

nolly's account of its uniform suggests, also, that the non-commissioned officers were decorated to an extent unusual in their rank of the service, in order to entice the best artificers. For example, the corporals wore gold knots and fringes, so that in Spain they were often mistaken for field-officers, and saluted by the guards as such. By whatever means allured, it is certain that some men of uncommon mould entered the body of Sappers and Miners. At the siege of Flushing, three privates worked in the batteries in a manner which shows that the defensive energy of the Russians in Sebastopol is not without a precedent.—

"On occasions when particular parts of the batteries were broken, these men fearlessly forced themselves into the embrasures to renew the work. The firing upon them was usually heavy. To effect their purpose with less interruption, they spread across the mouths of the embrasures wet bulls' hides with the hairy surfaces to the fortress; and bearing as they did a resemblance to the newly disturbed earth, the enemy was deceived and withdrew their firing upon the work. The injured parts of the embrasures were thus restored with incredible dexterity."

Under the Duke of Wellington's command they experienced the severities of military absolutism. While in France, after the Battle of Waterloo, the great captain, incensed against one section of the Corps, condemned the whole of it to a punishment of extraordinary rigour.—

"On the 19th June, private Alexander Milne of the corps was found in a wheat-field, near Raismes, murdered! A number of the men of his company had been in the habit of breaking out of their quarters after tattoo roll-call, and spending the time of their absence in gambling. Some were said to have been playing with the deceased on the night of the murder. Strong suspicion attached to the card party, but as the perpetrator of the deed could not be discovered, the Duke of Wellington, convinced that the murderer was in the ranks of the corps, ordered *all* the sappers and miners with the army, both near and distant, to parade every hour of every day from four in the morning till ten in the evening, as a punishment for the crime; and as the order was never rescinded, it was rigidly enforced until the very hour the companies quitted France. The execution of the penalty fell with singular hardship upon one of the companies which, quartered with the division encamped near St.-Omer, was, at the time, seventy miles away from the place of the murder."

The long peace supplied them with nearly as much active employment as the long war. One of their most dramatic undertakings was the submarine destruction of the Royal George. This operation was carried on during several successive seasons, and tried the courage of divers as bold as Persians, who were hung in chains at the bottom of the sea, while they made up faggots of timber and spars. During one of these experiments a curious fact was ascertained. Corporal Jones, wearing a diving helmet, was fathoms below the surface, forcing his way through the dangerous intricacies of the wreck, when he heard a voice, singing—

Bright, bright are the beams of the morning sky
And sweet are the dews the red blossoms sip.

—A pagan Greek would have recognized the voice of "Lone Arion, piping to the seas;" an Arab would have set it down as a Water Jinn, probably about to offer him a treasure of pearls and rubies; but Corporal Jones, though he may have heard the saying, "as dumb as a diver," knew that this was the voice of private Skelton, rummaging through the dislocated hull of the Royal George for copper-sheathing, iron ballast, and brass guns. He met and chatted with him, with a weight of billows above, which checked the conversation; but, says Mr. Connolly, this was the first instance of men talking under water. The same Corporal Jones, however, had other adventures "under the cool translucent wave." Three hundredweight of lead fell upon his helmet, and prostrated him;

but he survived to show that it was possible to fight under water. Espying a valuable fragment of the wreck, he seized it like a shark. Another diver seized it also, and Corporal Jones being moved to anger, injured his antagonist more than the pig of lead had injured him. Here is matter for a ballad:—in the olden time it would not have been told in prose.

We will give one more illustration of the peculiar services required at times from the Sappers and Miners. The incident is worth a note in the history of Dublin Castle.—

"Owing to a rumour that the castle at Dublin could be entered by a subterranean passage or sewer from the Liffey, colour-sergeant Lanyon was directed to explore it. He did so, and found that a strong iron grating existed in the passage, which would effectually prevent the supposed entrance. In this duty, being much exposed to the influence of noxious vapours, he soon afterwards was seized with fever and jaundice, which shortened his days."

Mr. Connolly's ample narrative is carried on to the siege of Sebastopol; but this division of the work is more professional than the others.

Animal Life in the Alps, &c.—[*Das Thierleben der Alpenwelt. Natursichten und Thierzeichnungen aus dem schweizerischen Gebirge*]. By Friedrich von Tschudi. Leipzig, Weber; London, Nutt.

THERE are some rough lines of Heyne which ring something to this tune:—

Up the mountains will I clamber,
Mid the world of ice and snow,
And from out my airy chamber
Smile upon the fools below.

It is in a very different spirit that Herr von Tschudi ascends the Alps, and tells us of the aspects of Nature there, and of the incidents of animal life. He gives not only graphic pictures of all he sees, but admirably-limned portraits of the native bipeds and quadrupeds to be found among those everlasting hills.

