

Let me know how in London you measure your time,
'Twill be welcome in prose, but twice welcome in rhyme.

The ANSWER.

London, Aug. 26, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind itinerary letter
Has render'd me so deep your debtor,
That if in your own coin of wit,
You look for payment, you'll be bit :
In that I scarce can pay a part ;
Then take, for all, a grateful heart.
To business chain'd, as to an oar,
My soul regrets she cannot soar,
The charms of liberty to sing,
And to her temple follow * King,
Who emulates great Maro's strain,
But flatters no Augustus reign.
How sweetly you, *Negotio procul*,
Woods, mountains, rivers render vocal ;
While like Ulysses far you roam,
Note manners and bring wisdom home !
Your journey you depict so strong,
Methinks I with you go along,
Each town and city curious view,
Famous for story false or true ;

* Dr. King of Oxford, author of *Templum Libertatis*, and many other excellent Latin Poems.

If either, 'tis all one for that,
 Because it furnishes with chat,
 And chat you know, with wit's support,
 The tedious journey renders short :
 Yet, sometimes proves too long the way,
 When you're oblig'd to fast and pray.
 For dinner, which, perhaps you find
 Not cook'd according to your mind,
 So trust to supper, proving worse ;
 Like Pistol then you eat and curse ;
 Or else, content with viands light,
 In study pass an Attic night,
 Review the folly and the crimes,
 That scandalize the present times ;
 And making Horace your bright rule,
 Reform the world with ridicule ;
 Or, where vice more enormous urges,
 Like Juvenal your satire scourges.
 O double vengeance on them lay
 Who the land's liberty betray,
 Who prostitute their votes for price,
 And owe their greatness to their vice.

But now your journey you pursue,
 And other objects claim your view ;
 The dusky woods, the open downs,
 The winding brooks, the rising towns.
 Where'r you go I still attend,
 Partake the fortunes of my friend :

On foot, in chariot, or in boat,
 With you I walk, I ride, I float,
 St. George's channel see you o'er,
 Safe landed on Ierne's shore,
 And lodg'd within her fairest city
 Among the debonair and witty,
 By you confest such winning fellows,
 Forgive me if they make me jealous ;
 And truly I begin to burn,
 Then hasten, friend, your wish'd return ;
 And, tho' my head be not so bright,
 You'll always find my heart is right,
 And none more zealous or more fervent
 In friendship than

Your humble Servant,

