

Tho^s. Holley Esq. F. S. A.

Miscellaneous Specimen of the
Burtheny Fair Drama.

was unknown to Jones, Barker
and Rhodes.

George Daniel
Cincinnati,

1844.

The whole.

P L A Y

O F T H E

Unnatural Parents:

O R,

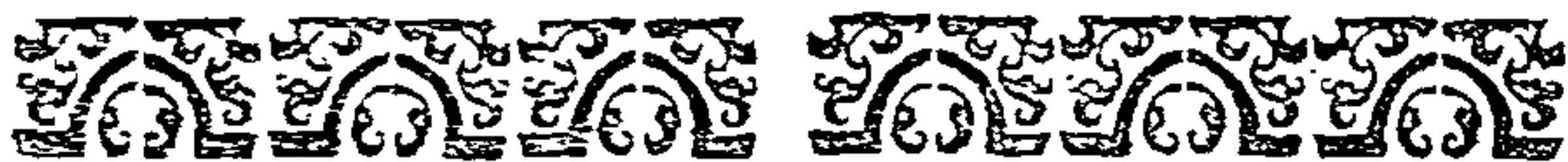
The F A I R M A I D
of the *West.*

With the Comical Humours of
Trusty, her Father's Man,

And Dame *Strikefire*, the wicked
Witch of *Cornwall.*

As it is Acted at L E L's Booth in *Bartholomew*
Fair.

L O N D O N: Printed by *A. Lightbody*,
in *Black and White Court*, in the *Old-Bailey*,
and Enter'd in the Stamp-Office according to
Act of Parliament.



Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

Sir *Adam Wealthy*, the Father Mr. *Spiller*.
Lord *Lovewell*, Mr. *Hulett*.
Trusty Mr. *Morgan*.
Dame *Strikefire*, Mr. *Harper*.

W O M E N

Lady *Wealthy*, the Mother, Mrs. *Bray*.
Fair Maid of the *West*, Mrs. *Spiller*.
Betty *Wealthy*, the sister, Mrs. *Morgan*.





The Fair Maid of the *West*. &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter. SIR *Adam Wealthy*, and *Lady Wealthy*.

Sir Adam. My Daughter *Betty* not well say you.!

Lady. Yes Husband, not well I say, for you never saw a Girl so alter'd in your Life; for she is troubl'd with Fits, and a sinking of her Spirits: And all that I can do, can scarce keep Life in her.

Sir A. I suppose she Frets, after the Young Baggage her Sister.

Lady. Nothing so sure Husband, but here she comes.

SCENE II.

Enter Betty.

Sir A. Well, how do you do my Girl? *Betty*. But very bad Sir, the Loss of my dear Sister is the cause of all my Grief.

Sir. Ad. Prithee never mind it Girl, for my Part, I never Lov'd her.

Lady. Noa! Husband.

Sir Ad. Come, come my Dear, let's go in and be merry: what's the matter *Trusty*?

Enter *Trusty*.

Trusty. Matter Sir, Matter enough; why there's the Kitchen all up in Arms: Why theres the *Butler* the *Dairy Maid*, the *Cook*, the *Scullyon*, the *Hobler*, *House Maid*, and *Chamber Maid*, are all resolv'd, that if my Young *Mistress* don't Return, and that very quickly too, they will give Your Worship warning: And if they all go Sir, Poor *Trusty* must leave You.

Sir Ad. What! All my Servants leave me?

Trusty Yes Sir, but here they come all together.

Enter *Butler*, *Cook*, *Coachman*, *Groom*, *Hostler*, and *Dairy Maid*; and several other Servants.

1st. Servant Well, You are all of a Mind, what You?

Yes, yes, all of one Mind, for the Things are Unfufferable; and we all know enough:

But

But let *John* the Coachman speak first:

John. Why look ye Sir, we are all come to give your Worship VVarning.

Sir Ad. Give me VVarning say you,

John. Yes Sir, for ever since my Young Mistress has been gone, I can't make my Horses dra but they Kick and Fling like Devils; and more than that sir, when I went this morning into the stable, I found two of your worships best Geldings stone Dead.

Sir Ad. Two of my Horses Dead say you! Why this is abominable, why it is witchcraft.

Butler. Nay Sir, more than that, last Night when I went into the Pantry, I found all the Dishes upon the Ground; and the Meat tumbled about the Floor.

