

DRIVEN FROM THE SEAS:

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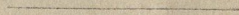
THE PIRATE DREDGER'S DOOM.



TO THE SURVIVING "BOTTLE-SCARRED HEROES" OF THE
LATE OYSTER WAR THIS LITTLE

TRAVESTY

Is Respectfully Dedicated.



REHASHED BY
JAMES F. DUNCAN.



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Rare Book (Var.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ARTAXIMINOUS KAMERON, King of Utopia.
 FIZZBUZZ de KARTOR, Minister of War (*Old Cabinet.*)
 BOMBASTES FURIOSO VON SOONER, Com'ndr of his Majesty's Horse Marines.
 BILL SKADS, familiarly termed Rappahannock Bill, a captured, but repentant Pirate.

CHORUS.

GUARDS, BLUES, DRUMMER and FIFER.

SCENE.

INTERIOR OF PALACE.

Artaximinous in his Chair of State ruminates in agony of mind over the fate of his absent troops under Bombastes. From time to time he seeks spirituous comfort and smokes.

ARTAX—'Tis now three long and miserable days
 Since from the turbid waters of our docks
 The gallant troops, upon extermination bent,
 Sailed forth to find the dredgers' favorite rocks.
 As yet no word, by telephone or mail,
 Which way the quiv'ring scale of Fortune falls.
 Have they been sunk by hostile dredgers' sail,
 Or choked to death on tack and cod-fish balls?
 Oh! miserable King, whose guilty conscience feels
 That he, perhaps, has sent his troops to feed the eels;
 Bombastes Sooner, Jimmy Gilmer, Nash,
 Have ye by skillful and strategetic dash,
 Succeeded in your gallant enterprise
 To drive the Pirates from Utopia's skies,
 Or have ye by these dreadful Knaves,
 Near Rappahannock's bank,
 Been dangled o'er its furious waves
 Or forced to walk a plank?
 I hope, oh! yes, I really hope,
 You have not suffered ill,
 Or taken cold from sleeping out
 In atmosphere so chill,
 And taken care when fighting hard,
 In battle's fierce alarms,

To keep the blood and powder-smoke
From off your uniforms.
From thinking of such scenes as these
I cannot sleep a wink ;
My eyes are hot, my throat is dry ;
I'd better take a drink.

Enter FIZZBUZZ, makes obeisance and kneels.

FIZZ—Hail Artaximinous, 'yclept the great ;
I come, a humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news, but ere I tell,
First let me hope your majesty is well.

ARTAX—Rise, noble Fittzbuzz, all our nerves are shaken ;
We are but middling, that is save our bacon.

FIZZ—What ! Only middling ? Oh ! dreadful thing,
Is it jim jams affects the King !
Or, dropping poisons to the cup of joy,
Does our sewerage system your majesty annoy ?

ARTAX—Nor sewers nor jim-jams do I fear,
And yet we feel ourselves decided queer.

FIZZ—Yes, perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbuttoned and the wig awry,
Ungartered hose, with slippers down at heel,
And beard unconscious of the biting steel.

ARTAX—Last night, when undisturbed by state affairs,
Moistening our clay and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenished goblet we did drain,
And drank and smoked, and smoked and drank again.
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we took a drap too much.
This morning, being consequently dry,
We thought we'd sup some tolu, rock and rye,
So now we've got braced up and shaken off the blues,
So, Fizzbuzz, sit thee down and tell us what's the news.

FIZZ—General Bombastes, whose resistless force

Has soundly thrashed the foe and come back none the worse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth.

ARTAX—Does he ? By Jing ! we will drink his health.

FIZZ—In vain the dredgers faced our gallant crews.
The " City Guard " and " Light Artillery Blues,"
With rifle-shots and cannon-balls by scores,
Compelled the oyster pirates quit the shores.
Three days they sailed, at least three days afloat,
The pirates showed their heels ; they only took one boat.

