

## PREFACE.

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ON discoursing with an acquaintance, (for *friends* are scarce) he told me that my little book needed a Preface, Introduction, or Dedication, I almost forget which.— Now, gentle Reader, your humble servant is not at all prepared for the performance of any thing of the sort. What shall I say? what shall I write about?—of *nothing*:—we mortals can make *nothing*. Unknowing and unknown, to whom shall I dedicate this my maiden performance? to whose guardianship consign the little insignificant bantling? But *few*, I fear, would feel honoured by taking it under their patronage.

To what end, let me ask myself, is it useful? To which I answer, firstly:—It will do vastly well to exercise the patience and ingenuity of our learners of English grammar, who are welcome to take it page by page, and clothe it with a pure English garment.—And, 2ndly: To the critic it will certainly prove a *bonne bouche*; a work abounding with bad English, and perhaps, false reasoning.

But be it remembered, this is not altogether a work of fancy; inasmuch, as the few chapters attributed to the pen of the 'Cabin Boy,' contain real facts, and are cor-