

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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—*Rursus sub auras*

*Erigit alternos, et sidera verberat unda.* VIRGIL.

The ocean's surges beat, and tempests roar,  
Incessant, round the island's sandy shore.

*Multi extiterere qui non nasci optimum censerunt, aut quam  
citissime abolere.* PLINY.

Many are the existing abuses that ought never to have  
been allowed, and which require to be most speedily re-  
dressed.

—*Populi contemnere voces,*

*Sic solitus.* HORACE.

To outrage public decency he's wont.

—*Aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.* VIRGIL.

There's something wrong, my friends, so place no faith  
In horse or foot, as well the scripture saith.

## ACCOUNT OF SABLE ISLAND.

*From minutes made by a British naval Officer,  
belonging to an armed brig in H. M. service, who  
landed there in 1806; as promised in last number.*

SABLE ISLAND, is a small and dangerous spot  
in the ocean, lying in a S. E. by E. direction from  
the port of Halifax in Nova Scotia, about seventy  
leagues. Numerous shipwrecks have occurred  
on its inhospitable, and, till lately uninhabited,  
shores.

Along the north and south sides of the island  
are many spits of sand lying nearly parallel with