ARTAX—And yet 'tis strange, along with brave Von Sooner
Three days on a cruise and *only took one schooner.*

FIZZ—Your majesty forgets from " Klepper's " they were far.

ARTAX—I'm taking even bets
The " Peed's " crew struck a *bar.*
But hark ! the loud acclaim of fife and drum
Announce our army near.
Behold ! they come.

Fife and drums heard playing " Dixie."

*Enter BOMBASTES at the head of troops, dancing and singing, " I
caught a Pirate King." RAPPAHANNOCK BILL led captive.*

BOM—Battalion, halt ! Fall into line !
Your majesty perceives we're back on time.
Thrashed are our foes.
This pirate chief and shell
Proclaim to one who knows we licked 'em well.

ARTAX *advances to embrace his general.* RAPPAHANNOCK BILL
makes a demonstration.

BOM—Soldiers, guard well this slimy toad.
Guards and Blues, by detail load.

Guards and Blues do the grand " loading act."

ARTAX (*embracing Bomb*) Oh ! brave Bombastes, since you've been gone

The days have seemed so monstrous long.
But now for business. We'll excuse
Your warlike terms ; let's hear the news.

BOMB—Well, then, soft music if you please,
While I relate, sirs, how we swept the seas.
Upon a cold and stormy night,
And like all nights 'twas dark,
Upon the "Peed" and "Pamlico"
Our forces did embark,
With pork and beans and hard-tack,
And then as well as not,
Five demijohns of Bourbon straight
For those who got half-shot.
And then we had a sturgeon, too,
The gallant Doctor Rose,
Whose mixtures with big sticks in them
Were good for friends and foes.
With many a toss and frequent roll
We steamed right up the bay,
And when I op'ed my weather-eye
The sun proclaimed the day.
We spied the foe, we beat to arms.
Ye gods ! the chase was hot.
The rascals would not stand, but fled
Before our well-aimed shot.
In vain our red artillery
Plied them with shot and shell ;
We only took one little boat.

ARTAX—General, you did well.
But tell me now you have come back,
And that you very soon did,
From cod-fish balls and stale hard-tack
Were none of your men wounded ?

BOM—Well, 't seems now that you mention it,

Most grand, illustrious sire,
Two of the troops were slightly hurt
From being *under fire*.
A dreadful crash, dense clouds of smoke,
The stove had overturned.
Two of the boys being quite se sick
Were consequently burned.
But Surgeon-General Rose was there,
And quickly eased their pain.
He ordered each a whisky-sour
And then turned in again.
But we fought the fight, we gained the day,
With many blows and hard talk.

ARTAX—Hurrah ! Now, if you'll step this way
We'll smoke a "Duke of Norfolk."
From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true,
And if you'd like a chaw or two,
He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch
Shall chew some fine-cut from our royal pouch.
BOM—Honors so great have all my toils repaid.
My liege and Fizzbuzz, "Here's success to trade."

FIZZ—Well said, Bombastes, since thy mighty blows
Have given a quietus to our foes,
Now shall our fleets, in spite of knaves and Wiggins,
Catch the luscious bivalves on these ancient diggings'.
The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease,
Now let us smoke a calumet of Peace.

ARTAX—Thanks, generous friends. Now list while I impart
How firm you're locked and bolted in our heart.
So long as this ere pouch a chaw contains,
Or a full glass within that bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong.
This do I mean, and now let's have a song.

FIZZ—My liege shall be obeyed.

AIR—"MASCOTTE."

FIZZ—Once more we're comfortable.

ALL—Yes, comfortable.

FIZZ—And on your gory laurels you'll rest.

Or round the table,

ALL—The dinner-table.

FIZZ—Dine on good oysters, "Lynnhaven's" best,

Or go to Jimmy Jones,

And in stentorian tones,

Order without much bones,

Raw, stewed or fried,

For 'tis on your banner.

ALL—Yes, on our banner.

FIZZ—We in the oyster war

Fought, bled and died.

