

Dédicace de *The Heir of Morocco*

Auteur : Settle, Elkanah

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Les folios

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

6 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

[famille de la dédicataire \(grand-père, père, mère\)](#)

Informations éditoriales

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Auteur de la pièce Settle, Elkanah

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY
HENRIETTA WENTWORTH,
BARONESS OF
NETTLESTED.

MADAM,

I Ought to beg your Ladyships Pardon, when I lay so inconsiderable a Trifle as a Play at your Ladyships Feet; the access to so much Divinity being that difficult awful Blessing, that nothing mean or unhalloved should dare to aspire to. Yet Greatness and Beauty, whatever Awe they may strike into all other Adorers, are not defended from the bolder Devotions of Poetry: For such is the Poets Presumption, that they have so long convers'd with Princes in Effigie, till they have borrowed their Ambition from the Heroes they write, and their Confidence from the Stage that represents them.

'Tis true, we live in an Age so Critical and so severe,

were, that the *Muses melancholy Groves* grow every day more desolate, and even their softest *Ayres* to the late untunable *Ears* sound harsh and unpleasant; poor Poetry being so maliciously persecuted, that nothing but the Patronage of a Great Name can give it a Pass, to go peaceably and unmolested: And in these Circumstances, Self-preservation and Security make our Boldness a little more excusable.

The poorest ragged Traveller that seeks a Shelter in a Storm, though under the Battlements of an Imperial Palace is not much to be blamed. This 'tis that makes Poetry always come into the World under the Umbrage of Quality, whilst Poets, like their blind Original, never venture abroad without a Guide. Nor can even the weakest Brother of the *Muses* fail, when Greatness and Beauty are at once its powerful Supporters. The Lady Henrietta's Name will prove a Charm against the sharpest Criticks. What Malice dares strike where so much Beauty shields? And indeed Wit can hope for no Success but when favored by the Fair; and 'tis by their Influence alone, the Poets, if ever, can be made immortal; who in return can but faintly pay their Tribute to a Power so favorable, since your Ladyship has a far greater Title to be Eternal in the Records of Fame, from the vast merits

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Merits of your Illustrions Ancestors, than all the Poetry since the World began can make you.

The Famous Earl of Cleveland, and the no less Famous Lord Wentworth, both Generals under our late Sacred Majesty, are those never-to-be-forgotten Heroes, that whilst the World shall have an Ear, and Wonder a Tongue, shall never want a Name: Worthies of that generous Zeal, and indefatigable Allegiance, till they drein'd their Estates so low, that the fought even to the Nakedness of a Gladiator. Their Loyalty, and the Service of their King, being not only their Study, but their Religion; insomuch, that like him that resignes his Share in the World for an Interest in Heaven, they were so little dejected even at Ruine it self, when in a Cause so Glorious, that they bore the very Pouerty of Philolophers with the Pride of Triumphers and the Pleasure of Martyrs: And to attain the bighest Character of Perfection that Humanity ever reacht, with the Bravery and Courage of an Alexander, they had the Peace and Content of a Diogenes.

But their Honorable Losses your Ladyships kinder Stars have amply repaid: And all those Debts of Providence those Loyal Sufferers did not live long enough to receive; their Arrears of Glory, are in your Ladyships

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ships compleater Happiness entail'd on their Posterity. The Lady Henrietta has a Person and a Mind so richly endowed, and to these that Prodigious Mass of Worldly Blessings, as if Providence had studied to adde new Ornaments to Her, whose Birth, Charms and Vertues in themselves alone, render'd her a Beauty inaccessible. So just it is, that such Infinite Perfections should be no little Care of Heaven, that are so great a part of it. But in the strange and prosperous Recovery of your Ladyships exhausted Patrimonies, the unexampled Industry of the Lady Philadelphia, your Ladyships pious Mother, to her immortal praise, will never be forgotten. When Fate, by a too early Stroke, had rob'd her of her dear Lord, she stept into a Seat so strangely demolish'd, beheld those Ruines of an Estate where the Thunder of the War had made the Desolation so low, and the Breaches so wide, that the frightful Prospect would have daunted a more than Female Spirit: where all hopes of Re-building would appear an Attempt altogether impossible. Yet that Attempt the bolder Lady Philadelphia resolv'd and finish'd; stemm'd all the adverse Tides of Fortune, to gather up her Family's Shipwracks; and with that incredible Pains, and no less wonderful Success, that she has

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~~has~~ rather created than repaired an Estate; has miraculously beaped together an infinite Treasure with no less Toil than if she had labor'd in the Mine, and dig'd the very Oar that form'd it. Never was a losing Hand so ingeniously play'd, nor a last Stake so artfully managed. Her Happiness, her Love and Life were so lodged in her only Hopes, her fair young Darling Henrietta, that for her dear sake, to advance her growing promising Glory, she acted with a Zeal so vigorous, as if she had taken a Resolution even to out-do the Pelican.

And as your Ladyships Loyal Ancestors, those two memorable English Champions, are that shining Original, that Fame, when she paints any thing that's Heroick might for ever Copy from. So they are no less blest in an Heiress, whose Majestick Beauty to theirs, and her own Eternal Monument, might sit for a Britannia. Your Royal Godfather might very frankly and largely promise Wonders in the Lady Henrietta's Name: For 'twas impossible there should be any common Branch from a Stock so perfectly Illustrious. How then am I, beyond all measure, happy, thus Gloriously protected? methinks I look with Scorn upon the censorious World, and can defie my Enemies with as great Assurance as if I had the
a Souls

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Souls and Swords of those prodigious Heroes. And 'tis no small Pride to me, when I consider I am the first of those many Writers to come that have attained the glorious Preferment of thus publicly writing my self,

Madam,

Your LADYSHIPS most dutiful,
and most humbly devoted

Servant,

E. Settle.

Adors
