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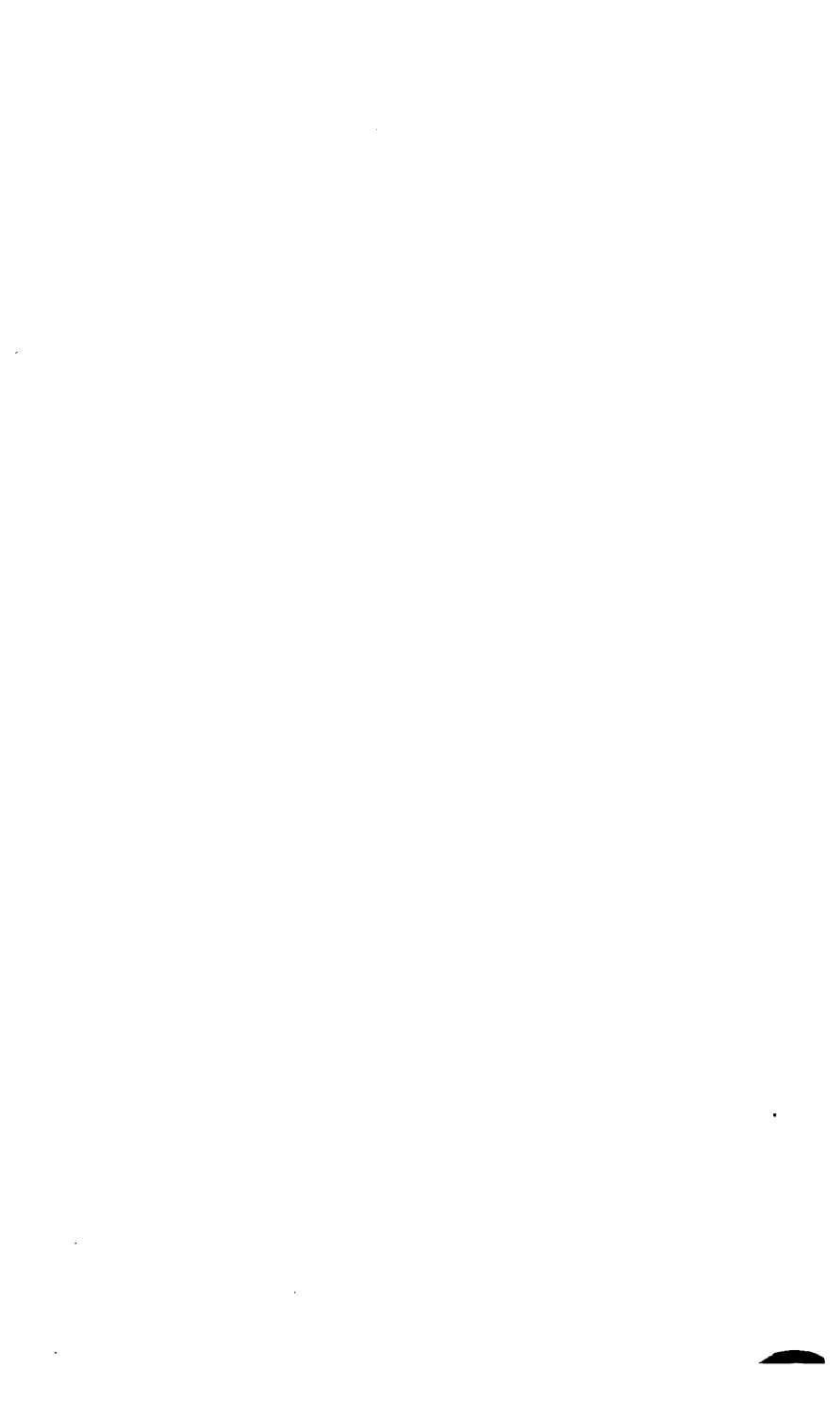
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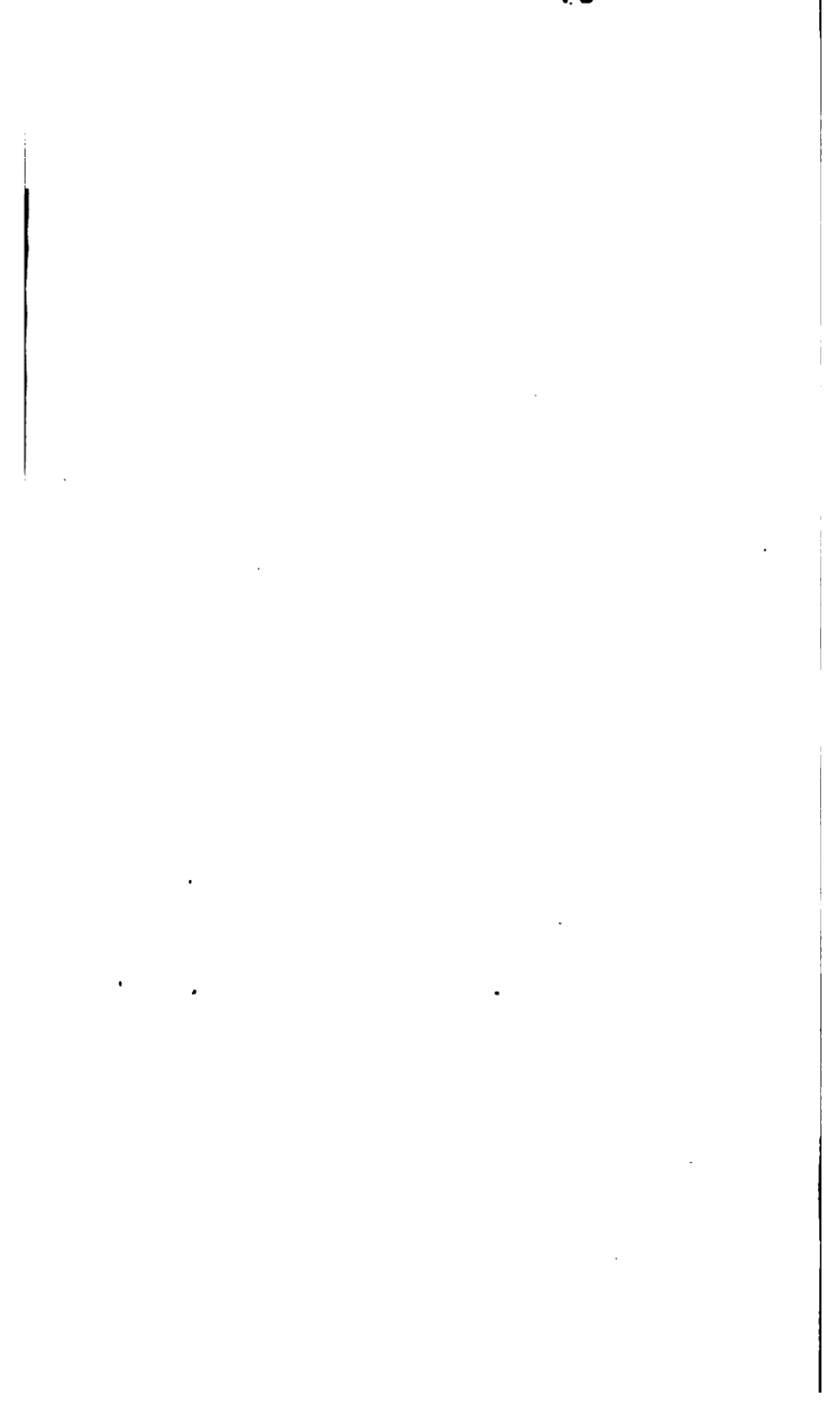
The Dorriad and the Great
Slocum Dinner

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THE

Dorriad,

AND THE

GREAT SLOCUM DINNER;

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND ANNOTATIONS.

by
Henry Bowen in charge.

PROVIDENCE:
SIDNEY S. RIDER & BROTHER.
1870.

~~H352.46~~

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1884 Nov 21

Gift of
Mr. Samuel J. May,

in honor



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, BY
SIDNEY S RIDER & BRO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Rhode
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Introduction.

THE two Squibs which the Messrs. Rider reproduce first appeared in times of unusual political excitement, and enjoyed a local reputation which could not be expected to survive the circumstances of their origin. Ridicule has always been an effective weapon in political warfare, and it has seldom been more freely employed than in the fierce contests of Rhode Island, where satire has vied with denunciation, and wit has embellished if it has not softened the rude encounters of political strife.

If the writer of the DORRIAD had any poetical reputation at stake, he would not risk it by republishing, at this distance of time, verses which derived their whole point from local and temporary incidents that have mostly passed out of mind; and reproduce, before a new generation, a burlesque which

owed its chief applause to the favorable audience to which it appealed. It would have been very difficult, at that time, to put anything in the **PROVIDENCE JOURNAL** which the Law and Order men would not have laughed at, on due notice that it was funny. And while the cause of Law and Order was under priceless obligations to the polished rhetoric of Goddard, the close logic of Pitman and the stirring appeals of Whipple and Ames, it was not slightly indebted to the slashing and saucy wit, the sarcasm, the irony of that circle, of which Rivers was confessedly the chief. And we shall not claim undue credit for candor, when, at this distance, we confess that some of the propositions which we were compelled to use were so specious in themselves, and so fascinating to the popular mind, that they were easier laughed down than argued down.

The **DORRIAD** was commenced with the intention of continuing it, from time to time, till more of the events on which it was founded had been sung in mock heroic verse. The cares and labors of a daily paper prevented the execution of the design till the time for it had passed.

