

" tait en France, avant la re'volution.  
 " Rien n'etoit plus libre qu'un Fran-  
 " çois avant la re'volution. De cette  
 " liberte' simple et usuelle qui maintient  
 " les peuples en repos. L'auteur a  
 " considere' toute les classes de  
 " la société, et il n'en trouve qu'une  
 " qui ne fût pas libre, c'etoit la no-  
 " blesse."

The following description of the fate of the Mamelukes, in their flight across the Desert, before the French troops; as related by DENON in his account of the French expedition to Egypt, presents a picture from nature of the dangers of the Desert so poetically described by COLLINS in the Eclogue of "The Camel Driver." Hassan could return "to Shiraz"; but the unfortunate Mameluke was already compelled as far as nature could support him by a ruthless invader.

" I figured to myself (says DENON) the sufferings of a poor wretch, panting with fatigue, and expiring with thirst, his tongue parched, and breathing with difficulty the hot air by which he is consumed. He hopes that a few minutes will enable him to recover his strength; he stops and he sees his companions passing by, he calls on them in vain for help. The misery to which all are a prey, has banished every compassionate feeling; they proceed on their way without casting a look on him, and follow in silence the footsteps of those who precede them. They are no longer in his view; they are fled, and his benumbed limbs, already overpowered by their painful existence, refuse their office, and cannot be stimulated to action either by danger or by terror. The caravan has passed; it appears to him like an undulating line in the wide expanse, and becomes at length a mere point, and disappears altogether, like the last glimmer of an expiring taper.

He casts around him his wild and frantic looks, but he can see nothing; he turns them towards himself, and then closes his eyes to shun the aspect of the terrible vacuity by which he is surrounded. He hears nothing but his own sighs, and fate hovers over him to cut the small thread of his existence. Alone, and without a companion to do him the last offices, he is about to expire without one single ray of hope to administer comfort to his departing soul; and his corpse, consumed by the parched and burning soil, will soon become a bleached skeleton, which will serve as a guide to the uncertain steps of the traveller who shall dare to brave the fate that has befallen him!"

The fate of the Cophts, the natives of the Country, who remained was not less miserable.

" If through terror," says he " they had been compelled to quit their houses on our approach, on their return, after we were withdrawn, they could find nothing but the mud of which the walls were formed. Utensils, plough, doors, roofs, every thing, in short, of a combustible nature, had been burned for cooking and the earthen pots broken, the corn consumed, and the fowls and pigeons roasted and devoured. Nothing was to be found except the bodies of their dogs killed, in endeavouring to defend the property of their masters. If we made any stay in a village, the unfortunate inhabitants who had fled on our approach, were summoned to return, under penalty of being treated as rebels who had joined the enemy, and of being made to pay double contributions. When they submitted to these threats, and came to pay the *Miri*, it sometimes happened that they were so numerous as to be mistaken for a body of men in arms, and their clubs considered as muskets, in which case they were sure of being assailed by several dischar-