

**THE PHANTOM: A
DRAMA IN
TWO ACTS**

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The Phantom: A Drama in Two Acts by Dion Boucicault

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DION BOUCICAULT

**THE PHANTOM: A
DRAMA IN
TWO ACTS**

**BOURCICAULT'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.**

No. 155

THE PHANTOM.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY DION BOURCICAULT,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON ASSURANCE," "OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS," "THE COM-
MERCIAL BROTHERS," "FAUST AND MARGARET," "LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,"
"THE YOUNG ACTRESS," "JANEY PRIDE," "THE PHANTOM,"
"THE IRISH HEIRESS," "LOVE IN A MAZE,"
"ANDY BLAKE."

This Play forms No. 165 of French's Edition of the Standard Drama.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU STREET.

1857.

BOURCICAULT'S DRAMATIC WORKS

On the 22d of October, 1853, an announcement appeared in the bills of Burton's Theatre, informing the public of New York that Miss AGNES ROBERTSON would make her first appearance in the United States on that occasion. This was the first time that the name ever reached our ears. She came unheralded, unpuffed, and rose above the horizon as noiselessly as a star in the heavens. The piece in which she appeared was

THE YOUNG ACTRESS,

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Altered from an old piece called the "Manager's Daughter."

This drama was entirely re-written, and it formed the framework for a number of exquisitely drawn portraits, possessing all the life-like vigor of coloring and careful outline, which distinguishes the genius of the author of "London Assurance."

After a career of three months in New York, where she had gathered around her a host of admirers, she went to Boston in January, 1854, and made her celebrated *debut* at the Boston Museum. The excitement caused by her performances spread throughout the city and environs; it gained the neighboring villages, towns and cities, and special trains were run to bring thousands to witness this exquisite actress. The engagement was prolonged from two to four weeks, then to six, and subsequently to eight weeks. By this time the *furors* had become beyond all precedent. The tickets of admission were sold at a premium of five and six dollars each, and at her benefit, the last night of her engagement, the applicants for seats blocked up the access to the theatre and the street in front. The manager, Mr. Moses Kimball, induced Miss Robertson to prolong her performances for the ninth week, and within four hours, such was the crowd that every seat in the theatre was bought up for the ensuing week. Such was the enthusiasm created by Miss Robertson amongst the ladies of Boston, that her promenades through the streets were beset with crowds who followed her from place to place. The corridors of the Tremont House, where she resided, were blocked up with fair admirers, who fairly invaded her apartments. The childlike grace, and sweetness of manner, with which she received all these honors, that fell so suddenly and thickly upon her, won more hearts to her cause than the exquisite power of her acting on the stage. During this engagement, in which Mr. Kimball, the manager, netted something like twenty thousand dollars, Miss Robertson appeared in

ANDY BLAKE;

OR, THE IRISH DIAMOND,

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Founded on the celebrated French piece, "*Le Gamin de Paris*."

Her performance of the Irish boy was a beautiful creation, and drew from audience tears and smiles of sympathy. From Boston Miss Robertson went

^o Bourcicault's Dramatic Works,
FORMING THE REPERTOIRE OF
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON.
No. III.

THE PHANTOM:

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY

Dion Bourcicault.

*Author of "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts,"
"The Willow Copas," "Used Up," "Loos in a Maze," "The
Irish Heiress," "Andy Blake," "The Young Actress,"
"The Corsican Brothers," "The Phan-
tom," &c. &c.*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by DION BOURCICAULT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK:

1856.

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CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, &c.

As Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York City.

CHARACTERS.

<i>The Phantom</i>	Mr. Dion Bourcicault.
<i>Lord Albert Clavering</i>	" J. B. Howe.
<i>Sir Hugh Neville, of Graystock</i>	" Ralton.
<i>Sir Guy Musgrave</i>	" Etynga.
<i>Ralph Grayne</i>	" Levere
<i>Davy</i>	" T. B. Johnstone.
<i>Lucy Peveryl</i>	Miss Agnes Robertson.
<i>Ellen</i>	" Alleyne.
<i>Maude</i>	" Ada Clare.
<i>Janet</i>	Mrs. H. P. Grattan.
<i>Alan Raby</i>	Mr. Dion Bourcicault.
<i>Colonel Raby</i>	" Ralton.
<i>Edgar, (his nephew,)</i>	" J. B. Howe.
<i>Dr. Reese</i>	" Burnett.
<i>Curate</i>	" Paul.
<i>Corporal Stump</i>	" Peters.
<i>Ada Raby</i>	Miss Agnes Robertson.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. L. H. Allen.

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THE PHANTOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Room in a Welsh Inn.

Enter DAVY and JANET, from R. D., in flat.

Davy. [Off at door as he enters.] Good-bye, neighbors, good-bye.

Janet. So, Davy, we are married. [Down L.]

Davy. Yes, I'm a bride—a blushing bride—I confess I feel a little nervous; you have been married before—it is no novelty to you.

Janet. Don't fear, Davy, you'll make an excellent husband—you have only one fault.

Davy. I am a coward; I could not bear to be alone in the dark, but you pointed out a remedy I never should have thought of. "Davy," says you, "marry me and you'll never be alone in the dark again."

Janet. Be off with you to the stable, lock up all round, and then we will spend our wedding evening like a pair of pigeons.

Davy. [Aside.] I don't know how it is, but I feel a little nervous.

Janet. Hark! a storm is coming down the mountain—make haste back. Oh, Davy, there is nothing so delightful as making love under cosy shelter in a thunder storm.

Davy. Listen, I hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs—it can't be a customer. [Runs up.]