Brewer. Yes Sir, and I can tell you more for this Morning, going into the Cellar to fetch some Ale, there was all the best *March* and *October* Beer, all running about the Cellar.

Baker. Yes, and all the Pies, Pasties, Cheese cakes, and Custards, are all squash'd in the Oven; I runs to open the oven, the Oven flies full in my Eace, and all the Pasties about the Kitchen.

Sir Ad. Why this is perfect Witchcraft, nothing but Witchcraft!

Dairy-

Drury-Maid. Nay Sir, as for my Part, I can't tell what's the Matter, for the Cows won't give half a Meal; the Calves rides the Cows; and the Cows ride rides one another; and then they ride they ride the Bulls: That in short, Sir. I am quite weary of my Place.

Sir Ad. Worse and worse! This is plain Witchcraft! O abomination! Well, well, go in and be contented, we will soon fetch your Young Mistress, and it shall be *Trusty's* Care to find her: But with this Charge, not to return without her.

Trusty. Not to return without her Sir pray do you know which way I must go to find her;

Sir Ad. Which way you will *Trusty*.

Exeunt Trusty, and Re Enter's with a Cagg of Beer and several paire of Shoes hanging on his Shoulder; With a Loafe under one Arm, and a Cheefe under the other.

Sir Ad. Hey, hey *Trusty*, what makes you Drest in this Garber.

Trusty. Why truly Sir, I love to be provided; for I neither know the length of my Journey, nor whither I am going, nor when I shall return.

Sir Ad. Well *Trusty*, be careful; but before you don't Return without your Young Mistress.

Trusty

Trusty. Never fear Sir.
For I go with a willing Mind,
To search for her, I hope to find.

The End of the First A C T.



A C T. II. S C E N E. I.

The Scene opens and Discovers a large lonesome Wood, Enter Trusty.

WELL, I have Travel'd a great way
and I'm never the better; for I don't
know where I've been, nor whither I'm going,
and what is worse, when I shall return again.

Here a Voice Ecchoes and returns the Sound.

Ecchoe. Return again.

Trusty. Oh! what is that! It sounds like the
Voice of my Dear Mistress.

Ec. My Dear Mistress.

Trusty. De'ye hear, there it is again! To be
sure I shall soon find her.

Ec. Soon find her.

Trusty. Yes, yes, see there again! Oh! how
rejoyc'd I am.

Enter Hagwall and two other Witches.

Hag-

Hagwell. What means this Noise, that disturbs my Quiet in my lonesome Cell? Oh! he's a good brisk Fellow, I'll Kiss him.

Trust. O Monstrous! What is this! Pray Forsooth, forbear, your Nose is too long.

Hag. But I will. [Kiss's him.]

Trust. If this be your way of Kissing I beg I may have no more of it; for I'm sure, the thrust her Nose half-way down my Throat.

Hag. O, what I'm to Obeysan I!
Well, since it is ~~you~~ dont like me,
You shall have the choice of three

Enter in o other Witches, Daughter to Hagwell and with them, three Wild Cats, suppos'd to be Witches.

Hag. Here is, my Daughters, go and Kiss them.

Trust. O pray Forsooth, if you please, I had much rather let it alone; for de'ye fe me, I have been in search of my Young Mistress, that's the matter.

Hag. I how you have, and you shall quick ly return Home.

Trust. Ah dear! I have been a great while a coming, and I can't see home so quickly: Besides, I must not go home, unless I can find my Young Mistress.

Hag. My Mistress is found, and will be at home.

Trust.

Trust. You know my Young Misttess, pray de'ye?

Hag. Yes, 'twas I, that did your Master's Horses kill.

2 d. W. 'Twas I that did the Beer all Spill.

3 d. W. 'Twas I, that threw the Custards down, that he might not have his fill.

Trust What rare Company I'm got into! But I'm to Ride home you say.

Hag. Yes, upon my Distaff thou shalt stride,
And o'er the Tops of Houses Ride;
And ebe two Footmen running by thy side.

[Pointing to two of the Cats.

Enter Trusty.

Here the three Witches Dance, while Trusty is Mounted on his Horse.

Enter Trusty riding on a Distaff and flies into the Air; with two Wild Cats running by his side.

[Exeunt Omnes.

An Italian S O N G.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Sir Thomas Worthy and his Lady.

Worthy. And how does she seem to be pleas'd with her Station?

