

to no other? The face and bearing of Dr. Tyeecchi kept continually occurring to my imagination. I tried to exhaust the thought and throw it aside, but I could not.

Again and again rose to the carriage-window that hard livid face, with its unchangeable mocking expression, with its small metallic eyes, and its bitter pinched mouth. The dry neutral-coloured hair, the flesh unwarmed by blood, but darkened by bile and green humours, every detail of that loathsome man passed and inventoried themselves in my mind. It was not till I arrived at Pistoia that those disagreeable thoughts passed away. I finished my sketches and notes on the second day, and started again for Carmignano.

The horses went well till we came within seven miles of the village. Then the near-horse suddenly betrayed a lameness for which no examination of the foot could account. It soon increased to such an alarming degree, and our pace became so intolerably slow, that I got out, and expressed my intention (as the road was straight and clear) of walking on to Carmignano, followed by my servant, each of us armed with a revolver.

It was one of those nights when the moon, without being visible, seems to cast a dim light through the struggling gray clouds that environ it. Once, and only, a clear fresh wind swept away the rolling and struggling vapours, and out slipped the moon for a moment and launched herself into the dark blue ocean of air.

The mountain road was dry and hard; below, in the ravines, we could hear the roar of the leaping torrents, the wind surging among the sloping fir-trees. I was in high spirits with my walk, and sang one of Uhland's fine ballad as a vent to my animal spirits.

We entered the village. There was the mill, there the priest's house, there the cluster of cottages; yonder the road flying on toward Florence. We reached a by-road leading to the villa. I saw no signs of the miller or his friends patrolling. I had half-determined to fire my revolver to alarm and expose these loitering hirelings, when, to my astonishment, two men suddenly brushed past me, and ran furiously down the road in the direction of the village. They did not see us, for we were at that moment hid in shadow.

They had got about a hundred yards from us still running violently, when the moon turned its lamp upon them for a moment. That moment's glimpse convinced me that, whoever the second fugitive might be, the first was Doctor Tyeecchi.

A strange vague alarm seized me, I hurried on. I found the villa-gate thrown open, on the doorstep lay the body of a dead man, the chopper that had killed him lying beside it. We lifted it, it was Antonio dead, but still warm. A lantern, extinguished, lay beside him. The doorstep was a pond of blood, the half-shut door and the door-posts were crimson-wet with the gore of the poor fattore.

But this was not all. Leaving Antonio's body, we ran in to see after the safety of his old wife. Alas! the wretches had been before us. We found her chopped to death on the marble staircase leading from the hall. One hand still clutched the balustrade. She had been killed, I think, as she had turned to fly to her bed-room, and there bolt herself in from the murderers.

After what I had seen I could not doubt but that the murderer was the doctor and some unknown accomplice, perhaps his son. The motive—robbery, revenge, a desire to escape the payment of some debt, or all these motives combined. Poor Antonio's presentiment, though merely a vague fear, had indeed come true.

The trial of the doctor and his son was an unsatisfactory one. The Florentines have a dread of capital punishment; and by their law no man can be found guilty of murder on the evidence of one witness alone. My proof of the doctor's identity was thought insufficient. The only accepted witness was the little girl who brought me the red tulips. She was the niece of the doctor's housekeeper. She deposed that on the night of the murder, being a-bed, she woke up and saw the doctor and his son enter

the room and change their coats, which were wet and stained with something red. But this was not sufficient for a conviction: and the doctor, on showing a receipt, said to be in Antonio's writing, for the three years' lay, escaped.

At the trial Tyeecchi had looked anxious, but betrayed no emotion. He was plausible, fawning, deprecating as ever, and audibly prayed God to pardon me, when I stood up to give my evidence.

The very day of his acquittal I was taken ill of a low fever, and being very weak, and now and then light-headed, my servant sent for Dr. Tyeecchi, there being no other medical man to be found nearer than Pistoia.

I myself was too ill to be consulted on the subject. All I can remember is, that on feebly opening my eyes I saw Dr. Tyeecchi, pale and trembling, enter the room, and looked about him in a troubled way.

"Was it not here," I heard him say to the servant "that the good old f—f—fattore was m—m—murdered?"

"No," replied the servant roughly, "that was at the outer door—it was his wife that the wretches killed on the stairs outside this room."

Then the doctor advanced, lancet in hand, to bleed me, but he was so nervous that he could not strike the vein.

I could bear it no longer; perhaps he would pierce an artery, or poison my medicine in revenge. I had just strength enough to pull my arm under the clothes.

"Why, doctor," I said in a low voice, "the last time you came to this house you let blood sooner than this."

"The doctor turned ashy pale, stammered, dropped the lancet, and exclaiming, "His mind is gone!" rushed from the room.

I had just strength enough to say, "Luigi, do not let that man enter the house again. Despatch a mounted messenger directly to Florence to Count Galli, and ask him to send me Dr. Guarducci."

