That's Queen Elizabeth whom Sir Walter Raleigh is guiding across the Humic-Gley soil, which he thinks so much of, in his 16th Century manner, that he is protecting the wet, soft A1 horizon with his own velvet cloak. No monarch will be allowed to trample good soil...British soil in particular...under foot.

Like a ball of red clay down the profile he bumped.
Old mouse in his shelter looked up all aquiver
To watch the arrival of this world famous giver.
He was dressed all in fur,
10 R five over six,
And his clothes were all tarnished with Ap soil mix.
A bundle of samples he had flung on his back
And he looked like a peddler just opening his sack.
In the B2 he paused to drape clay skins all over...