

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. THURSDAY, 17th JANUARY, 1822. NO. XXX.

O but man, proud man!

Drest in a little brief authority—

Like an angry ape—

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE.

Quid rides? mutato nomine,

Fœcula de te narratur.

HORACE.

If he should laugh, 'twill be on the wrong side;
An ass is but an ass, tho' clad in lion's hide.

Vae cæcis ducentibus! vae cæcis sequentibus!—ST. AUGUSTINE.

O ye blind leaders! and ye blind that follow.

LETTER IV.

Pulo Penang, May 1820.

I find I shall have time before the packet sails for Calcutta to go on with the story of Louisa's apprehension and imprisonment. I left her upon the point of being carried before Mr. Justice Tool.* When told that she must go with the honourable gentlemen to the magistrate's house, she remonstrated with them on the lateness of the hour, and entreated to be left in her own apartments were it only for that night, under the guard of a sufficient number of police officers: a request which if made in any other than in this most enlightened and happy of all British

* The first letter of this gentleman's name is very indistinctly written. It is uncertain, whether it is an F. or a T; either or both, however will do.