Ladies!

Serv. And what a deal do they subscribe to our Opera's! They love Opera's, say they, because they lull the Passions of the Soul, and

yet

yet one Quarter of an Hour afterwards they fall to gaming, and very often pay for unlulling them again.

Groom. As you ſay, they put themſelves into ſtrange Paſſions at Play.

Serv. One would not believe it, if one had not ſeen it ſo often. How they laugh when they win! How angry are they when they loſe! How fearful thoſe who have little to loſe! and how avaricious thoſe who have a great deal! I wonder they won't do that for the Sake of their Faces, which they cannot be brought to do for the Sake of any thing elſe.---In ſhort, they impair their Healths, as well as their Fortunes; for, as *Addiſon* ſays, Haggard Looks and pale Complexions are the natural Indications of a Female Gameſter.---But, come, come---make haſte,---the Cards.

Groom. I have but two Packs left---There, take them, till I run and fetch more.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Enter Lady Deuce.

Lady *Deuce.* Stript, ſtript---My Money, Necklace, Rings, Watch--all gone---Curſe on the Cards---Sure never Woman was ſo unfortunate! O, for Fifty Pieces now to turn Luck.

Enter Captain Rookwood.

Capt. *Rook.* Your Ladyſhip's Pleaſure? I thought you gave me a Look as if you wou'd ſpeak with me.

Lady

Lady *Deuce*. I did—Dear Captain, you ſee I am quite broke—for Heav'n's Sake, let me have Fifty Pieces.

Capt. *Rook*. Fifty Pieces, Madam! Upon my Soul they ſhou'd have been at your Devotion; but I am quite exhauſted myſelf.

Lady *Deuce*. Come—Forty, then.

Capt. *Rook*. I vow, my Lady, it is not in my Power.

Lady *Deuce*. Well, Twenty ſhall do—You can't be without that.

Capt. *Rook*. Not left me, upon my Honour.

Lady *Deuce*. Send home then. You won't ſure refuſe me ſuch a Trifle?

Capt. *Rook*. Not if I were Maſter of it—but really I'm as bare as your Ladyſhip.

Lady *Deuce*. 'Tis falſe! falſe as the Vows you made of everlaſting Conſtancy. Barbarous Man! a Month ago I might have commanded your whole Fortune; and ſhall I now ask in vain for poor 20 Pieces, which in an Hour, perhaps, I might repay!—Come, you but try my Temper.—You are not that ungenerous Creature you would ſeem.

Capt *Rook*. Look ye, Madam, I really have no Money; but if I had, it would be Madneſs to lend it where I knew it would be of no Service to the Perſon I obliged. You know that your Luck is always very bad; beſides your Play again.—Believe me, it would be much more prudent to take the Advice of your Friends, and refrain the Game.

Lady *Deuce*. Perfidious Man! Why did not you always talk thus? Was it not your-

ſelf who took the Advantage of my Foible? Encourag'd it on every Occaſion? Extoll'd me for my Skill in the Game? Frequently broke me, and at laſt barter'd for my Honour with my own Money? —— But I'll never ſee you more.

[*Exit in a Rage.*

Capt. *Rook.* Ha! ha! ha! obliging to the laſt Degree! How like the Ghoſt of departed Love is a ſtale Face, when one is in Purſuit of a new one!

[*Going in, is met by* Arabella.]

Enter Arabella.

Ara. My Chair there.

Capt. *Rook.* How Madam! Not going, ſure?

Ara. Having loſt all my Money, Captain, I have no further Buſineſs here.

Re-enter Lady Deuce.

Lady *Deuce.* [*Aſide.*] I'll try him once more. —— Hah! *Arabella* —— She has loſt too. I'll obſerve.

[*Stands to liſten.*

Capt. *Rook.* It is true, Madam,—you have not had the luckieſt Partner of me. But Fortune, Madam, may ſmile upon us again.— Never give out for an ill Hand, or two — 'Tis an Obſervation with Gameſters, that thoſe who borrow generally win. ——I have 500 Pieces at your Service.

