

PREFACE.

THERE is no attempt in this little book to give a detailed sketch of the war; the pen of the gifted historian may do that. I have merely endeavored to set before "those who sit at home at ease" an ever present reminder of the great and varied sufferings and sacrifices endured, and of the dauntless deeds accomplished by those patriot hearts who went forth to fight and, if need be, to die for freedom's and for country's cause in a far, unkindly clime—the oft-tried veteran of the old home-land and his youthful comrade-in-arms from the islands and continents of either sea.

The day has departed when civilians spoke with contempt of the private in the army and fawned upon the officer of the same. Even the rustic simpleton who, in a dazed and drunken mood, accepted the "shilling" and left the paternal acres amid the lamentations of a mourning hamlet, has so often dignified by his after prowess, developed in the storms of war, the humble village of his birth, that British valour has come to be respected and feared wherever British feet have trod, or British hearts have bled. Even France, yet smarting under the defeat of Waterloo, during the Crimean war produced in *Charivari* a picture of a Highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice over-looking the sea at his back; a French soldier and a Tartar peasant regarding him from below. "What folly," says the Tartar, "to place a sentry in such a position!" To which replied the Chasseur, "There's no danger; *ces soldats la ne reculent jamais*."

Again, it is somewhat of an amelioration to our grief over the horrors of war to know that our heroes, our *substitutes* in the path of danger, are better attended to in these later days during the mishaps of battle or disease, and that there need