

Dédicace de *The Destruction of Troy*

Auteur : Banks, John

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Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

4 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

[famille de la dédicataire \(père, mari, fils\)](#)

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *The Destruction of Troy, a Tragedy, acted at His Royal Highness, the Duke's Theatre*

Auteur de la pièce Banks, John

Date 1679

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Éditeur

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- Blount, Charles
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Langue Anglais

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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 ROOS.

MADAM,

Such always has been the *Jurisdiction*, and so Supreme and Excellent the *Authority* of the *Fair*, *Noble*, and *Virtuous*, that Poets seem to be created for no other Purpose, but as anointed, to be the *Voice* of their *Oracles*, and to attend, and repeat 'em with as much Reverence as Priests do at the Altars of the Divinities they worship; to teach Mankind how to honour them when Living; and when Dead, to enlarge, and transmit their *Noble Actions*

Actions to Posterity: And whilst the World lasts, this will be the most spacious and delightful Theme, and will give the loftiest, and divinest Grace to Poetry; this made *Homer* sing, he that was *blind*, had ev'n that Inspiration; and BEAUTY from the Beginning has never fail'd to have more *Adorers* than the Gods: Nay it has still had such Power, that it has bin the Author of as strange *Miracles*; It has oft times made the Miser a *Prodigal*; the Old, Young; and the Coward, Valiant: what has it not done when joyn'd with VIRTUE? And what are You not able to inspire, in whom *both* excel; that Your Poet cou'd never be said to run on too lavish in Your *Encomium*? For Your *Fame* wou'd put a *Blush* upon all (as too mean) that can be said of You; and not accuse me of *Flattery*, if I cou'd describe You with as much Art as that rare Painter, who pictur'd his *Venus* with all the *Smiles*, and *Graces* of Woman-kind put together. How justly then have I heard the World admire at the infinite *Happiness* of Your L O R D — But (pardon me, *Madam*) this is a *Stream* wou'd glide me insensibly away, and if I do not check my self, I shall like inspir'd Prophets, say *Wonders* not to be believ'd, in such a *Style* as our best Poets have fail'd in. Therefore as one that is more a *Plain Dealer* than a *Courtier*, I will leave my self severely to be censur'd by all that know You, for not revealing Your Ladiship's *Character* as I ought, rather then put angry *Blushes* on your Cheeks by an unexpected Assault of so many rude Phrases: for *Virtue* so delicate, and tender as Yours, is sooner touch'd, and offended at the hearing of its just *Praises*, than at the *Calumny* of the Envious, and Detrac'tors; and I protest to Your Ladiship, I had rather

owe

The Dedication.

owe my Bread to Charity, then be thought to earn it at so vile a Rate; only grant me leave to Sail a little into the Relation of the *Justness*, and *Gratitude* of Your Ladiships Fortune. 'Tis known that You are descended from the most Noble House of the *NOELS*, and joyn'd to that *Incomparable*, and *Princeely* Family of the *MANNORS*; but let me say, by such a Miracle, that never Day appear'd more beneficial to the benighted Travellour, then you o're its clouded Mansion, nor did the Rain-Bow (the Token of the Almighty in the Heavens, after the general Deluge by the Flood) to Noah's poor remaining Progeny shew it self more welcome, and propitious, than Your Ladiship to the despairing and almost distracted Family of the *RUTLANDS*, which after an unfortunate *Marriage*, when it had long wander'd upon the Face of barren Waters, You were at last discov'rd as a blest, and fruitful Land to rest its weary *Ark* upon, and it may for ever hereafter call You its *Good Angel* that in its Flight from Heav'n first pitch'd up on the lofty, and most graceful Seat of *Belvoire*, whose Antiquity (which I hope may ever last) will pay you more Respect, and Adoration as to its *Preserver*, than it has done to its *Founder*: For by Your means, and your Illustrious Offspring, *England* shall never want a Branch that shall spread it self from so Noble an *Original* as Your kind *LORD*, nor be the least of its *Glories* that it can boast thereof. How much is to be admir'd the *Wisdom* of the Divine Power which made so Excellent a Choice as Your Ladiship, of whom it shall be said, that *Atlas* has not supported the Heav'ns with more Fame then Your Ladiship the tottering Greatness of *Belvoire*: And the History of Heroick Women shall henceforth

The Dedication.

forth own you to be the *Greatest*, and *Noblest* Pattern of 'em all — Pardon me, *Madam*, I begin to fall into a Relaps. I wou'd not give the *World* an Occasion to suspect that what I have said is but the *Prelude* of a *Request* I intend to beg of your *Ladiship*, which is, that you wou'd vouchsafe to accept of this poor *Poem*, and be pleas'd to let me set your *Name* in the *Front* of it, as Princes put their *Arms* over the *Dores* of *Places* they wou'd have *Reverenc'd*, and *Esteem'd*. I will not then fear the *Wise* *Criticks*, nor the *conceited* *Fops* that are as curious in passing their *Censures* on a young *Poet*, as your stanch'd *Beauties* are to one that is newly cry'd up in the *Town*; yet I doubt not but what You please to condescend to own, they will allow of. I am the rather embolden'd to petition this of Your *Ladiship*, because You are an *Incourager* of *P O E T R Y*, and I have been inform'd that not long since in the Person of the famous *Earl of Rutland* it has met with the most *considerable* *Patron* that ever was; and all know that your gallant Father, the present *Vicount Cambden*, is the best, and greatest *Protector* of *Wit*, and *Learning* in this *Age*. How can I fail then, in my Address to Your *Ladiship*, of either an *Acknowledgment* beyond my *Desert*, or at least a *Pardon* for my *Faults*, which I humbly implore you wou'd not deny, and is the greatest *Favour* that can be hop'd by, *M A D A M*,

Your Ladiship's most *Humble*,

Faithful, and Devoted Servant

JOHN BANKES.