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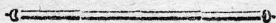
Published for Belts Brigh Theatre July 1. 1776.

Walker sculp.

*MR. MOODY in the Character of IEAGUE.*

*"A poor Irishman, & Christ save me, & save you all  
"I pray thee give me Sixpence good Masters."*

BELL'S EDITION.



THE  
COMMITTEE.

A COMEDY,

*As written by the Hon. Sir R. HOWARD.*

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

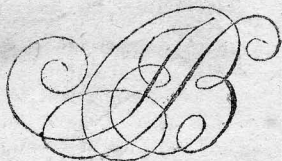
AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.

## P R O L O G U E.

*T*O cheat the most judicious eyes, there be  
 Ways in all trades, but this of poetry :  
 Your tradesman shews his ware by some false light,  
 To hide the faults and slightrness from your sight :  
 Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear  
 'Tis excellent, and so help off his ware.  
 He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,  
 Which in a poet you'd call impudence ;  
 Nay, if the world afford the like again,  
 He swears he'll give it you for nothing, then.  
 Those are words too a poet dares not say ;  
 Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.  
 — Wou'd 'twere a penn'worth ; — but in this you are  
 Able to judge, than he that made the ware.  
 However, his design was well enough,  
 He try'd to shew some newer fashion'd-stuff.  
 Not that the name Committee can be new,  
 That has been too well known to most of you :  
 But you may smile, for you have past your doom ;  
 The poet dares not, his is still to come.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

*Drury-Lane.*

Colonel *Carcless*

Mr. Brereton.

Colonel *Blunt*

Mr. Aickin.

Lieutenant *Story*

Mr. Fawcet.

*Nehemiah Catch*

Mr. Waldron.

*Joseph Blemish*

*Jonathan Headstrong*

*Ezekiel Scrape*

} Committee-men.

Mr. *Day*, the Chairman to the Committee

Mr. Baddeley.

*Abel*, Son to Mr. *Day*

Mr. Burton.

*Obadiab*, Clerk to the Committee

Mr. Parsons.

*Teague*

Mr. Moody.

Tavern Boy

Mr. Everard.

Bailiff

Mr. Griffith.

Soldier

Mr. Bianchard.

Two Chairmen

Mr. Heath, &c.

Gaol-keeper

Mr. Kear.

A Servant to Mr. *Day*

A Stage Coachman

Bookseller

Mr. Carpenter.

Porter

Mr. Wrighten.

## W O M E N.

Mrs. *Ruth*

Miss Pope.

Mrs. *Day*

Mrs. Bradshaw.

Mrs. *Arbella*

Miss Jarrat.

Mrs. *Chat*

Mrs. Cartwright.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

# THE COMMITTEE.

\* \* \* *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

## A C T I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, brushing her hoods and scarfs, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Col. Blunt, and a Stage-Coachman.*

Mrs. DAY.

NOW, out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better to travel in the winter; especially for us of the better sort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather should do any hurt.—Well said, honest coachman, thou hast done thy part! My son, Abel, paid for my place at Reading, did he not?

*Coach.* Yes, an't please you.

*Mrs. D.* Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

*Coach.* By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are. [*Afide.*] Farewel, young mistrefs; farewel, gentlemen. Pray when you come by Reading, let Toby carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*]

*Mrs. D.* Why how now, Mrs. Arbella! What, sad! Why, what's the matter?

*Arbel.* I am not very sad.

## 6 THE COMMITTEE.

*Mrs. D. Nay*, by my honour, you need not, if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an eye that my son Abel means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest. Ruth and you shall be bedfellows. I warrant, that same Abel many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him. Though I say it that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it——'tis a notable fellow——

*Abel.* I am fallen into strange hands, if they prove as busy as her tongue——— [Aside.]

*Mrs. D.* And now you talk of this same Abel, I tell you but one thing: I wonder that neither he nor my husband's honour's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my son Abel as been here two hours before us; 'Tis the veriest Princox; he will ever be galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances. He never stole this trick of galloping; his father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: he and Mrs. Busie's husband, were counted the best horsemen in Reading, ay, and Berkshire to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. Busie, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a coach; my own is at present in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his honour, Mr. Day, chairman of the honourable committee of sequestrations, shou'd know that his wife rode in a stage-coach, he wou'd make the house too hot for some.——Why how is't with you, Sir? What weary of your journey?

[To the Colonel.]

*Blunt.* Her tongue will never tire. [Aside]—So many, Mistress, riding in the coach, has a little distemper'd me with hear.

