

the crossbow-men in scarlet, when in the service of the king; and the knights as a rule wore long yellow cloaks over their black armour, called surcoats.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that armour was dispensed with, and the defenders of the soil in her day adopted the Lincoln green, scarlet and yellow colours to designate the various branches of the service—or militia, as there was no standing army.

As archery fell into desuetude, the Lincoln green colour, associated with many of the victories of the earlier British troops, gave place to the yellow, the colour affected by the earlier corps of gentlemen-at-arms, and this was the prevailing uniform of the soldiers of James I. and Charles I.

When the civil war broke out, the regiments of the Parliament adopted red as the uniform colour, and they defeated the yellow Cavaliers. Cromwell retained the red, and when the Restoration came, though the Cavaliers preferred the yellow colour as their emblem, and the Courtiers dressed in yellow on State occasions, it was found impossible to discard the red, it being the popular colour; and regiments in the army under Charles II. and James II. were not uniform in their dress, some being in red and others in yellow. It was so also in the militia, the regiments of Whig counties being clad in red, and those of Tory counties in yellow. During the dark days of the Stuart tyranny, yellow, as the favourite emblem of the Cavaliers, became associated in the eyes of the people with deeds of oppression and despotism, and regarding red as the colour of freedom and liberty, the scarlet uniform became doubly dear to all true Britons.

The Revolution came, and as Whiggism obtained the ascendancy, red became the national colour, and gentlemen at Court no longer appeared in yellow, but in red. Yellow was discarded for ever, and since those days, no British corps, either of the army or militia, has been dressed in this uniform. It is, however, retained by many corps as the colour of the facings.

In the last century the Lincoln-green reappeared, and many corps of yeomanry and fencibles were dressed in this coloured coat. As the Empire became extended, regiments raised in the Colonies for local service were clad in Lincoln-green, and it was the ordinary colour adopted by the regiments of Loyalists during the American Revolution. The most famous of these partisan battalions (Butler's Rangers) wore the Lincoln-green, and were designated the Royal Greens.

In British North America, after the American Revolution, all our local regiments—the Royal Canadian, Glengarry, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland regiments of Fencibles—had coats of Lincoln-green, with scarlet facings. This colour might therefore be adopted by regiments of Canadians as a national colour without question by the home authorities.

The Prince-Regent issued a Royal Warrant in recognition of the gallant services of the Canada Militia during the war of 1812, allowing all scarlet-coated corps to adopt blue (the Royal colour) as the colour of the facings.

During the long war, some of the corps in the army, composed of aliens or mercenaries, were dressed in blue, and a British *corps d'armée* of seventy years ago, if many Hanoverians were in it, bore rather a pie-bald appearance, some of the German corps being dressed in yellow, and our 60th and 95th Rifles, added to the Highlanders and Fencibles, all had differing colours to that of the Line.

Since those days there has been some attempt to secure uniformity, and it is partly to this reason may be attributed the recent refusal of the authorities to permit of the raising of a volunteer militia regiment in Montreal which desired to be clad in the Papal (grey) Zouave uniform. One reason also being that Italy might take offence, and justly too, as the regiment in question was to have been raised by the avowed enemies of the Italian monarchy here.

It would be an interesting question if our Irish fellow-citizens chose to raise a volunteer regiment to be clad in green, whether the uniform would be allowed or not. It is *par excellence* the national British uniform, red being simply the emblem of a political party, and it is doubtful if the question were laid before the Horse Guards, if green, faced with scarlet, would be disallowed.

E. A. H.

INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADIES.

Although Lord Burghley has just had to apologise for the remarks which he made on the subject of the education of the wives and daughters of farmers, there is no doubt that there are many who, openly or secretly, agree with him, and extend his views beyond the limits of that class to which he made them applicable. To all such the present aspect of 'the higher education of women' must afford materials for bitter reflection. That not only there should be large and flourishing high schools for girls all over the country, but that in Cambridge there should exist the Girton and Nuneham Colleges, and that in Oxford an animated effort should have been made to secure liberal instruction for girls over seventeen and eighteen, must be peculiarly painful to sensitive males of Lord Burghley's type. Rightly or wrongly, the tendency is to higher feminine culture, and those who are neither bigots nor supporters of female suffrage must accommodate their sentiments to an unmistakable wave of public opinion.

