

## PREFACE.

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ABOUT the year 1854, being detained at Salisbury waiting for the train, I strolled into a book shop and purchased a volume published in the United States relating the events of the war between those States and Great Britain in 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. I read it carefully, with amazement at my own ignorance. I had scarcely heard of any such war! And why? Because in those years we had a war, and a tremendous one it was, with almost all the European powers, at our own doors.

"Here, Boney, come and take this naughty little boy!" was the common style used to cow unruly lads; and "Sarah, look to my sword, pistol, and spurs; we are called out," to the wife; and to the servant, "William, feed my charger, saddle and bring him round." So ordered the cavalry yeoman, almost daily, down to 1815.

No wonder little or nothing was heard of the war raging in America and Canada, 3000 miles distant. Consequently I had, so to speak, to put myself to school again. I read all the books I could find on the subject, visited America, made the acquaintance