Lady

Lady *Deuce.* Villain! [*Aſide.*]

Ara. I thank you, Captain,—but if I ſhould be an Exception to the Obſervation you mention, this Sum, with what I have already loſt, might lay me under Inconveniencies I would chuſe to avoid.

Capt. *Rook.* Inconveniencies! Not in the leaſt, by Heaven! I ſhould be ſo far from putting you to the Bluſh by any Mention of it, that I ſhall never think on't, and beg you would not yourſelf, any further than to remind you, that on all Occaſions my Fortune is entirely at your Service.

Lady *Deuce.* The very Words by which I was enſnared!

[*Aſide.*]

Ara. You are very polite.—But theſe are Obligations, Captain, which a Woman of Honour ought not to receive, and therefore—

Capt. *Rook.* Nay, Madam—I muſt not be refuſed—it will be doing the generous Thing to me, in affording me an Opportunity of winning back my own.—Revenge will give a Keenneſs of Play to us both.

Ara. 'Tis certain the Cards can't run for ever againſt us.

Capt. *Rook.* Impoſſible!

Ara. Well, I'll e'en try my Fortune once more.

Capt. *Rook.* Command all mine.

[*Exeunt.*

Lady Deuce *comes forward.*

Lady *Deuce.* Monſter! common Betrayer of our Sex! What ſcandalous Methods will not Men of Fortune and Family often take, ſo they afford them but Variety of Victims to their brutal Inclinations! *Arabella*, too—with how much Eaſe ſhe ſwallowed the Bait!—But this Diſcovery was lucky.—Thank Heaven! Revenge, that darling Attribute of Woman, is yet in my Power. I'll to Sir *John Medium* this Inſtant, and acquaint him with this Converſation—Hah! He ſaves me the Labour.

Enter Sir John Medium.

Sir *John.* Is your Ladyſhip going already?

Lady *Deuce.* 'Tis Time, Sir *John*,—I've loſt all.

Sir *John.* I'm ſorry for it.——Is *Arabella* within?

Lady *Deuce.* Yes, Sir *John*——She has loſt too——But there is this Difference between our ill Luck; ſhe has had the good Fortune to have Five Hundred Pieces offer'd her by Captain *Rookwood* to give her another Chance; whereas it was not in my Power to procure even Twenty——You're going in, I ſuppoſe?

Sir *John.* Yes, Madam.—Offer'd her, did your Ladyſhip ſay?

Lady *Deuce.* I mean lent her.

Sir *John.* Lent her?

Lady

Lady *Deuce.* Yes, I tell you —— Your Servant.

[*Exit Lady* Deuce.

Sir *John.* What an Inadvertency! I will not, cannot call it by any other Name; but I know not what Time and ſuch repeated Obligations might not convert it to —— I muſt break the Neck of this kind of good Offices —— And a Thought comes into my Head, that will at once ſhew her the Folly of accepting them, be a means perhaps of curing her of Play, and thereby rendering her an Object truly capable of making me happy. — For that Reaſon I will not join them. Oh, here comes Sir *Calculation.* I may make him ſubſervient to my Deſign.

Enter Sir Calculation.

Sir *Cal.* Well, how go Matters here, Sir *John?* Lady *Tenace* ſent to me juſt now in all haſte, to know what were the Odds of having one Card out of any three certain Cards, and I can tell her now. I have been emerg'd in Calculation ever ſince—'tis exactly—let me ſee—Pox! 'tis either Two to Five, or Five to Two. Has her Ladyſhip been asking for me?

Sir *John.* I can't tell.

Sir *Cal.* How ſo?

Sir *John.* Juſt as I was opening the Door, I receiv'd a Piece of News that obliges me to go immediately. But, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall ſee you by-and-by at Lord *Stakeland*'s?

Sir

Sir *Cal.* O Gad, yes.—'Twou'd be cruel else—Poor *Stakeland!* 'tis his last Night—He sets forward early in the Morning to his Banishment Abroad. I pity him; but his Father will have it so.

Sir *John.* Do's *Arabella* go?

Sir *Cal.* Ay, ay—we must all go—I will step in and do what is not my Custom—make them leave off play. Adieu. [*Goes in.*

Sir *John.* *Jusqu' a tantot.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Lord* Stakeland's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Stakeland *and Lord* Rally.