Janet. A customer! Love gives way to duty—business before pleasure; we have not got a shilling in the house.

Davy. It is Miss Lucy Peveryl, and quite alone, and her horse is covered with foam—whoa! ho! she leaped that stone wall like a deer.

Janet. Miss Lucy, the daughter of Col. Peveryl, our landlord.

Davy. She leaps from her horse; here she is. This way, my lady—this way. [Music.]

Enter LUCY, R. D.

Lucy. My good people, I seek the shelter of your roof; a storm is coming down the mountains, and I rode to the nearest refuge.

Davy. Take a chair, miss!

Lucy. I thank you. [Aside to JANET.] Send your husband away.

Janet. Run, Davy, take the lady's horse to the stable.

Davy. I'll give him the biggest feed he ever got, in honor of my wedding day. [Exit, R. D. F., and off L.]

Lucy. (L.) Are we alone?

Janet. (R.) Yes, miss; how can I serve you?

Lucy. You are a woman, and by your face, I should say, a generous and brave one. I love one who is outlawed and unhappy, a price is set upon his head. Unknown to my father, I consented to meet my lover this evening, and bid him farewell.

Janet. Stop!—is he not a tall, fair young man, pale and sorrowful?

Lucy. The same; it is my cousin, Roland Peveryl.

Janet. He slept here last night, and not three hours ago he went to stroll into the mountains.

Lucy. 'Tis there I have promised to meet him, at sundown, in the ruins of Raby Castle.

Janet. [Terrified.] The ruins of Raby!

Lucy. You utter the words with horror.

Janet. Do you not know the fearful story of that place?

Re-enter DAVY, D. F.

Lucy. Hush!

[Sits R. H.]

Davy. (R.) Oh, Janet! there's such luck on our wedding day; a great cavalcade of nobles and ladies are riding down the road towards our inn; the storm is rising fast—hey! it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. [Crosses to L., JANET goes up, R. H.]

Lucy. Strangers!

[She covers her face with her veil.]

Davy. Here thy come.

Music.—Enter LORD CLAVERING, NEVIL OF GREYSTOCK, RALPH GWYNNE, SIR GUY MUSGRAVE, ELLEN, MAUDE, &c., C. D.

Lord C. Just escaped! So, hostess, I fear that we are besieged for the night. Can you give us room?

Janet. I'll do my best, but it will be a tight fit, the two rooms, upstairs, will suit the ladies. This room will, perhaps, do, your noble lordships; your followers can have the lofts—my husband can sleep in the stable.

Davy. [Coming down, R.] On my wedding night! I can't sleep with the horses.

Janet. Silence, you fool! Business before pleasure. [DAVY goes up.]

Lord C. But this lady. [Bows and crosses to LUCY.] I hope we do not incommode her.

Janet. No, my lord, she is going.

Lucy. [Rising, and withdrawing her veil.] Lord Clavering! [Crosses to C.]

Lord C. Miss Lucy Peveryl!

Maude } Lucy!

Ellen. }

Lucy. My friends, heaven sent you at this moment to aid me.

Lord C. Command us.

Lucy. My cousin Roland, my betrothed, is a fugitive; I dare not tell my father that, for days he has been concealed in this neighborhood, seeking an occasion to bid me farewell, ere he left England forever.

Lord C. Not forever, lady. The followers of Cromwell are out-lawed, but King Charles the Second is a gentle prince, and will forgive.

Lucy. Heaven grant it! Now, gentlemen, to your honor I confide his life. He awaits me in the ruins of Raby;—who will escort me there!

Maud. All!—and we too, dear Lucy, for it must not be said that the daughter of Colonel Peveryl met her lover in solitude.

Lord C. Why should we not pass the night there!—there is still shelter in the ruined chambers.

Sir G. [*s. corner.*] Ay,—why should we not take up provisions and wine, and make a night of it!

Davy. [*Down c.*] I will tell you; because no one ever sought a night's shelter in the ruins of Raby Castle, that ever lived to see the morning.

All. How!

Janet. [*Down s.*] It is true.

Davy. A terrible mystery dwells there.

Nevil. It is a den of robbers.

Davy. No;—the pallid bodies that have been found there, were not murdered for their gold.

Sir G. Murdered!

Davy. Listen, gentlemen;—within the ruins of Raby dwells some terrible thing—man or fiend! [*Thunder.*] Oh, Lord!

Lord C. Speak out, man.

Davy. No traveller that knows the road will ever venture near that spot after nightfall; but strange wayfarers, benighted in the storm, have wandered to its fatal shelter, and the next morning they are found—

Lord C. Dead!

Davy. Each with a wound in his throat in the right side, from which they have evidently bled to death;—but no blood is spilt around, the face is white and fixed, as if it had died of horror. [*Thunder.*]

Lucy. And he, my betrothed, Roland is there.

Lord C. Can you lend credence to such a story!

Lucy. I know not;—but a feeling of terror creeps over me.

Sir G. So it does over me.

Lord C. What say you, gentlemen, does not this story prick your curiosity?

Maud. It will be delightful; the gentlemen can sit up and guard us,—quite romantic! A haunted castle!

Sir G. It will be like sleeping in a stable full of nightmares.

Lucy. Let us not delay—the storm still holds off.

Nevil. But who is to guide us to the spot!

Janet. Here's my husband, will do it gladly.

Davy. Me! Do you want me to get my throat cut on my wedding night!

Janet. You fool! did you not hear that they will take up a stock of provisions; we shall make a guinea by it at least.

Davy. And you'll be made a widow at least.

Lord C. Come, Davy, there's five guineas for your guidance.