

THE "ALABAMA,"



(Altered from H.M. Sloop, " Spitfire")

A Transatlantic Nautical Extravaganza.

BY

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Lend me Five Shillings, Three Cuckoos, Catch a Weazel, Where there's a Will there's a Way, John Dobbs, A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, Going to the Derby, Your Life's in Danger, Midnight Watch, Box and Cox, Trumpeter's Wedding, Done on Both Sides, Poor Pillicoddy, Old Honesty, Young England, King and I, My Wife's Second Floor, Who do they take me for ? The Thumping Legacy, Milliners' Holiday, Wedding Breakfast, Irish Tiger, Attic Story, Who's the Composer? Who's my Husband? Slasher and Crasher, Prince for an Hour, Away with Melancholy, Waiting for an Omnibus, Betsy Baker, Who Stole the Pocket-Book : Two Bonnycastles, From Village to Court, Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw, Rights and Wrongs of Women, Sent to the Tower, Our Wife, Brother Ben, Take Care of Dowb—, Wooing One's Wife, Margery Daw, The Double-Bedded Boom, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

THE " ALABAMA."

*First Produced at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane
(under the management of Messrs. E. Falconer and
F. B. Chatterton), on Monday, March 7th, 1864.*

Characters.

CAPTAIN CLIPPER Mr. RYDE.
LIEUTENANT GRAPPLING Mr. G. NEVILLE.
TERENCE O'FLYNN...(*Boatswain*) Mr. FITZJAMES.
MR. CHRISTOPHER CLIPPER..... Mr. G. BELMORE.
JOE (*Negro Waiter at the " Confederate
Arms"*) Mr. G. WESTON.
NEGRO PORTER Mr. BEDFORD.
Officer' and Crew of the " Alabama."
PHEBE (*Ward of Mr. Christopher Clipper*) Miss LYDIA THOMPSON.

Scene—**HAVANNA.**

Time of Representation—1 hour and 10 minutes.

Costumes.

CAPTAIN CLIPPER.—Blue naval coat and gold laced cap.
LIEUTENANT GRAPPLING.—Blue naval frock coat, white waistcoat,
black trousers, sword and belt, cap.
O'FLYNN.—Blue trousers, white shirt, sou'wester, canvas shoes.
MR. CHRISTOPHER.—Nankeen trousers, white waistcoat, low white
hat, small cut-away coat.
JOE.—Blue and white striped trousers and jacket, white apron.
NEGRO PORTER.—Large brimmed Panama hat, brown striped
jacket and trousers.
CAPTAIN OF MARINES—Red frock coat, and white trousers.
OFFICERS and CHEW.—Various.
PHEBE.— Blue trousers, dark blue shirt with turn down collar,
gold-laced blue cap with peak, dark Inverness thrown over her
dress at her first entrance.

THE "ALABAMA."

SCENE FIRST.—*Public Room at the " Confederate Arms,"*
Havanna; doors, R. c. and L.; window, L. c; two
tables, one R., the other L; chairs, &c. &c. ; sideboard,
K. u. E., with shelves, mugs, and cans arranged.

Enter JOE at L. 2 E., shewing in GRAPPLING and PHOEBE—
the former in naval undress uniform—PHOEBE with a
long blue cloak, and travelling cap.

JOE. Dis way, massa officers—dis way—welcome to de grand hotel, " Confederate Arms." Ebery ting comforble here—bed clean—liquor good—waiter berry civil—*Richmond Enquirer*, fresh ebery Saturday—pictur' of " Stonewall Jackson" ober the mantelpiece, and fiddle in de tap room.

GRAPP. Thank you.

JOE. Come to stay berry long time I hope ? (*bowing*)

GRAPP. Twenty—possibly, twenty-five minutes.

JOE. Dat all? (*aside*) Shan't get de lumbago by bowing any more to dem. (*aloud*) Dare say you'll find all you want on de sideboard—tooth picks and cold water.

GRAPP. Get out, you black rascal! (*JOE runs out*) My dear Phoebe----- (*putting his arm round her*)

PHOEBE. Oh, Grappling ; I begin to tremble for the consequences of this elopement—I have left a home-----

GRAPP. And a very *happy, comfortable* home it was ! shall I take you back again ?—come, Phoebe, no useless regrets! your worthy guardian, Mr. Christopher Clipper, formerly tailor, on a small scale, in the City of London, in the Island of Great Britain, and now outfitter on a large scale, in the City of Havanna, in the Island of Cuba, may be a very respectable kind of person, but as he made no secret of his intention of converting his ward into his wife-----

PHOEBE. Never ! I would rather have-----

GRAPP. Runaway; I thought so ; and therefore, this very morning, while he was sleeping off the effects of an extra tumbler of mint julep, which I purposely administered to him last night, I steered for your apartment, and

after a few masterly manoeuvres, succeeded in taking possession of my prize, and bearing her off in triumph !

PHŒBE. You'll do me the justice to confess that I didn't surrender till after the third salute ; and pray, gallant Lieutenant, how do you intend to dispose of your prize ?

GRAPP. In the first place, by placing you under the protection of the Confederate flag, on board of the war steamer the " Alabama."

PHŒBE. What! make a privateer's man of me.

GRAPP. Only until I have introduced you to a particular friend I have on board.

