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*Cum primum mihi, candidæ Nearæ
Illos sideribus pares ocellos
Ostendistis ocelluli miselli,
Illa principium fuit malorum,
Illa lux animi ruina nostri.*

BUCHANAN.

When first the glances of those star-bright eyes,
Darted love's poison to my inmost breast,
That moment was the cause of all my sighs,
That moment ruin'd all my hopes of rest.

— *Verbosa ac grandis epistola venit
A Capreis.*

PERSIUS.

"And empty words she gave and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless, idol void and vain." POPE.

Story of CAROLINE SUMNER, continued from No. 93:

How severe is my destiny, my lovely Caroline, how difficult is it for me to behave in so critical a conjuncture! said he, with a deep sigh. How much were the transports your dear letter raised in me, again damped by the command it contained. How distressing to find that you exacted from me, as a proof of my love, what would be the ruin of my love to comply with, and yet not have it in my power to convince you it would be so, without forfeiting my honour—a sacred trust, dearer than my life, and next in value to my love!

These words, instead of unfolding, rather heightened, the mystery, and Caroline, not being able to conceive any part of their meaning, desired he would be more plain. Upon which,