

From the Juvenile Souvenir.

SPUNK AND PERIL.—There is a story, and which I believe is a fact, of two boys going to a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All-Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing and equally impossible to reach that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five' are there?' replied he; then 'I'll have three.' 'Nay' exclaimed the other indignantly. 'I run all the danger, and I'll have three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not.' 'Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero, 'but I'll promise you no more than two,' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tumbled the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand and two in the other; and they finding themselves descending fluttered out their pinions instructively. The boy, too, had on a carter's frock, secured round the neck, which filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion. 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the birth of the great Scottish poet, is this year likely to be observed with much eclat, in consequence of the presence of the Ditrick Shepherd in London, and the desire of a number of the friends of Scotland and Scots literature to celebrate the event in an appropriate manner. It is a singular fact, that Hogg's birthday is the same with Burns'—viz., the 25th of January. Genius found the one at the plough, and the other at the sheepfold; and both are extraordinary examples of nature triumphing over circumstances. Several of the most popular authors in London are taking an active part in promoting this festival; and though the Scottish nobility and

gentry will be among its chief patrons there can be no doubt but that an ample proportion of English and Irish friends will join them on an occasion which reaches the feelings of all countries. Captain Burns, a son of the bard, is engaged to be of the party, and we most cordially anticipate a day of high convivial and intellectual enjoyment at the Freemason's Tavern, to commemorate the birth of this Adelphi of Scottish Poets.—[Lit. Gazette.]

TOMB OF TOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.—The tomb of toward is in the desert, about a mile from the town of Cherson (a Russian settlement on the Black Sea;) it was built by Admiral Mordvinoff, and is a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription; he himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighborhood. The English burial service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance; I suppose also from the healthiness of the situation, as it has nothing else to recommend it. toward was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him—and they were many.—[Life of Heber.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

"All are but parts of that stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

THE POISONED VALLEY.

A singular discovery has lately been made near Bataan, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society.

"It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots.—When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced: but on approaching the margin, this inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about three

ty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it and each of the party having lit a cigar managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter and another which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel hunted towards the valley and taking shelter there unconscious of its character.

While we are on the subject of discoveries, we must not omit the mention of a strange fossil forest, found near Rome by a pedestrian tourist, Dr. Weatherhead. An article in the January number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal of the sciences represents it as being forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The petrified matter is a calc-sinner, and from the layers of lignaceous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting circumstance thinks can be little doubt but that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is