

of zest to a lobster salad, and I can assure you that it is quite equal to the former essays of the most genuine humourist which British North America can boast of. The volume abounds with quiet wit, and the fun, if not quite so broad as what we meet with in the preceding efforts of the ermined son of Momus, is not a whit less sterling. No one can say with truth, of the venerable *Ji*, that:—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage!"

**LARD.**—Sam was aye a choice pet o' mine, and I am blythe that he has na' fallen into the bog o' dotage! Can you conveniently gie us a flower frae the posie?

**DOCTOR.**—The following sketch of before and after marriage, is in the clock-maker's happiest vein:—

"Boys and galls fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they hope! Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; it's such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more, I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married, his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare, he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs, but fly to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo forever, and will let her will be his law; sartainly wont want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter, like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two shall be these has-been lovers. His dress is untidy and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes gets on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses, he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles; and her shoes are a little, just a little down in the heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and lets her go to bed alone; and she cries! the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stungy too, lately. He sais house-keepin' costs too much, raps out an ugly word now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he aint swearin'; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact!"

But really we must now to supper. [*Exeunt.*

#### AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

**DOCTOR.**—As we have not succeeded in procuring type, I can give you no diagram this month, but I have prepared a few remarks, with three enigmas for the amusement of our readers. I intend to follow the plan adopted by English journals, and give no solution to these enigmas, unless particularly requested to do so. I have also prepared my musical chit chat, and you will find a rather grave song—words and music by —. [*Doctor reads.*]

#### CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

##### CHESS SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURG.

It was only within the last few months that a Chess Society or Club was formed in the capital of the Russian Empire. In Russia, no societies or institutions, no matter for what object, can be formed without the special permission from the Government, and this permission has hitherto been rigorously withheld in almost every case where application has been made. It is gratifying, however, to find that at last the Emperor has been pleased to permit the organization of a chess club entitled "Société des Amateurs d'Echecs de St. Petersburg." This club numbers in its ranks some of the first nobility of the empire, and is governed by three directors, the Baron de Meyendorff, Lieutenant-General de Kluepfell, le Comte General Korechelloff Beshorodko, and a perpetual secretary, viz., M. C. F. de Jaenisch (Conseiller de la Cour Imperiale, &c.).

One of the first and most important measures taken into the consideration of this society is the anomalies and absurdities which at present disfigure and render ridiculous the laws of chess. At a meeting of the members, it was resolved that their secretary (M. C. F. de Jaenisch) be requested to draw up a new code of laws for their society. "Profoundly versed in all that relates to the practice and theory of chess, and conversant—almost above all other men—with its history and literature, Mr. Jaenisch, there can be little doubt, will produce a digest of the chess laws calculated to win the sanction, and become the guide, not only of his own countrymen but of chess-players throughout the world.

##### CHESS AT SEA.

A game of chess was played by signals between the ships *Barham* and *Wellesley*, on their last homeward voyage from Calcutta to London. This is interesting, as being probably the first game ever conducted under similar circumstances.

##### CHESS AT PRESENT.

It has been remarked, that, although chess-players and clubs have abundantly increased throughout the world during the last quarter of a century, yet we see nothing at all approaching the excellence of play of former years.

##### DEATH OF M. KIESERITZKY.

We regret to announce the death of M. Kieseritzky, a gentleman long holding a distinguished position in the chess world.

##### CHESS ENIGMAS.

###### No. 1. By N. M. T.

**WHITE.**—K at Q B 4th; R at Q Kt sq.; Kt at K R 5th; P's at Q 2nd, and Q B 5th.