

# THE SCRIBBLER.

MONTREAL. SATURDAY, 27th APRIL, 1822.

SUPPLEMENT TO No. XLIV.

*Malta agendo, nihil agens.* PHÆDRUS.

Busied for ever, but still nothing doing.

*Prima dedit fruges, alimenta que mitia ferris.* OVID.

The first spring-radishes she sells, or sallad.

*O primavera Gioventù dell' anno*

*Bella madre di fiori.*

*D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori:*

*Tu torni ben, ma teco*

*Non tornano i sereni,*

*E fortunati di delle mie gioje.*

GUARINI.

O Spring! youth of the year, sweet parent of gay flowers,  
Of buds, and shooting herbs, and love-exciting hours!  
Return'd thou art indeed, but not with thee return'd  
My long-lost happy days, and nights with joy that burn'd.

I will devote this Supplement to bringing up some of my arrears with my correspondents whose favours merit insertion. I prefer giving as many of their letters as I can, in a form as nearly approaching to the originals as my plan and propriety will admit, because they exhibit both more variety and more individual character than if they were marshalled in rank and file, and embodied in dissertations of my own. To some periodical writers the very convenient articles of addresses, dates, conclusions, and spaces are a great object, as the epistolary form of writing contributes largely to fill a page; but that to me is more objectionable than otherwise, as I am rarely able to crowd into one of my weekly papers even one half of the matter on hand, which