

Dédicace de The Island Queens

Auteur : Banks, John

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3 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

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

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *The Island Queens, or, The Death of Mary, Queen of Scotland, a Tragedy, published only in Defence of the Author and the Play, against some Mistaken Censures, occasioned by its being prohibited the Stage*

Auteur de la pièce Banks, John

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To the Illustrious Princess,

M A R Y,

D U T C H E S S O F

N O R F O L K.

Madam,

THIS Tragedy of Queen *Mary*, tho' forbidden the Stage, has acted its Part almost as publick; particularly, your Grace has been acquainted with its Misfortune, having done It the Honour to peruse it in Sheets, and because your Noble Father the Earl of *Peterborough* (whose Name I shall never mention without my greatest Zeal and Respect) has vouchsaf't me the Charity, to protect it against it's Enemies, and to stand betwixt his Royal Highness and them; the worl' of which, and indeed the only Persons in their Stations, to do me such an Injury, I have cause to believe, were they that took the same Course, and with as much Reason, to silence the Play of the Earl of *Essex*, which was the first that got Them and Theirs Money and Reputation. I present it to your Grace, with those few Alterations which his Royal Highness, the best of Judges, was pleas'd to mark with his own Hand, and I shou'd not have presum'd to put it in Print, without following those most judicious Amendments, with which He was pleas'd to consent to the Acting of it; till the same evil Spirits, by themselves, or others (for I have heard, it has been protested, This Play shou'd never be Acted, if they cou'd hinder it) in contradiction to his Royal Highness's Pleasure; be-

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cause

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cause it was in Favour to Me, incens'd the King with a wrong Interpretation of the Scenes, or of the Story; tho', I make no doubt, but his most Sacred Majesty, by your Graces Means, when he considers what a penetrating Loss it has been to an unfortunate and faithful Subject, and shall look on it in Print, but he will soon perceive the Loyalty of the Writing, and be of the same Opinion with his Royal Brother, in permitting it to be Acted. And now, Madam, after I have told my own pitiful Tale, I am afraid to approach your Grace, least it should be thought Design in me, as most Dedications to Persons of your high Rank are branded with, and that Flattery is the side-Wind or Byas that carries them, tho' about, the surest Way to their Aim; but I am of Opinion, and the Thought of it, has embolden'd Me, that it is Prophaneness, to think Nobility and Graces like Yours, are of that Allay, which either can, or will be flatter'd, for who dares imagine, when I am to speak to the Dutches of Norfolk (the next of Quality to the Royal Family, in the three Kingdoms), that I can say enough of her admired Character? You are joyn'd by Heaven, to a Prince, who is the true Inheritor of all the Virtues and Greatness, as well as the Blood of that Illustrious Duke, the Hero in the Play; to say more, in whose Praile, is to repeat his Character, that I have fill'd all the Scenes with; I will only add this observation; Never Man was more brave, nor more unfortunate, unhappy, that he dy'd for his Loyalty, his Truth, and succouring the distrest, and happy that he will have the Glory of it to Eternity; but to compleat his Joys, looks down from Heaven, and sees You in his Princeely Off-springs Arms, a Reward, that only can exceed his Injuries; since from those chaste Embraces, he hopes will proceed a Race of Successors, that will make

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

the noblest and best of Houses flourish, whilst the Stars
shine, or the World lasts. You are such an early Patro-
ness of Wit, that like young *Alexander*, you travell'd o're,
and conquer'd all that rare World, sooner, and in a lesser
time, than others have learn'd their Mother Tongue, as if
it were inspir'd, not study'd; and as Heaven, tho' it be
Heaven, wou'd not be admir'd, nor perspicuous to Mens
Eyes, unless the Sun were in it, to attract the Sight; so
the Divine Power has given you so many excellent Beau-
ties to adorn your other Parts, that whosoever sees so
glorious a Fabrick without, may be sure to find a richer
Furniture within; You are the only Person too, who
having so large a Portion of both, yet envy not the En-
joyment of them in others. Hail then Monarchess of
Wit and Beauty! (For all that have, or pretend to either,
are your Subjects) be pleas'd to accept of this Poem, it is
your Tribute, and though it be mean, 'tis like the poor
Womans Mite, It is my All, and best of Essays in this
Kind; yet, were it sure to survive as many years as *Homers*
Works, your Graces Name prefixt, will be the only Soul
that's moving in it, or can make the Pages deathless. I
dare say no more, for fear I shou'd commit more Faults,
but humbly beg leaye to withdraw as Pilgrims from their
Shrine, to make a zealous and constant Repetition of this
to my self in private, with my Prayers for your eternal
Happiness, which shall ever be the Theme and Wishes of,

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble,

Most Devoted, and

Most Obedient Servant,

John Banks.