

So tho' the inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
 Then if good nature shows some slender proof,
 They never think they have reward enough ;
 But like our surly quakers of the town,
 Expect your manners, but return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted union of the mind,
 Which all men seek, but very few can find ;
 Of all the nations in the universe,
 None talk on't more, or understand it less :
 For if it does their property annoy,
 Their property their friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell,
 All things in which they think they do excel ;
 No panegyrick need their praise record ;
 An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word.
 His long discourses gen'rally appear,

Prolong'd with his own wond'rous character :
 But to illustrate first his own good name,
 He never fails his neighbour to defame :
 And yet he really designs no wrong ;
 His malice goes no farther than his tongue ;
 But pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
 To satisfy the lech'ry of a tale :

His own dear praises close the ample speech ;
 Tells you how wise he is, that is how rich :
 For wealth is wisdom ; he that's rich is wise ;
 And all men learned poverty despise.

His generosity comes next, and then
 Concludes that he's a True-born Englishman ;
 And they, 'tis known, are generous and free.
 Forgetting and forgiving injury :
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
 Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.

Chearful in labour, when they've undertook it ;
 But out of humour when they're out of pocket ;
 But if their belly and their pocket's full,
 They may be phlegmatick, but never dull.