

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. THURSDAY, 14th FEBRUARY, 1822. NO. XXXIV.

——— But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose slightest word,  
Would barrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make each particular hair to stand an end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.      SHAKESPEARE.

*Nos patria fines, et dulcia linquimus arva,*      VIRGIL.  
Far from my native land and smiling home I go.

## LETTER V.

*Pulo Penang, July, 1820.*

MY DEAR SIR,

My last dispatch carried the story of Louisa A—— down to her departure from the house of the time-serving magistrate to whom the East India Company's agents had applied on the occasion. It was between ten and eleven at night that she was sent with a warrant of commitment for further examination, though she had not been examined at all, to the common gaol of the island, in custody of a parcel of blackguard police-officers, and, would you believe it, accompanied, as if in a triumphal procession, by the still greater blackguards at whose instance she was thus brutally persecuted. They were not content with having secured their innocent prey in their vindictive toils, but must enjoy the diabolical satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged within the bars of the prison. It was but a short