

Dédicace de *The Siege of Babylon*

Auteur : Pordage, Samuel

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Les folios

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4 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

[lien à un personnage](#), [présence de la dédicataire à une représentation](#)

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *The Siege of Babylon, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre*

Auteur de la pièce Pordage, Samuel

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Pordage, Samuel Dédicace de *The Siege of Babylon* 1678.

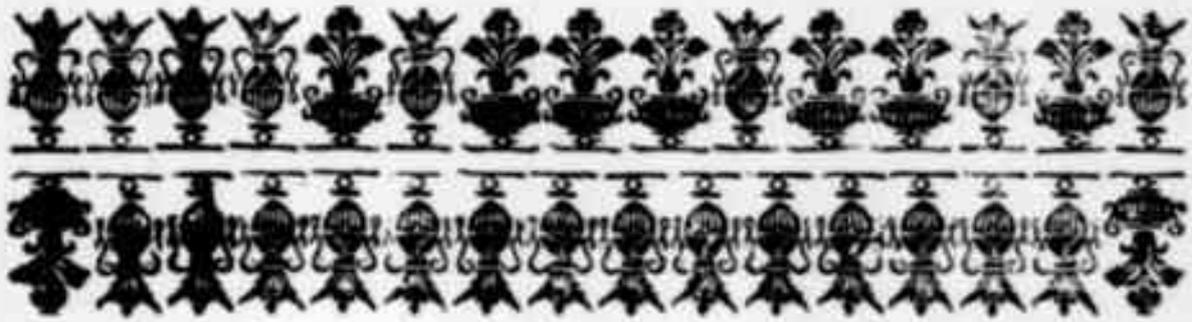
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TO HER

Royal Highness

THE

DUTCHES.

Madam,

IT is not without Fear, that I approach your Throne ; esteeming it a more difficult task, to write an Epistle Dedicatory, than to make a Play : lest, on the one hand, I should fall into the Crime of Presumption ; or on the other, slip into that, of Flattery. Confidence, if not Impudence, seems to be intail'd on Poets ; and Ambition, or rather greediness, of vain Applause,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

plause, by which they would mount above others, carries them often, beyond the Limits of all Modesty, and makes them rudely press, into the presence of Greatness, and Majesty. On this Rock, I may now seem to run, and to have left my self no excuse, for daring to set your Great Name before my Poem. But, Madam, 'tis to your Goodness I must fly; and that favourable protection, which you afford those who want it, must shield me from the envenom'd Darts, of envious Detractors. They will have Veneration for your Name, and stand in awe, when they shall know you have seen, and approv'd this Play, that you have taken it into your Protection, and that it is not without your permission, I offer it to your Highness; which I do, with all the Humility I ought to have, and with all the submission, and respect I can express. There is some necessity for me, to gain so powerful a Patroness, considering the smallness of my Merits, and the niceness of this Critical Age, in which the greatest Wits pass not without Censure, nor the most perfect pieces of humane Invention, without being carp'd at. What would have been currant Coyn, in the Ages past, will now be look'd on as debas'd Metal; and that Wit, which is esteem'd but mean, and ordinary now, would have been then accounted great, and miraculous. Wit is refined, and Ingenuity made bright, not only by the Industry of Poets, and endeavours of the Learned, but by the example, of the Court, and encouragement of Princes, who diffuse it like Light to all that know them; among whom your Royal Highness, as a Star of the first Magnitude, shines, with the
splen-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

splendor of your Mind, and enlightens the Souls of others. I need not fear to be accus'd of Flattery, since you are a Theme too high, all we can say, is still below you, and there can be no such Figure as Hyperbole in your description. When I consider all your excellencies, I approach you, with admiration, and am swallow'd up in the Sea of your perfections. Your Beauty, your Extraction, your Wit, Ingenuity, and acquired parts; your Goodness, Piety, Wisdom, and Generosity, with all your other Virtues, and Accomplishments; deserve each a particular Panegyric, and are large Themes, on which the greatest Wits, may exercise their Pens. But Madam, these are things too great for my undertakings, and it is now my business only, to crave your acceptance of this Poem, which may serve for a diversion when wearied with more serious Thoughts. I have sav'd the Persian Princesses from the Cruelty of *Roxana*, but 'tis you only, Madam, that can protect them, from the greater Tyranny of Criticks, such as make it their business to find fault, with what they cannot mend, who turn the greatest sense into Ridicule, and Burlesque even the Vertues, and the Graces themselves. *Statira* flings her self at the feet of your Royal Highness, and hopes you will give her a favourable Reception, since you have extended your Favour to *Marianne*, and shew'd a more than ordinary kindness to that Tragedy, which has hitherto pass'd under the Name of another, whilst I was out of the Land: but, Madam, since there is so much Glory in it, to have pleas'd your Highness, and to have given satisfaction to many Persons in the Royal Circle, I cannot forbear

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bear to own it, that your Royal Highness may be the more easily induc'd, to smile on this, which, with my self, I prostrate at your Feet, begging your pardon for the presumption of assuming the Title of

MADAM,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most humble, most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

Samuel Pordage.

THE