The **SLOCUM DINNER**, unlike the **DORRIAD**, was the work of several hands. It originated in this wise:—Mr. Slocum, a very respectable and worthy citizen of Gloucester,—who had been a member of the General

Assembly,—a man whose native good-sense had not been impaired by over cultivation, was a strong adherent of the suffrage cause, and a vehement assertor of its principles. One of his propositions was this: “if the sovereignty [the ‘Algerines’ always charged that the Dorrites pronounced the word in three syllables, ‘sovererinity’] does not reside in the people, where, the hell, does it reside?” This was not a proposition to be argued down, and it was much easier to laugh at it than the graver task of showing that the unquestioned truth, did not authorize a change of government, on the strength of a popular demonstration, without legality or evidence of authenticity, and that even popular sovereignty, short of revolution, could be exercised only under the forms of law and in obedience to constitutions. So this and perhaps some other propositions, from the same source, were put in the Journal, credited to *Slocum on the Constitution*. And one day, this paragraph appeared in that paper:—

“DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL. Mr. Slocum, the distinguished writer upon constitutional law, has arrived in this city. It is proposed to give him a public dinner, at the clam house, near Field’s Point. The subscription paper may be found at the Fish Market.”

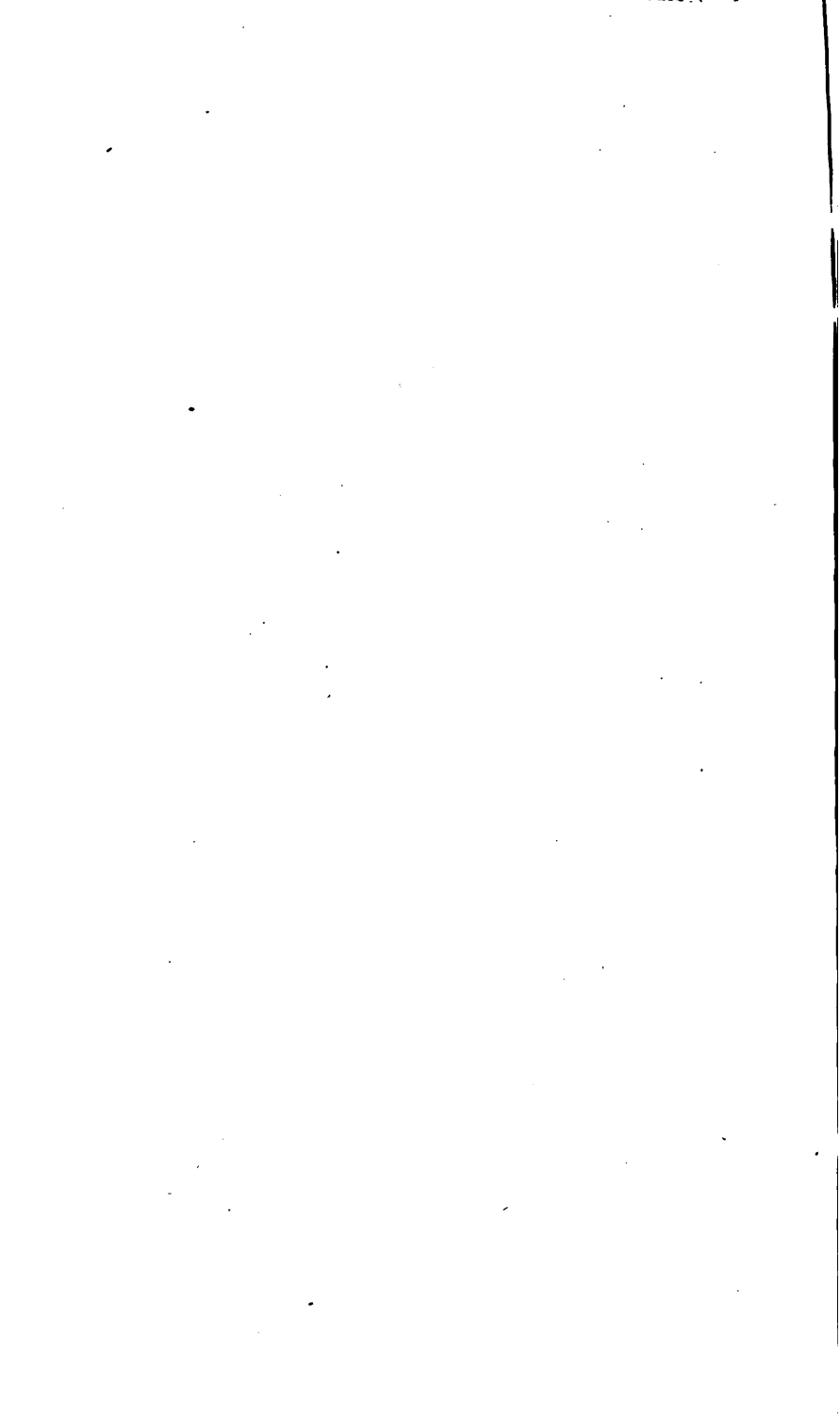
It was not till some weeks later, that it occurred to some of the writers of the Law and Order party to elaborate this idea into a report of the imaginary

festival. And then, it was started in fun, with but half an intention of publishing it, and with none whatever of drawing it out at such length. It was written by Samuel Ames, who afterwards adorned the chief seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, George Rivers, whose wit was not unworthy of comparison with that of Selwyn or Sheridan, Thomas A. Jenckes who now represents the Eastern District in Congress, William P. Blodget and Henry B. Anthony. Parts were written separately, and portions of it were written out on the common suggestion of all; and the whole was subjected to the mutual and jolly criticism of the entire company, all of them wondering if it would sound as funny to the public as it did to themselves. While they were engaged upon it, in the Editor's room of the Journal Office, Mr. Goddard came in, to read the proof of one of his ringing "Old Narragansett" articles, and the laughter with which that master of the English tongue received it went far to assure them that they had not ventured beyond the forbearance of the public taste.

To fully illustrate the Slocum Dinner, by explanatory notes, would require much greater space than is occupied by the text, so frequent are the allusions to matters of temporary and local interest. This has not been attempted, but a few notes have been added. If to those who reperuse it, after the lapse of a quarter

of a century, it fails to come up to their youthful memories, they will find that the Slocum Dinner is not the only production upon which maturer years review the judgments of youth; and if those who have known it only by reputation, fail to recognize the merit that has been ascribed to it, they must remember that much of its force was due to the occasion, and that it could be appreciated by those only who lived and acted in the time.







The Horriad.

THE ATTACK ON THE ARSENAL

H' impatient chief¹ 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 gallent 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"² turned tail,
 The other corps began to quail,
 And looked which way to fly.
 The "HARMONIOUS REPTILES" turned about,
 The "PASCOAG RIPGUTS" joined the rout,
 With Gloster'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 PEARCE
 Remained until the morning light.
 But where, you'll ask, was PARMENTER?
 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.

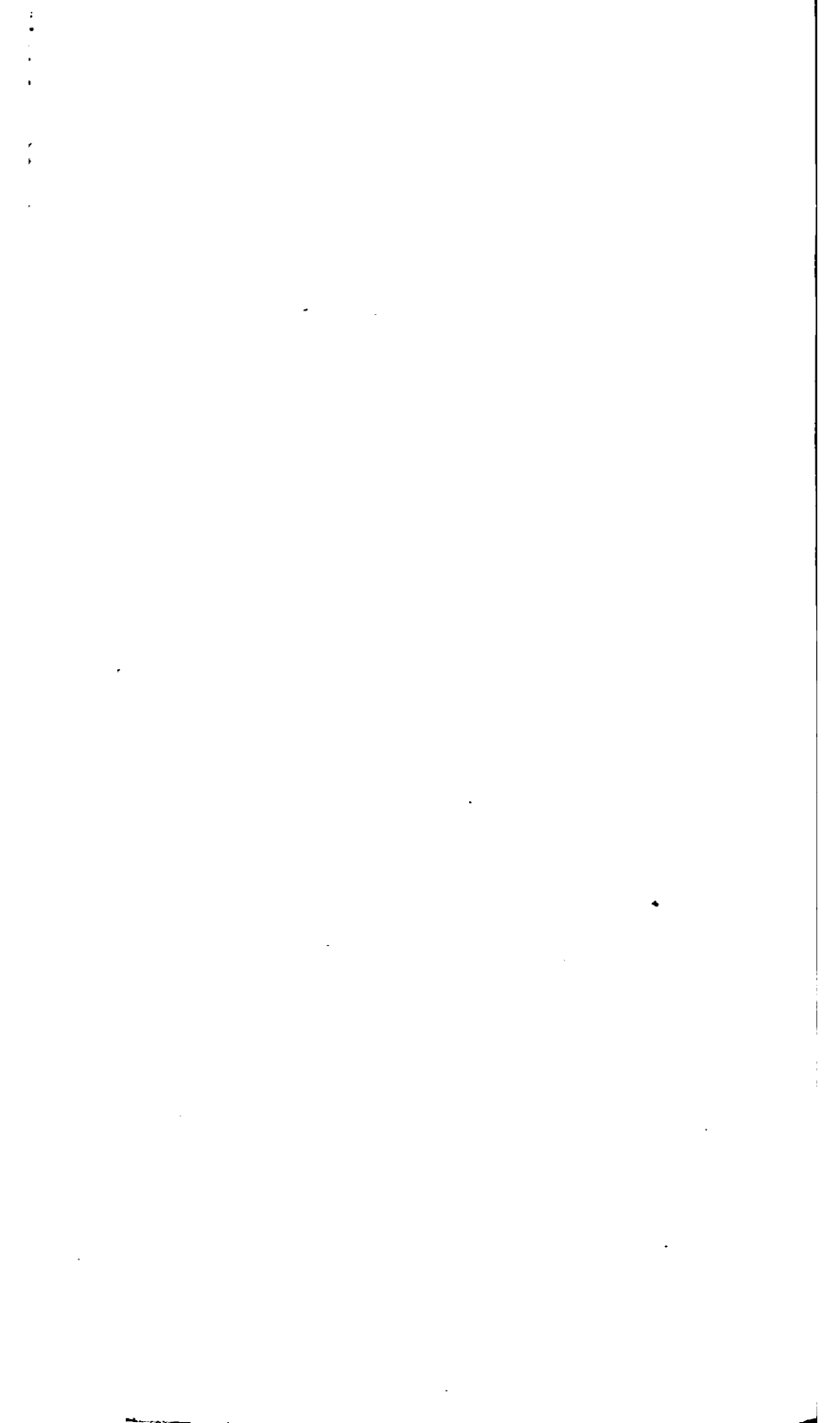
They saved themselves to save the State,
 And kept out of the fray.
 Yet doubt not that they were as bold,
 As those whose warlike deeds I've told,
 And had they been as frightened, would
 Have run as fast as they.