The author writes with a simplicity and gracefulness that remind us of our own Goldsmith, whose 'Animated Nature' is a book less read than talked about,—and which, despite the advances made since it was written in the general knowledge of natural history, is as worthy of being still read as anything that ever fell from the pen of the same author.

Herr von Tschudi has classified his subjects with judgment, and he expatiates on and illustrates all with spirit and distinctness. He first takes us by the hand, and, conducting us through the mountain region, displays to us its general characteristics; and unfolds to us a general view which is superb for its grandeur and effects. He then discourses upon the botanical productions of the mountains; and this he does, not pedantically, but pleasantly and profitably,—in a manner attractive alike to the student of natural history and the general reader. From this he passes to the animals of every degree,—from the smallest and tamest, to the hugest and wildest, that find a home amid the mountains; and in describing these he is full of picturesque details, and abounding in illustrative anecdotes.

Of all the animals in the Alpine district the eagle seems naturally the lord, and of him some of the best stories are told. His courage is undaunted; but we believe that there is *one* thing which is a terror even to the eagle, and that is—lightning. It is, at least, well known that the eagle of the Pyrenees screams in an agony of fright when the forked lightning flashes over the heights, and that home, nest, and young are often deserted when the lightning adds new horrors to the storm. The author notices how the figure of this bird has been ever taken as the symbol of Imperial power. He might have

added, that it has sometimes been employed to denote or heighten disgrace. From a note in Saxo-Grammaticus we learn that among the English, Danes, and other Northern nations, the conquerors put to death the vanquished, by laying open the body by a wound cut in the back in the shape of eagles' wings, and by this opening the lungs were sometimes torn out by those very refined in cruelty. It was after the "Eagle torment"—the *Aquilina plaga*—that Halca was destroyed, out of revenge for the death inflicted by him on that hero who has come down to us under the name of Regner Lothbrog, or Regner of the Leatherbreeches,—the progenitor, as some very curious genealogists tell us, of the Lethbridges of Somersetshire.

The Alpine eagle, particularly the one known as the "Lamb Vulture,"—not for its gentleness,—by no means confines itself to preying upon mutton or similar fare. He is sometimes terribly disposed to taste human flesh, and not unfrequently succeeds in his attempts to procure it. Here is the author's testimony upon this fearful subject:—

In Hundwyl (Appenzell) such a daring robber carried off a child before the very eyes of its parents and neighbours. In the Silver Alps (Schwyz) an eagle seized a herdsman's child seated on the rocks, began forthwith to tear him to pieces, and dropped him into the abyss before the herdsman could drive the bird away. In Bernese Oberland, Anne Zurbuchen, a three-year old child, was taken out by her parents during the haymaking, and placed by them on the ground near a stable. The child soon fell asleep. The father covered the child's face with a straw-hat, and then went on his way to his labour. As he soon after returned with a bundle of hay, he found the child no longer there, and sought for it for a time in vain. In the mean while, the peasant Heinrich Michel passed by a wild path in the direction of the mountain brook. To his astonishment he heard a child crying. Proceeding in the direction of the sound, he speedily saw from an adjacent height an eagle rise, and for a considerable time hang poised above the precipice. The peasant hastily ascended, and found the child lying on the very edge of the cliff, with no other injury than to the left hand and arm by which it had been seized, but with the loss of socks, shoes and cap, dropped in her aerial flight. From that time the child went by the name of Eagle-Annie. In Mürren (above the Lauterbach valley) the inhabitants show an inaccessible point of rock which lies exactly opposite to their elevated mountain village. Thither, across the deep Lütschinen valley, a lamb-vulture carried a child which it had caught up in Mürren, and tore it in pieces on the ridge of the rock. For a long time after the little red frock of the luckless child could be discerned lying among the stones. On the 8th June 1838, two little children, Josephine Doler and Mary Lombard, were playing together on a smooth spot at the foot of the rock, Majoni t'Alesk in Wallis, and about 120 feet distant from it. Suddenly Mary appeared crying at the door of a neighbouring hut, where she breathlessly related how her companion, a three-year old and very weakly child, had suddenly disappeared in the thicket. More than thirty persons explored the rocks and the neighbouring precipices, and at last remarked on the edge of the former a shoe, and on the opposite side of the abyss a sock. It was only on the 18th of August that a herdsman named Franz Favolet discovered the body of the child in the upper part of the rock Lato, about half a league from the spot where the child had disappeared. The body was dried up, the clothes partly torn, partly lost. As it was impossible that the child could have crossed the abyss alone, so it must have been carried off either by a lamb-vulture or by a pair of rock-eagles whose nest was in the vicinity.

Where children are thus attacked, of course the herds and the four-footed keepers of them are not spared. Indeed with the herds-men themselves some of these birds carry on terrible contests. The struggle is not always