

socks, and other garments, all with the Army brand in the most prominent places. The Egyptian Hall had become a barracks. No carriage, cab, or omnibus, or horses were in the streets, and none could have told by the garments of the people whether they were in the east or west of the great metropolis.

Red jerseys and Hallelujah bonnets swarming, with here and there a skulker among men wearing ordinary attire.

I observed that such were jostled by the Army men and made no complaint, but bore the insult with meekness, save in one case, when a man who had been roughly pushed ventured to reprove the offender.

He was immediately surrounded by half-a-score women rattling tambourines over his head, and screaming out dreadful allusions to his sinful life, and declaring he was "lost!"

From this onslaught he escaped by diving under the arm of one of the maidens and bolting down a narrow way, so that he was lost to view.

Scarce had he gone when another turmoil in an opposite direction attracted my attention.

Surrounded by a body of men in the Army uniform was a pretty girl of some eighteen years. Her attire consisted of a simple dress with some tasteful trimmings and a pretty bonnet.

The men around her were shouting out opprobrious epithets, and calling upon her to come "to the penitential seat!"

Such a scared little bird she seemed, naught that was brazen about her, but simply desirous—as our foremothers were—to make the best of her beauty.

At length, terrified by their cries, she took off her bonnet, and they trampled it under foot. I saw a wealth of golden hair fall about her shoulders as they hurried her across the road to—Burlington House, surely? No! To all that remained of it.

Denuded of such ornaments as it once possessed, and made hideous with posters calling on the passers-by to stop in and be saved.

Another Army barracks in the place of the Home of English Art.

I motioned to Baliol, and we hurried on, and my heart was sick within me, for on all sides was evidence of the beautiful and the ornamental having been destroyed—as sinful things.

At every street-corner there were printed directions to guide the people into the paths of righteousness, and the first lesson taught to one and all was obedience to Pope Booth the Third.

Especially were the people commanded to eschew all things tending to vanity, and as I turned from reading

one of these adjurations, to which Baliol called my attention, the blare of many trumpets and the beating of many drums fell upon my ears.

Then came riding by a man in a gorgeous uniform that called to my mind a picture I had once seen of Murat. The charger he bestrode was a magnificent creature, and no prince was ever more haughty in his mien.

"One of the Pope's most powerful Marshals," said Baliol; "one of many. They swarm about the land, and are the living embodiment of the Spirit of Intolerance."

CHAPTER V.

THE CITY AT NIGHT.

"It will soon be night," said Baliol, as we strolled down Oxford-street an hour later. "What will you do in the hours of darkness?"

"I am weary of serious things," I replied, "and long for an hour in some place where there is amusement of some sort—"

Baliol interrupted me with a hearty laugh, which sounded strange to my ears. It was so unlike anything I had heard that day.

"By my life," he said, "you will have to wander far to find what you would call amusement."

"The theatres," I hinted.

"Closed ten years ago, and every actor who refused to join the penitents banished."

"A concert-room, then."

"There is no singing or playing in public, save that of the Army."

"Is there nothing to break up the deadly monotony of this life?" I desperately asked.

"Nothing that is open to the eye," returned Baliol, "but you may trust me to show you something that will interest if it does not amuse you."

As he spoke darkness seemed to come suddenly upon us, and the night was there. With it was heard a ringing of bells from various quarters, and Baliol told me that it was done for the good of the people—a signal to retire from the streets, the faithful seeking their homes as soon as the night arrived.

"Only the patrols are supposed to be abroad," he said, "and they are commanded to arrest all stragglers. Ah! there is some rare sport for them chasing the undutiful soldiers of the Army and heretics."

There was no lighting up, as I had known it in my youth, but from the summit of high public buildings and monuments the glare of the electric light sprang out. Weird indeed were the streets—so brilliant in the glare, so deep in the shadow.

The people melted away like insects who shun the