PHŒBE. And who may he be ?

GRAPP. The chaplain! (*kisses her—then seeing JOE who enters with a letter*) What the devil do you want ?

JOE. Only a letter—don't be afraid, dere's nothing to pay. (*reading address*) " Lebttenant Grap-----

GRAPP. Give it to me. (*snatching it from JOE, who goes out—GRAPPLING opens letter and reads to himself*) Famous news, my dear Phoebe! you remember that wild .scapegrace friend of mine, Captain Clipper, of the Confederate Navy, who, some three months ago, took your guardian's lodgings, merely because they bore the same name?

PHŒBE. Yes; and who took himself off without paying for them!

GRAPP. Because he was suddenly called away on state service—well, he sends me word, that he has unexpectedly been appointed to the temporary command of the " Alabama," her present gallant skipper being on the sick list—he adds that he shall join the ship to-day, and that he shall bring a party of friends on board with him to celebrate the event, the commodore of the station having kindly lent him the use of his yacht. Egad, then I must lose no time in seeing everything taut and trim on board, (*looking at window*) Heyday! what the deuce 'is the matter? the telegraph is working like a windmill in a hurricane, and here comes our Irish boatswain, Terence O'Flynn, scudding along like the flying Dutchman!

PHŒBE. An *Irish* boatswain ?

GRAPP. Yes, my dear; we're not very particular who we ship on board the "Alabama."

Enter O'FLYNN, L.

O'FLYNN. (*as he enters*) Where's the lieutenant; where's—Och! there ye are!

GRAPP. What the deuce is the matter?

O'FLYNN. I've been chasing your honour on all tacks.

GRAPP. For the second time, will you tell me what's the matter?

O'FLYNN. By the powers, ye must wait till I've got a cap full of wind in me! Oh, lieutenant, bad luck to us both, there's the divil's own kittle of fish; and when ye know what it is, it's yourself that'll open your eyes, and die with surprise!

GRAPP. What do you mean?

O'FLYNN. Why I mane that about half an hour ago the wind shifted three points to the southward and druv' all the small craft out to sea, when, murder in Irish, what should come steaming into the harbour with the Yankee bunting, the ould stars and stripes, at her mast head, but that oudacious varmint, the Fighting Philadelphy.

GRAPP. The Philadelphia! The Federal war steamer?

O'FLYNN. Yes, your honour; and claps her grappling irons on a dozen sail and more afore they could cry "hot potatoes;" and what's more, may I never taste whiskey again, if the commodore's yacht ain't one of the number!

GRAPP. (*aside*) Confusion! and our captain on board of her—what's to be done. I must not let this thick-headed Irishman know the extent of this awkward affair. (*aloud*) Terence, my fine fellow, we must on board directly—our new captain will be with us in half an hour, and then, egad, we'll see what stuff the Fighting Philadelphy's made of.

O'FLYNN. Hoorah for ould Ireland! but, I say, your honour, who may this youngster be? (*pointing to PHEBE*)

GRAPP. Only a young land lubber I've taken charge of.

PHEBE. (*assuming a sailor's manner*) Land lubber, indeed—I'm your match anyhow.

O'FLYNN. That's right, my young sea sarpant! here, give us a flip of your fin. [*shaking PHEBE'S hand violently*]

PHŒBE. (*aside*) Oh, the savage; he's dislocated every joint in my fingers!

O'FLYNN. AS most of the crew are ashore, your honour, I'll pipe all hands at once. Ahoy, my covies—ahoy there! (*Blowing his whistle very loud, and running out at L. 2 E.*)

GRAPP. My dear girl, what's the best thing to be done in this infernal state of affairs ?

PHŒBE. How is a *land lubber* to give advice? No, sir, my lips are sealed !

GRAPP. Then, egad, I must melt the seal ! (*kisses her, at the same moment, re-enter O'FLYNN, L. 2 E.*)

O'FLYNN. (*giving a long whistle*) False colours, by the powers. Don't mind me—give her another broadside, your honour!

GRAPP. The rascal has found us out !

O'FLYNN. SO—what I took for a smart man-of-war's gig, turn's out to be be one of your tenders for pressing men.

GRAPP. Hush ! (*putting money into O'FLYNN'S hand*)

O'FLYNN. Never fear; it's all safe in my locker ! (*pocketing money*)

GRAPP. Then man the launch to take me on board instantly.

O'FLYNN. All right, your honour ! (*sings, while he looks knowingly at PHŒBE*)

" My father's a little tobaccy man, and lives in the County Tyrone;

And if you don't like this tobaccy man, why faith, you'll lave it alone.

With my whack fal the ral, the ral laddie, musha whack fal the ral, &c." *Runs out at L. 2 E.*

CLIPP. (*without*) Don't tell me, you black rascal; I've paid you double your fare already.

PHŒBE. My guardian's voice—we're pursued!

GRAPP. On board, then—on board!

(*hurries PHŒBE out, door R.*)

Enter CHRISTOPHER CLIPPER, L. 2 E.—his costume is appropriate to the climate, but very exaggerated—large wide-brimmed straw hat—nankeen jacket, and blue and white striped cotton trousers—a very large cotton umbrella—cotton stockings and shoes.

