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### **The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford**

In Five Volumes

**Walpole, Horace**

**London, 1798**

Advertisement to the Mistakes, a Comedy

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T  
T O  
T H E M I S T A K E S;  
O R,  
The Happy Resentment.  
A C O M E D Y,  
By HENRY Lord \* HYDE and CORNBURY.

**T**HE following scenes were written many years ago by a noble lord, and given at that time to Mrs. Porter to dispose of for her benefit. Several reasons, unnecessary to mention, prevented the representation of them: but it would be ingratitude to the memory of the illustrious author not to acquaint the world, that they were a very juvenile production; and this notice is given, less with an intention of avowing blemishes, than of calling for approbation on such early talents, and on virtues so mature in an age in which wit is too apt to want judgment, and is so seldom attentive to the beauties of morality. The plan of the comedy was to contrast the celebrated Provoked Husband, and to vindicate the softer sex from the aspersion of being the weaker in their peculiar province, domestic life; a good-natured and a disinterested design. His lordship's abilities have been too much distinguished since to want the flattery of our comparing his performance with one of the best comedies in the English language: the ensuing piece is evidently inferior to the Provoked Husband, in every thing but what ought to be the foundation of all comedy, the moral lessons it inculcates: no wonder

\* Only son of Henry Hyde the last earl of Clarendon. Lord Hyde died at Paris before his father.

his lordship's writings excelled in what he himself excelled so eminently! They were the emanations of one of the best hearts that ever warmed a human breast. He was upright, calm, steady; his virtues were of the gentlest complexion, yet of the firmest texture: vice could not bend him, nor party warp him; even his own talents could not mislead him. Though a master of eloquence, he preferred justice and the love of his country, to all the applause which the violence of the times in which he lived, was so prodigal of bestowing upon orators who distinguish themselves in any faction; but the tinsel of popularity, and the intrinsic of corruption, were equally his contempt. He spoke, nor wrote, nor acted for fame.—As goodness was the object and end of all his actions, can that life be obscure? Can those writings which breathe his soul not be valuable, when we are assured by the greatest \* authority, and that too of one who knew him well, that it is a test of virtue to disdain whatever *he* *disdained*?

Let it not be thought presumption in an old and once favoured servant of the public, if she avows herself more proud than interested in publishing the beneficence of so illustrious and honoured a patron; and if she flatters herself, when her powers of contributing to the amusement of the public are no more, that she at least makes it no unacceptable offering.

She begs leave to embrace this opportunity of acknowledging and returning her most humble thanks for the great and uncommon generosity she has experienced on this occasion, and for the patronage of so many noble persons; and she desires to repeat her gratitude for such a series of favours from the kind indulgence of the public, who have had the goodness to accept her inclination and endeavours to please, as real merit.

Her grateful sense of their benevolence can never expire but with her life.

\* Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains. POPE.

## ADVERTISEMENT