Ld. *Stake.* I am greatly oblig'd to your Lordſhip for the Trouble you have given yourſelf in my Son's Affair.

Ld. *Ral.* I beg you will not mention it, my Lord. Well! what a Meanneſs there is in Guilt! Sir *John Tricklad* and his Collegue were ſo Thunder-ſtruck! in ſuch Confuſion when I went to them, it made me almoſt pity them. The Moment I told them your Lordſhip's Reſolution, with ſilly Looks, fault'ring Voice, and trembling Hands, they reſign'd all; and are preparing to go into the Country to avoid Reproaches, and till the Remembrance of ſo villanous a Tranſaction is bury'd in Oblivion.

Ld. *Stake.* Time may do much, my Lord. But what Reparation can they ever make me for the Diſorder they have cauſed in my Family? Here, they rob me of a Son I love tenderly, and force me to act a Severity, my Heart is no ways conſenting to.

Ld.

Ld. *Ral.* The Situation is affecting I grant, my Lord; but in my Opinion you cannot well act otherwise.

Ld. *Stake.* I am proud your Lordship approves my Design. Here comes his poor Mother. She has been with him, to let him know my Intentions. I must desire, my Lord, what has pass'd may as yet remain a Secret to her. A Mother's Tenderness might intirely defeat the Effects of my Scheme.

Enter Lady Stakeland.

Lady *Stake.* Your Son, my Lord attends you, and is all Obedience to your Will. Now let me conjure you not to deal severely with him. His Load of Grief is already too great to be sustain'd. Do not, then, add to it, by Reproofs which are now, alas, too late.

Ld. *Stake.* Madam, I have consider'd well—Nor wou'd admit him, if I cou'd not command my Temper.

Lady *Stake.* He's here—Unhappy Youth!

Enter Young Stakeland.

[*Falls at his Father's Feet.*]

Y. *Stake.* Permit me, Sir, to approach you as an Offender ought, who wishes to shew some Compunction for his Offence.

Ld. *Stake.* Rise *Harry*——It is some Consolation under my Affliction to hear you are in such good Dispositions.

Y. *Stake.*

Y. *Stake.* I muſt be a Stock, Sir, if I were inſenſible what I have brought myſelf to, by my too great Facility in ruſhing into the faſhionable Follies of the Age—I am an Outcaſt—a voluntary Beggar—and have forfeited all Claim to Name, Family, and Fortune.

Ld *Stake.* No, *Harry*—You have ſtill preſerved the nobleſt and beſt Part of your Birthright—your Honour. Had you deſcended to become Aſſociate with your vile Undoers, and earn an infamous Subſiſtence by thoſe baſe Arts, which have undone yourſelf, you had indeed become an Alien to my Blood and Favour. But, for the Sake of that generous Contempt, with which I hear you treated ſuch mean Offers, I forgive you all; and tho' I am obliged to ſend you from my Sight, as the only Expedient we could deviſe in your preſent Circumſtances, be not diſconſolate—you ſhall ſtill find I cannot forget I am a Father.

Y. *Stake.* Miſtake not, Sir, that I repine at your wiſe Pleaſure. I do not wiſh to ſtay a Moment longer: But if my Heart is burſting, to ſee Mother, Siſter, Relations, Friends, and all the Family in Tears on my Account, O charge it not, I beſeech you, to any Unwillingneſs to obey you.

Ld. *Stake.* Keep down Heart. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Stake.* I can bear no longer—O, my Lord! Is this to be a Father?

[*Weeps.*

Y. *Stake.* Dear,—dear Madam—abate thoſe precious Tears, or I ſhall diſſolve away.

[*Weeps.*

Lady *Stake*. If your Son, my Lord, muſt go---muſt leave this abominable Town, what Neceſſity is there to ſend him into Baniſhment? Why will not ſome Part of *England* do as well?

Ld. *Stake*. Do you think, my Dear, that I have it in my Power to give you an Anſwer now? [*Weeps*.] Come, come, let us ſuſpend our Griefs---I expect ſome Friends here, and I would not receive them in ſuch Depth of Sorrow.