*Mrs. D.* So many, Sir! Why there were but six—What wou'd you say if I should tell you, that I was one of the eleven that travell'd at one time in one coach?

*Blunt.* O, the devil! I have given her a new theme——

[Aside.]

*Mrs. D.* Why, I'll tell you—Can you guess how 'twas?

*Blunt.*

*Blunt.* Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

*Mrs. D.* Look you, thus it was; there was, in the first place, myself, and my husband I shou'd have said first, but his honour wou'd have pardon'd me, if he had heard me: Mr. Busie that I told you of, and his wife; the mayor of Reading and his wife; and this Ruth that you see there, in one of our laps——But now, where do you think the rest were?

*Blunt.* A top o'th' coach, sure.

*Mrs. D.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess—why—wou'd you think it; I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. Busie one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of Reading a chopping boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers, as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him: for, wou'd you think it? at the very same time when this same Ruth was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coach'd, the good man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in.——

*Enter Abel, and Obadiah.*

—Oh, are you come? Long look'd for come at last. 'What—you have a slow set pace, as well as your hasty 'scribble, sometimes.' Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

*Oba.* I ask your honour's pardon; for I do profess unto your ladyship, I had attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, demurr'd me by his delays.

*Mrs. D.* Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye. Read her and take her: Ah, is't not so?

*Abel.* I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

*Mrs. D.* Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding, than his master's son.

*Abel.* If it please your honour, I have some business for your more private ear.

*Mrs. D.* Very well.

*Ruth.*

## 8 THE COMMITTEE.

*Ruth.* What a lamentable condition has that gentleman been in! faith I pity him.

*Arbel.* Are you so apt to pity men?

*Ruth.* Yes, men that are humourfome, as I would children that are froward; I wou'd not make them cry on purpose.

*Arbel.* Well, I like his humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

*Ruth.* Plain enough of all conscience; faith I'll speak to him.

*Arbel.* Nay, pr'ythee don't; he'll think thee rude.

*Ruth.* Why then I'll think him an afs.—How is't after your journey, Sir?

*Blunt.* Why, I am worse after it.

*Ruth.* Do you love riding in a coach, Sir?

*Blunt.* No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a coach.

*Ruth.* I shou'd be loth to interrupt your meditations, Sir: we may have the fruits hereafter.

*Blunt.* If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth.—This spawn is as bad as the great pike. [*Afide.*]

*Arbel.* Pr'ythee, peace!—Sir, we wish you all happiness.

*Blunt.* And quiet, good sweet ladies—I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she should jeer too, and spoil my good opinion. If, 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one woman.

*Mrs. D.* Come, Mrs. Arbella, 'tis as I told you, Abel has done it; say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel. I profess, she may venture to take thee for better for worse. Come, Mrs. the honourable committee will fit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir.

[*Ex. all but Blunt.*]

*Blunt.* How! the committee ready to fit! Plague on their honours; for so my honour'd lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been must compound for their having been rascals. Well, I must go seek a lodging, and a solicitor: I'll find the arrantest rogue I can, too: for according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

*Enter*



*Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant.*

*Car.* Dear Blunt, well met; when came you, man?

*Blunt.* Dear Careless, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant. I am landed just now, man.

*Car.* Thou speak'st as-if thou had'st been at sea

*Blunt.* It's pretty well guess'd; I have been in a storm.

*Car.* What business brought thee?

*Blunt.* May be the same with yours; I am come to compound with their honours.

*Car.* That's my business too. Why, the committee sits suddenly.

*Blunt.* Yes, I know it; I heard so in the storm I told thee of.'

*Car.* What storm, man?

*Blunt.* Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath. I have rode in a stage-coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is Day; and she accordingly will be call'd, your honour, and your ladyship; 'with a tongue that wags as much faster than all other women's, as in the several motions of a watch, the hand of the minute moves faster than that of the hour.' There was her daughter, too; but a bastard, without question: for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd rascals, and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.—There was another gentlewoman, and she was handsome; nay, very handsome: but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, how, man?

*Blunt.* Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

*Car.* Thou wert not so mad?

*Blunt.* I had been mad if I had not—But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals, that yet pretended religion and open rebellion ever painted: they were the hopes and guide of the honourable family, viz. The eldest son, and the chiefest clerk, rogues—and hereby hangs a tale.—This gentlewoman, I told thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chick-

chicken has this kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest rascal.

*Car.* What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love and rescue her.

*Blunt.* I'll woo no woman.

