

Dédicace de *The Rival Kings*

Auteur : Banks, John

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6 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

[famille de la dédicataire \(père\)](#), [lien à un personnage](#)

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce*The Rival Kings, or, The Loves of Oroondates and Statira, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre Royal*

Auteur de la pièceBanks, John

Date1677

Lieu d'éditionLondres, Royaume-Uni

ÉditeurL. C.

LangueAnglais

Source[Internet Archive](#)

Analyse

Type de paratexteDédicace

Genre de la pièceTragédie

Les relations du document

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.

Informations sur la notice

Edition numériqueVéronique Lochert (Projet Spectatrix, UHA et IUF) ; EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle)

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Banks, John Dédicace de *The Rival Kings* 1677.

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Consulté le 13/02/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

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Notice créée par [Adelina Borfotina](#) Notice créée le 01/07/2024 Dernière modification le 03/12/2025

TO THE
RIGHT
HONOURABLE
THE LADY
Katherine Herbert.

MADAM,



Ever till this time could I suspect that it was an easier thing for me to be the Author of a Play, than to write this Dedication to my mind ; but now I confesse, so awful is my Patronesse, and so humble and zealous my pretensions in this kind, that unlesse I could bring an offering that might far surpassse whatever has

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Epistle Dedicatory.

went before it, I should think it too mean for your acceptance; and for the reason that having been allow'd, and pass'd the sufferages of the most curious Criticks in the Theatre, I should be the more unfortunate to be at last Shipwrack'd in the Haven, by an opinion of my Dedication, whereof some of the leading Wits in these times have been censur'd; how hard is it then for a young Writer to please this delicate Age, wherein every Year the Wits study the fashion of Language to refine, and alter it, as they do their Cloathes; and true it is, that 'tis another thing to write the sence and speeches of Heroes that are dead, and make 'em speak as we please, govern'd by our fancy, then it is to reach the minds of those illustrious Persons that Poetry is forc'd to choose to be above its Judges, the Patrons of Wit: For in our Playes you read your own Characters, and they are at best but what we have gathered from you, who daily act among yourselves in conversation, (in a lighter Orb)

Epistle Dedicatory.

Orb what none of the greatest, and indeed barbarous Courts could ever attain to; and good Poets are at the best but like bad Painters, that only shew you the shadows of your selves, grossly daub'd, without imitating the least spark of the bright original. With what reverence and caution then ought I to approach you, Madam, whose Nobility and Vertue are in the Sanctuary of so divine a shape, that is an excuse for all that see you to give their Souls no liberty to speak or think profanely of you, but justly to be confin'd to admiration, and the whole World will say as well as I, that all that it has heard of Angels, are to be seen in you, and like them too, you are adorn'd with so heavenly a Spring of Youth, as if you were to blossom to Eternity, or as if you were indeed the secret Goddesse of Divine Nature disclos'd, that every year makes Vegetables grow, and all the Living receive a bidden and diffusive pleasure from her influence. You are the greatest blessing the Almighty has design'd

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design'd to that incomparable Person your Father as a Reward for his Justice and Loyalty in that most eminent Place, wherein Heaven, and the wisest Prince has set him, as the richest and most adorning Jewel of his Crown, and a continual and faithful Steward to this Nation, and no doubt, for its preservation and welfare, all England as well as my self, does pray, that he may long live the worthy and indeared Servant of such a grateful and Royal Master. To you, Madam, therefore, before I conclude, I am to beg a protection for this worthlesse Poem, the produce of some melancholly hours, and not of my businesse: And if perhaps I have in this my first undertaking, like a raw and unpractic'd Magician in his Art, rais'd to my self the envy of some malicious and troublesome Spirits, which I have not the skill nor courage to lay, I have therefore wisely invoc'd you for my Deitie: for whether Criticks nor Devils, I am sure, can presume to hurt me in that Circle, which your Name
has

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has guarded and made sacred. Let the modesty of the *Stile* make an atonement for the meanesse of the *Language*, and if your thoroughly discerning judgement, and beauteous Eyes, like the *Sun*, discover mores and spots in what you read, you have clemency and goodnesse in abundance to forgive them, and impute 'em to the inartificial dresse of a *Virgin Muse*; in my next she may appear more curious. I bring in my behalf too the *Conqueror of the VVorld*, to lay before your feet, the greatest *Man* that ever was, who, were he living, wou'd become a *Rival* to his dear *Ephestion*, and behold in your Person, as well the sweet, serene, and obliging *Innocence of Parisatis*, as the more lofty and *Imperial Graces of his Statira*. This great *Man*, *Madam*, the *Author of the famous Cassandra* thought never to be equalld, but in the person of the most exquisite of *Lovers*, him therefore he has rais'd in the Character of *Oroondates*, to be a *Rival* to the mighty *Alexander in the Romance*, and here I

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have brought him to be so in you, and the rather, because I prefer him to the likeness of the young, hopeful, and gallant Partner of your self, which I pray he may never cease to be, but early anticipate the extraordinary expectations of Mankind, and crown you with greater happiness than Fame and Fancy have yet created in the minds of the most Heroick Lovers. This, and whatever increases your felicity shall be the perpetual wishes of, Madam,

Your most Humble

and Obedient Servant

JOHN BANKES.

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