DRIVEN FROM THE SEAS:

OR,

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.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARTAXIMNIUS KAMBRON, King of Utopia.
FIZZBUZZ de KANTOR, Minister of War (Old Cabinet)
DOMBASTES FURIOUS VON SOONE, Com'mdr of his Majesty's Horne Marines.
BILL SKADS, familiarly termed Rappahannock Bill, a captured, but repentant Pirate.

CHORUS.

GUARDS, DRUMS, DRUMMER and PIFIER.

SCENE.

INTERIOR OF PALACE.

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 dreadger’s favorable rocks.
As yet no word, by telephone or mail,
Which way the quivering sails of Fortune fall.
Have they been sent by hostile dreadger’s sail,
Or chanced to deal in tusk and end-fish bands?
Oh! miserable King, whose guilty conscience feels
That he, perhaps, has sent his troops to feed the eels!

BOMBASTON SOoner, Jimmy Gilmer, Nubb,
Have ye by skilful and strategic dash,
Succeeded in your gallant enterprise
To drive the Pirates from Utopia’s skies,
Or have ye by these dastardly Knives,
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.

_Escape Firebeeze, makes obsequies and kneels._

_Fizz._—Hail Astartes, ye kept the great;
I come, a humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news, but see I tell,
First let me hope your majesty is well.

_Astartes._—Rise, noble Pittacus, all our nerves are shaken;
We see but middling, that is save our bacon.

_Fizz._—What? Only middling? Oh! dreadful thing,
Is it Jim Jams afflicts the King?
Or, dropping potions to the cup of joy,
Does our sewerage system your majesty annoy?

_Astartes._—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 unbottomed and the wig awry,
Unturned hose, with slippers down at heel,
And beard uncombed of the biting steel.

_Astartes._—Last night, when meddled with state affairs,
Maintaining our clay and putting off our cures,
Girt the replenished goblet we did drain,
And drunk and smoked, and smoked and drunk again.
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we took a drop too much.
This morning, being consequent dry,
We thought we'd sup some tea, rock and rye.
So now we've got brushed up and shaken off the blues.
So, Firebeeze, sit thee down and tell us what's the news.

_Fizz._—General Bombastes, whose restless force

Has soundly thrashed the foe and come back sun the worse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth.

_Astartes._—Does he? By Jingo! we will drink his health.

_Fizz._—In vain the dodgers faced our gallant crew,
The _City Ground_ 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 exacted,
The pirates showed their heels; they only took one beat.

_Astartes._—And yet 'tis strange, along with brave Von Sooner
Three days on a cruise and only took one shooner.

_Fizz._—Your majesty forgets from Klepper's' they were far.

_Astartes._—I'm taking even bets
The _Pond's_ crew struck a bow.
But bravo! the loud acclaim of life and drum
Announces our army near.
Behold! they come.

_Pipe and drums heard playing_ **Dixie.**

_Enter Bombastes at the head of troops, dancing and singing,_ **I caught a Pirate King.** _Kappahonock Bill led captive._

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

_Astartes._—Adventures to enhance his general. _Kappahonock Bill_
makes a demonstration.

_Bon._—Soldiers, guard well this slimy road.

_Guards and Blues, by detail load._

_Guards and Blues do the grand _bundling out._**
Arm (embracing Bombe) Oh! brave Bombeater, since you've been gone.
The days have seemed so monotonous long.
But now for business. We'll excuse
Your warlike terms; let's hear the news.
Bombe—Well, then, soft music if you please,
While I relate, sir, how we swept the seas.
Upon a cold and stormy night,
And like all nights 'twas dark,
Upon the "Poo" and "Pamela."
Our forces did embark,
With perk and beans and hard-tack,
And then as well as could.
Five demi-johns of Bourbon straight
For those who got half-shots.
And then we had a sturgeon, too,
The gallant Doctor Ross,
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 spy'd my weather-eye
The sun proclaimed the day.
We sped the foe, we beat to arms,
Ye gods! the chase was hot.
The recas 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.
Arm—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?
Bombe—Well, I seem now that you mention it.

