

silver. This continued some time ; and not only Rosces, the Mauro, the Beneventano Domenico de Leonardi (not the Puttino), and others now contended constantly with Paolo, but I, too,—I—Salvio, entered likewise the lists ; being then a young player of promise, and receiving like the others a Pawn as odds. Anon, a curious adventure befel the great Syracusian at Milan. He there chanced to engage in a certain Chess-match with one, a stranger, who at first was the gainer ; upon which, our Paolo, not being able otherwise to divine the reason, ascribed the matter justly to necromancy, and pronounced certain prayers before renewing the fray ; which orisons were duly efficacious, as Boi then came off the winner. Finally, the very last time, I, Salvio, played Chess myself with Paolo, he rendered me no odds whatsoever ; and it so

chanced, that during one very complicated and difficult game, he saw that he could forcedly win my Queen in five moves ; I observed this also, but further remarked that in two moves more, I could also force his Queen in exchange for a Rook, and come off with a drawn game. And so, even as I have said, was the stroke played out ; Paolo gravely observing thus :—“ Youth hath greater capacity than age. Thou, O Salvio, art in the very flower of life ; for me, I am about seventy years of age, and will therefore henceforth tranquilly repose upon mine already acquired honors.” Three days only after this, it came to pass that Paolo the Syracusian died, being poisoned by his servant for the sake of his money. Paolo Boi was then buried with all due honors at the church of San Luigi, near unto the Palazzo Reale.

---

### MY UNCLE'S DISCOVERY.

---

BY J. WHITE.

(From *The Recreationist.*)

Originally published in Jan and Feb, 1873 in "The Recreationist"



N excellent specimen of a fine English gentleman was my uncle William. His father had intended to educate him for the legal profession, and his studies in that direction had actually been in progress for a couple of years when it was suddenly stopped. Death had taken away the old gentleman, and William, not caring much for hard study, retired upon the patrimonial estate, became the esquire of the district ; and being naturally generous was much beloved by the inhabitants.

Many were the pleasant evenings I spent at the mansion of my uncle ; to me he was indeed, the “best of uncles.” In his younger days he had learnt Chess, but from his disposition you would gather he would only learn enough for his amusement. Had you proposed to play him a hard match you would not only have been “declined with thanks,” but torn to pieces logically, and confined to forgetful-

ness in his “waste paper basket” of declined visitors.

But you would be quite mistaken to suppose that this would be done maliciously ; it would be only one of his eccentricities. I often wonder how he commanded patience and perseverance enough to teach me the rudiments of the game, but as I before remarked, I was always a favorite and sometimes his humor took the form of sly hinting I had been an apt pupil.

Those evenings on which he taught me, the indispensables were an easy chair, a pipe, bottle of port and slippers.

Often the recollection of the smile of complacency which used to follow his explanations and illustrations of what he considered difficult points, calls back those evenings vividly as if but just now concluded. To object to his manner would, under the circumstances, have been most cruel. Still for my own amusement I would sometimes introduce disputed points as topics, merely for the pleasure of hearing the humorous manner in which he would dispose of the difficulties which had occupied the attention of the best players of the time ; and in all these instances he would wind up with, “The logic, my boy, can't be beaten !”

Often when a note of a sarcastic character, evidently conveying pleasantry, was shown him, penned by the witty editor of the "City papers," he would argue for hours the editor must be wrong and not so fit for his post as editor as himself. He would then order a supply of the "City Papers" and distribute them among any chess players he fell in with.

Another of his Chess foibles was in the matter of the "dummy pawn." He felt competent to decide the matter in five minutes if the Chess celebrities would only let him. "If," he would argue, "you are allowed to reap the greatest advantage to yourself for advancing a pawn to the eighth square, and circumstances favored your claiming it to remain a pawn, why on earth should you not do it? Even further, if you required another *king*, what is to prevent your having one?" and then he concluded as usual with, "the logic, my boy, can't be beaten!"

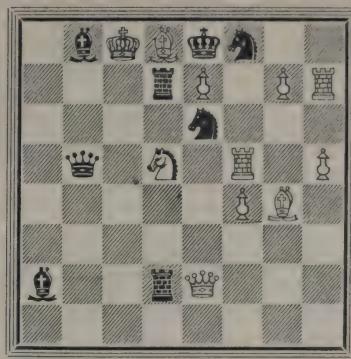
But that which renders my uncle's name immortal, is his *discovery*. Against the best Chess authorities he would solemnly maintain that such a thing as a "triple check" *did* exist and he would prove it! How many bottles of port were consumed, how many times his social pipe was filled, and how many evenings were spent in looking for that which must at last have come like a flash of wit, will never be known. Several evenings my company was declined, and I felt sure that something uncommon was in the wind.

One evening as I was enjoying myself at a party, a note was placed in my hand by a servant. The contents were in my uncle's handwriting desiring my company instantly. I apologized to my friends for my sudden departure, and proceeded direct to the mansion. On the threshold my uncle met me, and taking my hand he squeezed it very hard, saying, "Eureka, my boy, Eureka!" and led me into the room.

Wondering what he had found to put him in such evident high spirits, a glance at the chessboard showed me that it was in connection with some Chess subject he required my presence at that time.

Never shall I forget the gusto with which he delivered his remarks, and from his manner it was clear to me that to object at that critical moment was equal to provoking the threat, "I'll cut you off with a shilling." I had no alternative but to sit down and ponder over the position set up, which I will call

### MY UNCLE'S DISCOVERY!



The conditions were, "White to move and mate himself in five moves by 'The Triple Check!'"