Far from this scene of fearful strife,
 The DOCTOR^s 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*ei*nnity.
Run, DISPEAU, run ; down, GOVERNOR, down,
Were the last words of DOCTOR BROWN.







THE CHEPACHET CAMPAIGN.

THERE'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-Chuck⁴ 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,"^s
 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 Bullet⁶ 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 Vanderpoel 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's⁸ 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 flows 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's⁹ 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 Algerines 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.¹⁰

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 !



Notes to the Horriad.

1. The attempt to fire the gun which Dorr brought against the Arsenal failed, for some reason that was never explained. The match was applied to the priming, which responded only by a flash. It was said that Dorr, suspecting some treachery, repeated the attempt with his own hand, but with no better success. It was evident that the communication had been cut off between the priming and the powder, in the chamber of the gun; and it was believed that the touch-hole had been plugged by some of his own friends, whose counsels had been overborne, and who took this practical mode of testifying against violence. The "Algerines" said that the gun was loaded, ball first.

2. The locations of Providence and of the State mentioned in these lines are too well known to need any description. The "Pawtucket Invincibles" was the name of one of the companies, and it was alleged that the commander held to Falstaff's idea of the quality of valor. The other names assigned to the companies, we fear, were the inventions of the Algerines.

3. An account of Dr. John A. Brown is given in the notes to the Slocum Dinner. The New Age was the early organ of the insurrectionary party.

[The following notes formed a part of the original publication.]

4. Chepi-chuck is the original Indian name of which Chepachet is a corruption. It signifies "Devil's bag." The question will naturally arise, if Chepachet be the devil's bag, why he did not pull the strings of it when the heroes of Acote's hill were assembled. He will never have another such chance.

5. This pronunciation has been made classical by a noted political character in Smithfield, to whom a home missionary presented a letter of introduction, with credentials of his appointment to preach in the interior parts of Rhode Island.

6. The sobriquet of "Elder Bullet" was given to Dorr's Chaplain, who amused his Sundays with the rather unclerical occupation of running bullets for Dorr's men. It is proper to say, in justice to the respectable denomination, with which this fellow claimed fellowship, that he was never recognised by it, and never received license to preach from the Methodist or any other church. He took up preaching as Dorr did government, on his own hook, or rather, in his own primary capacity.

7. A strong partizan of the "Governor" once exclaimed, in his indignation towards an Algerine, who ventured to doubt the courage of that warlike magistrate, that "Governor Dorr was as brave as any other man—he was afraid of nothing *except danger*."

8. At least three of the leaders of the insurgent party have served their country in the prisons of Massachusetts; and one, who has been particularly the object of their veneration, has been in the Charlestown State prison three times.

9. Acote, the man who was buried on the hill that bears his name, was murdered, or committed suicide, near the spot. His ghost is said to haunt the place of his burial, and the wailings of his unquiet spirit are often heard, by the superstitious, on stormy nights.

10. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the atrocities, in the way of plunder, practised by the Algerines at Chepachet. History, ancient or modern, has nothing to compare with it. When the conquering Romans entered Syracuse, the victorious General gave strict orders to spare the house of Archimedes—but the Algerines, when they entered Chepachet, did not respect even the household of Slocum. They entered the house of the inventor of the sovereignty, where they broke or cracked five tea cups, and so bent up one pewter plate as to render it entirely useless. For proof of this, as well as of some other things of hardly inferior enormity, the incredulous reader is referred to the affidavits published in the Express.



The Great Slocum Dinner.

THIS brilliant festival came off at the FISH MARKET¹ last Friday. After an early *dejeuner a la fourchette*, at General Sprague's Hotel,² the thunder of artillery on Acote's Hill announced to Chepi-chuck and to the world that the great Slocum had liquored, and was ready to start on his triumphal march to Providence. A detachment of the HARMONIOUS REPTILES and the PASCOAG LOAFERS was drawn up in front of the hotel, to receive the illustrious guest, and to escort him, as far as their safety would permit, to the Smithfield line. Some delay was occasioned by a dispute between the two companies, each claiming the right.³ This was settled by each company taking a different side of the road, with the great Slocum between them. In this way he proceeded to the city, riding in his own elegant and commodious white covered carriage. A number of coal carts, from Buck Hill, which were accidentally going the same way,

joined the procession, and added greatly to its imposing appearance. The procession moved on in silence, interrupted only by shouts of welcome from the eager population, pressing on each side, to get a glance at the man whose fame had filled their ears, and only stopping for necessary refreshment at the houses erected by humanity for the entertainment of man and beast. At North Providence, the procession was received by the surviving remnant of the PAWTUCKET INVINCIBLES,⁴ that gallant band which suffered so terribly in the action before the Arsenal. Colonel Despeau was still at their head, and under his command the Invincibles escorted the procession to the city.

Arrived at the line of the city, the procession marched through Hardscrabble, up Hughes street, down Stamper and Benefit, up Olney's Lane, through Feather Bed Alley to the Red Bridge, where they took scows, and passing by the crowded wharves, landed at the Fish Market. A profound silence was observed as the boats passed Watcher,⁵ but an enthusiastic and irrepressible shout rose from the crowded scows, when they came in sight of Suffrage Rock. The procession was received at the Fish Market steps with nine guns (corresponding in number to the nine lawyers,⁶ authors of the immortal opinion) from the Paixhan⁷ presented to Col. Wales by Capt. Pond. Some difficulty was at first experienced in getting the powder, but a good suffrage man finally stepped forward, in the most magnanimous manner, and offered to give the committee credit for the necessary amount, adding, with a patriotism worthy of Dorr himself, that he did not care a ——— whether he got his pay for it or

not; there was plenty more where that come from, and any fool could break open a powder-house.⁸

The Fish Market had been swept only the week before, and of course everything was clean and in order. It was brilliantly lighted with fifteen tallow candles. The walls were hung with strings of fishes heads and tails, gracefully festooned, and appropriately ornamented with crossed oyster rakes and eel spears; the plates were nailed down, the knives and forks were chained to the table, and every thing was genteel and comfortable. At the head of the table was a transparency bearing the immortal maxim, "If the sovereignty does not reside in the people, where does it reside?" Portraits of Morton,⁹ Hubbard, Cleveland, Guy Fawkes and Wat Tyler were executed in chalk and charcoal on the walls, and chalk sketches of Collins and Benedict Arnold were handed round at the table. Loud applause shook the walls as the "venerable Dillingham"¹⁰ took the chair as President, supported on his left by Parmenter, and having on his right the great Slocum himself, the band playing "See, the conquering hero comes."

The following bill of fare was placed upon the table:—

TABLE D'HOTE.

Premier service de table.

Soupe maigre de l'eau de clams.

Potage d'anguilles, a la Carpentiere.

Potage des entrailles des poissons, a la Fish market.

Entrees.

Frais clams crudes.

Puantes clams crudes.

Clams cuits au four en l'herbe d'anguilles.

Clams bouilles en ecailles.

Clams frits en rum de Nov Angleterre.

Clams cuits a l'etuvee en rum fait dans les Indies Occidentales.

Les entrailles de poissons fricasee en l'eau de bilge.

Les scuppes en lait, a la convention du people.

Poisson du diable, a la John R. Waterman.

Les anguilles de mud, a la scow.

Dubertus a la Dorr.¹¹

Sheepshead a la Bill Schmidt.

Gudgeons a la Wales.

Poissons de bladder et de gone suckers, a la Atwell.

Poissons volantes, a la Sayles.

Poissons damagees a la Pero Martin.

Entremets.

Snouts de clams au naturel.

Les dames de lobster frits en lamp-oil.

Snouts de clams, maitre d'hotel.

Bones de Dorr, trouvee en mont d'Acote, grilles.¹²

Fruits.

Pommes de terre crudes, en vinaigre.

Les oignons frits en fromage.

Les oignons crudes avec rum et l'eau.

Peanuts a la Leland.¹³

Liqueurs.

L'eau pure de pump de ville, 1815. Very scarce.

L'eau naturel de Cove.

Liqueurs de Saunders print-works.

Liqueur de clams.

Rum fait dans Nov Angleterre.

Gin Americane.

Viskie occidentale.

Biere de pop, a la Docteur Brown.¹⁴

Cheese, biscuits de marine, *et* long nines, *ad lib.*

When the cloth was removed, the following regular toasts were drunk, corresponding in number with the nine lawyers:—

1. *The venerable Dillingham*—True to his principles, he has spent the best part of his life in working out his *convictions*.

Music—“*Rogues’ March.*”

The President rose, somewhat agitated. While he felt complimented beyond expression, by the flattering toast just given, he felt that some slight injustice had been done towards him in the tune by which it had been followed; and he seized the present opportunity to repel, with what he was certain the company would deem a proper spirit, a false accusation to which his prominent position in the cause of the people had exposed him, and of which his enemies had not hesitated to take advantage. He had been accused of being a State Prison convict; he repelled the imputation indignantly. He had been honorably discharged, three times discharged, and here (drawing his certificates from his pocket) are the triumphant proofs of it. If it be true that a man is innocent till he is proved guilty, how much more true must it be that a man is innocent after he has worked his time out. How superlatively inno-

cent, then, must that man be who has three times served out the sentence of the law. Such a man has a claim upon his country and upon his fellow-citizens. Could any other gentleman present, he would not even except Parmenter, show three *such* evidences of character? He repeated the expression of his unfeigned gratitude for the compliment, and for the enthusiasm with which it had been received. He then begged leave to propose the second toast.

