

**MONEY: A COMEDY IN  
FIVE ACTS;  
NO. VIII. MODERN  
STANDARD DRAMA**

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Money: A Comedy in Five Acts; No.VIII. Modern standard drama by Sir Edward Lytton  
Bulwer

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**SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER**

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No. VIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

—  
M O N E Y :

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER *Lytton*

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED  
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

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TIMORE, MD.; AND ALL OTHER PERIODICAL BOOKSELLERS AND  
DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

1845.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE comedy of "Money" was originally produced the 8th of December, 1840, at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The critic of the *Literary Gazette* says of its performance: "A better acting or better acted play has not been brought out in our day, and we remember 'John Bull.' It often, by its sparkling allusions, recalled the 'School for Scandal' to our minds; and the drop-scene certainly fell upon every act amid bursts of applause at the skill displayed in the construction of these pauses, giving each a scenic effect and interest, which could not be improved. The strength of the play is not in plot—it is meagre; nor in actual and consequential circumstances, for there are some errors and improbabilities. But the genuine power of this performance belongs to an ancient, recognised, and high order of the comic—the power of seizing the characters and manners of the age, and holding the mirror up to society; and that, too, after it has so long been asserted that the progress of civilization had destroyed the materials for such a purpose. The characters all stand out well from the mass. *Dudley, alias Deadly Smooth* (Wrench), the cool, calculating gambler, who, when asked, 'Can you keep a secret?' happily replies, 'I have kept myself,' is one instance; *Graves* (Webster), ever lamenting his lost shrew of a wife, and betrayed into laughable extravagances by his very griefs, winding up the whole by

the witty hit, as he goes off with the widow (Mrs. Glover), 'Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!' is another. *Stout* (D. Rees), a radical M.P., all for the enlightenment of the nation, is a third original and striking part. In *Sir John Vesey* (Strickland), also, there are several traits of much originality; and *Sir Frederick Blount* (Lacy), a fashionable coxcomb, is nearly as good. *Lord Glossmore* (Vining), as an aristocratic contrast to *Stout*, is well imagined; and the principal character, that of *Evelyn* (Macready), extremely forcible, both in the feeling, and apparently reckless and bitterly satirical situations, in which he speaks and acts."

The present edition of "Money" conforms to the acting copy prepared for the Park Theatre. It was found impossible to adhere rigidly to the text of the closet edition, and at the same time adapt it to the wants of the actor. The alterations are not, however, of a character to mar the effect of the piece in the reading, while they are calculated to improve it in the acting.

COSTUMES, *those of the present day.*



EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

*R. means Right; L. Left; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door;  
S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

*R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C.  
Left of Centre.*

*\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the Audience.*



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# MONEY.

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room in SIR JOHN VESEY'S house; folding doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right a table with newspapers, books, &c.; to the left a sofa writing-table.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA. (R. C.)

*Sir J. (reading a letter edged with black.)* Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria,"—Hum—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

*Geo.* Well, as since her death?—

*Sir J. (reading.)* "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely."  
HENRY GRAVES."

*Geo.* And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

*Sir J.* Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

*Geo.* And are you not, papa?

*Sir J.* Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! There are two rules in life—First, men are valued not for what they are, but what they seem to be.

Secondly, if you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a-year—on the strength of 400*l.* a-year, I took credit for 800*l.*: on the strength of 800*l.* a-year I married your mother with 10,000*l.*: on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dickey Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack."

*Geo.* Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

*Sir J.* But a valuable reputation, When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of 2000*l.* a-year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul!

*Geo.* I must say that you—

*Sir J.* Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune, as I spend all that I have, I can have nothing to leave you; yet even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated now-a-days in order to become a pride to their parents and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

*Geo.* Ah, papa, he is charming.

*Sir J.* He *was* so, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress, such as you will be, should look out for a duke.—Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

*Geo.* I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

*Sir J.* A humorist—a cynic! one never knows how to take him. My private secretary, a poor cousin, has not got a