

A Dorr Wah Poem.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Here is the poem asked for by a correspondent last Sunday:

Governor Dorr proclaimed a war
Against Rhode Island's charter.
He meant free suffrage should prevail;
'Twas all that he was "arter."

But Mr. King disliked the thing;
Declared a war with freedom;
And if the slaves would not submit,
Resolved that he would bleed 'em.

So King drew out three thousand men,
And made a monstrous bluster;
And Algerines, throughout the State,
Were called upon to muster.

And then, to show the tyrant's power,
Proclaim-ed martial law, sir;
To bring the citizens beneath
The harrow and the saw, sir.

But Dorr sent back intelligence,
He did not mean to fight him;
Yet on they marched with all their force
To show how they did spite him.

And, sure enough, they took the ground,
Three muskets and a swivel;
They found it was a "tarnal" joke,
And wished Dorr to the "divil."

They spent an everlasting sum,
And nothing have they got, sir;
But now they must go home with shame
And let their courage rot, sir.

In winding up my tragic song
And finishing my story,
Is not Rhode Island just the place
To go and fight for glory?

JOSEPH J. SMITH.

Providence, June 5.