

To whose presumption it is given  
 To hold communion high with heaven ;—  
 Who, blasphemous, debased and blind,  
 Their bible either *make* or *find*.

The time shall come when some rude croaker  
 Grave as a ghost—stiff as a poker—  
 Shall mount the pulpit stairs, and thundering  
 Set all the gaping crowd a wondering  
 What miracle will happen next !  
 When he, who scarce can spell his text,  
 Pretends those mysteries to explain,  
 Which angels search, but search in vain :  
 And think our reasoning powers exist  
 Not in the head, but in the fist.

In short, good folks, if we had time  
 To dwell on matters *so* sublime,  
 You might forget yourselves and me,  
 What *was* and *is*, and *is to be*,

Such are the mighty schemes, by which  
 My native place I will enrich,  
 And such the changes—nothing less—  
 That shall promote your happiness.  
 And peace shall hover o'er the earth  
 Or sit beside the cheerful hearth—  
 For plenty, with her smiling face,  
 Shall banish discord from the place.

And here, my highly valued friends,  
 My harangue— never equalled—ends ;  
 And while its influence fires the soul,  
 Go, speak in thunder through the POLL.