CLIPP. Was there ever such an unconscionable scoundrel.

I thought *white* omnibus conductors were bad enough, but the *black'uns* beat 'em hollow. A quarter dollar, one and a ha'penny 'English money, for less than half-a-mile's shaking and jolting in a wretched cranky old vehicle without springs! when I used to ride all the way from Charing Cross to Mother Red Cap for threepence inside—knife board twopence. Wheugh ! If I once get back to Old England, catch me ever leaving it again ! I should have been sitting comfortably on my shop-board in Tooley Street now, making fustian jackets and corduroy continuations for the poor people, if it hadn't been for my uncle Benjamin—he was a sailor, uncle Benjamin was—ran away to sea as soon as he was breeched, and after sailing I don't know how many times round and round the world and scraping together a tightish lump of money, left off sailing and came to an anchor here in Cuba, in the ship-chandler line. Well, uncle found it answer so well, especially when the North and South got to logger-heads and began pummelling each other, that he wrote to me advising me to give up tailoring in Tooley Street, take my passage out to Cuba, and set up as an army and navy clothier here in Havanna. I took his advice, sold off everything I had—came out here and found that out of a population of four thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven males, three thousand eight hundred and forty-nine were army and navy clothiers ; but that wasn't all—uncle Benjamin had just died, leaving all his money to his niece, a young woman that I had never even heard of, and appointing me her guardian. Well, just as I begun to flatter myself that I had insinuated myself into her youthful affections, off she goes with a young lieutenant without a dollar in his pocket ! Never mind, here I am on their track, and if I----- [*seeing* JOE, *who enters* L. 1 E., *carrying a tray with breakfast things*) Well, what do you want?

JOE. Thought you'd like breakfast, massa !

CLIPP. I've had one already, my good friend.

JOE. Den call it lunch—must take someting for de good ob de house ! (*setting tray on table, L.*)

CLIPP. Very well, if I must, here goes! [*seating himself at table*] I hope these eggs are new laid?

JOE. Swear to it, massa! I took 'em out ob de nest myself, (*aside*) six weeks ago!

CLIPP. I shall want some more toast!

JOE. Better eat what you got first, massa! dis nigger can't be toasting bread all day.

CLIPP. Well if you won't toast me any more bread, perhaps you'll condescend to bring me a twist, (*with his mouth full*)

JOE. Twist! Massa seem to have got a pretty good one already! (*imitating*)

CLIPP. (*suddenly*) Zounds! I've forgotten my portmanteau—luckily my name's on it. (*aloud*) My good fellow, there's a portmanteau outside with the name of Clipper on it—it's mine; bring it in here.

JOE. Dis nigger don't carry luggage; him send Mark Anthony wid it.

CLIPP. Who's Mark Anthony?

JOE. De porter.

Exit, L. 2 E.

CLIPP. I never eat toasted leather, but it must be something uncommonly like this, (*munching the toast*)

Enter NEGRO PORTER, with portmanteau, and hat box, L. 2 E.

PORTER. Massa's luggage. Welcome to de "Confederate Arms," noble Captain. De boat to take you on board will be ready before him swallow him breakfast.

Runs out, L. 2 E.

CLIPP. What did he say?—"Noble Captain—take me on board!" What the deuce is—(*looking at portmanteau*) Hey-day! (*reading name*) "Captain Clipper!" the very fellow that took my lodgings, and ran away without paying for them! Ha, ha! a legal seizure, by the god of war. He'll come for his traps, and then I shall trap him. I'm in luck! what have we here—looks like a hat box! (*opens it, and takes out a naval cocked hat*) What's this? I suppose it's meant for a hat of some sort or other, at any rate it's a much smarter article than mine—so, captain, by your leave, we'll exchange! (*puts on the hat, and crams his own into the hat box*) Now for the portmanteau! (*trying it*) how people can lock up their luggage merely to give other people the trouble of unlocking it I can't imagine! (*taking out bunch of keys*) luckily I've got keys of all sorts and

sizes—(*unlocking portmanteau*) I thought so—now for it I (*taking out a naval uniform, coat with gold lace, &c, &c.*) By Jove, luck again; this *is* a coat and no mistake—why the gold lace on it is worth all the money the fellow owes me ; and if it's only big enough for me—(*by this time he has taken off his jacket, he then puts on the coat which is much too large and too long for him*) I flatter myself that's something like a fit. (*then swaggers about, admiring himself*) Not quite long enough in the tail perhaps.

Enter O'FLYNN, and a SAILOR, L. 2 E.

SAILOR, (*pointing to CLIPPER*) That's the skipper, messmate, as sure as a gun !

O'FLYNN. Well, if it is, I'm blest if I can say much for his rigging! it looks as if it had been chucked on with a pitchfork—howsomever, here goes! (*aloud, and making a sailor's bow and scrape to CLIPPER*) Noble Captain!

CLIPP. (*aside*) He takes me for the captain; it's all right! (*aloud, and assuming a sailor's voice and manner*) Well, my jovial tar—shiver my timbers-----

O'FLYNN. By the powers! it does one's eyes good to look at your honour—and as for our young Lieutenant Grappling-----

CLIPP. Grappling? Grappling? (*quickly*)

O'FLYNN. Yes; Mark Grappling; first lieutenant of the "Alabama," as good a seaman and as brave a lad as ever stept- 'twixt stem and stern !