2. *David Parmenter*¹⁵—Algerine persecution attempted to bury his talents in a prison, but truth and justice triumphed—through a flaw in the indictment.

3. *The Carpenter of Rouen* (ruin)—His work will soon be completed.

4. *The Hero of Chepachet*—The “rightful Governor.” The democracy would have gladly run him, had he not decided to run himself.

Music—“*Run, boys, run.*”

5. *Thomas W. Dorr, Perez Simmons, Aaron White, jr., Welcome B. Sayles, Charles E. Newell*—

“True patriots they; for, be it understood,
They left their country for their country’s good.”

Music—“*There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.*”

6. *George Washington and John Tyler*—The Alpha and Omega—the head and tail of American liberty.

Major Ennis¹⁶ here arose, evidently much affected. He stated that he was unspeakably glad that the democracy of Rhode Island had a just appreciation of the merits of the chief magistrate of the nation. All naturally looked to this high officer for honor and even

support; and his untiring efforts in favor of the American navy would ever centre upon him the regards of a free and enlightened people. A few more disbursing officers judiciously added to this great establishment of the nation, and it would be complete. Major Ennis added, that whilst he was up he would say a word about his own consistency, which had been frequently attacked. It was true that owing to his having had the happiness to introduce Gen. McNeill to some pleasant ladies in Newport, the General, as a matter of personal courtesy, had placed him upon his staff, but he could assure the democracy present that he never intended them the least injury, and that on one occasion, if he did not positively refuse, he utterly neglected to bear an order for a detachment to advance to the attack of his friends on Acote's Hill. His own position was somewhat similar to that of Gen. Carpenter, who was not indeed on the staff of Gen. McNeill, but influenced him to accept his appointment, and aided him in the issuing of his orders. Nothing more need be said concerning his consistency, which had thus received the practical approbation of the Commander-in-chief. In fine, he might say with truth, that nobody was, or could be injured by his appointment, and the public schools of Newport having received his pay, a portion of the deposit fund had by his means been thus restored to its original destination.

He could not conclude without proposing the health of the present incumbent of the office for which his friend Mr. Atwell was a candidate. When the history of this State shall be written, its brightest page will be the administration of Governor Dorr, and the brightest

page in the history of that administration will be the one which records the forensic triumphs of Titus. Never shall his name be forgotten, although as Gen. Carpenter justly remarks, in the letter which has given the climax to his consistency, life is exceedingly uncertain. And when he shall have passed away, a grateful and far distant posterity shall write upon his tomb in letters of living light :—

“Here lie the bones of Jonah Titus,
He’s dead and gone and can’t indict us.”

Mr. Titus replied in a very happy manner, and concluded with the following toast, in allusion to the substitution of Mr. Atwell for Mr. Titus in the new prox :—

The Attorney Generalship—

“This office, true,
Was made for Titus, but for Atwell too.”

7. *Chauncey F. Cleveland*—The Connecticut eagle, who generously lent wings to our pursued and flying Dorr.

Music—“*Fly away, fly away.*”

After the applause, excited by this toast, had subsided, the following letter from the distinguished gentleman complimented was read :—

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
Hartford, 1843. }

Gentlemen :—I regret that my attendance as commander-in-chief of this State, at the Killingly muster, will prevent me from joining you at the Slocum festival. The troops in that quarter have earnestly solicited me to re-review them, and I do not feel at liberty to deny their request.¹⁷ I rejoice to hear that Gov. Dorr

is comfortably housed at Concord, and shall never cease to regret that circumstances wholly unforeseen by him should have necessarily rendered his stay in Connecticut so short. Present my high regards to his Excellency, and assure him that relays of horses will be provided for him, in this State, whenever he shall be disposed to make one of his rapid journeys to and from that which he so ably governs. Has his Excellency received a requisition which I addressed to him, but which, from its being sent to Rhode Island, I fear, has fallen into the hands of Acting Governor King? As a toast, I will offer—

Military genius—Best illustrated by the rapid movements of Dorr, and the changing front of Carpenter.

I have the honor, &c.

To Elisha Dillingham and others, Committee of Invitation to the Slocum Festival.

8. *Marcus Morton*¹⁸ and *B. H. Collins*—Posterity will be at a loss which most to admire, the Governor, or the man who made him.

Music—“*The Light-House, that star in the midst of the ocean.*”

Governor Morton's letter was then read.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
Boston, 1843. }

Gentlemen:—Your note of invitation finds me so busy in the important and democratic work of retrenching the salary of every officer of this Commonwealth, except that of the chief magistrate, that I fear I shall not be able to join you personally, in paying honor to the illustrious Slocum. His exposition of the sovereignty of the people does equal credit to his head and

heart, and is but a fuller development of views long entertained and frequently expressed by myself. I need hardly say, that any thing in the way of poultry, on the east side of Seekonk river, is entirely at your disposal, and especially for use at the festival. Should any of your lecturers or others choose to indulge themselves in the Spartan amusement of thieving, on this side of the line, they may be assured that they will not be pursued by executive requisitions into Rhode Island.¹⁹ I deeply regret that Gov. Dorr has not yet consented to visit Massachusetts, and can only surmise that the difficulty is, that such have been my engagements, I have not yet been able to send him an invitation. Will the venerable Mr. Dillingham, with whom I became acquainted, in the course of my judicial labors, remember me to our mutual friend, Mr. Parmenter, with whom I had the honor to form an acquaintance in a similar way.²⁰ Allow me, in lieu of personal attendance, to offer *my* favorite sentiment, altered and adopted to your meridian:—

*The King's Evil*²¹—It commenced in Rhode Island, spread into the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and if not speedily extirpated, bids fair to reach from Essex to Washington.

I have the honor, &c.

To Elisha Dillingham and others, Committee of Invitation to the Slocum Festival.

Our illustrious Guest—*Posterity* shall speak of his efforts in behalf of the soverinnity and *History* perpetuate his name.

After the applause elicited by this sentiment had

subsided, Mr. SLOCUM rose, evidently much *excited*. He said that he had not anticipated such a reception—he did not mean to say that he was not fond of CLAMS and FISH—he was VERY fond of them—to be sure, they are not in his line of business, and sometimes interfered with it, still he was fond of them—*very*—clams were decidedly a Dorrocratic dish—rough and hard outside, but within full of meat and LIQUOR—(at the word LIQUOR, there was much excitement, and loud cries of “more rum,” “bring me some gin,” &c. &c. &c.)—When order was at length restored, *Mr. Slocum* proceeded—he had not intended any thing personal—he spoke of *clam liquor*, and hoped gentlemen would not consider themselves referred to, (“hear, hear,” “give us a drink”). Mr. S. then remarked that he had much more to say (profound silence); but he had already spoken longer than he had intended—he would gladly have made some more extended remarks upon the “SOVERINITY”—but “*clams*” and “*soverinny*” were so intimately connected, that what he had said of the former would apply equally well to the latter. He owed an apology for having detained his friends so long, but the importance of the subject upon which he had spoken seemed to demand it—(much sensation.) The last speech he had made was in the House of Representatives under the old charter—it was upon the U. S. Bank—(loud cries “we remember it,” “wa’n’t it first rate,” with much applause). Mr. S. said he had almost done (immense cheering) and would only detain his fellow-citizens to offer the following sentiment:—

The Skirrilous Journal—It has blackguarded me

*about enough.*²² (Deafening and long continued applause, with cries of "hear," "hear," "hurrah for Slocum,"—"go it *soverinnity*."

After the regular toasts had been drunk, the following letters were read from distinguished gentlemen, declining invitations to the festival.

*From General Carpenter.*²³

PROVIDENCE, Feb. '23, 1843.

Gentlemen :—Your invitation to attend a dinner given at the Fish Market at Providence, to the patriotic Slocum, finds me much embarrassed by business of a peculiarly important and pressing nature, and by severe personal indisposition. Nothing, however, should have prevented me from joining you in this act of well merited courtesy, but necessary absence from the city on a visit to one fully entitled to the gratitude of the Suffrage party, for the humane manner in which he, as Major-General Commanding, conducted the attack on Acote's Hill—the seat of your distinguished guest. I know you too well to suppose, that you would desire me to neglect one friend for the purpose of doing honor to another. Be assured that my heart is with you in your festivities, with no divided affections; and that in the honor paid by you to one so unjustly persecuted by the malicious and cowardly Algerines, I hail the advent of those better times which shall see the State, whose interests you have so much at heart, represented by a chief magistrate at home, as well as abroad, who, whatever may be his personal demerits, may at least lay claim to the character of a sturdy, plain-hearted, consistent Democrat. Allow me to offer

you the following sentiment, to be read at the table, if, as I hope you will, but fear you will not, conclude not to indulge yourselves with a cold water entertainment.

The Democracy of Acote's Hill, supported by the Democracy of the Tockwotton House—Dorr, taught you how to advance—but not less deserving of your favor is he who taught you how to retreat.

Accept, gentlemen, the assurances of my esteem, and believe me, with high consideration, to be your humble and obedient servant, &c.

To Elisha Dillingham and others, Committee of Invitation of the Slocum Festival.

After the applause which this had excited had subsided, the President proposed the following toast:—

Our Candidate for Governor—Other men have been celebrated for single qualities of greatness; he unites them all—the consistency of Atwell; the valor of Dorr; the honesty of Pearce; the candor of himself.

The following letter from Mr. Atwell²⁴ was then read:—

CHEPACHET, Feb, 24, 1843.