Arm—Harrumph! Now, if you'll step this way
We'll smoke a "Duke of Norfolk."
From our own bowl here drink, my olden true,
And if you'd like a cheer or two,
He whose brave arm hath made our foes to cringe
Shall cheer some fine one from our royal punch.

Bombe—Honors so great have all my toils repaid.
My liege and Fruitbaxx, "Here's success to trade."

Fruitbaxx—Well said, Bombeater, since thy mighty blows
Have given a quietus to our foes.
Now shall our fleets, in spite of knives and Wiggins,
Catch the lascivious briars on these ancient diggers.
The cloudy harbo of war's hatchet cease,
Now let us smoke a calumet of Peace.

Arm—Thanks, generous friends. Now list while I impart
How firm you're locked and bolted in our heart.
So long as this our punch a drop 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.

Fruitbaxx—My liege shall be obeyed.

Air—"Mascotte."
First—One more we’re comfortable.
All—Too comfortable.
Fritz—And in your grey breeches you’ll rest,
Or round the table.
All—The dinner-table.
First—One on good system “Lyndenhaven’s” best,
By go to Jimmy Jones.
And in abstinence, 
Oh! oh without much harm,
Not, stewed or fried.
For tea on your laure.
All—Yes, on our laure.
Fritz—We in the center war
Frighted, bleed and dart.

Chorus.
All—And the dusted cows
Strayed again,
We discour and Norblin Rows.
With broken rein,
In spirit of red-hot storm
And burning pain,
Will delve them from the mind
Into the dark.

All—And now, cut man, albeit we’re rather bare,
It would hurt our conscience much,
When you die a prince,
Can we not wear you from your disadvantage?
Once join our ranks, we'll see you're not well paid.

Fritz—As one makes so rich,
No more I’ll take my fill again,
So put me in the rainhouse
With Major Jimmy Milligan.
Within his classic with all ring,
It has or in earl.

Chorus.
All—Now more a Pinote King.
On the joyous ring.
On a salary air,
With Major Jim.
It will form a reverse ring.
We’ll have no more complaints.
He’s joined that host of Santa.

Chorus.
All—Now more a Pinto King.
Here—Uncle Sam’s lap.
My wings I’ll flay.

Chorus.
All—No more a Pinto King.
Anna—Demand Van Roser, as soon as I am here.
I think it time for you to lose your here,
And as it seems half and slightness,
Inform me how you wanted from the Pinto Neptune’s infant.
BOX.—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.”

BOX.—“Twas off the Rappahannock’s mouth,
About the break of day,
We saw with suits all glimmering white,
The Pirate Dredgers lay.

With steamers “Food” and “Pamlico,”
About four knots an hour,
With rigged guns and jugs of rum,
The seas we’d come to mourn.

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

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

The “Pala Alto” crossed our bows,
Oh! little did he reck,
With champagne-corks and cod-fish balls
We’d quickly sweep his decks.

CHOIR.
Oh! it was glorious fun, etc.
But tho’ we lacked the Pirate bold,
Their pretty wives and daughters
Cannot be beat by all the troops
That gill Utopia’s waters.

With fearless hand they guide the prow
That drowns the rushing tide.
With both our boats we failed to match
One single Pirate’s bride.

CHOIR.
But it was glorious fun, etc.

AIR.—And now that Peace hath buried the flag of war,
And klaxon dredgers cease to rake the bar,
Know ye that oysters are our favorite 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 “Lynnhaven” or fat “Cherrytown,”
And furthermore, we beg you not to think
We’ll get offended if we’re asked to drink.

CHOIR.
AIR.—“Rosin Blue Flag.”

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

SAY—Hurrah! hurrah!
For the “Norfolk City Guard”
And “Norfolk Light Artillery Blues,”
The heroes of the war.

“HANDS ALL AROUND.” QUICK—CURTAIN.

THE END.