Mr. BARBER, You are requested to publish the following versification of the story of William West, who lately headed a number of Reformers to prevent unlawful eating, drinking and cannonading, in the great town of Providence.

*It is best to be merry and wise.*

On the twenty-fourth of June as story doth tell,
In a certain great town they ding, donged the bell,
At Hampshire’s adopting the new Constitution,
Which threw all the country in greatest confusion:
Not contented with this, they concluded a day To solace in mirth, and then full joy to display,
On a plain near the cove a fat ox were to roast,
And from nine sounding cannon proclaim their lov’d toast,
In the next public papers publish’d wide their intent,
And to all the great men gilded billets were sent,
And, O doleful! beside, they warned by drum,
All the rich and the poor, by outcry, to come.
When the country at large had this brought to their view,
They declar’d it an insult that never wou’d do,
The town’s folks with feasting design us to lull,
And suppose we have nothing but sap in our skull,
That our birthright (like Esau) we freely will sell,
And how charming ‘twill sound in the Herald to tell,
That the peasants and cits did in union combine,
The new Constitution to toast in good wine—
This maturely consider’d, the country did rouse,
And four fifths appear their good cause to espouse,
Sure schemes so nefarious and insults like those,
Must not pass unnotic’d and die in repose;
Whereupon in the night next approaching the day,
That the ox and its guests were to shine in full sway,
A thousand arm’d peasants assembled in throng,
To prevent the rejoicing of two things in one,
The Independence of all, and Constitution of some.
The town’s folks alarm’d at their coming so near,
Were thrown into panick and seized with fear,
In the shade of the night, a Committee was sent,
To search out the meeting and know what it meant:
See here our arm’d men said the Chiefs of the wood,
And these are not half that wou’d come if they cou’d,
By to-morrow at twelve three thousand may come,
And who then can answer, for what may be done?
Then with firmness the Chiefs of the country declar’d,
The new Constitution must not be observ’d,
Not content to restrain thus, the joy of the day,
They directed in future what words they should say,
Controuled their pens and restrained the press,
And what with the town could the country do less?
This contract confirm’d the peasants agree,
To march off the field and right merry to be,
Part repair’d to a plain and drank their own toast,
Without any mar, Independence did boast.
Thus ended the bustle of the fourth of July,
And what you have read, may be truth, or a lie.