
Money, a Comedy, by the Author of 'the Lady of Lyons'.

Lytton Edward George

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M O N E Y :

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE LADY OF LYONS,” “RICHELIEU,” “RIENZI,” &c.

NEW EDITION.

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.—*Old Truism.*

Und, es herrscht der Erde Gott, das Geld.—SCHILLER.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1856.



LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

MEN.

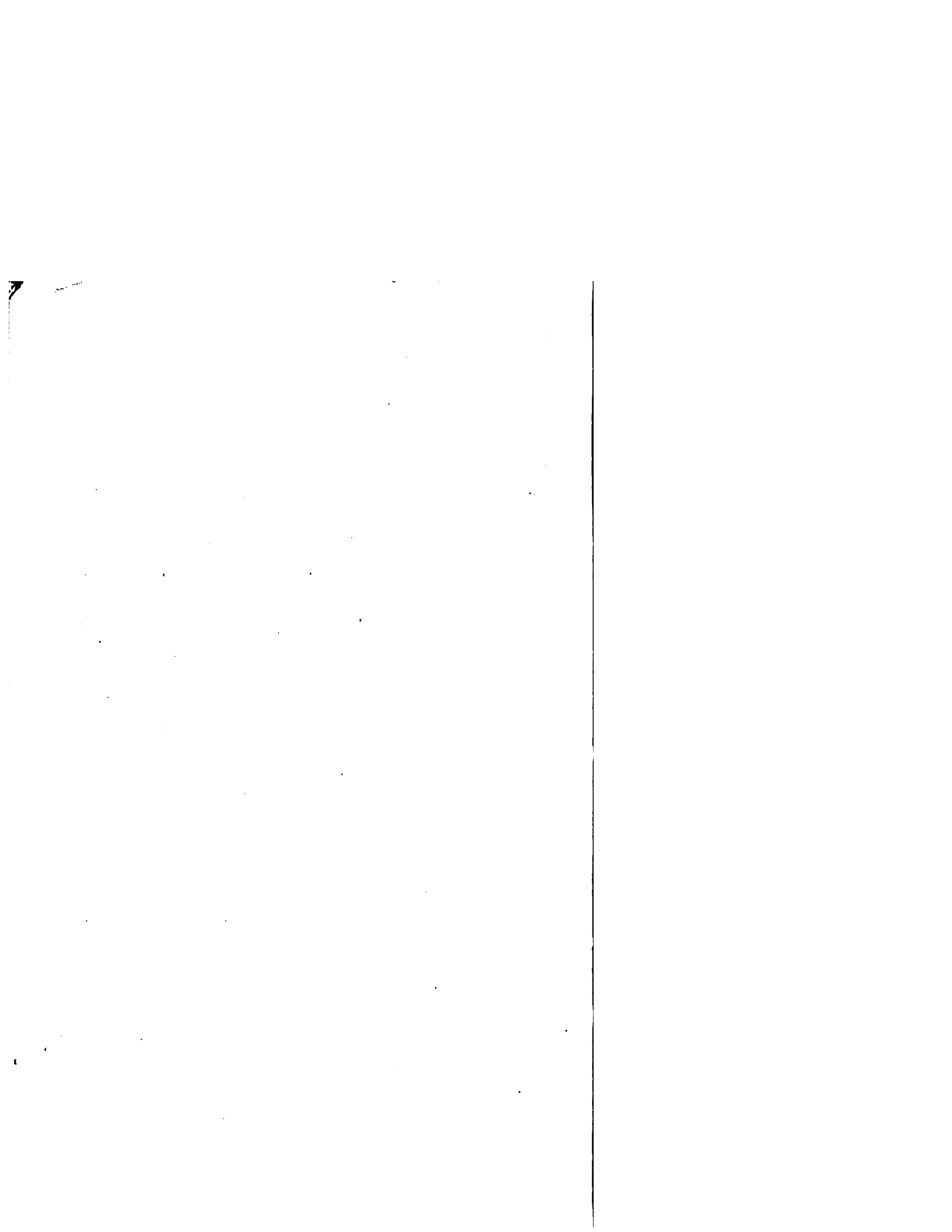
LORD GLOSSMORE	MR. VINING.
SIR JOHN VESEY, BART., <i>Knight of the Guelph</i> , F.R.S., F.S.A.	MR. STRICKLAND.
SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT	MR. LACY.
STOUT	MR. D. REES.
GRAVES	MR. WEBSTER.
EVELYN	MR. MACREADY.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH	MR. WRENCH.
SHARP	MR. WALDRON.
TOKE	MR. OXBERRY.
FRANTZ, <i>Tailor</i>	MR. O. SMITH.
TABOURET, <i>Upholsterer</i>	MR. HOWE.
MACFINCH, <i>Jeweller and Silversmith</i>	MR. GOUGH.
MACSTUCCO, <i>Architect</i>	MR. MATHEWS.
KITE, <i>Horse-dealer</i>	MR. SANTER.
CRIMSON, <i>Portrait-painter</i>	MR. GALLOT.
GRAB, <i>Publisher</i>	MR. CAULFIELD.
PATENT, <i>Coach-builder</i>	MR. CLARKE.