CLIPP. (*aside*) Here's more luck—the very chap that run away with Phoebe ! I shall nab 'em all! tol de rol! (*singing and dancing about*)

O'FLYNN. (*to SAILOR*) I say Jem, only twig his heels—I'm blest if he ain't dancing an Irish jig. (*aloud*) Now noble Captain—your honour's gig's just below the point.

CLIPP. (*aside*) Oh ! it seems the captain keeps his gig.

O'FLYNN. And it'll be a stiffish pull, for the "Alabama's" riding on an easy bowline, more' than two knots to windward.

CLIPP. IS it. (*aside*) I haven't the slightest notion what he's talking about (*aloud*) I'd rather walk.

O'FLYNN. Lor' love y'r honour—walk on board ! why,

there ain't water enough in the harbour to float the Flying Dutchman, though they say he hadn't no bottom.

CLIPP. Hadn't he indeed—poor fellow !

O'FLYNN. Better look alive, y'r honour, *(looking toward! window)* there's a heavy swell in the offing.

CLIPP. IS there ? I don't see him. I say, how's he drest?

O'FLYNN. And a coldish breeze to boot; but your honour can wrap yourself up in the sheets.

CLIPP. I should prefer a couple of blankets.

O'FLYNN. NOW, noble commander, the sooner we heave a-head the better.

CLIPP. The less you talk about heaving the better.

(making a wry face and putting his hand to his stomach—goes out, followed by O'FLYNN and SAILOR, carrying the luggage, L. 2 E.)

SCENE SECOND.—*Cabin on board the Alabama; charts, telescopes, &c. &c.; door, R. C., leading to inner cabin ; companion ladder, L. 1 E.*

Enter GRAPPLING, door R.

GRAPP. This state of suspense and uncertainty is intolerable ! O'Flynn's report of my poor friend's capture may be unfounded—at any rate, there has been no message from the shore to confirm it. What am I to do ? how am I to act?—I dare not take command of the ship myself, and yet every moment lost lessens our chance of overtaking the enemy! Whatever my fears may be, the extent of the mischief must be kept from the ship's company as long as possible, *(going to ladder, L. C, and calling up)* Look alive, my brave lads ! our new commander, Captain Clipper, will soon be on board ! *(loud shouts and huzzas heard—to OFFICER, who enters at L. C.)* Well, sir?

OFFICER. Lieutenant, the wind has chopped round to the norrard, and blows half a gale.

GRAPP. So much the better; the Yankee can't make much headway. Is she still in sight?

OFFICER. Yes, sir; and the men begin to wonder where their new captain is; they long to weigh anchor and give chase.

GRAPP. *(aside)* I dare say they do. *(aloud)* Keep a

sharp look out for all crafts leaving the harbour—the captain's gig especially, (*aside*) Poor fellow, would he were in it! (*aloud*) And get the men's sweethearts over the ship's sides as soon as possible; we may have to weigh anchor at a minute's notice. To your post, sir. (OFFICER bows, and goes up ladder at L. C.) Now to relieve poor Phœbe's anxiety ; she must wonder what has become of me. (*opens door, R. C.—calls*) Phoebe, you may venture—the coast is clear!

Enter PHŒBE in her sailor's costume, frock coat, white trousers and cap.

PHŒBE. Well, sir, I hope you've kept me cooped up in that horrible little dark dingy cupboard long enough !

GRAPP. Cupboard! why it's the captain's cabin.

PHŒBE. He must take up very little room then. I wanted sadly to rest myself, but there was nothing to lie down on.

GRAPP. I beg your pardon, I saw the hammock swung myself!

PHŒBE. Swung! where?

GRAPP. Why to the ceiling, of course !

PHŒBE. The ceiling! That's the way you go up to bed on board a ship is it ? Heigho !

GRAPP. I'm afraid you find it rather dull!

PHŒBE. Well, I can't say I find it particularly lively—'no society, no amusement, not a creature to speak to—not even the chaplain, (*knowingly*)

GRAPP. (*smiling*) Have patience, my dear girl!

PHŒBE. Oh, don't imagine I'm at all anxious to be introduced to the man—not I. Well, I really think you might try and make yourself agreeable, sing a song, or dance a hornpipe — (GRAPPLING sits, PHŒBE nods an assent, and dances a hornpipe) oh, I know! luckily I brought some work with me. (*taking work out of her pocket*) Now, you can say something funny or spin a yarn, as you sailors call it, while I do a little crochet—or suppose I give you a lesson? Yes, now watch how I do it, first so—then so—then so—then drop two—then turn over twice, (*working*) I'm sure that's easy enough; now then, begin, (*giving the work to GRAPPLING who laughs and begins to work*) That's

right—very well—stop that's all wrong—you haven't turned over twice—now begin again ? (*during the above O'FLYNN has come down ladder at L. C.*)

O'FLYNN. [*coming down and taking up a position opposite to GRAPPLING*] If I might make so bowl'd, noble Lieutenant, I'd like to know what ye'se at.

GRAPP. Confusion! (*throwing down the crotchet*) How dare you shew your impudent Irish face here, without orders? I've half a mind to stop your grog, you rascal!