*Car.* Wou'd'st thou have them court thee? A Soldier and not love a siege! — How now, who art thou?

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* A poor Irishman, Heav'n save me, and save all your three faces; give me a thirteen.

*Car.* I see thou wou'd'st not lose any thing for want of asking.

*Tea.* I can't afford it.

*Car.* Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpence for thy confidence.

*Tea.* By my troth it is too little; give me another sixpence-halfpenny, and I'll drink your healths.

*Car.* How long hast thou been in England?

*Tea.* Ever since I came here, and longer too, faith.

*Car.* What hast thou done since thou cam'st into England?

*Tea.* Serv'd Heaven, and St. Patrick, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes, indeed.

*Car.* And what dost thou do now?

*Tea.* Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

*Car.* Why, where's thy master?

*Tea.* He's dead, mastero, and left poor Teague. Upon my soul he never serv'd poor Teague so before in all his life.

*Car.* Who was thy master,?

*Tea.* E'en the good Colonel Danger.

*Car.* He was my dear and noble friend.

*Tea.* Yes, that he was, and poor Teague's too.

*Car.* What dost thou mean to do?

*Tea.* I will get a good master, if any good master wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul; for I went to one Lilly's; he lives at that house, at the end of an other house, by the may-pole house, and tells every body by one star, and t'other star, what good look they shall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor Teague.

*Car.* Why, man?

*Tea.*

*Tea.* Why, 'tis done by the stars and the planters; and he told me there was no stars for Irishmen. I told him there was as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too; and if a good master cannot get me, I will run into Ireland, and see if the stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back, and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good look, and some stars.

*Car.* Poor fellow! I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest.—Hast thou any trade?

*Tea.* Bo, bub bub bo! a trade, a trade! an Irishman with a trade! an Irishman scorns a trade; his blood is too thick for a trade. I will run for thee forty miles; but I scorn to have a trade.

*Bl.* Alas, poor simple fellow!

*Car.* I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince and friend. Well, Teague, what sayst thou, if I will take thee?

*Tea.* Why, I say you cou'd not do a better thing.

*Car.* Thy master was my dear friend; wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

*Tea.* Yes, upon my soul, that I was; and I did howl over him, and I ask'd over him why he died, but the devil burn the word he said to me; and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet face, 'till the rogues came upon me, and took all away from me, and left me nothing but this mantle; I have never any victuals, neither, but a little snuff.

*Car.* Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

*Tea.* That I will, if you will be good to poor Teague.

*Car.* Now, to our business; for I came but last night myself; and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

*Blunt.* One may serve us all; what say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

*Lieu.* Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a heifer of their own.

*Car.* Now I think on't, Blunt, why didst not thou begin with the committee-man's cow?

*Blunt.* Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so, that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd lark.

*Lieu.* But, hark you, gentlemen, there's an illustrating dose to be swallow'd first; there's a covenant to be taken.

*Tea.*

*Tea.* Well, what is that covenant? By my soul I will take it for my new master.

*Car.* Thank thee, Teague—A covenant, say'st thou?

*Tea.* Well, where is that covenant?

*Car.* We'll not swear, lieutenant.

*Lieu.* You must have no land, then.

*Blunt.* Then, farewell acres, and may the dirt choak 'em.

*Car.* 'Tis but being reduc'd to Teague's equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

*Tea.* Oh, you shall have your belly full of it.

*Lieu.* Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge; for, know, I am married to a most illustrious person, that had a kindness for me.

*Car.* Pry'thee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

*Lieu.* Why, you see there are stars in England, tho' none in Ireland. Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter. [*Ex. Blunt and Lieutenant.*]

*Car.* Come, Teague; however, I have a suit of cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by thy blanket for some time. It may be, thee and I may be reduced together to thy country fashion.

*Tea.* Upon my soul, joy, I will carry thee to my little estate in Ireland.

*Car.* Hast thou got an estate?

*Tea.* By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature, that if you had it for nothing, you wou'd scarce make your money of it.

*Car.* Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mr. Day.* Welcome, sweet duck; I profess thou hast brought home good company, indeed; money and money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this heiress, Mrs. Arbella, for our son Abel.

*Mrs. Day.* If we can! you are ever at your *ifs*; you're afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you one *if* more, that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your heart wou'd be down in your breeches at every turn. Well, if I were gone—there's another *if* for you.

*Mr. Day.* I profess thou sayest true; I should not know what

what to do, indeed. I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing ; I had ne'er got Ruth, nor her estate, into my fingers else.

