

may appear in England and the United States, and any which may be published in the Colonies. The uses of the Parliamentary Register will be obvious. It will be a reference, at all times on hand, respecting all measures of importance which are discussed in the Legislature, with the course which the members took. It will comprise, in a short compass, the acts of each session.

These, we think, afford an example of what our efforts shall produce; but we have no intention of standing still; we shall endeavour to improve in each succeeding number. We trust soon to leave all defects behind,—that, from the present humble beginning, this periodical may become a standard work,—and that, some few years hence, we may look back with an honest pride and satisfaction—to OUR OPENING NUMBER.

OUR DRAWER.

WE have already spoken of the contributions which appear in the present number. In addition to these we received others, which were either too late for insertion, or were necessarily omitted from want of space. As we are anxious however, not to be behind-hand with the favors of those who are inclined to write for our columns, we shall endeavour to find room for a few of the shorter ones, in this department; and as they will be principally poetical, in every humour, grave or gay, we trust that all our readers who may wish to indulge the “laughing or the pensive mood,” will resort to “our drawer,” where they will find our correspondents always “in the vein.” The first production we take up, on the present occasion is from St. John N. B., and is termed a “Valentine,” though it has no form of address. It is rather *at* than *to*, and is a very delicate hint “intended,” the fair writer informs us in her accompanying note of explanations, “for the law-student, over the way, whose little attentions (poor child) being received without any kind of encouragement, he was silly enough to get angry at the young militia officer, with black hair, beautiful moustachios and quite a military air, who, coming to town *on duty* (!) met Mama in the Stage-coach, and was afterwards kind enough to pay *us* (?) a few visits. By the bye, Theodore, who assists to touch up these lines, intends to return next”—&c. &c. &c. Really our fair correspondent’s pen is like Caleb Quotem’s tongue, and runs on without any cessation.

She shall tell her own story in the verses; which, we presume, are to be privately dispatched on the 14th instant:

THE MOUSTACHIOS—A VALENTINE.

If Cupid, in this busy city, e’er deigns
To alight with his bright bow and quiver,
(He wouldn’t stop long because of the rain,
And the fogs that arise from the river,)
He’d be struck with the woe-begone looks of a swain,
Whose complaint seems to lie in his liver.

He once was a fine little boy of sixteen,
So nice and “purlike” and engaging,
So handy and pleasant, and witty and keen,
A war in *bon-mots* always waging;
But now—his thoughts wander to Gretna Green,
And the sound of a pun sets him raging.

Should he see a young man with a sweet Grecian
“snout,”

And black curly hair and moustachios,
Who asks, with a wink, if his “marm knows
he’s out,”

“Sadden death” from our hero’s eye flashes,
And he mutters, and hints at the bow string and
knout,

While his grinders he constantly gnashes.

Should you go to a popular lecture some night,
(A thing which I’m sure is no evil;)
And suppose it bad walking, and not very light:
Should Theodore chance to be civil,
He rages, and fumes, and is ready to fight,
Or tells you to go to the devil.

In short, he has grown so moon-struck of late,
That if Cupid should see the poor “creetur,”
He’d certainly pity his desperate state,
And tell the poor youth how to treat her;
Says he—“My good fellow, if I was ‘you, fair,’
I’d add a *moustache* to the feature.”

From the brogue of the last two lines, we are to suppose that Cupid is an Irishman; (Good heavens! that last slip will establish our own descent from the “Green Isle;”) however, we don’t care whether the god of love be a Milesian or not: if he be, it accounts for many of his wildest pranks, and for the general reputation which he bears, of being “a very sad dog.”

The next contribution “our drawer” yields, is in a graver and more pensive strain, and though never brilliant in idea, and sometimes insipid in