

1807

The Review of the Ashantee Troops  
Sir Garnet Wolseley may well have  
felt a proud man, when yesterday,  
through the Royal Park of Windsor,  
before the eyes of shouting thousands,  
he led his little army past their  
Queen. — Not a year has gone, since  
in the same place, the Shah of  
Persia sat by the Queen of England,  
to see the English Troops march  
past; but both the hour, and the  
men, were different then. — It was  
a fine spectacle — a splendid pageant  
which then passed before the eyes of  
the Persian King beneath that bright  
June sun; but the sight yesterday  
was something more. — Then the  
flower of the British Army, the  
chosen corps of the service, were  
brought out to show the stranger  
how English soldiers looked, and  
marched; and as they looked and  
marched he might well have guessed  
so would they fight. — But yesterday  
the people of England were looking  
on their own countrymen — on men  
who, but a few short weeks ago,  
had been face to face with the  
foe, and in the teeth of dangers  
worse even than those which are  
born of every battle field, having  
done the work that had been given  
them to do, and now come back  
to claim their just rewards.

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The site of yesterday's ceremony was a good one. It was the large open space between Queen Anne's Walk and the Long Walk; - half way down the latter. Along the east side of the Walk, looking on to the Long Walk, were ranged the carriages; and there the crowd was thickest, though it stretched far away in an unbroken line northwards right round the ground, down almost to the trees that fringe the walk. Towards the southern end of the line was the Royal Standard, where sat the Queen, as the troops went by; and on either side of this point were two enclosures, wherein certain of the privileged were allowed to be - members of both houses of Parliament, of the Royal Household, of the Press, and last though very far indeed from least, the Boston Boys.

Time had not admitted of more (or more perfect) preparation; but, such as they were, the arrangements were complete enough. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Life Guards, the 6<sup>th</sup> Dragoon Guards, and the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of Grenadier Guards kept the ground, assisted by a considerable force, both of the Metropolitan Police and the Windsor Police. At the saluting point stood a guard of honour of the Grenadiers.



Between 11 and 12 o'clock the troops were to arrive; - some from Shorncliffe, some from Winchester, and others from Woolwich. As they arrived they were at once to march by the Castle-hill, and through the High Street (both bright with flags and lined deep with an enthusiastic crowd) to their respective stations. At 1 o'clock the Queen herself was on the ground. But the regiments had far to come, and trains will occasionally be behind their time, and, fortunately for a considerable part of the crowd, who were somewhat late on the scene, it was 2 o'clock before the bugles called the troops to "attention". But few could have fretted at the delay. Looking from the Royal Flag northwards towards the Castle, the eye saw a bright and varied scene. Out in front, little lines of colour, on the open ~~of~~ ~~the~~ green of the Park, stood the heroes of the day. In the extreme right was a small handful of men, clad in different colours - red, blue, even in black; these were the Special Service Officers, each in the uniform of his own regiment, a few in the sober gray, and pith helmet of the campaigning dress; those in black are the Chaplains who went up with the little force to Coomassie.



Then come the Artillery and Engineers, a mere handful of men, even together; then the 23<sup>rd</sup>, the Royal Welch Fusiliers (with their new goat, sent them by the Queen herself from the Cashmere flock in the Park,) after these the 42<sup>nd</sup> Highlanders, the Black Watch, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and, lastly, the men of the Commissariat and the Army Service Corps. Right and left, two sides of the square, stretched the thick black wall of spectators, relieved by the scarlet of the Guards, and flecked, here and there, by the white plumes of Household Cavalry; while further off to the North, and so right round the grounds, shone the brass helmets of the Carabiniers. When to the eye, got tired of roaming so far afield, it might turn to a little group nearer home. Close by the saluting point stand a little knot of scarlet coats, white plumed Officers of the Staff. Among them is a white horse, an Arab as it seems, carrying one on whom all eyes are turned; his breast is covered with medals, and his face is familiar to nearly all there, for it is the hero of the day Sir Garnet Wolseley himself. Around him are his Staff, of whose good work every successive despatch has told us, and with them is Prince Edward of Saxe-Wurtemberg, in command of



the Guards.

