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## A STORY OF EGYPT'S PYRAMIDS

My wish of many years was gratified—I stood by the marvelous Pyramids of Egypt.

As I laid myself, tired and weary, upon Egyptian soil, my thoughts went back to the old friends in America, and I wondered how THE CHESS JOURNAL was flourishing, and if friend Lloyd had proved the Moon was made of chess instead of cheese, and who was going to win the magnificent prizes offered in the Centennial Prize Turney. As I thus happily mused I was startled by a voice, ghostly in its tone, proceeding from the interior of one of the Pyramids.

The dialect was Egyptian, and translated was as follows: "Stroller, stroller, enter in; I have divined all that is passing in your mind. I am desirous of testing the skill of a player of the latest century against that of the earliest age." A spell was upon me; I could not resist. I entered the interior of the Pyramid. At first I saw nothing; but when my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I observed a movement among the mummies, and HORROR OF HORRORS, one slowly arose from its recumbent position, and advanced towards me, the musty cloths in which it was bound unwinding and dropping off, and, in a moment's time, an Egyptian in the most gorgeous attire of the early days of antiquity, stood before me. He again spoke: "I am King Ptolmey, the Chess Champion of the earlier ages; we will now see if the latest ages can vanquish me." A board and antiquated set of chess-men, such as I had fortunately become accustomed to in the museums of Europe, appeared before me. The King took the black men and assigned me the white, and nodded to me to proceed. How many hours, days, or weeks elapsed in this marvelous game is beyond my power to determine. I played as if inspired. King Ptolmey's pieces moved without his touching them, and thwarted me in every combination I made,

and vice versa. At last the King moved, and in stentorian tones announced the game as "drawn beyond redemption; the two ages are equals, and I retire to my rest of many ages again contented."

"Hold! Hold!" I exclaimed, "wondrous coincidence; here is a *Pyramidal problem*, and I announce mate in nine (9) moves." "Impossible," he uttered; but I answered, "I will demonstrate it to you beyond doubt." I proceeded to do so. On my first move he objected, saying he never heard in all his days of the rule of——? I replied, "that is an improvement of the later ages—we are not playing in your age."

"I am vanquished" were his last words, and disappearing so suddenly I was deprived of my senses. When I regained my reason I found I had been in a profound slumber in my sitting room, with THE AMERICAN CHESS JOURNAL before me, open at page 112, No. 79, where, before Morpheus overtook me, I had been studying in vain the "Problem from the pages of History," of how a Knight and two Rooks could mate a King in the middle of the board, but I will close by giving the readers of the JOURNAL the Dream Problem, and let them solve what rule of chess King Ptolmey never heard of, and how White mates him in nine moves.

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