*Members of the * * * Club, Servants, &c.*

WOMEN.

LADY FRANKLIN, <i>half-sister to Sir John Vesey</i> .	MRS. GLOVER.
GEORGINA, <i>daughter to Sir John</i>	MISS HORTON.
CLARA, <i>companion to Lady Franklin, cousin to Evelyn</i>	MISS FAUCIT.

Scene, London, 1840.



Juliet Desborough

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.

SIR JOHN (*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!

GEORGINA.

Well, as since her death?—

SIR JOHN (*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."

GEORGINA.

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

SIR JOHN.

Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. All the time he was making this enormous fortune in India did we ever miss sending him

little reminiscences of our disinterested affection? When he was last in England, and you only so high, was not my house his home? Didn't I get a surfeit out of complaisance to his execrable curries and pillaws? Didn't he smoke his hookah—nasty old—that is, poor dear man—in my best drawing-room? And didn't you make a point of calling him your “handsome uncle?”—for the excellent creature was as vain as a peacock,—

GEORGINA.

And so ugly!

SIR JOHN.

The dear deceased! Alas, he *was*, indeed;—like a kangaroo in a jaundice! And *if*, after all these marks of attachment, you are *not* his heiress, why then the finest feelings of our nature—the ties of blood—the principles of justice—are implanted in us in vain.

GEORGINA.

Beautiful, sir. Was not that in your last speech at the Freemason's Tavern upon the great Chimney-sweep Question?

SIR JOHN.

Clever girl!—what a memory she has! Sit down, Georgy. Upon this most happy—I mean melancholy—occasion, 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.

GEORGINA.

And are you not, papa?

SIR JOHN.

Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! As you hazard a minnow to hook in a trout, so one guinea thrown out with address is often the best bait for a hundred. 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 a credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me “Stingy Jack!”

GEORGINA.

Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

SIR JOHN.

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.

GEORGINA.

I must say that you—

SIR JOHN.

Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune,—as I spend more than my income, 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 your ~~parents~~ were educated nowadays, in order to become a ~~pin~~ ~~men~~ 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.

GEORGINA.

Ah, papa, he is charming.

SIR JOHN.

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?

GEORGINA.

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

SIR JOHN.

A humorist—a cynic! one never knows how to take him. My private secretary,—a poor cousin,—has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

GEORGINA.

But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

SIR JOHN.

There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. My Report on the last Commission has got me a great deal of fame, and has put me at the head of the new one. Besides, he is our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world: and Benevolence is a useful virtue,—particularly when you can have it for nothing! With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless incumbrance; so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

GEORGINA.

How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

SIR JOHN.

I don't know, my dear; the longer, the better,—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes!

Enter LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, , GEORGINA. *R.C.*

SIR JOHN.

My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how's this?—not in mourning?

LADY FRANKLIN.

Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

SIR JOHN.

Still there may be a legacy.

LADY FRANKLIN.

Then there'll be less cause for affliction! Ha! ha! my dear Sir John, I'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretences.

SIR JOHN (*aside*).

Very silly woman! But, Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum; yet you are very, *very*, VERY distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think?

CLARA.

Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

SIR JOHN.

Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

LADY FRANKLIN.

So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

SIR JOHN.

The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

LADY FRANKLIN.

Ha! ha! we shall see.—(*Aside*) Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

Enter EVELYN (seats himself and takes up a book, unobserved).

SIR JOHN.

What a crowd of relations this will bring to light! Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

LADY FRANKLIN.

Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for every thing popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

SIR JOHN.

Sir Frederick Blount—

LADY FRANKLIN.

Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter *r* as being too *wough*, and therefore *dwops* its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, entrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what harm it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin the scholar, ~~Oh~~, Mr. Evelyn, there you are!

** Clara looked at the letter r as being too wough, and therefore dwops its acquaintance.*

SIR JOHN.

Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin, you know?—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

GEORGINA.

And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last HB. and the Comic Annual?

LADY FRANKLIN.

And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse?—did you get me the Opera-box?—did you buy my little Charley his peg-top?

EVELYN (*always reading*).

Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus—(*looking up*) Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me?—Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—No apologies—I am quite at your service.

SIR JOHN.

Now he's in one of his humours!

LADY FRANKLIN.

You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

EVELYN.

You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else.—I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

LADY FRANKLIN.

I, beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it! [*Walks aside.*]

EVELYN.

I could not do your commissions to-day—I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very*—sick—dying—and she owes six month's rent!

SIR JOHN.

You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—(*Aside.* Some people's nurses are always ill!)—there are so many impostors about!—We'll