

**CONGREVE'S
COMEDY
OF LOVE FOR LOVE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649399031

Congreve's Comedy of Love for Love by James W. Wallack

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JAMES W. WALLACK

**CONGREVE'S
COMEDY
OF LOVE FOR LOVE**

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Congreve's Comedy

OF

LOVE FOR LOVE,

CAREFULLY REVISED, CURTAILED, AND ALTERED BY

JAMES W. WALLACK,

AND PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE IN ITS
PRESENT FORM, MARCH 1st, 1864,

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

CORRECTLY MARKED AS ACTED,

By HENRY B. PHILLIPS, PROMPTER.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
M.DCCCLIV.

15482.58.11.30

~~Book 415, 4, 95~~

Congress William

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New-York.

Dramatis Personae,

AS PERFORMED AT

WALLACK'S THEATRE, N. Y., 1854.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND, <i>Father to Valentins and Ben</i>	Mr. Blake.
VALENTINE, <i>in love with Angelica</i>	Mr. Lester.
SCANDAL, <i>His Friend, a free Speaker</i>	Mr. Dyott.
TATTLE, <i>a half-witted beau</i>	Mr. Walcott.
BEN, <i>Sir Sampson's youngest Son</i>	Mr. Brougham.
FORESIGHT, <i>an illiterate old fellow</i>	Mr. L. Thompson.
JEREMY, <i>Servant to Valentins</i>	Mr. F. A. Vincent.
TRAPLAND, <i>a Scrivener</i>	Mr. Bernard.
BUCKRAM, <i>a Lawyer</i>	Mr. Lyster.
STEWARD	Mr. Brown.
SERVANT	Mr. Burke.
ANGELICA, <i>Niece to Foresight</i>	Mrs. Hoey.
MRS. FORESIGHT, <i>Second Wife to Foresight</i>	Mrs. Cramer.
MRS. FRAIL, <i>Sister to Mrs. Foresight</i>	Mrs. Brougham.
MISS PRUE, <i>Daughter to Foresight by first Wife</i>	Mrs. Stephens.
NURSE TO MISS	Mrs. Isherwood.
JENNY	Mrs. Phillips.

SCENE IN LONDON.



LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Valentine's Chamber.* VALENTINE seated at Table, R. H., reading; JEREMY waiting. Several Books upon the table, L. H.

Val. Jeremy!

Jer. Sir!

Val. Here, take away, I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read. [Rises.

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet! [Aside, and taking away the books.

Val. And, d'ye hear, go you to breakfast. There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an Emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts? [Coming down, R. H.

Val. Read, read, sirrah! and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes. Shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray, what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! And so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten?

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? Or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it, and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason, because they abound in sense, and you are a fool? [Crosses P. s.

Jer. Ay, sir, I am a fool, I know it: and yet, Heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit. But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expenses would bring you to, your coaches and your liveries, your treats and your balls, your being in love with a lady that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity, and keeping company with wits that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now, when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well, and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all. I'll pursue Angelica with more

love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love which has principally reduced me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I'm in a condition to be even with them. [*Sits at table, &c.*]

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now Heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper! You don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do, I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem! Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines,—only to certify those whom it may concern,—That the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch, by name, has for the space of seven years, truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, Esquire, and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanor, but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him.

Val. No, sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, it's impossible. I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works: but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help. I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts.

Jer. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favor? If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet! The spirit of Famine appears to me, like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great for-