My dear Moore

One of my little
read Fables says: "The Child beside his glowing fire
convinces his motto: "Feel the fire"
mine against the weight of prejudices must be like Dactyl's, your

Shewing Castle, but if I can't
march rockets. I want at least
a place to let off some oranges
Shewing thoughts of, in the shape
of Fables. Would you get the
one idea, inserted in the
Times? Your sending Them
Contributions, gives me a respect
for which makes it easier
to be a favor rather received
than conferred. In papers where
I get welcome, thanks I find no
Thomas Moore Esq.
at the Marquess of Lansdowne's
Richmond
Surrey
Lemure's Hotel,
Park St.
July 30

My Dear Moore

One of my little-read says:

-"The Child beside his brawny Sire, Combines his pistols feeble fire" mine against a Mass of prejudices must be like Dalgetty's against Sterling castle, but if I cannot make rockets, I want at least a place to let off some squibs I have thought of, in the shape of fables. Would you get the one I send, inserted in the Times? Your sending them Contributions, gives me a respect for that paper which makes its insertion feel like a favour rather received than conferred. In papers where I get welcome and thanks I find no circulation, of course I would not put my name to such outrageous notions & moderate verses. I know you to be so busy that I scruple assaulting your gate a third time, but if you should ever project malice propense an idle hour it would be a pleasure to me to profit by it, and receive an answer viva voce. With my best regards to Mrs. Moore

Believe me
very truly yours

C.B. Sheridan

Let Sow disdain the mast and mire
And flighty Eagle just conspire
To keep their own, & firmly beg
In terms like these "nor pig nor egg
"Is either hatch'd or suckled now
"By polecat fed from bird & sow
"The Polecat's tribute ought to be
"From polecat only - Q.E.D,
Else pigs & eggs shall surely prove
"(Nor curb nor spur can force to move
"A body pillion'd both & saddled"

"Hence forward overlaid & added".