

## 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 pièceBanks, John

Date1679

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- A.G.
- Blount, Charles
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## Informations sur la notice

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

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TO THE  
RIGHT  
HONOURABLE  
THE LADY  
KATHERINE ROOS.

MADAM,

**S**uch 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*  
A 2 *Actions*

## *The Dedication.*

*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 Ladiships *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 *Detractors* ; 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 *Princely* 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 discover'd 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 upon 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 *V*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 ra-  
ther embolden'd to petition this of Your *Ladiship*, be-  
cause 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 *conside-*  
*rable* Patron that ever was; and all know that your gal-  
lant Father, the present Vicount *Cambden*, is the best, and  
greatest *Protector* of *V*Vit, 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 Ladiships* most Humble,

Faithful, and Devoted Servant

**JOHN BANKES.**