

self very much fatigued, ordered that they should remain for the night to rest on the gained battle-ground. As their march had been rapid, and lasted five days, in order to surprise General Wurmser, Bonaparte had left waggons and baggage behind, and ordered a distribution of rations for four days, which each soldier carried with him as well as he could. The soldier, like the sailor, cares not much for what might happen the next day; his principle is, "To-day alive and healthy, to-morrow wounded or shot; let us enjoy the present moment, be merry, and eat and drink as long as it will last." In consequence of this soldier-philosophy, there was in the whole French army a great scarcity of provisions. Bonaparte and his generals, without any retinue, were destitute of the usual means of subsistence, the soldiers soon lighted large bivouac fires, but searched in vain for food. It was exposing one to the pain of death to go in search of provisions, as the peasantry were armed against the marauders, and had already given striking proof of their military spirit. The soldiers found some water, but not being able to eat, but satisfied with their victory, they laid quietly down on the grass, their knapsacks serving for pillows, and were soon fast asleep.

As there was in the neighbourhood neither city, town, farm, nor even a single hut, Bonaparte, attended by one servant, chose a retired spot under a tree, and tried to sleep, after having made his usual tour to inspect the companies, regiments, grand guard, &c. so as to render a surprise impossible. In vain did he search for sleep, he could not. For twenty-four hours he had not found any thing to eat; his servant brought him some dirty water, which he drank with great reluctance, but no food. The servant was like his master, exhausted, weak, hungry, and scarcely able to move; he laid down under another tree, and was soon fast asleep. Bonaparte called him at various times in vain; he heard him soon snoring heartily. Not wishing to disturb him, the general stood up and directed his steps towards the nearest camp fire. There he found one single soldier awake, very busily engaged in opening his knapsack, searching with great precaution and looking carefully around him, as if fearing to be observed. As soon as he saw the general approaching, he hastily shut up his knapsack, and stretched himself on the ground, putting carefully the sack under his head, and beginning to snore lustily, as if asleep. Bonaparte, who had observed this whole manœuvre, curious to know the reason of such strange behaviour, advanced and shook the grenadier rudely by the arm, whispering into his ear, "I command you, on pain of death, to rise immediately; I wish to speak with you."

The grenadier, on opening his eyes, saw, by the rays of a sparkling fire, the well-known features of his commander, sprang up, and said to him in a whisper, "My general, make no noise, do not speak so loud, awake not my comrades, if you do I lose all."

"What a year's ration of bread which I have saved three days in my knapsack, and of this company, as hungry as myself, had I known it, how could I have divided it among myself? I wanted, therefore, that they were fast asleep, and that I might eat in peace; these crusts of bread, though I am much fatigued, but could not sleep for hunger."

"Add to this, my brave? I was just coming amongst you in search of something to put under my teeth."

"What! by a hungry, my general? Here, here, take half, take my whole ration; I am sorry you had not spoken sooner; you have saved it for me."

And in saying this he knelt on the grass, emptied his knapsack, and handed him the whole piece of bread.

"Take it, my general, you are heartily welcome to it, I feel not the least hunger any more."

Bonaparte, highly pleased, took the soldier's short sword, and cut the whole in two pieces. "Choose your share, the largest piece," said the general, "and let us eat; we are both hungry. I accept your offer on condition that you take one part, and I the other, for which I have charged you."

They separated highly pleased with each other.

The great importance of the following events had en-

ly caused the production of this grenadier from the mind of Bonaparte.

In 1805, being at the camp of Boulogne, after having passed the review of his fine guards, a sergeant of the second regiment of the Chasseurs on foot found an opportunity in the evening of the above-mentioned circumstance.

"Is it you, then, who that evening had divided your supper with your general?"

"Yes, my emperor, it was me; I am only sorry that the liquids were wanting, for both of us were very dry."

"It is true! I remember," said Napoleon, smiling. In saying this, he made a sign to Berthier, who approached. Napoleon said some words to him in a whisper, after which he advanced towards the sergeant, detaching from his button-hole the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"Tell me, how long serve you now?"

"Eleven years, my emperor, nine wounds, eight campaigns, and—"

"It's well! it's well! Have we been together in Egypt?"

"My emperor, we were a short time together in Egypt; and the best proof is, that when you came to visit the quarter of those attacked with the pest, it was I to whom you first spoke. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, certainly; I do now recollect you perfectly well. Well, my brave, it is just now that I in my turn divide with you, I have two crosses, that of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, then here, here, take this, (and thus saying he fixed his own cross, in our presence, at the button-hole of the sergeant's uniform).

"But this is not all; if sometime ago I have been the cause of thy bad supper at Roveredo, to-day I wish you should have a good dinner. Berthier will take care to let you drink my health, if perchance the liquids may not fail," added the emperor, smiling.

