

THE REVIEW.

Having been escorted by the Portland Volunteers to Munjoy, our militia were marched apart for the purpose of parade. A word now about their personal appearance. The impression produced by the American militia, dressed in showy uniforms of red, blue, and grey, was highly effective; this was heightened by the immense shakos which they wore, and which, on account of their size, added vastly to the aspect of the men, who, however, would have looked as well without their gigantic ornamentation, being tall, well built, and of good stature. The American companies were capital marching companions for our men, both in size and in appearance. As they stood upon the parade ground in the attitude of "attention," they seemed in everything worthy of being the descendants of the "Old Militia," who won fame for themselves, and liberty and reputation for their country. Viewing the men, as they stood upon the ground, there could scarcely be other but one feeling amongst all the spectators—Canadian and American—that the Portland Militia might continue to deserve the laurels left them by their ancestors. Now, something about the Canadian Volunteer Militia. Without indulging in any national egotism, it may safely be said that they were the "observed of all observers." It could scarcely be otherwise, as they stood side by side with their American companions, shewing themselves and their discipline to all advantage. As you are aware, these companies are composed of stout, lithe and active fellows, broad-shouldered and well knit; one of them, the Highland company (Captain McPherson), was rendered doubly imposing in appearance by the huge shakos, which they know how to wear with such grace and military effect. Altogether these as well as their comrades, might be looked upon by the spectators as of the same stock and of the same daring as the men who, at the point of the bristling bayonet, have carried British supremacy across the torrid steppes and through the treacherous jungles of India; and battled for British interests in the streets of Lucknow—in the lanes and labyrinths of Delbi—amid the dismantled fastness of Calpee, and the precipitous escarpments of Gwalior. It must be remarked that the Company of French Canadian Volunteers, under the command of Captain Belle, were regarded with peculiar attention. Our Gallic fellow citizens, looked remarkably well in their dark uniforms. They were noticed for the alacrity of their movements and tasteful appearance; and almost any observer could discern in their demeanour and manœuvres, the aptitude for war and military display which have always been characteristic of their nation. They marched, wheeled and deployed in a manner that told of the exactitude of their discipline, and reflected credit on themselves and the force to which they belong.