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Finem imponere curis.

VIRGIL

To all their troubles now an end is put,

*Non tumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem,
Cogitat, et speciosa dehinc miracula promit.*

Not smoke from light, but light from smoke to draw,
Is th' aim of our phantasmagoria.

STORY OF CAROLINE SUMNER, *continued.*

It would be needless to recite the congratulations on the one part, and the acknowledgements on the other. It will suffice to say they were befitting the persons and the occasion. The lady of the house of course too did not fail to equip Caroline and her children from her own wardrobe, in a manner suitable to her now acknowledged rank; and as soon as every thing was ready they set forward, attended by the lady's own woman in the carriage, and Lothario's man accompanied them on horseback.

They did not, however, as it was later than expected when they set off, reach Lothario's seat that night, but put up at a village within two miles of it. Here the equanimity of mind, with which Caroline had supported both her afflictions and her prosperity, was much shaken by the intelligence gained from the mistress of the inn, of the very alarming state of health in which Lothario lay. The night was passed by her in restless anxiety, and, as soon as she considered it would be consistent with propriety to make her