

The Dorriad is an epic poem that depicts the events of the Dorr Rebellion. The poem, written by Henry B. Anthony and published in the *Providence Journal* on January 7 & 13 1843, is a lively account of a turning point in Rhode History. Through the poem you are able to follow the action as events unfolded throughout the state. After reading the poem, list the places mentioned in the poem.* Please note that there is creative punctuation, spelling, and capitalization used throughout this poem; it might be confusing on first glance, but students will get the hang of it shortly!

<i>Streets</i>	
<i>Bodies of Water</i>	
<i>Towns & Cities</i>	
<i>States</i>	
<i>Landmarks</i>	

***Expansion Activity: Using a current Rhode Island map, locate the places listed in the poem and follow the geographic footsteps of the Rebellion.**

THE DORRIAD.

THE ATTACK ON THE ARSENAL.

TH' impatient chief looked on with ire,
Blanched was his cheek, but tenfold fire
 Was flashing in his eye.
He threw his martial cloak aside,
And, waddling up — he meant to stride — "
"Give me the torch," with fury cried, "
 "And, d it, let me try !"
He seized the match with eager hand,
While backward his brave soldiers stand ;
Three times he waved it in the air,
The cursed Algerines to scare,
And bid them all for death prepare ;
Then down the glowing match -rope thrust,
As though he'd have the cannon burst.
Had they not put the ball in first,
It very likely would.

But, hark! what sounds astound the ear?
Why turns each hero pale with fear?
What blanches every lip with fright?
What makes each "General" look so white?
And e'en the Governor looks not quite
As easy as a Governor might.

The mingled toll of twenty bells,
The solemn note of warning tells ;
And through the ranks the word has past,

“The ALGERINES have come at last!
They're turning out in every street,
Their tyrant swords we soon shall meet.
Already in the torches' glare,
Their bayonets gleam in MARKET SQUARE.
WEYBOSSET trembles 'neath their tread,
Thro' WESTMINSTER their ranks are spread ;
And all SOUTH MAIN and BENEFIT,
With spears and flashing swords are lit.
The INFANTRY are on the route,
The NATIONAL CADETS are out,
And those all -fired MARINES, about
Two hundred men, all tall and stout.
Nor PROVIDENCE alone is stirred —
Far down the BAY the news is heard.
GREENWICH hath sounded the alarms ;
NEWPORT and BRISTOL are in arms.
The KENTISH GUARDS, that know not fear,
And half of WARREN'S half way here.
From PAPOOSE -SQUAW the platoons pour,
From NOOSENECK HILL, from SAUKET'S SHORE,

From MONTHAUP'S grassy side.
And if we linger here till light,
From ALUM POND to KINGSTON HEIGHT,
Will pour one living tide.
Down LOUISQUISSETT'S stony steeps,
Where dark MOSHASSUCK slowly creeps,
The note of warning peals ;
From swift PAWTUXET'S farthest floods,
And next we'll know, all HELBURN WOODS
Will be upon our heels."

Enough was said, enough was heard,
They needed not another word.
Away, like frightened sheep, they ran,
And save himself, they cried, who can.
Foremost to start, swiftest to run,
Was the brave band of BUFFINGTON.

Their gallant leader was not there ;
Saltpetre he could never bear.

While all was safe, there was not one
More fiercely brave than BUFFINGTON.
No other Captain talked so loud,
No other Captain stepped so proud ;
And had you seen him at the head
Of his bold volunteers, you'd said
That if the State withstood his arms,
 At least the hen - roosts stood no chance ^
What could the yeomen from their farms,
When such a knight took up his lance?
But when he heard the firelock click,
He suddenly was taken sick ;
And when he found with grape they'd loaded,
His valor all at once exploded.

As pauses in the upper air
 The carrier pigeon, just let fly,
And circling for a moment there,
 Starts home with never -erring eye,
So DISPEAU paused ; but not in doubt
 If he should run or he should stay ;
But only paused till he found out
 The quickest and the shortest way.
Then, straight as ever pigeon darted,
He turned, and for his home he started,
Down the steep hill rolled like a bucket,
Nor stopped until he reached Pawtucket.
His men had sworn not to desert
 Their gallant leader, come what might,
And when they saw how he " cut dirt,"
 True to their oath, they joined the flight.
 Like hunted deer they flew
O'er Christian Hill, down BROADWAY'S height
 And ATWELL,'S AVENUE.

