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EPILOGUE.

Spoken, in tolerable English, by Dr. Burns.

So now, my friends, you've "seen the elephant,"
And got a precious dose of drivelling cant ;
And learned how nicely this old genius peels
The pelt off slippery, Presbyterian eels ;
And felt how hard it is to stem the tide
Of arrogance, of ignorance, of pride ;
How hard for Virtue, in her simple guise,
To pick her steps among the filth of lies.
But Truth's immutable and cannot bend
To answer any but one noble end ;
And though she oft repudiates the art
That sinks the head so deep into the heart,
Before her great and noble, let me pray
And worship always, as I worship now.
But, Peter Brown, Oh ! Mr Peter Brown,
At you how she must fret and fume and frown,
That you should once, with holy zeal half frantic,
Urge me to fly across the broad Atlantic,
To drill a set of clerical scape graces,
And look them, as you said, into their places,
And then desert me, when for all your sakes
I came out here from the "lo'ed land o' cakes" ;
Hoping to bring up under christian laws
Your hosts of Pypers, Campbells, Leasks and Shaws.
I've failed, because to me was never given
The knack of pointing short cuts out to heaven.
But where's the use of grumbling thus, in meter,
I've broken all their backs and staggered Peter,
And conscious now that I have done what's right,
I make my bow and bid you all good night.