How long I should have pondered over this absurdity (to me) I do not know; in my experiments at its solution I was evidently on the wrong scent. My uncle extorted the promise that I should acknowledge the truth of his discovery, and added he would show me in such away that "the logic, my boy can't be beaten!"

Never shall I forget the look of self-satisfaction which beamed in my uncle's countenance as he commenced to unravel his triple check mystery. After the first two moves his glance seemed to inquire if I were satisfied so far. I replied that no objection could be raised to the moves made which were—

1. R takes Kt ch
1. Kt takes R
2. Kt to B 6 ch
2. K to B 2

"My next move requires a slight explanation," continued my uncle, "I require the square occupied by the black Kt to be blocked up, and I, therefore, play,"

3. Kt P takes Kt remaining a "dummy"
3. K takes Kt *must*, and he thundered out the *must*, as if a victory had been achieved.

I could not refrain asking a few questions relative to the "dummy" business and my uncle did at last acknowledge that claiming a knight or bishop effected the same object, "but it is my pleasure that I claim a pawn," he said almost sternly, and as I could not beat *that* logic, I allowed his solution to proceed.

4. Q to K 6 ch.
5. B takes Q

A pause, followed by a look, which seemed to imply that I must now be pre-

pared for something out of the common, here ensued. My uncle's finger bent over the King's pawn, indicating that in *that* direction lay the solution of his mystery. Still no ray of light penetrated my clouded brain, and it was not until I had entirely given up the probability of finding this the last move, that my uncle announced it; it was totally unexpected.

5. P to K 8, claiming a King ! and discovering check.

"What way has Black out of his check?" remarked my uncle before he gave me time to utter a word of remonstrance, and nothing but a direct answer to his question would satisfy him. Undoubtedly there were but two only, and for black I played—

5. R to K 2, covering the check.  
"What have you done to white now?" he

demanded, "I will reckon it up for you. The old king suffers a discovered check, *one*; the new king suffers a discovered check, *two*; the same king is directly checked by the rook, *three*; hence you have your *triple* check and both kings are mated."

I could not deny the truth of this reckoning up, however unsatisfactorily (to me) it had been brought about. To all my interrogations and remarks, my uncle had ever the same answer, "the logic my boy can't be beaten." "If," he added, "you had captured bishop with rook, the same result would have been brought about."

It was prudent for the present to agree with his result, and I awarded my uncle great praise for his discovery, and for the ingenious position he had composed to illustrate it.

#### PRINCE LEOPOLD ON CHESS.

As the Duke of Albany is at present the theme of conversation in all circles where *The Guardian* circulates, we take this opportunity of publishing a Guild Problem *specialty* composed for this issue of *The Guardian*, and dedicated to H. R. H., and of remarking that it is not generally known H. R. H., is a Chess player, that he was once president of an University Chess Club, has given his patronage to several Chess works, and spoken publicly upon the merits of the game.

At the 55th anniversary of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, some years ago, Prince Leopold presented the prizes. There were 160 prize winners, and amongst them was Miss L. Rhymer, who received quite an ovation when she came forward to receive the prize for Chess. As an epilogue to the proceedings the royal visitor wound up with an excellent speech, from which we quote the following:—"I notice that in what is called the Miscellaneous Department of your curriculum you provide instruction in the game of Chess. This is not the most obviously practical of your subjects, but it has struck me that even those, if any there be, who desire to limit their education to this branch alone, may learn some not unimportant lessons of life from the manner in which you teach it. Particular attention, I see your programme says, is paid to the study of the openings. Now is it not true that in life, as in Chess, it is often the opening, and the opening only,

which is under your control? Later in the game the plans and wishes of others begin to conflict unpleasantly with our own. Sometimes it is as much as we can do to avoid being checkmated altogether. But for the first few moves we are free. We can deploy our pieces to the best advantage; we can settle on the action which best suits our power; and we sometimes find it will repay us to sacrifice a pawn or a piece so as to gain at once a position which will give us a decided advantage throughout the whole game. Does not this, too, remind us of early life? Must we not often be content to sacrifice some pawn of present pleasure or profit to gain a vantage ground which may help us to success which self-indulgence could never have won?"—*Preston Guardian*.

By G. J. Slater—Bolton.  
Especially dedicated to H. R. H. the Duke of Albany.



Mate in three.

Further Comments on the story from "The Recreationist", Feb, 1873

Our esteemed contributor, R. W. Johnson, is the only one who found the solution to "My Uncle's Discovery." For the instruction of those who considered it impossible to discover, we give Mr. Johnson's *modus operandi* of solving the puzzle. He writes—

"I felt convinced the old gentleman had been taking advantage of the chess law which enacts "that every pawn on reaching the eighth square of the board must be immediately exchanged for a queen or *any* other piece the player may think fit;" and that this little word "*any*" was at the bottom of the mystery."

"Now a triplo check may be effected in two ways—first by exchanging the pawn for a new king, and secondly by substituting one of the adverse pieces which shall give check, for the pawn advanced to the eighth square."

"Actual experiment upon the position given, convinced me it must be effected by the first method, and it was not long before I could ejaculate also, "Eureka, I have it!"

Mr. Johnson accompanies his remarks with an ingenious position of a "quadruple check," a step in advance of my uncle, and we believe his position to be superior, because more correct, than that of the old gentleman's.