If some few chanced to lag behind,
The fault was in their legs and wind.

When the "INVINCIBLES" turned tail,
The other corps began to quail, .
 And looked which way to fly.

The " HARMONIOUS REPTILRS " turned about,
The " PASCOAG RIPGUTS " joined the rout,
With Gloucester's chosen chivalry.
Up looked the "JOHNSTON SAVAGES," (
For they had thrown upon the ground
Their carcasses at the first sound
 Of "fire," and shut up both their eyes.)
Some on all fours and some upright,
They joined in the disastrous flight.

Of all the leaders who went forth
 To court the dangers of that night,
CARTER alone and HORACE PEARCB
 Remained until the morning light.
But where, you'll ask, was PARMHNTER ?
 And where was BURRINGTON?
From honor's post did BAILEY stir ?
 Did JOHN S. HARRIS run?
Where was the eloquent JOHN A. ?
Where was the mighty DUTEE J. ?
And say, did LEVI run away ?

Vain questions ! seek not, Algerine,
 The motives of such men to scan.
Know that great patriots seldom mean
To share the dangers that they plan.
Enough for them to point the way
And leave the rest to meaner clay.
These men, in the beginning, saw

They were for council, not for war.
They kept within their proper sphere,
And never went to danger near
 Enough to run away.
Too well they loved the people dear,
Not to regard their servants' fate.
They saved themselves to save the State,
 And kept out of the fray.
Yet doubt not that they were as bold,
As those whose warlike deeds I've told,
And had they been as frightened, would
 Have run as fast as they.

Far from this scene of fearful strife,
The DOCTOR passed his quiet life.
For though the Algerines he spurned,
For though with patriot fire he burned,
 And in the battle, to be won,
He longed to take the foremost part,
Yet ill. he knew, the healing art
 Could spare her favorite son.
Around his brow the laurel green
 Was tainted by no battle breath,
He never harmed an Algerine,
 Unless he physicked him to death.
Peaceful the triumphs of his name,
And beer and hot drops all his fame !

Anxious the DOCTOR spent that night,
 And anxious spent the day,
For well he knew the hour of fight
 Had come and passed away.
But if the "people" in their might,
 Had risen from the fray,
Or scattered, in inglorious flight,
 They crushed and broken lay,
He knew not, and his manly heart
Longed in their fate to bear a part,

Whatever it might be,
Whether their triumph he should sing,
Or their defeat bewail.
While thus he stood, a man rushed in,
Fresh from the battle's dust and din, "
"News from the ' people's ' cause I bring,
This paper tells the tale."
A light on JOHN A.'s visage sped ;
He snatched the paper, but he read
Defeat instead of victory.
Trembling with fear, despair and rage,
He shook aloft the damp NEW AGE,
And shouted Sover/wnity.
Run, DISPEAU, run; down, GOVERNOR, down,
Were the last words of DOCTOR BROWN,

THE CHEPACHET CAMPAIGN.

HERE'S gathering on Rhode Island's shore;

There's mustering on each hill ;
From every plain her yeomen pour;
Spears every valley fill.
The people, rousing in their might,
Are armed for vengeance and for fight ;
And woe unto the Algerine,
Whose luckless neck may stand between
The people and their right.

On Diamond Hill the beacon -light
Is blazing fierce and high ;
The answering flame on Acote's height
Is flashing to the sky.
O'er Chepi- Chuck the banners flout
And rings the warning cry ;
And hark! the signal -gun speaks out
From Holmes's Brewery.
From Chipinoxet Point they throng,

From Quidnick Pond they pour along,
 From Petaquamscut's stream;
From fair Woonasquatucket's banks;
From Devil's Foot, the patriot ranks
 With swords and bayonets gleam.

In Baker's Hollow, see, they meet, —
They're thronging fast in Federal street,
And Shingle Bridge and Scrabbletown,
Beneath their weight are breaking down.

From Yawgoo Pond, from Rice's Mill,
From Mishnick Swamp, from Shannock Hill,
 From Nipmuck's quarried height,
From broad Quidneset's plain they start,
All swift of limb, and true of heart,
 All eager for the fight.

And from those regions dark and hilly,
In Gloucester and " Burrillvilly,"
Where old romance her charms hath thrown,
And wonder claims the land her own ;
Where savage tribes are said to roam,
And savage beasts still keep their home ;
Where, startling up from rock and glen,
 Fierce cannibals their faces show,
And " Anthrophagi, and men
Whose heads beneath their shoulders grow."

