

*The DEDICATION.*

I KNOW it is the Custom of *Dedicators*, to launch forth into the Praises of the Virtues and Parts of their Patrons ; but I know Mr. *Isaac* too well, to think I can render my self more acceptable to him, by entertaining him with his own Deserts, since they are too well known to all your Acquaintance, to need a Publication in this place. Not but that it would be a Theme infinitely grateful to me ; but I shall curb that Inclination, and deny my self a Pleasure that would be disgustful to you. It is enough, that by spreading the Knowledge which the following Book conveys, your Excellence in the *Art*, your admirable Compositions will more easily, and more largely encrease the Number of your Admirers ; among which, there never will be one more truly devoted to your Service, than,

S I R,

*Your most Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

John Weaver.