

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

There has been a difference of opinion among learned men, with respect to what creature is intended by the Hebrew word which we render *quails*, Exodus xvi. 13, &c.

It would appear, however, that the quail is a bird of passage, and about the size of the turtle-dove. Hasselquist states that it is plentiful near the shores of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and also in the deserts of Arabia.

On two occasions the demands of the murmuring Hebrews were supplied with quails; and, in each case, the event is distinctly referred to the miraculous interposition of God, Exod. xvi. 12, 13; Numb. xi. 31. On the former occasion, the birds were scattered about the camp only for a single day; but, on the latter, they came up from the sea for an entire month. The great numbers of them which are said to have been provided for the people, has been regarded as almost incredible, but without sufficient reason as may be shown, without resorting to the supposition that they were created for this express occasion. Varro asserts, that turtles and quails return from their migrations into Italy in immense numbers; and Solinus adds, that when they come within sight of land, they rush forward in large bodies, and with so great impetuosity as often to endanger the safety of navigators, by alighting upon the sails in the night, and by their weight upsetting the vessels. Hence it appears, that this part of the narrative is perfectly credible; and that the miracle consisted in the immense flocks being directed to a particular spot, in the extreme emergency of the people, by means of 'a wind from the Lord,' Numb. xi. 31.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

There is no tree the sight of which excites more tender emotions in the heart than the *Weeping Willow*. It is out of place in a public walk—but looks delightful when flourishing in luxuriant beauty on the borders of some winding stream, or in some secluded spot, which has long been the asylum of solitude and tranquility. It is the emblem of sorrow and devotion, and forms a beautiful and appropriate ornament to a burying-ground. With its drooping foliage, it appears to be looking back on the past—and sympathizing with the afflicted mourner. It reminds one of the things which were—and hushes all the angry passions of the human heart.

The tree thrives well in this climate, particularly where the land is low, and the soil somewhat moist: and we regret that it is not more frequently seen in New-England. Independent of the associations which are inseparably connected with its appearance, there is no tree in our forests, which presents

an aspect more graceful and lovely, or whose branches are more umbrageous. It is said that the first weeping willow was planted in England by the celebrated poet, Alexander Pope.—He received from the Levant, a basket of figs, and observed one of the twigs, of which the basket was formed, putting out a shoot. This twig he planted in his garden. It flourished.

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye; and from this parent-stock, all the weeping willows, which are now by no means uncommon in England, have sprung.—*Merc. Jour.*

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

From a life of Sir John Moore, by his brother, recently published in London, the following extract, descriptive of the close of the battle of Corunna, and the death of Moore, is made:

“ Moore then turned to where the 50th regiment, commanded by Majors Charles Napier and Stanhope, was warmly engaged. They leaped over an enclosure, and charged the enemy, Moore exclaiming, ‘ Well done the fifth! well done, my majors!’ The French were driven out of the village of Elvina with great slaughter; but Major Stanhope was killed, and Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and made prisoner. The contiguous regiment was the 42d, to whom Moore called loudly, ‘ Highlanders! remember Egypt!’ They heard his voice, and rushed forward, bearing down every thing before them, until stopped by a wall, over which they poured their shot. He accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers he was well pleased with their conduct.—Then he sent Captain Hardinge to order up the guards to the left of the Highlanders. This order was misunderstood by the captain of the Highland light company, whose ammunition, from being early engaged, was expended. He conceived that the guards were to relieve his men, and was withdrawing them, when the General, apprized of his mistake, rectified it, by saying, ‘ My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you still have your bayonets!’ They instantly obeyed. The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely—fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Hardinge rode up and reported that the guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest. He had half raised himself, when Hardinge, having dismounted, caught his hand, and the General clasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said, ‘ they are advancing,’ his countenance lightened. Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from

the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood streaming from his wound.—Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons.—Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash; then, by the help of some Highlanders and guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off, when he said with soldierly feelings, ‘ It is well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.’ His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them. Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part and then replied, ‘ No Hardinge; I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to Gen. Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.’ He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.—* * * * * The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird, who, hearing of the disaster, which had occurred to the commander, ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, ‘ You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;’ and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating. Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Col. Anderson met him; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand and said in a low tone, ‘ Anderson, do not leave me.’ As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant, Fraugois, came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master, to console him, said, smiling, ‘ My friend, this is nothing.’ He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. they stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with un-subdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, ‘ Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will see