Enter Sir Calculation, *Sir* John Medium, *and Capt*. Rookwood.

Capt. *Rook*. [*to Sir* Cal. *aſide entering*] You ſaw they did what they pleaſed with us, Sir *Calculation*.

Sir *Cal*. [*aſide to the Capt*.] Why they had all the Court-Cards---all the Game in their Hands; they might well do what they pleaſed with you, tho', methinks, you might have forced them oftner than you did---My Lords,--Madam,---your moſt obedient.---Dear *Harry*, bear up, Man---We'll all croſs the Water and pay thee a Viſit---eh, Lord *Rally*, Sir *John*, Captain.

All Three. Ay, ay--we'll make a Party.

Capt *Rook*. Dear Lord *Stakeland*, I'm ſorry to ſee Things at this Extremity---I juſt called at Sir *John Tricklad*'s as I came along, and he tells me---

Ld. *Stake*. I deſire, Captain, you will not mention his Name---'tis very ill-tim'd.

Capt.

Capt. *Rook*. Your Lordſhip's Pardon--Hah! here's *Arabella*.

Enter Arabella.

Hark ye, *Arabella*—how could you mortify me ſo juſt now?

Ara. As how, Captain?

Capt. *Rook*. Why, in returning me the Trifle you had of me at Lady *Tenace*'s.

Ara. By whom, for Heav'ns Sake?

Capt. *Rook*. By whom! why, by Sir *John Medium*, Madam; and by making him your Agent, one would think you ſuſpected me of having ſome ſiniſter Views.

Ara. How's this! I'm ſtrangely alarm'd! [*aſide*.]

Capt. *Rook*. What Confuſion ſhe is in! I ſhrewdly ſuſpect we are both impoſed upon, and that this is one of Sir *John*'s Delicateſſes. He had certainly heard of the Affair, and ſo paid me, in her Name, without her Knowledge. I-gad! I have no Buſineſs here. I'll ſneak off moſt politely. [*aſide*.]

[*Exit Capt*.

1*ſt*. *Siſt*. Dear *Arabella*, 'tis kind to come and ſee the laſt of my poor Brother.

Ara. I'm very ſorry I have the Occaſion, my Dear. We are often as impertinent in our Reſpect to a Friend, as we ſhou'd be accounted rude without any.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord—I come———

Ld. *Stake.* Well,—what's the Matter?

Serv. I come—I muſt beg your Lordſhip's Pardon—I feel ſomething riſing from my Heart, and I cannot ſpeak till it has had vent at my Eyes.

[*after weeping ſome time.*

Ld. *Stake.* Well—now—ſpeak your Meſſage.

Serv. [*In a fault'ring Voice,*] The Coach, my Lord,—the Coach—that is to carry—young Maſter—is—at—the Door. [*weeps.*

Lady *Stake.* O *Harry!* O *Harry!* I ſhall never ſee you more! [*weeps.*

Y. *Stake.* Dear Madam—Siſters—do not rend my Heart!

Serv. And the Baggage——

Ld. *Stake.* Well—— What of the Baggage?

Serv. 'Tis all put up, my Lord; and the Governor is in the Coach waiting.

Ld. *Stake.* (*After a Pauſe.*) Well, *Harry*—Take a manly Leave of your Friends here—

Company. Nay, nay, my Lord, we are reſolv'd to ſee him in the Coach.

Ld. *Stake.* Well—give me one Embrace, *Harry.*— Reſign yourſelf, my dear Boy, to that Providence, who by Means inſcrutable often ſends Relief when leaſt it is expected.——

My

My Bleſſing and beſt Wiſhes attend you —— Farewell ——

Y. *Stake.* Farewell, Sir.—Grant Heaven, I may be the laſt unwary Youth, that thus brings Sorrow and Confuſion on his Family.

[*Exeunt all but Lord* Stakeland.]