Gentlemen:—Your invitation to attend a dinner to be given to one “of the men of Gloucester,” my near neighbor, has been received, and commands my earliest attention. Since the great meeting on Runnymede, when the bold barons of England, wrested from the tyrant John the charter of their liberties, I know nothing in history that can compare with the interest of your expected “festival of the people of Rhode Island,” at the Fish Market in Providence. We live in highly favored times, when all the dignity of a

great political body can be thus easily secured to the hilarity of a merely festive occasion—and “conventions” are daily held in which “clams” and “constitutions” are equally subjects of intellectual discussion.—My professional pursuits have taught me to hold, as peculiarly dear, a character of consistency in opinions upon subjects involving popular rights. I have seen nothing to lead me to doubt, or in the least degree to affect my “*argument*” in the so called opinion of the nine lawyers, and trust by your efforts to be able soon to show to the world in the commanding post of professional elevation, to which your kindness induced me to aspire, that any meeting of “the people,” whether held in a State or a fish-house—and whether composed of persons qualified or unqualified by law, to act upon matters of government—represents, in the language of your distinguished guest, “the soverinnity of Rhode Island.” I have only to regret that my professional avocations will prevent me from joining in your festivities. Allow me to offer as a toast—

“*Slocum and the Soverinnity—the great Barons and the great Charter—History records no prouder triumphs of right over might.*”

I am,

With sentiments of the most unfeigned respect, &c., &c.

Gov. Hubbard’s letter was then read:—

Gentlemen:—Your invitation reached me while on a visit to Gov. Dorr, at his appropriate residence in *Concord*. I am happy to say that his excellency, though lame, is still in “fair running order,” and remembers with pleasure the democratic festivities, both of fight

(flight) and feast, in which, on the occasion of his last visit to Rhode Island, he participated at Chepachet. I desire no greater honor for my administration of the government of the State, than that of having shielded "the man of the people" from the arrows of outrageous fortune. I have afforded the Bonaparte of Rhode Island his *Elba*,^{on} and it must be your care to provide for him that triumphant return to which, like his great prototype, he so earnestly aspires. I need not add that the incessant care necessary to watch over your interests here, must forbid my participation in your festivities, at or near Pawtuxet. Allow me to suggest as a *sentiment* proper for the occasion—

Thomas W. Dorr—A true sample of the modern democrat. His care of the people is only postponed to his care of himself.

He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

To Elisha Dillingham, &c.

After this letter had been read, the following toast was drunk :—

Gov. Hubbard—Better is it to be a Dorr-keeper in the sty of democracy, than to dwell in the silken tents of bank-bought aristocrats.

By Aaron White, Jr., Esq. :—

O woman, in thine hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Music—" *The Married Rake*,"—from the opera of *Love in a Village*.

Mr. Harris being called upon for a song, gave the following with great effect:—

In good old charter times,
 When we lived under King,
 Three roguish chaps²⁶ fell into mishaps,
 In doing a saucy thing.

The first he was a cobbler,
 The second he was a doctor,
 And the third he was a fat lawyer,
 Three roguish chaps together.

The cobbler he told lies,
 The Doctor he made small beer,
 And the fat lawyer made speeches, for
 To make the other rogues cheer.

The cobbler got choked with his lies,
 The doctor went off in a smoke,
 And the devil clapped his claw on old Tom Dorr,
 With the charter under his cloak.

By Colonel Newell:—

The ladies of Gloucester:—

Search Tom Dorr's ranks and all their kith,
 The fairest suffrage darters
 Will not compare with Rispy Smith,²⁷
 Who lost "*them lasting garters.*"

Mike Walsh and the Spartan Band—

"Patriots have toiled,
 And in their country's cause FLED nobly."

Music—"Go it boots."

Col. Crooks of Bellingham—Equally great in the bar-room and in the State House; at mixing a julep or making a speech.

To sooth the feelings of our friend,
The "venerable Dillingham,"—
We tried to send to Dedham Jail,
The men who went to Bellingham.²⁸

Music—"No go,"—from the opera of "Misery loves company."

The annunciation of this sentiment called up Col. Crooks, of Bellingham, who offered the following, with considerable appearance of excitement:—

Show me the man, if any can,
Who Morton's doctrine follows,
That would not sell his soul and all,
To get "nine hundred dollars."

Music—"Put money in thy purse."

By Gen. Sprague:—

The Hon. W. H. Smith—While we regret that considerations of a *private* nature have decided him to decline being a candidate for re-election, he may be assured that his distinguished exposition of *primary capacity* and *original unlimited "soverinnity,"* will retain a place in the grateful breasts of his admiring countrymen.

By Speaker Sayles:—

Thomas W. Dorr—The Cæsar of Rhode Island;

The quick, decisive mind of Dorr,
 No chains of custom hampered,
 Like Cæsar's, short his tale of war,
 HE CAME, HE SAW, HE SCAMPERED.

Music—"Dorr's Quickstep."

By Colonel Dispeau :—

Col. Samuel H. Wales—The Paixhan gun of democracy.

Music—"The Minute Gun at Sea."

The chairman then requested Col. Wales to recite the history of his travels and adventures in search of the Paixhan gun, but the Colonel declined on the score of modesty.

By Mr. Parmenter :—

Our Chairman, the venerable Dillingham—He has done the State [of Massachusetts] some service, and they know it.

The following was sent by Gov. Dorr :—

*Dutee J. Pearce*²⁹—He intended no fraud. "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

By Timothy Hoskins of New Hampshire :—

*The Carpet-Bag and the "Devil's Bag."*³⁰—The one illegally seized by a man who did not care "a damn for the letter of the law," and the other pillaged by the "malicious and cowardly Algerines" under Gen. McNiell.

After this toast General Carpenter's letter to Gen. McNiell was read, and when the "people" heard that

he "knew all the orders," the *old cradle of fish* shook with applause.

The following song was then sung with immense applause, by Col. Wales of the House of Representatives:—

Arab War Song.

Tune—"Rosin the Bow."

Come all ye bold lads of Rhode Island,
Who rallied round Dorr and his crew,
And give us your *votes* and your voices,
For "*General Tom*" who is true.

Come show the whole world that our spirit
Is up again, "*sartain and sure*,"
And push right ahead for our Tommy,
Great Thomas, the *honest and pure*.

Come forth, one and all, to the battle,
Determined, our State, now to save—
And strike for "*the farmer of Glos'ter*,"
And *Thomas*, the great, good and brave.

A leader is he, who ne'er failed us,
An "*Algerine General*" is he—
Then strike for "*the friend of Chepachet*,"
Then strike, my brave boys, and be free.

So, for Tommy and Dorr, let's huzza,
And never give over the fight,
'Till the Algerine soldiers and cowards,
Are put to inglorious flight.

We're engaged for the war and "we'll go it,"
 Our hearts are determined and stout—
 For the flag of "*our General*" is flying,
 And Thomas F. C. we will shout.

At this period, the attention of the venerable chairman was directed to a person, near the foot of the table, who seemed to enjoy the proceedings (except the fare) amazingly, and was interrupted in his applause only by the continued attention which he bestowed upon the work of the distinguished guest upon the constitution. He seemed frequently occupied in making marginal notes. He was immediately called upon for a sentiment, song, or story. Without preface, he struck up the following song in praise of the Governor that is to be:—

Air—"The Poachers."

You all have heard of the lawyer
 Who's all things to all men,
 Who runs once more for Governor,
 And will be beat again.
 No doubt he loves the people well,
 And loves himself much more,
 He fights them when they're down, then grows
 More loving than before.

When times grew dark and true men scarce,
 Where was this lawyer then?
 Busy to stir men up to strife,
 Was found his tongue and pen.

But war was not the way for him
 To reach the chair of State,
 The "*rascally insurgents*" he
 Abandoned to their fate.

And from the conquering general's side,
 This hero nought could move,
 Except when urged to take a ride,
 Around the head of the cove.
 When peace returned, grown bold again,
 Soft soaps the foes of law,
 And clearly proves to all that he
 Can *run* as well as Dorr.

But, like the frog, who strove in vain,
 The ox's span to fill,
 This swelling knave will burst to find,
 "OLD DURHAM"³¹ beats him still!

The cry of "*An Algerine! An Algerine!*" which had been whispered in alarm round the table during the last verses, now rose to a shout; the song was interrupted, and the singer was forced to leave the chorus of the last verse unfinished and make a precipitate escape. The violence of the pursuers, exercised indiscriminately on all they met, caused them all to be carried to the watch-house. It is untrue that the knives and forks were missing, as they were all chained to the table; the charge against Parmenter, therefore falls to the ground.

The "marginal notes" there taken, have been kindly placed at our disposal as above.

The above is but a faint outline of the proceedings at this great festival. We hope that we may yet receive some further account of it. We were particularly anxious to present the letter from Gov. Dorr, but, probably from the same reasons which influenced the committee at the Boston festival, his letter was not read at the table, nor can we positively say that he was invited.





Notes to the Great Slogum Dinner.

1. This venerable, but somewhat unsavory structure stood, at the time, over the water, on Canal street, just above Washington Bridge. It originally stood just above the Great Bridge, covering a portion of the site now occupied by a more pretentious structure, erected for the accommodation of the horse railroad companies, but was removed, by vote of the town, to its new location.

2. General Sprague was a foremost publican and politician in Chepachet, and held the commission of Major General in Dorr's militia.

3. This refers to a fierce dispute, which raged between two of the military companies of Providence, as to which was entitled to the right of the line, a dispute which some of their friends thought carried to a ridiculous point.

4. The "Pawtucket Invincibles," was the name of one of the companies organized in Pawtucket under the "people's constitution," as the constitution under which Mr. Dorr claimed was called.

5. What Cheer Farm was the residence of Governor Fenner. "Suffrage Rock" was a name given to a large rock just below India Point, where several clam bakes were held by the suffrage party.

6. The Nine Lawyers were the men who signed an opinion affirming the legality of a constitution adopted according to the theory of Mr. Dorr.

7. The Paixhan gun was considered a very formidable weapon at the time. It was only a 32-pounder, but those were not the days of Dahlgrens and Rodmans and Parrots. It was bought by the government, during the insurrection; for what precise purpose it might be difficult to say; for in no probable contingency could it have been as serviceable as a Colt's revolver. But the effect in alarming the insurrectionary party, and in assuring the friends of Law and Order, was quite conspicuous. It was thought that, in some way, equal damage to the one, and great safety to the other, rested in this terrible ordnance. It was not brought into use, and the question whether it would have done most mischief at the muzzle or breech, was never experimentally determined.

