

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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————— *Pectora vertit*  
*In duram silicem* ————— OVID.

The human breast to hardest flint is turn'd.

————— *Exulet aula*  
*Qui vult esse pius* ————— LUCAN.

Let who'd be virtuous flee the courts of law.

*Quid non sentit amor.* OVID

What will not love imagine.

*Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi.* VIRGIL.

Wide open flv Olympus sacred portals  
And thus expose the gods to prying eyes of mortals.

Determined to hold up to public contempt all instances of flagrant baseness, which the fear of giving offence prevents others of the timeserving editors of papers in Canada from doing, I have yet waited rather longer than my indignation would have prompted me. in the hopes that the gross insult upon humanity, and the feelings of mankind, which I am about to brand with deserved infamy, would have called up some other castigator. The whole Augean task seems, however, at present left to me ; nor will I shrink from it. An account was given in the Quebec Mercury of the 30th July, of a poor woman just landed from Ireland, who, after lying on a wharf for part of two days and a night, actually died on the spot from the want of any place where they would admit a sick emigrant, altho' even a guin-