

## SECOND DAY.

## THE EXCURSION.

At six o'clock on Thursday morning, the Volunteers had deserted their tents, and were walking about the encampment. Not long afterwards they were called together by the trumpeter, formed into columns and marched to the railway, where they partook of breakfast.

After this a number of the Highland Company assembled on the platform of the terminus, and began, to the strains of their indefatigable piper, to perform in rapid succession, reels, strathspeys and dances, which required no little amount of physical exertion, and in which a modern ball-room amateur would dislocate every bone in his body, besides losing his breath, his way, and if it were possible, his senses. A great many spectators who had managed to find admission into the terminus were surprised and delighted at the way in which the men went through some of their national dances; young ladies smiled and smirked in approbation, and the men's comrades testified their approbation by hearty cheers.

At length Colonel Wily desired the men to form in line and to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the wharf, where they would find a steamer waiting to take them on an excursion to an island in the bay of Portland. The men were soon in readiness, and about nine o'clock marched out of the terminus. They were received by the Portland Volunteers, who, heading our Militia, guided them to the wharf, the Highland piper in the intervals playing, alternately, "Yankee Doodle" and "The Campbells are Coming."

Arrived at the wharf, the Portland Militia stood back, and allowed the Canadians to take the precedence in entering the boat. The craft to convey them to the island was a flat bottomed vessel, called the "Comfort," which was to be brought in tow by a tug steamer. All were soon on board: the cable was slipped, the steamer's screw made a few revolutions, and the whole party had left the wharf, and were soon gliding with a summer breeze on the summer sea that laves the Bay of Portland. The scene now was strikingly beautiful. Before the excursionists lay the Atlantic ocean—widening further than the dimmed vision, and stretching out till cloud and billow seemed to blend and meet together. To the left of the vessel was the city of Portland sitting jauntily on the Bay. Scarcely a better site was ever selected for town, hamlet, or city. Looking to the four points of the compass, she can command the advantages of them all; and no doubt they will yet be turned to such account, that the waters of the Atlantic will sweep into her basins the half of the commerce of the whole of the Atlantic seaboard. The city, this day, was all fluttering with flags; from the top of the