The election of Marcus Morton to the chief magistracy of Massachusetts was a matter of high congratulation to the Dorrite party, which he had steadily and conspicuously favored. And Col. Wales, in the exultation of the occasion, was persuaded, and we think Col. Blodget was mainly responsible for it, to apply to Governor Fenner for the loan of the terrible paixhan to fire a salute with. Those who remember Governor Fenner, "Old Durham," need not be told how fortunate it was, that when Col. Wales applied, in person, at the What Cheer Farm, upon his mission, he was received by General Edward J. Mallett, the Governor's son-in-law, and not by the doughty old Governor himself. General Mallett explained to him the preposterous nature of the errand, and the reception which he would be likely to meet from the Executive, who, when he afterwards heard of it, exclaimed with more hard words than can be decorously recorded, "does he expect to borrow the ordnance of the State to insult the authorities with?" John F. Pond, a noted wag, formerly of Providence, then of Worcester, on hearing of the misadventure of Colonel Wales, came down from the latter city, expressly, as he affirmed, to lend him a paixhan gun of his own, which, being made of a wooden pump log, was warranted not to burst.

8. In the early part of the insurrection, some of the insurrectionary party broke open a powder house belonging to Duty Greene, and took the powder from it; a circumstance which the "Algerine" papers kept very fresh in the public recollection.

9. Morton, Hubbard and Cleveland were the Governors of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, and all of them favored the Dorrite party.

10. Dillingham, a man advanced in life, and who had served in the war of the revolution, was a conspicuous member of the suffrage party. He was paraded on frequent occasions, at the head of proces-

sions, and on the platform of public meetings. His name was the first signed to the petitions, and constant allusion was made by the papers on that side, to the importance and distinction of such an advocate of the "eternal principles." He was styled "the venerable Dillingham, the patriot and hero of the revolution." But it appeared as the result of "Algerine" researches into the criminal records, that Dillingham had served three terms in the state prisons of Massachusetts, including, in all, nearly thirty years of his life. The last committal was when he was near seventy years of age.

11. The charter contains a provision authorizing the taking of "whale, dubertus, or other great fish, it or them to pursue unto any part of that coast, and into any bay, river, cove, creek or shore belonging thereto, and it or them, upon the said coast, or in the said bay, river, cove, creek, or shore belonging thereto, to kill and order for the best advantage &c." The word "dubertus" is not found in the dictionaries, and that "great fish" has not been seen, except in the bill of fare at the Slocum Dinner. The Rev. Mr. Denison, in his "Westerly and Its Witnesses," published in the *Journal*, quotes the following record, in which honorable mention is made of this great fish :—

"At a towne meeting held at Fevershame, (Westerly,) the 24th of Mar. h, 1686—(N. S. 1687)—

"VOATED : That whereas sundry fish of considerable value have been formerly cast up within the confines of this towne; and have been monopolized by particuler persons belonging to other jurisdictions, whereby his Majesty and subjects have been wronged of their just Rights and priviledges; And to protect the like for the future, The Towne doe order, That if any Whale, Dubertus, or other great fish of considerable value shall be cast up within the limmits of this Towne, the person or persons that shall first find it shall forthwith make the Authorities and Inhabitants acquainted with the same, that his Majesties Right may be secured, and the remainder to be equally divided among the inhabitants; and the person or persons so doeing shall be duly Recompensed for their paines."

12. It was said that Dorr had declared, when he encamped on Acote's Hill, that he would conquer or leave his bones there.

13. Mr. Leland was the Democratic President of the Massachusetts Senate. It was said that he refreshed himself in the chair with that diet sacred to the drama—peanuts. ✓

14. Dr. Brown was a botanic physician, and a manufacturer and vender of beer. His office and shop were on South Main street. He was one of the leaders of the suffrage party, a man of more than ordinary shrewdness, very good-natured. His great remedy was hot drops. His beer had a wide local celebrity, and whatever might have been its medical qualities, it was unquestionably palatable.

He removed to Delaware, where he has been a member of the Legislature.

15. David Parmenter was a man of uncommon popular talents, and a great favorite, as a stump speaker. He was indicted for forgery; but the indictment was quashed for an error. It charged that the crime was committed in Massachusetts, when the forged paper was only uttered there, the original offence having been committed in Rhode Island.

16. Major Ennis, a very genial and agreeable gentleman, of fine social qualities, was one of the few friends of John Tyler, then President, and was understood to be an applicant for the position of Purser in the Navy. He had been on the staff of Gen. McNeill, who commanded the forces of the State; but had subsequently acted with the other party, and the *Journal* pitched into him for the inconsistency; and when Major Ennis explained at considerable length, it pitched into the explanation. As an evidence of his service in the "Algerine" ranks, it was stated that he had drawn his pay. And in reply to this, he said that he had directed that the amount should be given to the benefit of the public schools in Newport.

17. Governor Cleveland had given some offence by rather free comments upon the unsoldierly appearance of a regiment of Connecticut militia, which he had recently reviewed, at Killingly. It was said that in a speech made to the men, he told them that they made the "meanest appearance" of any regiment that he had ever reviewed.

18. The constitution of Massachusetts provides that, in case of the failure of the people to elect a Governor, the House of Representatives shall send to the Senate the name of two of the candidates, and the Senate shall elect one of them. At the previous election, no choice was made by the people, and Marcus Morton's name was sent up by one majority. He received 174 votes in the House, John Davis 165, and Samuel E. Sewall 8. Collins, who had been elected as a Whig, voted for Morton, and his vote gave him just a majority. Collins was soon afterwards appointed keeper of a light-house, and people naturally "put that and that together." Some hen-roost thieves from Seekonk had crossed the line, and plundered the poultry yards of the farmers, on the Rhode Island borders. A requisition was made for them by Governor King, but Governor Morton refused to surrender the offenders, on the ground of informality in the papers. The papers were corrected and the demand repeated, but it was not complied with.

19. Governor Morton, it was charged, had not, since the failure of

the insurrection, been quite so hospitable towards Dorr as his previous encouragement had given the friends of the exiled chief to expect; and his omission to invite him into that State had been especially commented upon, by the "Algerines," to the mortification of the other side.

20. Governor Morton had been a Judge before he was Governor, and had tried both Dillingham and Parmenter.

21. Samuel W. King was Governor of Rhode Island; Daniel P. King had just been elected Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives by one majority, after a long contest. He was then a candidate for Congress in the Essex district, and was elected.

22. This toast was only the repetition of a remark which Mr. Slocum was said to have made.

23. Gen. Carpenter would laugh as heartily as anybody at these hits. He is freshly remembered at the bar. His well known costume, blue coat, brass buttons, and ruffled shirt, his grave courtesy in court, his kindness in social life, his persuasive address when talking to the jury will not be forgotten. There were many able men at the bar of Rhode Island in his time, and some of them thought that they were abler than Gen. Carpenter, but they all agreed that he won more cases than any of them. He died July, 1854.

24. Samuel Y. Atwell was an eloquent orator and a wonderful counsellor. About a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, and no trace of him remains, except in the memories of the comparatively small number who have heard him in the General Assembly or in the courts. These can repeat passages of his speeches even now. It was he of whom John Whipple said that he had never met his superior at the bar, and Mr. Whipple had met Mr. Webster and Jeremiah Mason. For many years he led the bar here, and was known as "Old Atwell." His tomb-stone shows that he was forty-seven years old when he died. He died in 1844.

25. Mr. Dorr was a refugee in New Hampshire, and Governor Hubbard, of that State, had refused to surrender him on the requisition of Governor King, of Rhode Island.

26. The "three roguish chaps" were Parmenter, who had been a shoemaker, Dr. Brown and Dorr.

27. The Dorrite papers charged that when their men fled from Acote's Hill, and the "Algerines" entered Chepachet, that town was subjected to such atrocities as no other capital had suffered at the hands of a lawless soldiery. Affidavits were printed, testifying to valuables destroyed. Among them were a cooking stove, sundry tea

cup, tea spoons (pewter) bent out of shape, and a pair of lasting garters, belonging to a fair damsel who rejoiced in the name of "Ripsy Tift."

28. When the "Algerine" troops were stationed at Woonsocket, an order was issued—the authority for which was afterward disowned by the Governor and Council, although there was no doubt that it came from the proper military authority—for a detachment, under command of Col. William P. Blodget, to arrest a number of the enemy, who proved to be at the tavern of Mr. Crooks, just over the line, in Bellingham, Massachusetts. The night was dark and rainy, and the men, whose knowledge of local geography might have been imperfect, did not stop at the line. Indeed, Col. Blodget always protested that the line had been washed away, and he could not find where it was. This invasion of the soil of Massachusetts was duly resented; and although Mr. Crooks was appeased by the payment of nine hundred dollars, the offenders, such of them as could be identified, were demanded on requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts. It was a severe test of the high ground which had been taken in Rhode Island of the duty of a Governor to surrender an offender, on the demand of the Governor of another State. But it was met. Col. Blodget and Mr. Hendricks went to Dedham, where they stood trial, and were fined in a moderate sum. They were defended by John Whipple, Samuel Ames, and Samuel Currey.

29. Mr. Pearce had been charged with complicity in the arrangement by which the votes in Newport, for the "people's constitution," had been swelled to an enormous total, and hundreds of false names of duplicates and of absentees were returned. On some remarks upon this, and in defence of the right of absentees to vote by proxy, Mr. Dorr had said of Pearce "he intended no fraud."