"Oh! certainly—my emperor—they surely are not wanting here!" stammered the sergeant.—"The liquids!—Oh!—never may they be wanted—to drink the health of—my—emperor!"—He could scarcely speak, being so greatly moved and excited.

Some hours after an aid-de-camp of Major General Berthier came in search of him, to call him to dine with Berthier. In removing his napkin he found on his plate the brevet by which he was named Knight of the Legion of Honour.—*Ward's Miscellany.*

We had not anticipated so painful an occasion as dressing our readers, as that recently afforded by the fire in Water Street. A fire in extent, destructiveness, and magnificence (happily) but seldom seen. After the blaze in the Harbour, and almost the houses in the town had been rocked by striving breezes, all parties seemed to enjoy the fineness and stillness of Monday: and that so wasting a conflagration should take place, during such a calm as existed on its eve, even allowing for the dominant and spreading properties of flame, seems nearly supernatural. Were it not for the sickening recollections of the fearful sacrifice of property—perhaps of life that was going on, one could hardly fail of enjoying feelings of the sublime, raised by such a spectacle. On that occasion the ambitious element appeared to have its own way; it mocked at the inundation of water with which it was encompassed and determinately pursued its way, nor did it is enough till it had consumed all that was, without the assistance of the wind, within its reach. And if it had had such assistance who can tell how far it would have extended its ravages? In all probability it would have swept with the besom of destruction, one or two other blocks of houses, in the most important mercantile part of the town; and a scene of desolation would have been laid before us, with which the present great as it is, is small in comparison.

When the flames, at about half past eight, had gained vent from the house of Mr. Frost, where the fire commenced, they widened their way in three directions, till various parts, and finally the whole square was involved in ferocious flame and heat: so that from the lofty in the vicinity it presented a vast and glowing pit of fire. About midnight it had risen to this height—and the heat was so intense, that merely its radiance had been sufficient to have fired the adjacent building, had it not been for the great watchfulness and diligence of the firemen, soldiers, and inhabitants, in their efforts to arrest its progress. In arresting, except as these were concerned, it is true they could do but little, yet considering their peat up situation, and exposure to heat and danger, their exertions were highly praiseworthy.

"The amount of property consumed may be estimated at £20,000.

The following list will show who have been the principal sufferers—the buildings burnt were:—

The House at the South East Corner, owned by Mr Michael Bennet—insured. Occupied by Mr. George T. Fain, whose Goods and Furniture were removed.

The Corner house above, owned by Mr. Thomas Kinross—insured. Occupied by Mr. Curzon, whose property was also removed; but, a large portion of his Goods consisting of Glassware and Crockery, a good deal, we fear, was broken—his personal property was insured.

The house adjoining Bennet's on Water Street, owned and occupied by Mr. W. H. Beach—insured—Furniture, &c. removed.

The next, owned and occupied by Mr. Casey, was insured, goods, &c. removed.

The house adjoining, where the fire broke out, owned and occupied by Mr. Frost, insured. The removal of property from this being necessarily hasty and incomplete, there must have been a good deal of loss.

The estate of Mr. W. Madden, extending from Pitt's on the lower street round to the one above, was partially occupied—by Mr. Laidlaw, merchant, (stock partly insured) by Mr. Downs, tinsman, Mr. Wier, merchant, and over his store was Mr. Cunningham's Printing office, in which the Telegraph and Post are published. Nearly all the property, saved their respective, but of course with much loss. The property was partially insured.

The next house was insured. It was occupied by Mr. Nelson, who saved his property, but who was burnt out of the adjoining Square only a few years ago.

The house adjoining, owned by J. B. Unwin, Esq. was not insured. It was occupied by Mr. Wilson, whose things were hastily removed.

The last in the mercantile catalogue, was owned by Mr. Joseph Bennet, but not insured. The occupant was Mrs. Walsh, Hackster, whose things were saved.

The loss to the Insurance Companies is over £2,000, and is thus divided:—Halifax Fire and Marine Insurance Co. £2,000; the Atlas Fire and Life Insurance Co. £1,000.

For the Pearl.  
LINES

On the Death of Miss E. H. H.

Beneath an aged willow's shade  
In sacred earth reposes  
ELIZABETH, lamented maid,  
Worthy a couch of roses.

And art thou gone! the young the fair,  
In female charms abounding,  
Music and song thy portion were,  
A mother's and a lover's care  
With faithful friends surrounding.

No more the trembling string shall sound  
By thy soft touch excited:  
No more fond hearts now press around  
By thy sweet song delighted.

Ye winds, blow soft; ye rains, fall light;  
Upon her turfy pillow:  
Ye swains and maidens, think aright  
When passing by her willow.

But, are they dead, whose virtues are  
On memory's page engraven?  
Thought, migrants in faith's celestial car,  
And fade there—though in Heaven.

Adieu, dear Girl, 'twere wrong to grieve  
As those of hope bereaved;  
Who trust in Him, that said believe,  
Shall never be deceived.

Halifax, October 1837.