

If ever Condescension was misplac'd  
On Objects vile, by Judgement, Wit, & Taste;  
Design with an eye of Pity to peruse  
The humble Efforts of an infant Muse; —  
O'er each dull Page let hood-wint'rd Justice sleep,  
And Mercy one eternal Vigil keep.

Ne'er, Ne'er can kind Compassion want a Plea. —  
Give you the Pardon — leave th'excuse to me.

Say, do the Lines in wanton Measures move? —  
— That fault is venial, for the Fault is Love.

Want they the nervous Style to Cupid due? —  
— With Caution one must write for Public View.

Perhaps too inconsistent are the Lays: —

In strains of Love that Censure turns to praise.

But say, does tedious Sameness tinge the whole?

— True — for of all one Passion is the Soul?

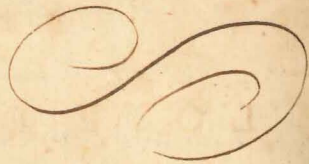
Say, are they not Correct. — 'tis left like art,

And Love should speak the Language of the heart.

Want they Poetic Force, or sounds sublime?

— But then I gave, (twas all I could) a Rhime.

Thus each fond Parent Brattles o'er his Child,  
By Nature weak, & by Indulgence spoil'd:  
Then hugs himself in vain Conceit to find  
The busy World as partial, & as blind.



= J Moore  
From the author

THE  
LOVE EPISTLES  
OF  
ARISTÆNETUS.

LOVE  
EPISTLES  
OF  
ARISTÆNETU

1771

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, MS. "If ever  
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 —That Fault is venial, for the Fault is Love.  
 Want they the nervous Style to Cupid due?—  
 —With Caution one must write for Public View.—  
 Perhaps too inconsistent are the Lays:—  
 In strains of Love that Censure turns to Praise.  
 But Say, does tedious Sameness tinge the whole?  
 —True—<sup>2</sup>for of All <sup>1</sup>*one* Passion is the Soul.  
 Say, are they not Correct.—'tis less like Art,  
 And Love should speak the Language of the heart.  
 Want they Poetic Force, or sounds sublime?—  
 —But then I gave, ('twas all I could) a Rhime.  
 Thus each fond Parent Prattles o'er his Child,  
 By Nature weak, & by Indulgence spoil'd:  
 Then hugs himself in vain Conceit to find  
 The busy World as partial, & as blind.  
 [flourish]

Notes: 1. These verses seem not to have been published. They are not listed in what I take to be the authority, Walter Sichel's *Sheridan* (2 vols.; London,

1909), and the volume in which they appear—presumably in Sheridan's hand—has been in private hands for a very long time (though I cannot satisfactorily trace its provenance). They are on the recto and verso of the blank leaf preceding the half-title of Sheridan and Nathaniel Halhed's translation of *The Love Epistles of Aristaenetus* (London: Printed for J. Wilkie, 1771), the half-title of which is inscribed "-T. Moore | From the Author." Sheridan and the Irish poet Thomas Moore were good friends. Dating the verses 1799 or later would be consistent with the circumstances of their friendship.

2. For the circumstances surrounding Sheridan and Halhed's collaboration—revealing Sheridan's touchiness on the subject and therefore the appropriateness of the present verses—see Sichel, I, 287–296.