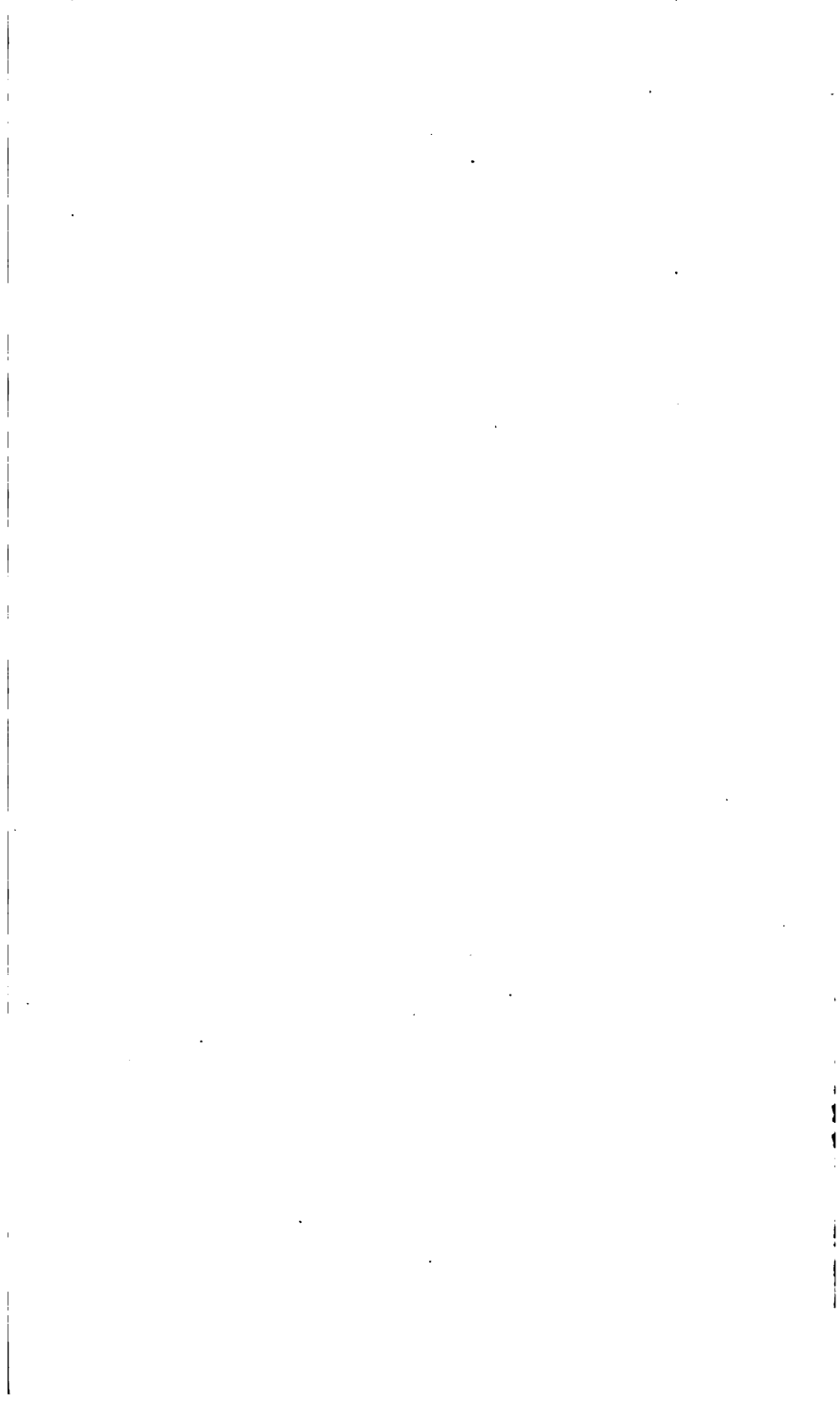
30. After the affair on Acote's Hill, Dorr found refuge in New Hampshire, where there was great sympathy for him. In August, 1842, Timothy Hoskins of that State was arrested in Providence, on suspicion of being the bearer of treasonable correspondence, between Dorr and his adherents, who, it was said, were preparing for another outbreak. He was examined before Edward H. Hazzard, Esq., and it appeared that he was the bearer of letters from Dorr, and that answers to them were upon his person, when he was arrested, but that he had contrived to pass them to some of his friends, so that they were not seized. Among his baggage was found a carpet bag, containing important letters, not only from friends of the insurrectionary cause in Rhode Island, but from highly prominent men in other States. Much indignation was manifested by his friends at the seizure of these.

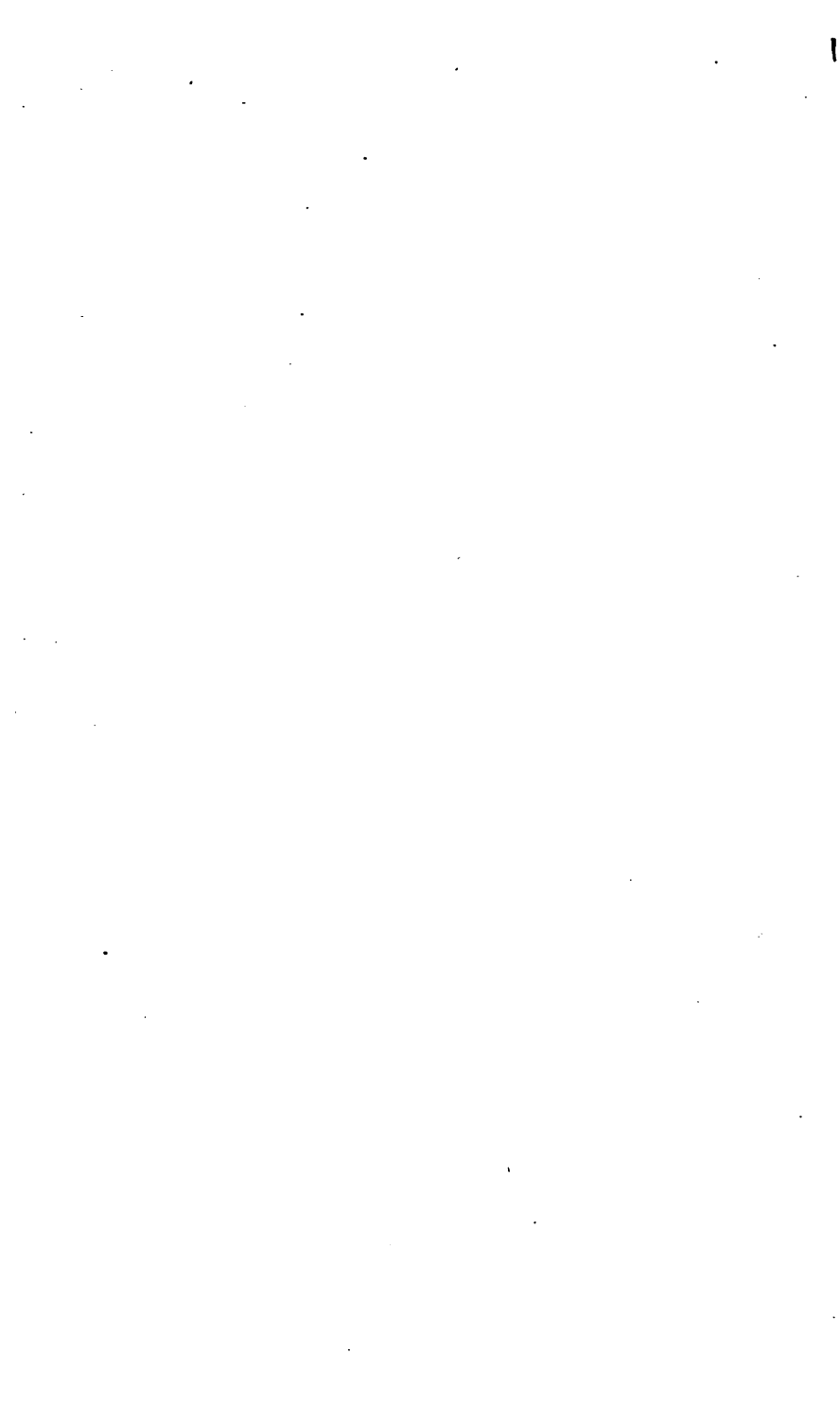
31. Most of those who are now living recall Governor Fenner as the Democratic leader, who was firm in the faith that Van Buren would beat Harrison in 1841, as the head and front of the Law and Order party, which suppressed the Dorr Rebellion, but there are some who remember that he was the first scholar in his class at college, that he was a Doctor of Laws, that he was a Senator of the United States. A motion of adjournment was made in the Supreme Court on occasion of his funeral, to which Chief Justice Durfee responded as follows:—