Ld. *Stake.* How ſhocking to Reflection, when a Man ſeriouſly weighs the many Evils may flow from this reigning Vice of Gaming! It is grown out of all Parallel of former times, and improv'd into a Monſter that is truly to be fear'd. It has poiſon'd the Honour of our Nobility and Gentry; and, like Liquor, as it ſtirs up all the Paſſions, ſo it renders them capable of any Meanneſs, any Fraud, any Villany. Aſſemblies and Coffee-houſes, that in themſelves are uſeful and agreeable, are now become the moſt dangerous Places a young Perſon can frequent.---Yet, what is there, after all, ſo bewitching in Play! It is at beſt but an Amuſement; and how many Thouſand more manly Amuſements may not one find! Yet in this alone we paſs whole Days and Nights neglect our Affairs—our Duties—endanger our Health, Fortune, Reputation, and very often Virtue.——Dreadful Infatuation!

Re-enter

Re-enter Lord Rally, *Sir* John Medium, *Sir* Calculation, *and* Arabella.

Sir *Cal.* Egad, Lord *Rally*, I have ſeen enough to-night to make a Man forſwear Play as long as he lives.

Ld. *Ral.* And Woman too, Sir *Calculation!*

Ara. That's at me. [*Aſide.*]

Ld. *Stake.* But what have you done with Lady *Stakeland*, *Arabella?*

Ara. Poor dear Lady! her Agony was ſo great, ſhe was not able to ſupport herſelf—ſhe's gone to lye down a Moment.

Ld. *Stake.* I ſhall ſoon be able to give her Conſolation.

Ara. Pray, do it this Inſtant, then.

Ld. *Stake.* Firſt, let me clear myſelf to the Company, leſt you ſhou'd think me cruel in what I have done. You muſt know, Gentlemen, that my Son is ſafe in his Fortune: The Deeds of Reverſion are return'd. But nevertheleſs I judg'd it neceſſary to keep him ignorant of it, and make the Impreſſion of his Misfortune ſink the deeper; and likewiſe convenient to ſend him into a kind of Baniſhment for ſome time, the better to wean him of his bad Company, and deſtructive Haunts. By this Means, I hope he will return truly a Comfort to us; and which, when Lady *Stakeland* is made properly acquainted with, I doubt not but it will have all the Effect we could wiſh.

Sir

Sir *Cal.* Your Lordſhip has calculated to Admiration!

Sir *John.* Acted with conſummate Prudence. Happy Eſcape!

Ara. And I fancy, Sir *John*, you could ſuggeſt another.

Sir *John.* I know not what you mean, *Arabella.*

Ara. Yes, you do; but perhaps you may not think it happy.

Sir *John.* Pray, let me underſtand you. Happy Eſcape! What? To whom?

Ara. To one not very far from you.

Sir *John.* Myſterious ſtill.

Ara. Come, come, Sir *John*, I find you have too much Delicacy to underſtand—— But, pray, ſatisfy me in one thing.

Sir *John.* If I can, Madam.

Ara. I know you can.——— How came you to know of my being indebted to Capt. *Rookwood?*

Sir *John.* Lady *Deuce* happen'd to overhear the Offer.

Ara. And my Indiſcretion in accepting it too, I ſuppoſe———Well——How delicate to pay it him unknown to me! I muſt ever acknowledge it; nor will I bluſh before all this Company to own, I now perceive the Precipice I was falling from, and bleſs my generous Deliverer.——You have paid Five Hundred Pounds, Sir *John*, out of my Fortune, indeed, but I believe you will think it well laid out,———that is, if you continue in the ſame Diſpoſitions towards me you have long profeſs'd.

Sir

Sir *John*. And ſhall eternally, Madam.

Ara. Then here's my Hand, and with it a Heart, which from this Night's Adventure has learn'd to deſpiſe that bewitching Evil —Gaming.

Company. Joy, Joy, Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. This is an Event, my Lords, deſerves the Name of Tranſport, Rapture!

Hence taught to ſhun the Tricklads *of the Town,*
Let the wiſe Mean your future Pleaſures crown.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE:

IN

A Dialogue between the *Author* and *Bookſeller*.

Book. SIR, your humble Servant. I am recommended to you by Mr. *Paſquin*. My Name is *Folio*, a Bookſeller.

Auth. O, Mr. *Folio*---your Servant---pray, ſit down.