Meanwhile there is no very clear idea as to what young ladies of intellect are like. The ordinary male creed is very shortly summed up in a fear of them before marriage, and a detestation of them after. The ordinary verdict of sisterly opinion is that they have bad manners, large hands, and do not care about Parisian fashions. The criticism of their elders is that they are much too forward, that they know nothing about butcher's meat, and probably have never darned a stocking in their lives. Much of these aspersions may be true, but they are decidedly old-fashioned. It is irritating to find the question discussed as if it was yet an open one, at the very moment when the intellectual young lady is a living reality. It is fatuous to doubt the advisability when the thing is done. The phenomenon is to be seen in our drawing-rooms, in our published literature, and in our art-schools; and many men find conversing with it to be by no means unpleasant, though how far they like to make it their wife is of course another question. The fact is that there are as many differences between educated young ladies as there are amongst uneducated. The traditional type, which represents the lady of culture with a certain angularity of expression and with spectacles, is now only known for its morbid activity with regard to vivisection and platform rhetoric. To it has succeeded types with more pleasing characteristics, and with fascinations which have been known to lower the alarming average of spinsters. The young lady who will talk to you so agreeably and even flippantly on lawn-tennis will after dinner sing some weird song of Schumann, and overthrow the pessimistic paradoxes of Mallock. The bright quick-eyed damsel, who was first of her year at Girton College, is hurt if you do not also consider her a finished *valseuse*. The girl with the wealth of ruddy-golden hair, which is the passion of artists, has probably been the author of that striking criticism on Laplace's nebular hypothesis, which made such a sensation among the readers of solid 'monthlies.'

But of these modern combinations of elegance and wide learning, the most dangerous specimens are the artistic young lady and the young lady who is also a philosopher. Probably the first is the most dangerous of all; for she not only has the wit to be bewitching, but enough human sympathy to become so. The artistic and æsthetic young lady can attack you on every side. If you have a weakness for archaic furniture and wall-papers of the improved Morrisian type, so has she; if you own to the attractions of Venetian glass, she will discourse to you about Salvati by the yard; if you are a constant attendant at the Grosvenor Gallery, she will confess to you, with a grace which is all the more fascinating because it is obviously condescending, that Burne-Jones's 'Annunciation' is the finest picture in the modern world. She can play and she can sing; she knows all literature, and has even read Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*; she will show you why Theophile Gautier is a good novelist, or what elements of poetry there are in Walt Whitman. If you are a great friend, she will send you some of her own sonnets, full of spirit and fire, though possibly with too much insistence on attributes like 'solemn' and 'intense' and 'melodious-hearted.' And with all this astonishing knowledge there is an obvious liking on her part to sit at the end of the conservatory, and forget all about the time.

Less dangerous, though with special powers of her own, is the philosophic young lady. It is always pleasant for a languid and impassive manhood to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel, especially if the Gamaliel be of the sex by courtesy called weaker. It is charming to learn from full and eloquent lips that a possible descent from apes does not lower the attributes of a developed humanity; and that conscience is on the whole an encumbrance, which it is therefore 'more worthy' to consider non-existing. Besides, the philosophic young lady can always prove to you by her own reading, if not by experience, that life is worth living for its own sake, and immediate contiguity to her chair certainly does not tend to lower your appreciation of the fact. The abstract labours of metaphysics do not in the case of youth diminish the concrete charms of a very attractive personality; and though it may be doubtful whether Herbert Spencer or Comte be right in the classification of the sciences, there is no manner of doubt that a pretty woman who decides such points in the intervals of a valse is more than a match for your own celibate philosophy.

From all which considerations the conclusion is patent that more dangers lurk in the eyes of an intellectual young lady than the world is wont to imagine. Such types as have been described may not indeed be common, but they are tending to become more so. Even our fashionable beauties are learning Latin, and the rage of the last season was an actress who could discourse on metempsychosis. If intellectualism becomes the rage amongst our ladies, the men will have to invent a new Bessemer steel for the protection of their hearts. And the only available weapon that will be left in the quiver of the Philistines will be a lingering suspicion that feminine tenderness has evaporated in the processes of feminine culture.—*World*.

MONTENEGRO is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until recently the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capital, Cetinje. There has now been established a postal department, and the mail is sent from Cetinje to four other cities. The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.