In a week I had pretty well recovered, and was able to return to Florence. Three days before, doctor Tyeecchi and his son had left Carmignano, on their way to Leghorn, to embark for Alexandria—a great resort for implicated Italians. The younger son, a farmer, remained in the village.

A month later I started for England and Paris. In the November of that year I received a letter from Count Galli; it contained the following passage:

"You remember that rascal Tyeecchi, whose crime gave such a ghastly conclusion to your visit to my villa—that visit which I warned you against; but you English are so obstinate, and you call it being firm—firm: yes, so is a wild boar when it charges on a hunting spear. Well, I think, after all, the rogue came to a bad end. He sailed in the *Carmagnuola* from Leghorn, in June last. That vessel was burnt at sea. Not one passenger escaped, and only three seamen and the captain. One of these survivors, writing to a New York paper, says, 'We pulled from the wreck about six p.m. The passengers had all taken refuge in the mainmast, the flames being then, as it was believed, put out. At half-past six, however, there was a tremendous explosion. The fire had reached the magazine. There was a roar, a fan of fire, a burst of splinters and bodies, and then we saw the smouldering wreck, looking scarcely larger on the horizon than a red-hot coal, sink down swift into the yawning darkness.' So much for Dr. Tyeecchi, the Jonah of that unhappy vessel, the *Carmagnuola*, of Livorno. The family indeed seems a doomed one; for Orazio Tyeecchi, the youngest son, is now in prison for murdering his mistress, of whom he was jealous, and a friend who tried to interpose between them. The Carnival was dull this year. I want an English baronche of the best quality; never mind price," &c., &c.

Mrs. EDWIN JAMES.—"Muriel; or, Social Fetters," is the name of a volume by Mrs. Edwin James, announced for early publication in London.

M. DU CHAILLU IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

THE position of an explorer of unknown countries is peculiar and very difficult. If he returns home with nothing new or striking to relate, he is voted a bore, and his book has no chance of being read; if he has some wonders to unfold, connected with Geography, the Natives, or Natural History, the fate of Abyssinian Bruce too often awaits him: his narrative being held up to scorn and ridicule, as a tissue of fignents.

M. Du Chaillou's present volume is an itinerary of some three hundred miles in an easterly direction from the mouth of the river Fernand Vaz, situated about three minutes to the south of the equator. The objects of his journey, although his record of it does not partake of a strictly technical character in any respect whatever, were scientific. He took great pains, before starting on his expedition, to acquire that special knowledge and that mastery over instruments philosophical and artistic, which should give his researches the value of great intelligence and absolute trustworthiness. We are treated to a little botany, a little geology, a little mythology, meteorology, and astronomy, and to a little more still of geography, zoology, and ethnology. But about his principal objects in the journey, of which the volume before us is the chronicle, the traveller may be allowed to speak for himself:—

"The principal object I had in view in my last journey, was to make known with more accuracy than I had been able to do in my former one, the geographical features of the country, believing this to be the first duty of a traveller in exploring new regions. To enable me to do this I went through a course of instruction in the use of instruments, to enable me to fix positions by astronomical observations and compass bearings and to ascertain the altitudes of places. I learnt also how to compute my observations, and test myself their correctness. It is for others to judge of the results of my endeavours in this important department of a traveller's work; I can only say that I laboured hard to make my work as accurate as possible, and although I was compelled, much to my sorrow, to abandon photography and meteorological observations; through the loss of my apparatus and instruments, I was fortunately able to continue astronomical observations nearly to the end of my route."

After more than eight months travelling, M. Du Chaillou had succeeded in penetrating nearly three hundred miles into the country, and halted at Mounou-Kembo, in Ashango-land. Here it was that the accidental discharge of a gun in the hand of one of his followers, was the sudden collapse of the expedition. A man was killed, but he, wretched kern that he was, might have been paid for in beads. The negotiation, indeed, was being already carried on amicably, when it was unfortunately discovered that the head wife of the hitherto placable chief had also been slain. The insatiable bullet had penetrated the hut in which the wives and other domesticities of the great man were sheltered. The explorer had now nothing to look to but retreat, and no one to depend on but the intrepid Commen, who had attended him so far from their homes as African savages seldom have the pluck or the enterprise willingly to wander. The whole band was now too small to carry off the goods, specimens, and photographic apparatus and drawings. Maps, observations, rifles,—all had to be thrown aside into the bush in the scamper for life, out of the range of the poisoned arrows that harassed their retreating body. A few well-directed shots, and a courageous stand, at length caused the discomfiture of the pursuers, but not before M. Du Chaillou had been wounded in the side, and Igalu, the unlucky cause of all the disaster, but our traveller's staunchest and most intrepid friend, had been wounded in the leg. Happily, all reached the coast, in life and health, in September; and M. Du Chaillou embarked for England, where, in classic Twickenham, he has spent the intervening months in elaborating the volume which has already given entertainment to thousands, and