O'FLYNN. By the powers! you're more likely to put me on double allowance, when ye hear the news.

GRAPP. What d'ye mean ? (*loud hurrahs heard, L. U, E.*)

O'FLYNN. There I don't you hear the lads cheering him ?

GRAPP. Cheering him ? cheering who ?

O'FLYNN. The captain! he's just come on board.

GBAPP. (*delighted*) Can it be true ?

O'FLYNN. True as the compass, your honour—I was one of the boat's crew as brought him aboard, (*more cheering heard*) That cheer's for extra grog, so of course I'm wanted ! *Runs up ladder at L. c.*

GRAPP. Pshaw! (*loud cheering again heard above, L.V.E.*)

CLIPP. (*heard outside*) Now really—'pon my life, these attentions are positively overpowering!

PHŒBE. (*starting*) My guardian's voice again!

GRAPP. (*running to back and listening*) Yes! and enquiring for *me!* In, into your cabin—there's not a moment to lose! (*PHŒBE runs into cabin, R. c.*) How the deuce has he managed to smuggle himself on board ? and how—how can I refuse to restore Phoebe to his lawful custody ?—Ah ! I see it all! taking advantage of the similarity of names, he has imposed himself on our bo'son as the captain; be it so, my clever little tailor—captain you shall be, as sure as my name's Grappling, if I can only persuade the crew that this is their new commander—the real *Simon Pure*—I'll slip cable, chase the enemy, vindicate the Confederate flag, and rescue my friend from capture—(*loud shouts*)—hark !

CLIPP. I'm very much obliged to you, my good friends, but I dare say I can manage to find my way down stairs. *shouting continued until he is down*) There! I said I could. (*he is seen descending the companion—slips and rolls down—*

GRAPP. (*running to him and raising him up*) Allow me, Captain—(*with pretended alarm*) The tailor! Confusion!

CLIPP. Yes, sir, "the tailor!" you're rather astonished to see me here, eh? quite an unexpected pleasure, umph? Where's my ward, sir?

GRAPP. (*quietly*) That's my business, sir.

CLIPP. Oh! that's your business is it? Where's the money your swindling runaway captain owes me?

GRAPP. That's *his* business.

CLIPP. Oh! that's *his* business; then perhaps you'd like to know *my* business. I've come here to recover my ward and my money, and I don't mean to budge without 'em—there! and as I presume you've got such a thing as a pipe, you put that into it and smoke it!

GRAPP. (*pretending to look with commiseration on CLIPPER*) Unhappy, infatuated man, I pity you!

CLIPP. DO you indeed! that's kind of you! (*satirically*)

GRAPP. But you may yet escape your fate. Lose not a moment—fly, ere it's too late!

CLIPP. Leave the ship without my ward and my money? I'm not in the habit of using strong expressions, but don't you wish you may get it! No, no, here—here I take my stand—(*giving a sudden lurch on one side, then shouting out*) Holloa, I say, you sirs upstairs! keep the ship from wabbling about in that absurd way, will you! (*during the remainder of the Scene he has a difficulty in keeping his legs, like a person under the influence of a vessel rolling and pitching*)

GRAPP. Listen to me, sir! is this a time to talk of debts or wards when the Confederate flag has been insulted, and the insult unrevenged?

CLIPP. Poo! that for the Confederate flag! (*snapping his fingers*) I say it again, emphatically—that for the-----

GRAPP. (*seizing his arm, and with pretended seriousness*) Mr. Christopher Clipper, you have outraged the Confederate colours in the presence of one of its officers! it therefore only remains for me to give you up to the vengeance of an exasperated crew.

CLIPP. POO! I'm not to be frightened, sir.

GRAPP. Wretched man! I presume you have never been keelhauled?

CLIPP. Keelhauled! what's keelhauled ?

GRAPP. A simple, but ingenious process, by which an individual is dropped over the bows of a vessel, and dragged rapidly under the keel till he comes up again, three parts drowned, at the stern! you see it has a double advantage, it not only acts as a punishment, but it scrapes the barnacles off the ship's bottom at the same time.

CLIPP. Ah ! but I say-----

GRAFT. Oh, don't be alarmed; they wouldn't adopt such a humiliating process with *you*.

CLIPP. (*conceitedly*) I should think not indeed !

GRAPP. NO ; the treatment in such a case as *yours* would be very different. Allow me to explain. In crossing the deck of the " Alabama," you may probably have observed three upright-----

CLIPP. I know ; three thingumbobs.

GRAPP. *We* call them masts—fore, main, and mizen ; well, to these are attached, horizontally, divers pieces of timber called yard-arms.

CLIPP. (*with unconcern*) Proceed—proceed!

GRAPP. Through the extremity of one of them, a rope is passed, at the end of which rope is a noose of peculiar construction, which being passed round the neck of the offender, he is suddenly drawn-----

CLIPP. Goodness gracious! they don't hang him !

GRAPP. Oh, dear no! After dangling in the air, till life is nearly extinct, the rope is cut, and he falls plumply and pleasantly into the sea—which bath I hope *you* will find cool and invigorating.

CLIPP. I find !—I! Why, surely you don't—you can't mean that-----

GRAPP. I most certainly do! But, by-the-bye, you were saying something about your charming ward.