It is now nearly 2 o'clock; still no signs of the Queen, and the crowd are beginning to grow somewhat impatient. Suddenly a bugle rings out, and then again. It calls the troops to "attention"; arms are shouldered, and Sir Garnet and his Staff ride off towards the North corner of the grounds. Following them with our eyes we can see a bright mass of colour moving swiftly down the long walk; and soon the cheers that come rolling up along the lines announce the Queen.

In an open carriage drawn by four gray she comes up at a smart trot. With her are the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Christian. At her carriage wheel ride the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of the Volunteer Artillery of London, Prince Arthur, in the dark green tunic of his own regiment, and the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. In the next carriage the Princess Louise (the Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold. Before and behind rides the escort of the Life Guards, and all around the Staff, a bright show of scarlet and gold, dancing plumes, and glistening steel.



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All present notice how well Her Majesty is looking, and how pleased and proud of her soldiers; as with such a sight before her, and <sup>as</sup> such sounds around her, she well may be. As she comes up to her standards the cheers are merged in the strains of "God save the Queen" and all uncover as the carriage stops till the music ceases. Then the horses heads are turned, and slowly the procession passes down the ranks. Beyond a bright mass of colour, gray horses passing slowly on, and the plumes of the Staff waving in the breeze, the spectators parked close behind the guard, cannot see much now. Still less can they see of the next movement. For now either end of the line closes in on the "Highlanders, forming a hollow square, into which drives the Queen. From a distance we can see Sir Garnet and his Staff ride forward, and the General dismounts. The Queen is speaking we can see, but what she says it is of course not possible for us to hear. This much, however, we learn - that when the square is broken Lord Gifford may wear upon his breast the Victoria Cross, and not a man there upon that ground, be his coat red, or black, but is glad for the young soldiers sake, and for the honour so gallantly won.



But now the square breaks, the carriages  
 come back, the Queen is ready beneath  
 the shadow of her Royal Flag.  
 The bands of the different regiments  
 come forward to the centre of the  
 grounds; with them comes too, or  
 rather is brought, the goat, and then  
 as the well-known, time honoured  
 strains of the "British Grenadier's  
 March" rise on the air, the march  
 past begins. In column of  
 companies the regiments come by.  
 First ride the Staff, next to them,  
 alone, at the head of his little band  
 of heroes, Sir Garnet Wolseley.  
 As he carries his sword to the salute  
 he turns, and reining up to the side  
 of the Queen, waits there to see his  
 soldiers pass. First come the Fusiliers  
 and in front of them Sir Archibald  
 Alison, Brigadier-General of the Army  
 of Coomassie. It is somewhat strange,  
 we think at first sight, to see ~~xx~~  
 the Brigadier-General on foot, but  
 we soon see the reason; Sir Archibald  
 brought back but one arm from the  
 Crimea; and that arm is now in  
 a sling. Then the tune changes,  
 the bagpiper strike up, and to the  
 quick tune of "Highland Laddie"  
 the Black Watch come on.  
 The men in the two last companies  
 are in the Ards, and the tartan  
 is of a different colour, for these  
 men are the 79<sup>th</sup> - another Highland



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Regiment, who volunteered to fill  
up the ranks of the 42<sup>nd</sup> when they  
sailed out from Portsmouth in  
December last. Again another strain  
brighter, livelier, and quicker still.  
It is the old air of "Ninety five" and  
we know that the Rifle Brigade -  
the Old 95<sup>th</sup> Regiment - are passing.  
After them come the men of the  
Army Service Corps and of the  
Control.

This brings the procession to a  
close. Once more the troops are  
formed in line, the Staff in the  
centre, and the General alone out at  
the head of the Staff. Slowly in  
unbroken order the Column advances  
When within forty yards of the  
Royal Carriage the men are halted  
and the arms are ordered.  
Clearly we can see Sir Garnet turning  
to the right and to the left to see  
that all is ready, calling for three  
cheers for the Queen. He waves his  
plumed hat in the air, and from  
end to end of the Column, with  
the precision of a "feu de joie" the  
cheers ring out. They are sent back  
again from the Crowd and are  
continued again and again till  
the die away in the strains of the  
National Anthem, and we all know  
that all is over and done.



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