

Before they were fit again for sea, Nelson was back. Bonaparte was enraged. His plans of Invasion were frustrated. The next time the French and Spanish fleets set out, (thirty-three ships-of-the-line,—a number of them “three-deckers,” one carrying 144 guns,) Nelson met them with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, and brought them to action off Cape Trafalgar, and lost his own life, but destroyed all the enemy's fleet: since which time (1805) there has been no battle fought at sea between the English and French. After this date England was the recognized Mistress of the Ocean, all the world over. In those years the British Sailor was everything, both at home and abroad. He was justly the pride of his own country, and the terror of its enemies. The British Soldier was at that time held in low estimation, at home and in other countries. The French affected to despise him; in fact, neither his own nor other countries knew what he could do. But after the battle of Trafalgar had swept all enemies from off the seas, the English Sailor had nothing to contend with or to show his prowess upon. The battle-field was changed, and the Red Coat was called into requisition instead of the Blue Jacket; and well has he sustained his ancient renown on many a bloody field. The French soldier had hitherto carried everything before him. He fought by turns the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Swede, Dane and Spaniard, and he was more than victorious over them all. With the English he had no encounter on land for a long time previous, but no doubt he believed himself invincible; and so in a great measure did the English people in general. The first encounter between the soldiers of the two nations, with any degree of equality, was in Egypt, four years before the time I am writing about. Bonaparte, after beating the Austrians and conquering Italy for France, carried his victorious legions to Egypt, with the view of founding an Eastern Empire.

After beating the Mamelukes and Turks in a number of battles, Bonaparte returned to France and left the army under the command of Kleber. The English, (then allied to the Turks), sent an expedition to Egypt under command of Abercrombie. The two armies were about equal in numbers, 11,000 each. The battle of “Alexandria” was fought; the French were beaten at every point, and the French army had shortly after to surrender. This victory raised the spirits of the British people, and confirmed the confidence of the soldier in himself. Some of the soldiers who fought in the battle of Alexandria were from our own neighborhood. I remember well of

one of them:—he came home wounded. How I used to listen to the tales of the battle, told to my father with all the minuteness of an eye-witness! How they were galled by the French until they got orders to charge bayonets; how the French then ran; and how Abercrombie was mortally wounded, and fell from his horse!—how a French trooper attempted to take Abercrombie prisoner, after the latter was wounded;—how a Highlander shot the said trooper with a ramrod,—he having spent all his balls previously;—and how the field looked after the battle was over!—the dead, the wounded, and the dying!

(To be continued.)

## SAVING THE COLORS AT ISANDULA.

BY J. J. MACDONALD.



THE battle wild and fiercely raged;  
Unequal war the English waged  
Against the murderous Zulu,  
Still they resolved they ne'er would  
yield,  
But die upon the bloody field  
Of fatal Isandula.

Around them swarmed their savage foes,  
And loud their yells of triumph rose,  
The distant echoes wailing,  
For well they knew from that vast throng  
Of wild barbarians—thousands strong—  
That there was no escaping.

No fear was in their faces seen,  
As with a bold, determined mien,  
They shoulder stood to shoulder;  
And each resolved he ne'er would fly;  
But on the field of battle die  
A true-born British soldier.

Ere long they saw that hope was gone;  
From every hill and tree and stone  
The bullets they were showering,  
And with the deadly assagai  
The Zulus fell on their array  
In numbers overpowering.

The Colonel called two young men brave:  
“This field will be our soldiers' grave,”  
He said with voice unshaken;  
“I have a duty I must do;  
Our colors I entrust to you,  
For they must not be taken.

“They are too sacred in our eyes—  
A great and ever-glorious prize,  
That is well worth the saving;  
I would not rest in yonder mould  
If I believed its silver fold  
Were o'er barbarians waving.

“Above our Twenty-fourth they waved  
When wild and fierce the battle raged;  
And 'mid the foemen swarming,  
When whistling bullets showering fell,  
'Mid deadly grape and bursting shell,  
The breastworks they were storming