CLIPP. Never mind my ward; you know that's *your* affair. I want to know about *my* affair; they won't drown me, eh!

GRAPP. NO ; not quite !

CLIPP. (*in an agony*) Not quite! What d'ye mean by "not quite?"

GRAPP. Why, to prevent it, a grappling iron is thrown

out to you, which fixing itself into the fleshy part of your arm—back, body, or legs, as the case may be, you are fished up, and lest you should catch cold, you are hung up at the end of the bowsprit to dry.

CLIPP. Well, of all the horrible brutality-----

GRAPP. Nothing of the sort; because you're taken down again.

CLIPP. I thought so.

GRAPP. Passed for'ward—stripped, tarred and feathered, tied to the mouth of a gun—fizz—bang—away you go, and there's an end of you!

CLIPP. An end of me! which end?

GRAPP. You'll excuse me for a few moments while I give the necessary orders for the execution of the ceremony—I shan't be long!

CLIPP. You needn't hurry yourself on my account; but I say, Mr. Lieutenant, my dear Mr. Lieutenant, you wouldn't, you *couldn't* go for to see your old friend, who never grudged you a suit of clothes, (*aside*) when you'd got the money to pay for it, (*aloud*) farred and teathered—hung up at the end of a gun—tied to the mouth of a bowsprit-----

GRAPP. I feel for you!

CLIPP. I wish you'd do something *else* for me, because I can do *that* for myself!

GRAPP. I'm afraid there's only one chance for you.

CLIPP. I'm only too happy to hear there *is* one!

GRAPP. But you'll never consent.

CLIPP. Won't I! just try me ! What is it?

GRAPP. This—that you carry on the deception you have practised—retain the title of "captain" you have assumed, and boldly take command of this vessel.

CLIPP. Is that all ? my dear fellow, I'll take command of any number of vessels you think proper to mention—the whole fleet if you like—I know something about steamers—"Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Back her!" bless you, I didnt go down every Sunday to Greenwich for nothing.

GRAPP. Then you agree to my proposal ?

CLIPP. Of course I do! I jump at it—would you like to see me jump at it ?

GRAPP. Then mark me! In the first place never issue

an order of any sort or kind without consulting me, or you'll expose yourself, to a certainty.

CLIPP. My dear friend, you may depend upon it I shall expose myself as little as possible.

GRAPP. By-the-bye, it would be as well for you to lay in a small stock of salt water lingo!

CLIPP. Oh, I know? "Port your hel-lum!" "Shiver my timbers!" "Tally-ho!"-----

GRAPP. Hush! Now, as we perfectly understand each other, I shall now order the bo'sun to turn up all hands immediately.

CLIPP. I see no objection to the man's turning his hands *up* if he prefers it; it's a matter of taste.

GRAPP. I shall return immediately with the ship's officers—of course you'll address them in a smart seaman-like manner.

CLIPP. All right! this sort of thing—ahem! "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen-----"

GRAPP. NO, no!

CLIPP. "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking-----"

GRAPP. Zounds! hold your tongue, and, above all, be prudent! *(seeing PHOEBE who has been peeping at cabin door and enjoying the fun)* This, noble captain, is our young powder monkey, if he ladles out too much slack jaw, give him a taste of the rope's end! *(runs out at R. C. after exchanging signs with PHOEBE)*

PHOEBE. *(in a sailor's manner and a gruff voice)* Take a quid, y'r honour? *(offering box)*

CLIPP. NO familiarity if you please, sir—besides, I don't quid.

PHOEBE. NO more did I when I was a youngster!

CLIPP. *(aside)* When he was a youngster!

PHOEBE. And so—*(looking with pretended admiration at him)*—you're the famous Captain Clipper! *(CLIPPER looks grand)* A regular out and outer!

CLIPP. I believe you, my boy. *(swaggering)*

PHOEBE. That's your sort! *enthusiastically and hitching up her trousers sailorlike)*

CLIPP. You're another! *(ditto, then suddenly)* But I say, young gentleman, where did you get this suit from? *(examining PHOEBE'S clothes)*

PHŒBE. Why from little Clipper's! I used to go ashore along with the lieutenant when he went sweethearting the old lubber's ward.

CLIPP. The old lubber!

PHŒBE. Yes, the idea of a weather-beaten crazy old hulk like he wanting to sail in company with a smart, trimbuilt, rakish looking craft like she—gammon!

CLIPP. Thankye, young jackanapes, *{suddenly and heeling to the other side}* Holloa! the ship's, got loose—she's going, *(shouting)* Ease her—stop her, I want to get out.

PHŒBE. *(laughing)* Why I suppose you told 'em to weigh anchor, didn't you?

CLIPP. Not I! What does it matter to me what the anchor weighs? *(a gun is discharged with a loud report)* Lud a mercy! what's that?

(PHŒBE and CLIPPER get back to back in a terrible fright—second gun—PHŒBE screams and rushes into cabin, CLIPPER almost falling on his back)

CLIPP. I'll just go up to the first floor and beg 'em not to do that again, *(going—stops)* Oh! here comes that brute of a lieutenant back again, and his gang with him!

Re-enter GRAPPLING, L. 1 E., down companion ladder, followed by OFFICERS.

CLIPP. *(aside)* What a set of savages they look!

