

*To the great Variety of Readers.*

**F** Rom the most able, to him that can but spell: There  
you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd.  
Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends up-  
on your capacities : and not of your heads alone,  
but of your Purses. Well, it is now publike, and you  
will stand for your priviledges we know: to reade,  
and censure. Doe so, but buy it first. That doth best  
commend a Booke, the Stationer sayes. Then, how odde soever your  
braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare  
not. Judge your sixe-penny'orth, your shillings worth, your five shil-  
lings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and wel-  
come. But, what ever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade,  
or make the Jacke goe. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit  
on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dayly,  
know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Ap-  
peales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court,  
then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthy to have bene wished, that  
the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseene his owne  
writings; But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death de-  
parted from that right, we pray you doe not envy his Friends, the office  
of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to  
have publisht them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers  
stolne, and surreptitious Copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds  
and stealths of injurious Imposters, that expos'd them: even those, are  
now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the  
rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a  
happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His minde  
and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that  
easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his Papers.  
But it is not our Province, who onely gather his workes, and give them  
you to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to  
your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold  
you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost Reade him,  
therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him,  
surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so  
we leave you to other of his Friends, who, if you need, can be your  
guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others.  
And such Readers we wish him.

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