For now the martial Governor Dorr
Hath buckled on that sword for war,
And swears he is determined for
 The Algerines to rout.
With him D'Wolf and Potter stand,
And Charley Newell draws his band,
 And General Sprague so stout.

Brave Elder Bullet takes the field,
And many a heart untaught to yield,
 Beats eager for the fray ; —
His war -steed Sheldon mounts upon, /
The "tricksy Ariel" urges on,
 And Slocum points the way.

Foremost in courage and in skill,
With laurels won on Federal Hill,
The Woonsocket Light Infantry
Press on for Dorr and victory.
Each soldier true, to fear a stranger,
Or "fearing nothing except danger."

But not alone on native ranks
 Did freedom's sacred cause recline;
The cry of "Beauty and the Banks,"
 Aroused the patriots o'er the line;
Connecticut her heroes sent;
New York her fiercest warriors lent ;
With eloquence the Five Points rung;

The Pewter Mug delighted hung
On Slamm's appeals, on Hopkins' tongue.

Mike Walsh, with twenty Spartans true,
To Governor Dorr's assistance flew,
And patriotic gifts were made,
The cause of freedom's hope to aid.
What Allen gave, beyond my reach is;
But Vanderpool gave — several speeches!
Two virtues, in old Sparta's code,
With most conspicuous lustre glowed,
Courage in war, thieving in peace,
Such were the glories of old Greece.
If Michael's Spartans did not quite
Their Grecian namesakes match in fight,

In courage, and in lofty feeling,
They more than made it up in stealing.
And well thy barn -yards, Foster, and
 Full well thy hen-roosts, Glos'ter, know
The prowess of the Spartan Band,
 The weight, the force of Michael's blow.

Cleveland, Connecticut's great chief,
Promised assistance and relief ;
 And Morton pledged his name,
Should Heaven and clams give him the power,
The suffrage folks might, in that hour,
 Old Massachusetts claim.

And Hubbard, mightiest of the host,
New Hampshire's Solon and her boast,
By his great ancestress had sworn —
 (That Old Mother Hubbard,
 Who went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone,)
The suffrage banner should be borne,
His granite hills upon.

Ne'er men so true in cause so good,
As those on Acote's height, that stood
 Burning with patriot rage.
Ill would it suit my humble verse,
Their many virtues to rehearse.
Rather to Charlestown's records go,
Rather let Moyamensing show,
 And Auburn's glowing page,
Rather let Blackwell's Island tell
The story that it knows full well,
How budded 'neath its tender care,
The flowers that cast their fruitage there.

The Governor saw with conscious pride,
The men who gathered at his side ;
That bloody sword aloft he drew,

And " list my trusty men," he cried — '!
"Here do I swear to stand by you,
As long as Sows life's crimson tide; —
Nor will I ever yield, until
I leave my bones upon this hill."

His men received the gallant boast
With shouts that shook the rocks around.
But hark, a voice ! old Acote's ghost
Calls out, in anger, from the ground, "
"If here your bones you mean to lay,
Then d-- n it, I'll take mine away."

Not mine to sing that dreadful night,
When, scattered in disastrous flight,
The patriot forces left the height;
Not mine to sing that dreadful day,
When all the " people " ran away,
And left the Algeriues full sway,
To plunder as they might ;
Nor mine, to sing in mournful tunes,
That "cooking stove," " them silver spoons,"
Sad trophies of the fight.

Some future poet yet shall stand,
And high the vengeful strain shall lift;
Shall sing the horrors of that band,
Which, seized with sacrilegious hand, "
Them lasting garters," Rispy Tift.
Tremble, ye Algerines : the hour
Is hastening, when, with sovereign power,
The people shall their rights demand,
And rise in vengeance through the land.
Morton, with twice ten thousand men
For Governor Dorr, shall cross the line ;
Dispeau's broad banner shall again
O'er serried ranks of thousands shine ;
The exiles shall their footsteps turn
Where freedom's hopes forever burn.

On Acote's height, o'er Dexter's Plain,
Freedom's wild shout shall burst again,
And franchised freemen join the cry,
For beauty, banks and liberty.
Brown, shall his snow-white charger mount,
Spencer, "undaunted," thousands count ;
And if Wales finds that Paixhan Gun,
The cause is safe, the State is won !

By Henry B. Anthony. *Providence Journal*. Jan. 7 and 13, 1843; May 22,
1892. S. S. Kider