

Aspicimur flores humano sanguine rictas.”

My friends *Lenprieure* and *Ovid* agree with me in the opinion, that the want of an *“r,”* is a typographical robbery, of which the analytical cook ought not to complain, and that the *Procustes* Minor of the *Courier*, is some youthful descendant of the *Procrustes* of *Attica*. If this be the case—tremble ye *statesmen*, *fools*, *spies*, *misers*, and *tyrants*: ye *talented* and *talentless*, *old* folks and *young* ones; ye *poor* and *rich*, ye *hoary-headed* villains and *beardless* Rogues; ye

We understand that the Members of the Volent Society of SAINT PATRICK, in this with a feeling which we highly applaud, come to the resolution of waiving, for the present year, their usual Festival Dinner, in the celebration of the sacred *seventeenth*, (which falls season on Sunday), and substituting in place of, as an offering more suitable to the day, a liberal subscription throughout the Society towards augmenting the funds of their very valuable institution. This is as it should be—

Michael Coleman, who broke Jail in this City on the night of the 27th ult. has been discovered frozen to death on a bye-road in the vicinity of Loch Lomond, about fifteen miles from Town.