GRAPP. Captain Clipper, the officers of the "Alabama" desire to pay their respects. *(OFFICERS uncover—aside to him)* Touch your hat. *(CLIPPER puts his hand on the top of his hat, and keeps it there)* That'll do, *(aloud, and pointing to OFFICER)* Mr. Bully, our second Lieutenant.

CLIPP. I hope you're well, sir—and Mrs. Bully—and the Little Bullises.

GRAPP. *(presenting MARINE OFFICER)* Captain Chops of the Marines.

CLIPP. Oh! I've heard of *Cheeks* the Marine; probably some relation.

GRAPP. This is Mr. Slicem, our surgeon.

SURGEON, *(to CLIPPER)* I hope, sir, we shall soon be better acquainted.

CLIPP. *(aside)* I can't say I do,

GRAPP. *(aside to CLIPPER)* IS your speech prepared.

CLIPP. *(aside to him)* I'll be shot if it is!

GRAPP. Quite the reverse ; you'll be shot if it isn't.

CLIPP. Oh, lud! there he goes! *(aloud)* Ahem!
Mr. Chairman —no, no—I mean, gentlemen.

GRAPP. *(aside)* No; you should say " Officers of the Alabama.

CLIPP. " Officers of the Alley—" *(aside)* What alley did you say?

GRAPP. Bama.

CLIPP. Bama! You'll allow me to apologise for calling you gentlemen.

OFFICERS, *(indignantly, and advancing a step)* Sir!
(CLIPPER hastily retreats behind GRAPPLING—shouts)

O'FLYNN. *(rushing half way down companion)* The enemy's in sight! *(loud cheering from crew above, in which GRAPPLING and the OFFICERS join)*

GRAPP. You're sure it is the " Fighting Philadelphia?"

O'FLYNN. I can see her popguns, your honour.

GRAPP. HOW near do you make her?

O'FLYNN. About a mile ahead.

GRAP. *(to CLIPPER)* Don't you hear the glorious news; the enemy's ahead!

CLIPP. I hope he'll keep there, *(indignant start from OFFICERS)* I mean for his own sake, poor devil! I vote we treat him with silent contempt, *(gun heard, followed by a loud crash)* Mercy on us! what's that ?

GRAPP. Only a salute from the enemy's- stern chasers !
(calling out) Any damage done ?

O'FLYNN. *(outside)* Nothing worth talking about, your honour; the shot's walked off with the cox'un's larboard fin, that's all.

CLIPP. His larboard fin? What part of the vessel's that?

GRAPP. Taken off his left arm.

CLIPP. Oh, *that's all!*—the brutes!

GRAPP. *(pretending to take his orders from CLIPPER)* Our captain's orders are to give immediate chase to the enemy.

CLIPP. I never said anything of the sort.

GRAPP. *(aside to him)* Hush! *(aloud)* But not on any account to fire a single shot.

CLIPP. Hear, hear! (*aside to GRAPPLING*) You're a sensible fellow!

GRAPP. (*pretending to receive instructions*) Exactly — until, as our gallant captain says, lashed yard-arm to yard-arm, we board the enemy, (*loud shouts from the OFFICERS* — *aside to CLIPPER*) Why don't you shout ?

CLIPP. (*in a very faint voice*) Hoo-ray!

GRAPP. TO your ports, gentlemen ! (*aside to CLIPPER*) You'd better go on deck.

CLIPP. If it's the same to you, I'd just as lieve stop where I am.

GRAPP. AS you please, only you'll be much safer there than here.

CLIPP. Shall I ? then here goes ! (*takes to his heels and runs up companion, followed by OFFICERS cheering him—GRAPPLING runs to cabin door and opens it*)

GRAPP. (*leading out PHEBE*) Don't be alarmed, my dear Phoebe, come with me, and I will stow you in a place of safety—come! (*hurries PHEBE out at door, R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Quarter Deck of the Alabama War Steamer; funnel in c. ; companion ladder in front of it; the stern of the ship at back, with man at the wheel; paddle box on each side of stage.*

CREW *clearing for action ; Boys in the rigging; great activity and bustle; piles of shot; O'FLYNN with a speaking trumpet issuing orders.*

O'FLYNN. (*shouting through trumpet*) Let go the reef tackle—bend away the sheets.

(*cries of " Aye, aye, Sir," &c, followed by SAILORS running up the rigging—here CLIPPER is seen coming up on the deck by the companion ladder, followed by GRAPPLING and OFFICERS*)

O'FLYNN. The captain, lads! three cheers for the "Alabama" and her noble commander.

(*The CREW give three hearty cheers—CLIPPER is very pale, but tries to assume an unconcerned manner*)

GRAPP. (*aside to CLIPPER*) NOW take this, [*putting a telescope in his hand*] and pretend to sweep the horizon.

CLIPP. Sweep the what ?

GRAPP. The horizon, on the larboard quarter, (*pointing*)

CLIPP. Oh, over the left; very well, (*putting the wrong end of the glass to his eye*)

GRAPP. (*aside to him*) The other end! (*CLIPPER changes ends, and gives the glass a violent sweep*) Now cry out Ah! with a sudden start.

CLIPP. Ah ! with a sudden start!

