

*benediction* was given, accompanied by the rolling of drums and salvoes of cannon—together a most novel and imposing sight—the troops received it with presented arms, the infantry *a genoux*. The Archbishop then pronounced an *allocution* to the standard-bearers, and one of them on behalf of the Army received the Kiss of Peace.

But all this while the immense clouds of dust and the scorching mid-day sun combined to make the position of the soldiery (standing all exposed to the aching glare of the Champ de Mars) a most irksome and wearying one; and the *Vivandieres* attached to each regiment were incessantly employed in contributing to the relief of their wants.

After an address from the Archbishop, commending the colours to their bravery, and themselves to the divine protection, the colonels rejoined their regiments with the new colours which they handed over to the *Portes drapeaux* or Ensigns, and the troops received them with loud acclamations.

The *defile* then commenced. The President and his staff again mounted, took up their position in front of the estrade of the Ecole Militaire and the whole body of troops passed before them. First the Chasseurs de Vincennes passed at the *pas gymnastique*, then the pupils of St. Cyr and the Polytechnique; the Veterans and Invalides; next the Gendamerie and infantry of the line. in quick time; then the masses of cavalry and field-artillery with their heavy train, swept by with astounding velocity. The troops (with the exception still of the artillery) again raised cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' and 'Vive Napoleon!' as they passed, and the Prince again acknowledged them by raising his hat.

No striking evolutions of course could take place on this day, and none were contemplated: but the rapidity of the *defile*, and the precision and regularity of the '*wheeling*,' spoke well for their efficient training in such manœuvres, and many an approving word was uttered by the crowd as 'La Ligne—la belle Ligne,' passed by.

'La Ligne' appears to be decidedly the favourite of the people, and the favour seems well deserved, for when massed together they are undoubtedly a fine soldier-like body, of high courage and unmistakable gallantry—and have we think more individual intelligence and marshal esprit than our own men—yet with less discipline and perhaps less pertinacious endurance than ours. The cavalry too are a fine body, vast in number, and of a courage amounting to rashness, but badly horsed, and we should imagine too heavily equipped for severe work. They have done distinguished service in Algiers, but have not been tried with highly disciplined foes yet.

These movements of such a vast body of troops, of course occupied considerable time; and it was four o'clock when the cortège of the Prince moved off the ground. A slight mistake in orders, having turned the advance escort in a wrong direction (to the right, along the quay, instead of straight over the