Lady. Very well indeed Sir Thomas, but I cannot get her to discover any thing of her Birth, or of what Parentage she came; but sure it is, she is one of Noble Blood.

Worth.

Worth. Pray my Dear, let her have every thing that is fitting: such as Clothing, and equal to my own Children.

Lady. That I have already in Part provided; and what is wanting, your orders shall be obey'd.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Sir *Thom.* I am heartily glad to see you.

Worth. The like to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, you are come in good time; I hope you will stay and take a Dinner with me.

Love. I willingly consent, to any thing Sir, that is your desire.

Worth. And there Mr. *Lovewell*, you shall see the Person we were talking of; she came to crave Charity at my Door, but in her Face, she shew'd something that was Nobly born, and truly Virtuous: For which, I took her into my House, and she has the Care of my Children: I call her my little Beggar, with which she seems to be very well pleas'd; but we'll but we'll to Dinner, she is taking a turn in the Garden to divert the Children.

Love. Sir, I'll make bold to take a Walk in the Garden, and perhaps there I may see your little Feggar.

Worth. Do so *Lovewell*, in the mean time we'll go in. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Scene opens and discovers a Garden, the Fair Maid sitting on a bank, leaning on her Arm, as tho' she was Asleep.

Enter

Enter 3 *Aerial Spirits* and sing: After which
Venus descends in a Chariot, drawn by two swans
 and sings.

Maid. What Sounds are these I hear! they're
 Dreams which does disturb my Rest. O woe is
 me! A poor forsaken wretch, banish'd from my
 Friends and Parents, and drove to wander about
 like a Vagabond, and beg my Bread: But it
 has pleas'd the divine Powers to set me in a
 Worthy Family, whose Love is doubly great,
 but yet how hard it is for me poor lone some
 Maid, to wander so many Miles from Home,
 and obliged to leave my Parents, and Sister, all
 thorough the hatred, and unkindness of my
 Cruel Parents: But Oh ye Powers! Bless and
 Preserve those Hands that has reliev'd my wants.

Enter *Lovewell.*

Love. Lucky Moment; and alone too, dearest
 Creature, happy am I to meet with you thus
 alone.

Maid. Dear Sir, what would you have with
 a Wretch like me? Abandon'd and Forlorn
 cast out from Parents and from Friends, and
 drove a wanderer to beg my Bread.

Love. My Dear, I crave nothing but what is
 Honourable, for from the first Moment I saw
 you, I Lov'd you.

Maid. Oh Sir! were my Condition equal to
 you in Degree, I could be willing to accept
 your Love: But as my poor and mean State.

not answerable to your Rank and Quality, I hope you will excuse my Denial.

Love. My Dear, my Love is sincere and true, and never shall waver: Your Beauty and Virtue, makes you a Match for me; we'll go into Dinner, and there I'll tell you more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *trusty*. So, I'm come Home at last; but all this while I have not seen my young Mistress. Oh! here comes her Sister.

Enter *Betty Wealthy Mad.*

Betty. My Sister return'd say ye! that is joyful News, O here she is, Kiss me my Dear, [*going to trusty.* Come Kiss me again.

trusty. Ay Madam, as often as you please; but I an't your Sister Madam, I am your Man *trusty* Madam.

Betty. No, you are my dear Sister, and I must Kiss you again; thou art all Wet and Cold: Come my dear, and I will Cloath thee.

[*Kisses him again.*

trusty. Look you Madam, you may say what you will, but I tell you I am *trusty*, Madam, I am a Man, indeed I am Madam; and if you won't believe me, I have my Certificate about me to show, Madam.

Betty. My Dear, you are my Sister, and thou art very Cold. Come in and I'll dress thee, come.

trusty. Adad, she has almost perswaded me that I am a woman; and yet I can't believe it
neither:

neither: But i'll go and see what she'll do with me.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A Dance by Four.

Re-Enter *trusty*, drest in womens Apparel.

trusty. So, now I think I am drest, all this Night has she been a bedizening me at this Rate, 'till heavy sleep overcame her; and so i stole out of her Chamber: i can but admire now i'm drest.

Enter Sir *Adam Wealthy*.

Sir Ad. what *trusty*! why, what dost do with all this Tumpery on?

trusty. Nay, truly Sir, I can't tell; 'twas your Mad Daughter, your Daughter *Betty* Sir, that has taken all this Pains, and a great while she has been about it too.

