

EPILOGUE.

Who wishes further to explore the fate,
Of patient Rodney and his prudent mate ;
How well they journeyed on the dual road,
And carried sunshine to their new abode :
What happy toils, what pleasant sweet repose
By day succeeded and with evening rose ;—
Who all would know, the nation's stream descend,
By Adams' town, and to their dwelling wend.
There, while my hero, like Ulysses wise,
Informs the celibate what makes a prize,
Frances to virgins warm will have begun
A recipe to win, while being won.