

PREFACE.

In presenting myself to the world as an author, I have complied more with the wishes of friends than my own inclinations. Indeed, I do so with reluctance, being fully sensible of my inability to do justice to the undertaking. This conviction arises from an imperfect acquaintance with the English language, and total ignorance of the art of book-making. Besides, I write from memory, of events, persons, and things, which are many years separated from the present, and some of them so remotely, as barely to come within my recollection. Under such circumstances, although kindly assisted by my friend Edward Clark, with interrogations respecting some of the subject matter, and the revisal and arrangement of the manuscript; still, as regards manner, I am not insensible that there is ample ground for the exercise of indulgence on the part of my readers. If I were a finished scholar, the case would have scarcely suffered