

A PARTY AT QUADRILLE.

LADY POOLE'S HOUSE.

Enter Lady WRANGLE, Mrs. FRETT, and Mr. CARDER.

Lady P. **LADIES**, your servant, this indeed is kind
To come to one so much distress'd in mind ;
Since Friday last, the day poor Pompey died,
No soul I've seen, nor left my fire-side.

Lady W. Well, dearest Madam, talk no more of that;
Nothing is like a game at cards, and chat,
To ease the mind ; I'm sure I found it so
When poor Sir Simon died ; you all well know
How very much reliev'd I was by play ;
When morn was over I began the day.

Mr.

Mr. C. Come ladies, then 'tis best to lose no time,
To dwell on griefs I always deem a crime.

Lady P. Pray, ladies, take your places as you chuse;
In every feat I know I'm sure to lose.

Mrs. F. To lose! dear Ma'am, I think to leave off play,
Such cards I sat with all the other day,
When in this very house your La'ship won;
'Tis what I never do, I've such a run.
Beasted such hands! I lost on Tuesday night
Three double mattadores, they broke me quite.

Lady P. Ladies, your stakes, We play our usual rate.

Mrs. F. Here, Madam's, mine; 'tis gone as sure as fate.

Lady P. Sir, you have pass'd, I now may shew my cards;
Six mattadores; four fish are my reward.

Lady W. Indeed! this way the cards are sure to go,
Whatever game I play, or high or low.
The other night I lost at Lady Vole's
My twenty shillings, now at Lady Poole's
This night I'm like to lose three times that sum;
I swear I'll keep from Mrs. Fuzz's drum.

Mrs.

Mrs. F. I take a king if no one plays alone.

Lady W. *Madam, I do*; I'll not sit like a drone
With mattadores, six trumps; 'tis monstrous hard
To have a vole within one single card.
Might I have took a king I'd had it clear,
But some folks cards will always play severe.

Mrs. F. Severe indeed! Sure mine the hardest case is,
To sit thus long, and never see the aces.
And now, the first time I could take a king,
I'm superseded, that's the very thing.

I sometimes get a hand, but never play;
I owe your La'ship four, I've none to pay.

Lady P. I'll mark you up, dear Ma'am, the usual
way.

Mrs. F. Well, now by chance at last I've got a game,
And if you all give leave, my trump I'll name;
Hearts then it is; spadille I lead, oh fie!
One hand without a trump! how hard they lie.

Lady P. Madam, you have your game, no trump is in.

Mrs. F. Yes, Ma'am, because this hand of course must
win.

Lady

Lady P. Upon my honour, now, I've never play'd
But one poor hand, and now six fish have paid.
I vow next time I deal I'll make a fuz.

Mrs. F. I wonder how your next door neighbour does ;
I heard last week he lost his only son.

Lady P. Yes, and his wife is dying. What is done ?
I think your La'ship ask'd ? I pass of course ;
Upon my life my cards get worse and worse.

Mrs. F. I'm quite surpriz'd, I'm really call'd this time.
It is your La'ship's trick, 'tis none of mine ;
For if not call'd I'd been a bitter foe.
Let's see those cards, I know not how they go.

Mr. C. Ladies, I think the vole's at your command,
At least I can't prevent it by my hand.

Lady W. Ma'am, you're to speak ; pray search the
tricks again.

Mrs. F. My dearest Ma'am, I fear 'tis all in vain,
One fatal chance would overset the whole ;
And yet 'twould make us both to win a vole.
Can you forgive me ? May I now declare.

Lady P. Madam, proceed ; this is not quite so fair.

Lady

Lady W. Oh, Mrs. Frett, you've ruin'd me indeed ;

How could it e'er be won, and you to lead ?

My Lady Poole did well to bid us play

When she'd that knave ; we've all the world to pay.

Mrs. F. Indeed, I think so too ; she drew me in ;

Yet sure the chance was great that we should win.

Lady W. By no means, Ma'am ; your play I can't
excuse ;

I'm fadly wrong'd, for I could not refuse.

Lady P. Well, Ladies, please to lay your money down,

The pool's my constant care, 'tis always known ;

I'm sure you'd mattadores, so give us five ;

Now this may turn my luck, and I may thrive.

Poor Mr. Carder was without a fish,

But now he's rich, and just as he could wish,

Lady W. I know not who is rich, I'm sure I'm poor,

And lay my ruin at that Lady's door.

Mrs. F. Indeed, dear Ma'am, you see I'm quite undone ;

'Tis very hard to twit, when if we'd won

You'd been the first to justify my play ;

But let it pass your Ladyship's own way ;

This

This fine lone hand some of my debts will settle ;
'Tis but my due to *ride on my own cattle*.

Lady W. 'Tis very lucky, Mrs. Fret, for you,
But with these losses what am I to do?
I wish with all my heart the pool was out,
For I'm engag'd to Lady Racket's rout.

Lady P. That's quite distressing, Ma'am, but I submit ;
'Twill break our set ; but just as you think fit.
The pool is out, upon my word I win.

Lady W. Indeed, I thought your La'ship's pawn was in.

Lady P. Oh no, I took that out an hour ago ;
I'm sure, Sir, you will witness it was so.

Mr. C. Madam, I always think your La'ship right ;
I just have lost three guineas by the night.

Lady P. O lack-a-day ! 'twas unpolite to beat
Our only man—'twas an unlucky feat.
We've won an even share, or very nigh.
The cards to-night have not run very high.
Ladies, your humble servant, Sir, good bye.