

THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. THURSDAY, 8th NOVEMBER, 1821. No. XX.

Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan.—OVID.

Let loud applauses shake the crouded Court.

They lay in wait, as he that setteth snares ; they set
a trap ; they catch men.

Jeremiah, v. 26.

Scribere jussit amor.—OVID.

'Tis love inspires my pen.

A series of letters from one of the East India Company's settlements have fallen into my hands which relate a transaction that is both interesting as a private narrative, and not uninteresting as a public lesson. It is true that in this colony, no points of similarity will be found, the country, the climate, the manners, the characters, being so different, but curiosity to know what passes in a distant part of the globe, will create a desire of minute information, which would find such food more palling, were the circumstances applicable (which a slight inspection will serve to prove they are not) to the times and persons immediately before our eyes. The matters arising from the story related, it is understood, are still pending, and waiting the ultimate ordeal of legal investigation; although in the mean time two triumphant verdicts of juries have been obtained against the East India Company, so much to the