CHORUS.

ALL—And if the dastard crews

Invade again,

We Guards and Norfolk Blues,

With leaden rain,

In spite of red-hot stoves

And burning pain,

Will drive them from the bay

Into the main.

ARTAX—And now, my man, altho' we're rather irate,

It would hurt our conscience much,

To see you die a pirate.

Can we not wean you from your *dredgeful trade*?

Come join our ranks; we'll see you're not well paid.

RAP. BILL—As sea makes me sick,

No more I'll take my fill again,

So put me in the custom-house

With Major Jimmy Milligan.

Within its classic walls we'll sing,

In bass or in contralto,

How he stormed stout "Chapultepec"
And I—on Palo Alto."

BOM—Woulds't tarry with that godly man,

That war-scarred Mexic veteran?

Give ear, ye gods! He leads a holy life;

For love of Major Jim he quits the strife.

AIR—"I'M A PIRATE KING."

RAP. BILL—'Tis better far to live and die

In a big, fat office, high and dry,

Safe housed along with Major Jim,

Than sail the bay

A Pirate King.

Nor more on the foam-swept deck I'll stand,

But plant my feet on solid land,

Cock of the walk in a revenue ring,

And quit the trade

Of Pirate King.

CHORUS.

ALL—No more a Pirate King.

Oh! let us joyous sing,

On a salary slim,

With Major Jim.

He'll form a revenue ring,

We'll hear no more complaints;

He's joined that band of Saints.

RAP. BILL—In Uncle Sam's lap

My wings I'll flap.

ALL—No more a Pirate King.

ARTAX—General Von Sooner, as sure as I am born,

I think it time for you to toot your horn,

And so in tones melliflous and strident,

Inform us how you wrested from the Pirates Neptune's

trident.

BOB—Well, since your majesty permits it,
With your sanction,
I'll briefly state in music
How we went into action.

AIR—"TWAS OFF THE BLUE CANARIES."

BOB—"Twas off the Rappahannock's mouth,
About the break of day,
We saw with sails all gleaming white,
The Pirate Dredgers lay.

With steamers "Peed" and "Pamlico,"
About four knots an hour,
With rifled guns and jugs of rum,
The seas we'd come to scour.

CHORUS.

Oh! it was glorious fun
To see the rascals run
From the City Guard and Norfolk Blues
And five big jugs of room.

They hoisted sail and quickly fled,
Their heels they showed that day;
From bursting shell and rain of lead
The cowards ran away.

The "Palo Alto" crossed our bows.
Oh! little did he reck,
With champagne-corks and cod-fish balls
We'd quickly sweep his decks.

CHORUS.

Oh! it was glorious fun, etc.
But tho' we licked the Pirates bold,
Their pretty wives and daughters
Cannot be beat by all the troops
That sail Utopia's waters.

With fearless hand they guide the prow
That cleaves the rushing tide.
With both our boats we failed to catch
One single Pirate's bride.

CHORUS.

But it was glorious fun, etc.

ARTAX—And now that Peace hath furled the flag of war,
And knavish dredgers cease to rake the Bar,
Know ye that oysters are our fav'rite food.
Raw, stewed or fried, we think them good.
Now that said oysters have a short vacation,
Know ye as mark of approbation,
You can invite our royal self to Jimmy Jones,
To eat "Lynnhavens" or fat "Cherrystones,"
And furthermore, we beg you not to think
We'll get offended if we're asked to drink.

CHORUS.

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

GUARDS AND BLUES—We are heroes of the oyster war,
We're veterans tried and true.
When ordered out, no noise or shout,
But we know what to do,
We load ourselves and haversacks
With whisky and cigars,
For a bottle or two comes handy
In the bloody oyster wars.

ALL—Hurrah! hurrah!

For the "Norfolk City Guard"
And "Norfolk Light Artillery Blues,"
The heroes of the war.

"HANDS ALL AROUND." QUICK—CURTAIN.

THE END.