

A Rhapsody

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You ask me for my sentiments on Friendship, as well bid me pluck Stars from the Firmament, or with one look penetrate into the dark bosom of futurity - Gems are not the product of every Soil, any more than friendship; which illiberal minds allow to be a plant only of Celestial growth; but I venture to contradict that assertion, since observation, and experience, have discover'd to me, more proofs than one, of its being deeply radicated in the Female breast. For Women, and Angels only, can be alike susceptible of the same Divine impressions, their congenial souls alone, breathe the same Heavenly Ardour - But Man the most imperfect work of his Creator, from the grossness of his perceptions, the turbulence of his desires, and that vanity, and ambition, so inherent in his nature, is incapable of tasting those refine'd sensations, of which Angels, and their counterparts alone are capable.

J More

Bristol Oct. 11. 1774

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