

what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old, than to take it away. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and enquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is not a doubt that he is a Marabout"—(a Saint.)

MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XVIII.

*Collected and arranged by the Duke de D * * * *.*

(Vols. First and Second.)

I have this year to record three important events: the duel of the Count d'Artois with the Duke de Bourbon; Voltaire's Journey to Paris, and the declaration of war against England.—I will commence with the Count's affair, my recital of which, will not agree with that of the Baron de Bezenval, owing to a crowd of details with which some of the members of the family alone were acquainted.

On Ash-Wednesday, in 1778, I was at Paris, going to visit the Luxembourg, which the King had given me, when Dubourget, the equerry, came in the utmost haste, bringing me a letter from Louis XVI, who, without entering into any details, enjoined me to go to Versailles instantly where my counsels were required. My curiosity was excited, and I could not resist my desire to question the equerry; but he knew nothing excepting that