Book. I have heard a good Character of your *Humours of Whiſt*, Sir, and ſhou'd be be proud to treat with you about it.

Auth. You cou'd not have mention'd a Name more agreeable to me than my Friend *Paſquin*. On his Account, Sir, you are heartily welcome to the Refuſal of the Copy. Pleaſe to give it a Look over.

[*after examining it.*]

Book. The Copy is but ſmall, Sir. 'Twill make but a Shilling Thing.

Auth. The Treatiſe on *Whiſt* has abundantly leſs in it, and is ſold for Two Shillings.

Book. That's true, Sir—But, you ſee, 'tis pyrated—Truly, it's a ſhameful thing thoſe Pyrates ſhou'd be ſuffer'd in a free Country. At this Rate, no Man is ſafe in his Property—It makes very bad, Sir, for both Author and Bookſeller——There will be no ſuch thing as writing or printing by-and-by, if the Government do's not take it into Conſideration.

Auth. It is the Intereſt of the Government to do it, or the Duties on Paper, and the Stamp-Office will diminiſh.

Book. Very true—I wonder they don't conſider that——Pray, what may your Terms be, Sir?

Auth. Look you, Mr. *Folio*, I'm not a Lover of many Words——I ſuppoſe if I ask you the Third Part of what was given for the *Profeſſor*'s Book, you will not think it unreaſonable?

Book. Alack-a-day, Sir, you are greatly out of the way—indeed you are.

Auth. I cannot think ſo—I muſt obſerve to you again, Mr. *Folio*, that my Fortune puts me above writing with any mercenary View, as to my ſelf; but I have a Mind to oblige a Friend under ſome Difficulties, and I would not make him a Preſent of a Trifle, any more than I wou'd write for one.

Book. I find then, Sir, that you are for doing the generous thing to your Friend, but wou'd make me the principal Contributor.

Auth. Not at all, Sir, I think the thing is very well deſerving of what I ask, and cannot think of taking any leſs.

Book.

Book. Pray, consider, Sir, the Expence of Paper, Print, Stamps, Advertisements, and Pyrating as I said before; I shall be a great deal of Money out of Pocket before a Penny comes in. Besides, the Season, Sir, —— we shall have a most miserable empty Town.

Auth. I believe so; but if *Whist-Players* are going out of Town, they will return, and go again, yet still the Satire be read; for *Whist-Players*, Sir, do not leave Play when they leave *London:* They only change Places, not Diversions.

Book. That may be. But be pleas'd to make an Estimate of the Buyers, Sir. The Admirers of the Treatise are a very numerous Body, and will scarce read the Satire.

Auth. On the contrary--they will read it thro' Curiosity; and the Enemies to Play of course will do it for its Utility

Book. Well, Sir, I don't know what to say to't. I think I must consider on it.

Auth. Do so, Mr. *Folio*--your Servant.

[*Going.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Bookseller, Sir, below, desires to speak with you.

Book. Gad so! A Bookseller! I'll e'en close with him. [*aside.*] Well, Sir, I don't love long Considerations, [*comes back,*] especially as we have no time to lose; so if you please, Sir, to make the Property over to me, I'll write

write you a Draught at the ſame time upon my Banker.

[*Both write.*]

Auth. There, Mr. *Folio.*

Book. There, Sir.

Auth. I wiſh you all Succeſs.

Book. Thank you, Sir. Your moſt obedient—[*Going, returns.*] I had forgot, Sir, you will pleaſe to correct the Preſs.

Auth. By all means. Let me ſee the Proofs.

[*Exit* Bookſeller.

To the *TOWN.*

You ſee I've rais'd the poor Man's Expectation,
But vain his Hopes, or mine, without your Approbation.
On theſe tremendous Words, The public Teſt,
Lies the ſole Proof, on which we both muſt reſt.
Bears the Book That, in a good ſwinging Sale,
'Twill be ſome Proof of Humour in the Tale;
Proof of your Taſte and Generoſity;
Of your good Nature too a Proof 'twill be;
But the beſt Proof, 'twill ſhew, ev'n in this Age,
There are not wanting Patrons to the moral Page.

FINIS.

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