

he been an Arab with Mohammed's opportunities, and equally a good Pope Hildebrand had he had the chance." He is unquestionably a powerful supporter of all measures for the enlightenment of the people, and a staunch advocate of reform, but neither a wise or cool advocate, as we may judge, by the last Reform Agitation, commencing with the Hyde Park riots, which was mainly attributable to his almost matchless powers of exacerbating eloquence, lashing the people into excitement and anger. There can be no doubt that the hard-biting assertions of his views are oftentimes dealt forth indiscreetly, and they consequently damage the cause they are intended to support. Mr. Bright intrepidly opposed the policy of the war with Russia, and he was one of the meeting representing the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, by whom a deputation was despatched to the Emperor Nicholas in 1854, to urge upon him the maintenance of peace as a true policy, as well as the manifest duty, of a Christian Government." By thus upholding a testimony against all war,—"peace at any price"—he incurred the violent censure of a numerous body of his constituents at Manchester, and at the general election of 1857, while in Italy for the benefit of his health, he was summarily ejected from his seat. He is largely engaged in trade, as a cotton spinner and manufacturer at Rochdale; in the flesh, he is undoubtedly an Englishman, and physically a capital specimen of the breed; but in spirit John Bright is an American. Were he to take up his abode in the country of his love, and remain there for two or three years and patiently study the American people and the working of their institutions, it is possible and probable that upon his return to England he would have a greater respect for his own country and its institutions than he has latterly entertained or manifested.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 327.

CHAPTER LXVII.—THE TURBANED TRAVELLER.

On a certain day, there drove up to a splendidly furnished suite of apartments in Pall Mall a coach and four, and the sight of the personage inside collected quite a crowd to see him get out.

It was a . . . handsome-looking man, wearing the Turkish garb, but looking rather more like a Frenchman, Italian, or Englishman, than a follower of the Prophet.

"Who is it?" "what is he?" "What's his name?" "Is he an ambassador?" Such were the questions he heard as he crossed the pavement, making a sort of stately bow as he passed through the lane of people, who, in return, gave him a cheer—half in earnest as to his possible greatness, half in fun because of their ignorance.

But a bystander, who had been pumping a servant of the house, soon explained the mystery in his own fashion.

"Oh, he's an Englishman—but a great traveller, and naturalized in Turkey, been all over the world they tell me—top of the Pyramids, sucked his oranges in China, had a seraglio in Gon-stan-ti-no-ple, and now wants to take back some nice English beauties with him. What say you, my pretty charmer—will you go with him? I'll make a capital bargain for you, if you'll go halves."

The maiden thus addressed—a pretty milliner's apprentice—holding a bonnet-box in her hand—coloured a little, then angrily flounced away.

But there was one among the assembled crowd who seemed greatly interested in the advent of this traveller. He was a slim, short, youthful-looking person—scarcely more than a boy you might fancy at first sight—but not when you heard him talk, or saw the animation of his face. That face was of a rich, red brown (spotted curiously as if from some recent disease), quite destitute yet of beard; his dress that of a servant of the genteel class that still hovered about the aristocratic houses—relics of a feudal time when

servants were not menials, but rather attached retainers, humble friends, and who were themselves frequently of good families.

When the crowd had dispersed—save a few pertinacious sight-seers who crossed over to the other side of the street in order to get a glimpse of his magnificence from the drawing-room window—this youth knocked at the door, and when the servant, who was in rich livery, came to answer the knock, said he wanted to see the foreign gentleman.

"What for?" demanded John, looking sternly at the applicant.

"That's my business," was the prompt reply. "Is it? Oh, very well." And then the flunkey slammed the door right in the youth's face, and did it so suddenly that he would have been knocked backward down the two or three steps, but for his own promptitude and agility in leaping aside.

His face flushed a little with no unnatural anger—but it was only for a moment, then he smiled and stepped again to the door and gave a louder knock than before, while pulling the bell with all his might.

"They'll hear that, I fancy," he said, with a smile; "now for another explosion."

Again the door was opened, and again the majestic flunkey raised himself like a Colossus, gazed speechlessly on the incredible hardness of the youth—standing there coolly, after kicking up such a row through the whole house.

"Now, my friend," said the youth, with a bright smile, which somehow seemed even to John genial—almost fascinating—"now, my friend," he repeated, "have you time to go upstairs and announce my presence?"

"Your presence! Haw—haw—haw! And who the deuce are you?"

"A poor gentleman jacking service—but not so poor as not to be able to reward civility. What's your name? Didn't I hear somebody calling you 'John' from the lower regions? Well, now, John, there's a shilling to begin with, and who knows what may follow?"

"Well, you are a rum 'un, that I will say. And you do really want to see this foreigner?"