*Mrs. Day.* Nay, in that business, too, you were at your *ifs*. Now, you see she goes currently for our own daughter ; and this Arbella shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

*Mr. Day.* If we cou'd but do that, wife !

*Mrs. Day.* Yet again at your *ifs*

*Mr. Day.* I have done, I have done ; to your counsel, good duck ; you know I depend upon that.

*Mrs. Day.* You may, well enough ; you find the sweet on't ; and, to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it. In truth they are ready to call me the committee-man ; they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

*Mrs. Day.* Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

*Mrs. Day.* In the first place, (observe how I lay a design in politicks) d'ye mark ? counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his interest under-hand. Very good ; and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody. Then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great offers ; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the composition of Arbella's estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to Abel.

*Mr. Day.* Excellent.

*Mrs. Day.* Mark the luck on't too, their names sound alike ; Abel and Arbella, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a providence.

*Mr. Day.* Thou observest right, duck ; thou canst see as far into a mill-stone as another.

*Mrs. Day.* Pish ! do not interrupt me.

*Mrs. Day.* I do not, good duck, I do not.

*Mrs. Day.* You do not, and yet you do ; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse. Then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That language is understood amongst you, I take it, ha ?

*Mr. Day.* Yes, yes, we use those items often.

*Mrs. Day.* Well, interrupt me not.

*Mr. Day.* I do not, good wife.

*Mrs. Day.* You do not, and yet you do. By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands ; and then, no Abel, no land—But, in the mean time, I would have Abel do his part, too.

*Mr. Day.* Ay, ay, there's a want ; I found it.

*Mrs. Day.* Yes, when I told you so before.

*Mr. Day.* Why, that's true, duck, he is too backward ; if I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, you'd do wonders ! But, now I think on't, there may be some use made of Ruth ; 'tis a notable witty harlotry.

*Mrs. Day.* Aye, and so she is, duck ; I always thought so.

*Mr. Day.* You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first.—Let me see—It shall be so ; we'll set her to instruct Abel, in the first place ; and then to incline Arbella ; they are hand and glove ; and women can do much with one another.

*Mr. Day.* Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.

*Mrs. Day.* Pray, call her in ; you thought of that, too, did you not ?

*Mr. Day.* I will, duck. Ruth ! why, Ruth !

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Your pleasure, Sir ?

*Mr. Day.* Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that—

*Mrs. Day.* Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. Dy'e hear, Ruth ; you may do a business that may not be the worse for you. You know I use but few words.

*Ruth.* What does she call a few ? *[Aside.]*

*Mrs. Day.* Look you, now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter ; my husband and I do design this Mrs. Arbella for our son Abel, and the young fellow is not forward enough. You conceive ? Pry'thee give him a little instructions how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her ; ' for ' women best know what will please women.' Then work on Arbella, on the other side ; work, I say, my good girl ; no more, but so. You know my custom is

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to use but few words. Much may be said in a little ; you shan't repent it ;

*Mr. Day.* And I say something too, Ruth,

*Mrs. Day.* What need you ? Don't you see it all said already to your hand ; what sayest thou, girl ?

*Ruth.* I shall do my best—I would not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Go, call Abel, good girl. [*Exit Ruth.*]  
By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves, if the king should come ; you'll be hanged else.

*Mr. Day.* Oh, good wife, let's secure ourselves by all means. There's a wife saying : 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

*Mrs. Day.* You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

*Enter Ruth with Abel.*

*Mr. Day.* O, son Abel, d'ye hear—

*Mrs. Day.* Pray, hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own tale—D'ye hear, son Abel, I have formerly told you that Arbella would be a good wife for you : a word's enough to the wife ; some endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister Ruth, to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself ; observe her directions, as you'll answer the contrary ; be confident, and put home. Ha, boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate. Well, 'tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be ! Be sure you follow your sister's directions.

*Mr. Day.* Be sure, boy,—well said, duck, I say.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Day.*]

*Ruth.* Now, brother Abel.

*Abel.* Now, sister Ruth.

*Ruth.* Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.*]  
Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, Mrs. Arbella ?

*Abel.* I have not known her a week yet.

*Ruth.* O, cry you mercy, good brother Abel. Well, to begin then, you must alter your posture, ' and by ' your grave and high demeanour, make yourself appear ' a hole above Obadiah ; lest your mistress should take ' you for such another scribble-scrabble as he is ; ' and always hold up your head, as if it were bolster'd up with high matters ; your hands join'd flat together, projecting