

this point, extending both ways, there were a number of stands to accommodate the household of Her Majesty,—the *suite* of the Shah, foreign ministers, Lords and Commons, and other favoured personages. The crush here for a time was very great, and the pressure we were forced to submit to, seemed sometimes almost beyond our power of endurance.

Owing, however, to the long delay in the arrival of Her Majesty and the Shah, (who were to have been on the ground at three, but did not arrive until after five), a great many left, hoping, no doubt, to do better for themselves. Holding on to our footing and advancing whenever an occasion offered, we succeeded in working our way to a point, where we concluded to remain, as we should get from it perhaps as good a view of the field as could be had. A bit of good fortune now fell in our way, a reward, no doubt, for our perseverance. Close by was a carriage, the driver's seat of which was unoccupied. With more eagerness than good manners, perhaps, we introduced ourselves to the proprietor, and made known our request, to which he very good-naturedly consented. The advantages of this arrangement to us, however "cheeky" it may seem to have been, were twofold. In the first place, being somewhat weary, it was much more comfortable to be seated than standing on tiptoe in an uneasy crowd; and, in the second place, it elevated us so that we could see with comparative ease over the heads of those in front.

While we are waiting for the coming of the Queen and her cortege, we may amuse ourselves by watching the movements of the immense concourse of people that stretches away to the right and left as far as the eye can see. To me it was a wonderful sight. I had often been in crowds before, both in Canada and the United States, but they were but as a drop in a bucket in comparison to this. Another thing that struck me was the good-nature that seemed to predominate, and the universal respectability in appearance and deportment. It was a grand gala day, and the people had come there to do it honour.

A little after five the Scots Greys, which formed the van of the royal procession, debouched from the trees, the staff and the grey horses of the Queen's carriages could be seen, and now the murmur took wing and rolled on through the vast multitude, "They come!" Steadily the procession made its way across the green to the right of the line, the artillery on the left flank