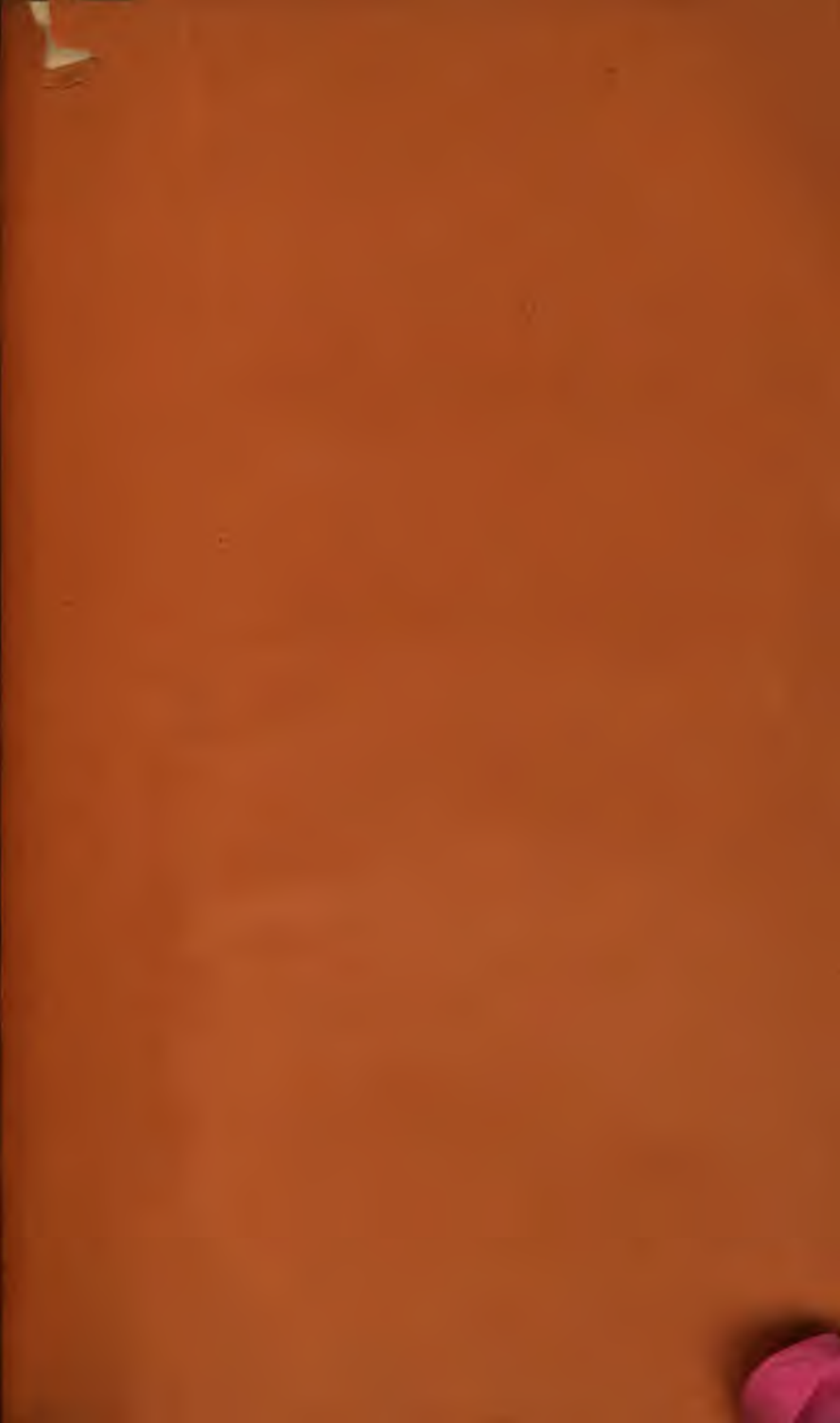
“The Court assent to the motion of the Attorney General. The State never had a truer friend than James Fenner. Never one more wise in council or firmer in action. When the remains of such a man are committed to the tomb, we think that the halls of Justice may well be silent, and that the seats of Judges and Jurors should be vacant.”

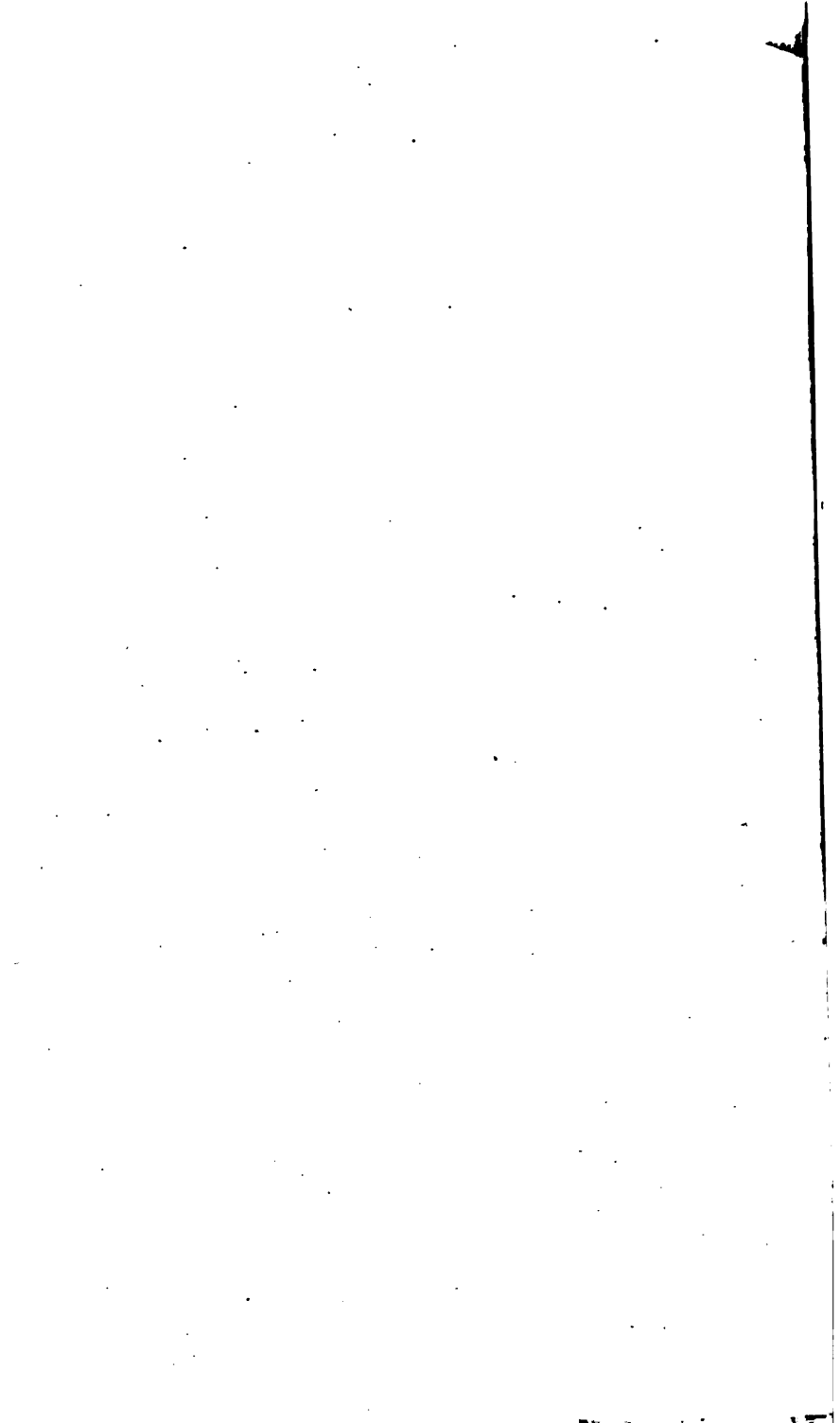
Praise from Judge Durfee was praise indeed. Governor Fenner died April 17, 1846.

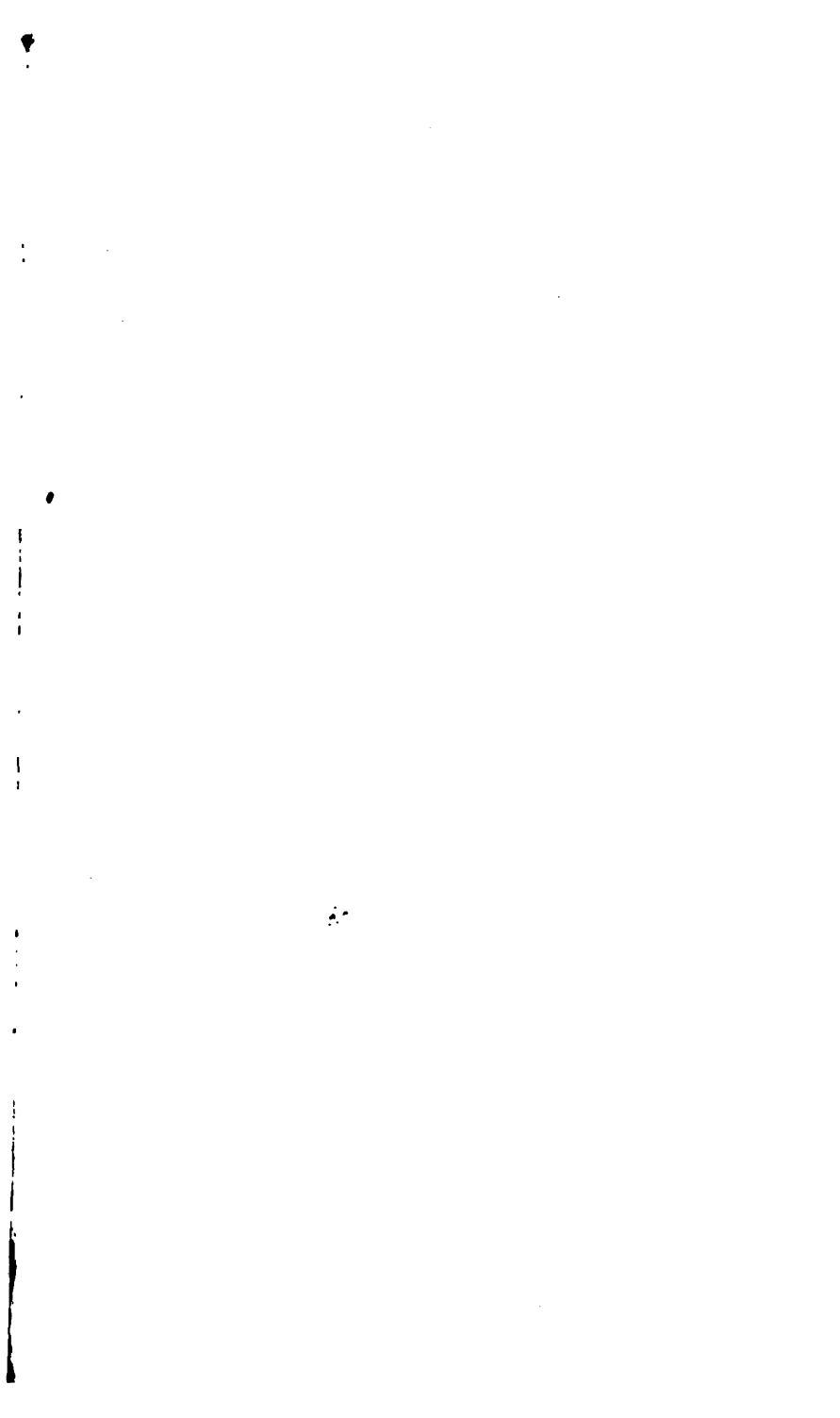














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