

skill got cold. Swimming is a pleasant pastime ; but it is not so agreeable to be dipped in the water, and then kept waiting on the brink until eleven others have gone through the same operation. Messrs. FOX and DERRY played off at the end, and here was something worth seeing. We have already given the result.

The joust last evening was between MR. KAVANAGH, of New-York, and Mr. FOLEY, of Cincinnati—two noted professors. So much interest was taken in the event that at an early hour the hall was crowded with amateurs, artists and others interested in the game. Many were there, too, from simple curiosity—among the most prominent of this class being Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose appearance was hailed with repeated bursts of applause. The hall, we may here add, has been fitted up in amphitheatrical fashion, so that all the spectators have a good view of the table and the players. The game was the four-ball carom, the score being the nice little number of fifteen hundred points. Mr. FOLEY played with the spot ball, Mr. KAVANAGH with the plain.

The players are both young men, with broad mathematical heads and firmly-knit figures. They would be well matched in other things beside billiards. Until 9 o'clock the play was decidedly slow, and inferior in all respects to what one can witness at any billiard saloon where good playing is customary. This is proved by the score, which at 9½ o'clock stood thus: FOLEY, 224; KAVANAGH, 111. Some fine shots were made by both players, and hailed with applause by the spectators. An audience so appreciative, intelligent and critical would be invaluable in any art exhibition; it is a pity it can only be found for billiards. From 9 o'clock until 12, (when our reporter retired,) the play rapidly improved and was frequently so excellent that the house reverberated with applause. Runs of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty were made by the players, who kept together toward midnight. These runs at a carom game indicate good, but not great play. The greatest number ever made at the game in a single run was 114—a pile heaped up somewhere in the country by an industrious player. Mr. FOLEY came near rivaling this, having scored just before 12 o'clock 99 on one run, and 94 on another. A little later. The reckoning then stood, (without the last run :) FOLEY, 674; KAVANAGH, 671. Notwithstanding this aspect of affairs, the betting was still in favor of the latter. The game was not expected to terminate until 3 or 4 o'clock this morning. Our latest advices from Irving Hall indicate that FOLEY was 200 ahead.

THE GREAT BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

Return Match for 1,500 Points—Foley 200 Ahead.

History has failed to record the largest "run" made by CALIGULA, who is said to have played billiards; or to mention whether CATULLUS "scratched" in his nervous anxiety to get the better of his opponent. In an emergency, like the present, it would be gratifying to the reporter to draw a comparison between the ancients and the moderns to the disadvantage of the former, and the glorification of the four-ball game. Under any circumstances we can afford to pooh pooh the Romans, for the four-ball game is certainly an invention of the Western World. The Crusaders—those tremendous heroes who turn up on every possible occasion, and swagger through the middle ages as if they (the ages) belonged to them—cut their lances into cues, and became billiard sharpeners when all else failed. A billiard-room must have been a pleasing sight in those days, with its suits of armor hanging on pegs, and its overwhelming odor of stable. The conversation of the players dashed with the chivalric oaths, which were then in vogue, must also have added a charm to the entertainment. Well might the proprietor tremble when an irate knight sulkily twisted a link from his chain to pay the shot, and after kicking the marker, stalked into the street seeking whom in the shape of a Jew he might devour. The Jews, as far as we have been able to learn, were never greatly attached to the game, although it is said to have come from the East. The circumstance is remarkable, when it is remembered that there are no fewer than six pockets in a billiard table, and that something is put in all of them during a good game, and frequently with two others that are not attached to the mahogany. The monks and priests, it is said, picked up the game, as they did many other things, and preserved it for the present generation. It is now one of the leading amusements of City life, and may fairly claim to afford more exercise to the young men of New-York than any other recreation. Our forefathers played bowls and smoked long pipes; our sward is as green as theirs but it is made of cloth, and instead of pipes we eat one end of a cigar and burn the other. Perhaps theirs was the healthier of the two games, but pressed on all sides by brick and mortar, Young America has done the best it could, and has certainly succeeded in producing some of the finest players of the world.

The contest now in progress at Irving Hall is between picked professionals, whose skill is beyond question. Theoretically, their play is supposed to illustrate the profoundest mysteries of the game; practically, it has so far hardly answered this expectation. The opening game on Wednesday, for twelve players, was neither remarkable for skill nor liveliness. Each player had to wait so long for his turn that his