GRAPP. Pshaw ! (*taking glass from CLIPPER and looking through it*) Yes, you're right, captain; we are rapidly, overhauling the enemy—we shall goon be able to give him a taste of our long nines! eh, captain ?

CLIPP. (*bewildered*) Yes—long nines or short sixes, it's all the same to me.

O'FLYNN. (*shouting through trumpet close to CLIPPER'S ear*) Clear decks ! (*CLIPPER gives a violent jump on one side*)

GRAPP. (*grasping CLIPPER'S arm, and aside to him*) We shall shortly be engaged with the enemy; the action will be a desperate one!

CLIPP. (*in a lachrymose tone*) Thank you !

GRAPP. Should you survive, which isn't at all likely---

CLIPP. Thank you again!

GRAPP. Remember this—there must be no striking; therefore if you see we are getting the worst of it, the powder magazine is under your feet—(*CLIPPER skips aside*) you understand ? up she goes ?

CLIPP. (*bewildered*) Oh, up she goes, does she ?

GRAPP. What's the matter? you tremble !

CLIPP. SO would you if you were shaking from head to foot as I am!

GRAPP. Steward, a glass of wine forward! (*STEWARD brings CLIPPER a glass of wine*)

GRAPP. (*to man at the wheel*) Hard a port!

HELMSMAN. Port it is!

CLIPP. (*tasting wine*) I beg your pardon—it's sherry! and very bad sherry too!

GRAPP. (*aside to CLIPPER*) NOW, there's your post! (*pointing to c.*) Take it; remember, my eye is upon you;

if you flinch or show the white feather, I shall shoot you as dead as a herring, which, between you and me, I had rather not do.

CLIPP. Well, between you and me, I don't seem to care about it.

GRAPP. (*calling*) All ready with the larboard guns?

MEN. Aye, aye, sir!

GRAPP. (*aside to CLIPPER*) By-the-bye, you had better keep your eye on the enemy's rigging—the captain's uniform is a favourite mark for musket practice !

CLIPP. Is it ? (*begins taking off his uniform coat*)

GRAPP. Ah ! would you ? (*threatening*) Now, give the word "Fire!"

CLIPP. (*in a very faint voice*) Fire!

GRAPP. Louder than that!

CLIPP. Wait a minute, (*stuffing his fingers into each ear*) Fire!

(*cannon discharged and returned—musketry—loud shouts—CLIPPER, behind the funnel, bobbing his head, and giving way to a paroxysm of fright—at the sixth cannon the funnel falls with a crash—a shot is supposed to strike funnel, which falls on the stage—CLIPPER creeps into it*)

GRAPP. NOW I grapple her! Forward, boarders, and she's our own! (*loud huzzas from CREW, who with GRAPPLING and OFFICERS at their head, rush over the side with drawn cutlasses*)

CLIPP. (*crawling out of the funnel, covered with soot*) Wheugh! it's too hot in there! So the captain's uniform is a favourite mark, is it ? then let 'em fire at it! (*takes off coat, puts it on the end of a pike, sits down, and holds the coat up as high as he can above his head—firing, shouting, &c. renewed—CLIPPER drops pike and falls flat on his back—loud shouts of "Victory"—OFFICERS and CREW of the Alabama return over the ship's sides—GRAPPLING and CAPTAIN CLIPPER last, the former carrying the Federal colours, the stars and stripes*)

CAPT. Bravely fought, *vay* gallant Alabamas !

GRAPP. Welcome, Captain Clipper, on board your own ship!

CAPT. (*stumbling over CLIPPER*) Heyday! who have we

here? Surely I recognize that face. (CLIPPER *turns round on his stomach*)

CAPT. C. (*turning CLIPPER round again with his foot*) I thought so! It's my unfortunate little landlord. Poor fellow, we'll see him decently consigned to his watery grave.

GRAP. Yes I luckily there isn't much of him—a good-sized shark'll swallow him at a mouthful.

CAPT. C. -NO, no—we'll have him opened, put a thirty-six-pounder inside him, and sew him up again, that'll prevent his floating! I now wish I had paid him the thirty-five dollars I owed him!

CLIPP. (*suddenly rising to a sitting posture*) Thirty-seven dollars and a half, if you please, captain.

CAPT. C. and GRAPP, Alive!

CLIPP. (*getting up*) I rather think I am. (*shaking himself and feeling his head, limbs, &c.*) All right, and if my dear little ward, Phoebe, were only here-----

PHŒBE. (*who has been brought on deck by O'FLYNN*) Take a quid your honour? Ha, ha, ha! Don't you know me, guardy?

O'FLYNN. (*to CLIPPER*) Come, your honour—you've only being a trifle taken in.

CLIPP. Yes; and I might have been done for into the bargain—there take her, Lieutenant, and as for her money—

GRAPP. (*deprecatingly*) My dear sir, don't mention it.

CLIPP. (*shaking his head warmly*) I won't; and now I think the sooner you put me on shore the better.

GRAPP. Nay; you'd better take a cruise with us.

CLIPP. Eh? well!

PHŒBE. Be persuaded, guardy. Our voyage will, indeed be a pleasant one, if our kind indulgent friends will but sail with us in company on board the "ALABAMA!" (*shouts kept up by the crew till the fall of the curtain*)

Curtain.