Sir Ad. Go, go and strip, get 'em off; and ill to the Bowling-Green. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Worthy* and *Lovewell*.

Worth. well Mr. *Lovewell*, how do you like my little Beggar?

Love Extremely well Sir, she seems to have been bred beyond what her Condition was, when you took her in.

Worth.

Worth. she does so; and what makes me take Delight in her.

Love. I think Sir, you have promis'd, that if the Marri's one whom you approve of; you will give her 500 Pounds.

Worth. I did so, and will keep my word.

Love. Then Sir I must satisfy you, that our Hearts are already join'd; and I hope you will approve of the Choice.

Worth. I do Mr. Lovewell, and will Pay the Money down.

Love. Sir I thank you; and as this is your wedding-Day, Pray let it be ours.

Worth. with all my Heart, *Lovewell.* [Exeunt.
Enter Sir Thomas *Worthy*, and his Lady *Mr. Lovewell*, and the Fair Maid of the *West.*

Worth. I wish you Joy Mr. *Lovewell*, and I hope my little Beggar, will make you a good wife; and what she wants in Fortune, shall make up in Virtue: And herê according to my promise is a Bill of 500 l. to be paid up in sight.

Love. Sir I thank you; now the world can't say I Married a wife without a Fortune: This and 2503 Pounds of my own, will do pretty well; but to shew that Love was the only Cause of this our happy Marriage, I will present this to you my Dear, as you shall think proper [gives it to her]

Fair Maid. My Dear thank you, 300 l. will lay out in Plate, in Remembrance of Sir
Thomas

Thomas Worthy: Another 100 to Travel round the Countries, to divert our Leives: And the other 100 to be distributed amongst the servants of the House

Love. what you please my Dear; but the Mulick is come, and we'll go in a while [*Exeunt*.

An Italian S O N G.

Enter *Lovewell*, and the *Fair Maid*, as Travel-ling to her Father's House, unknown to him.

Love. VVell my Dear, how you like the Country sports?

Maid. Extreemly well my Dear, but don't let me hinder your Diverfion?

Love. No my Dear, I'm going to the Bowling Green, and you shall go with me.

Maid. No my Dear, I had rather take a turn another way, and meet you again in an Hour.

Love. VVell do my Dear; and by that it will be Dinner time.

[*Exeunt Lovewell*.

Maid. This is as my Heart could wish; for at the Bowling-Green he will see my Cruel Father, who'll perhaps invite him to Dinner, it being his usual way if any strange Gentlemen come to Town.

[*Exeunt*.

A Dance.

Enter *Lowmell*, and the *Fair-Maid*.

Love. Do not you think me long my Dear?

Maid. No, I thought you was diverting yourself at Bowls.

Love. Why, when I was there, I met with a Gentleman whose Name was Sir *A Wealthy*, who seeing me a Stranger in the Town, was pleas'd to invite me to Dinner; which I at first refus'd: But he still press'd upon me, 'till I was in point of good Manners, oblig'd to Consent.

Maid. Well, I am proud that you have found some Company to Divert you: For my Part, I can Din alone.

Love. No my Dear, that you must not; for when the Gentleman understood my Spouse was in Town, he oblig'd me to promise to bring you along with me.

Maid. What you please my Dear, what was provided for Us, will serve the Servants.

Love. It will to my Dear; and we'll go.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Sir *Ad. Wealthy*, and his *Lady*.

Love Sir *Adm*, your humble Servant.

Sir Ad. Bless me! What's that I see, my Daughter!

Maid.

Mist. Yes Sir, your banish'd Daughter, on
er bended Knees craves your Blessing.

Sir Ad. You have it; and I am glad to see
my Daughter return'd, and in this happy State.

Enter *Betty Wealthy.*

Betty. My Dear Sister, i'm overjoy'd at your
Return.

Trust. So am I i'n sure; O dear Madam, we
have been in a sad Condition ever since you
went away; and especially your Poor Man
Trusty Madam.

Sir Ad. Go in *Trusty*, and see if Dinner's ready
and we'll follow and spend the Day in Mirth.

*It often proves the Child that we most hate,
Dies what we best, and the most happy Fate.*

A Dance.

By a Harlequin Man and Woman; A Scra-
mouch Man and Woman; and a Country Man
and Woman.

F I N I S