"I do, and I mean to see him, row or no row. You understand, John?"

John grinned, eyed the young fellow from top to toe, as if amused to see so much impudence in so small a frame, then laughed, as the young fellow touched the hilt of his sword, as if in warning that his manliness and gentility were not to be questioned, and went to do his bidding.

The turbaned traveller was lying at full length on a couch, smoking a long Turkish pipe, with its bowl on the carpet a couple of yards off, having a cup of fragrant and steaming coffee by his side, and looking altogether a very fair representative of Turkish ease, quietude, and indulgence.

The door opens, and John introduces the stranger youth, who bows with extreme respect once, twice, thrice, as he approaches the couch, and then stands at a little distance in an attitude of respect and deference that looks very like one of two things: actual familiarity with the Eastern life which the stranger, as judged by his garb, belonged to, or else a sly, shrewd attempt to win the great man by showing at once his aptitude for the honour he sought.

John stood for a moment, fumbling first with the tablecloth, then with the blinds, then with the handle of the door, hoping to hear the beginning, at least, of the dialogue; but the youth watched him in silence while he was smoothing out the rich tablecover, watched him as he pulled up the blind and let it down again, watched him while he made the door-handle go quite easy and well, and then—why, then, when John in despair took his last look, the youth walked towards him, evidently intending to turn him out, and shut the door.

Then John banged his way out, and down the stairs, but only to the extent of the first flight; then in an instant, with the furtive spring of a wild animal of the feline tribe, he noiselessly re-ascended by the aid of the banisters, and stooped his ear to the door.

Unluckily, in his hurry, he forgot that he ought not to lean against it too heavily. The

consequence was that in a few seconds he was stumbling forward into the room, his mouth full of stammering apologies, his heart still more full of rancour at this abominable youth, who stood smiling behind the door, which he had drawn back swiftly at the critical moment for John's exposure.

"John," said the dignified, turbaned stranger, "if this happens again I shall change my apartments, or you will change your situation. Go, my friend, and ask your mistress beforehand which she prefers."

How John stole away after this hint we need not dilate on.

The moment the door was shut, the youth burst out laughing, then, recollecting himself, apologised warmly, and said in explanation—

"It was so absurd!—wasn't it, your excellency?"

A slight smile passed over the august countenance, and then the lips opened to say—

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"I want to serve you."

"How do you know I need such service?"

"Oh, you must, your excellency, having only just come to England. You must want somebody to show you the lions."

"Lions! lions! My friend, I have seen too many of them already, so if that is the only service you propose to render—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, sir, I spoke metaphorically, not literally, though, to be sure, there are the Tower lions. But it wasn't of them I was thinking, but of all the places, and people, and things that strangers like to see. I'm the very man, sir, to show them to you!"

"Man!" said the turbaned traveller, with an amused look; "boy, rather, I imagine. Surely you cannot be more than fifteen or sixteen?"

"Oh, but I am, sir! But what of it if I wasn't? Age should be measured not by the stupid counting of one's years. I know old men who are very young, and I know young men who are very old—old in heart, old in wickedness. Heaven help them!"

"And are you one of these hopeful boy-patriarchs?"

"Oh, dear no! Excellent character, sir. Never kissed a woman in my life; or, if I did, I assure you it wasn't that I cared about it, not I."

"But what can you do besides playing the guide to sights that I mayn't very much care to see, after all?"

"Do? What can I do? Couldn't you put the question much more shortly, sir, by asking me what I can't do?"

"Well, then, what can't you do?"

"I can't make love?"

"Do you mean for yourself or me?"

"For neither. Unless, indeed, you want to do what a worthy gentleman outside suggested—buy a few English beauties for your harem to take back with you to Turkey, if you are going back; and in that case, I promise you as many as you like, plump and handsome, and at very moderate prices!"

This was said so seriously that the turbaned traveller could but stare in wonder at the precocious simplicity—or precocious wickedness, he hardly knew which it was—of the speaker, but even as he stared, and the two glances met, there was a simultaneous burst of laughter, which put both greatly at their ease.

"Well, my friend, I suppose I must not form wrong notions of you from the loose way in which you talk; and of which, if you meant anything by it, I should tell you, you ought to be heartily ashamed."

"Oh, I don't mean anything by it, except to make your excellency laugh," said the youth, gaily, triumphantly, and at once beginning to rearrange the articles on the table, as though he had already engaged himself.

"Stop! I shall have to call John up. I think he would enjoy turning you out."

"I think he would, but he won't have the chance."

"Oh, he won't, eh?" said the turbaned traveller, who could no longer disguise the sort of amused interest he took in this light-hearted, audacious young fellow. "But I must, at all