

unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favorable opportunity to seize his prey; during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect, and turned over his shoulder.—The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof under his under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second repulse, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning in a most lamentable manner. The horse was afterwards shot.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE TANDEM RACE.

There is a valley in ———, which we will not specify. It is bounded on the left hand by high and rugged mountains, cultivated to about one-third part of their elevation in grain fields, and rough upland pastures, and above these covered still with the dense foliage of the primeval forest. Hills of a moderate height, waving with grass and grain to their very summit, and dotted here and there with patches of natural wood, shelter it on the right, as you drive eastward, from the chill blasts blowing direct from those Hyperborean realms, beyond Canada.

This vale, which varies from one mile to five in breadth, runs nearly twenty miles from the head waters of its clear rapid stream, in any other land than this a river, to its outlet in the Hudson. It has within itself, between its boundary chains, every variety of earth, of wood, of water. Here, its surface undulates gently, knoll following knoll, with many a murmuring brook between, in beautiful succession; here it lies level, as a sheet of water, from the foot of one hill ridge to the base of the chain opposite, a wide gentle tract of rich green meadows; and here again shoot up, from the level of the stream, tall peaks, and isolated sugar loaves, rock-ribbed and rock-crested, and cloth'd from head to foot with oak, and hickory, and chestnut.

Amid blue lakelets lie embosomed in its green recesses, with lone farm-houses, each nestled in its grove of locusts, or its luxuriant orchards, jutting out on some small peninsula into the serene waters.

Quick rivulets rush down the hill sides, and gully their stern flanks, torrents when swollen by the melted snows of winter, and gurgle in the summer time over their pebbly beds, crossing the road at every mile or two, and traversed, now by low one-arched bridges, now at bright rippling fords, in which, if you are quick-sighted, you may see the rapid trout glancing away into their mossy lairs, before the feet of your keen trotters.

In a word, it is a valley of valleys.

And through it, parallel with its lovely river, though, at times, when the Naiad becomes too boisterous in her glee, and shoots from some satyr-haunted oak knoll at a curve too devious, it crosses the laughing waters, there runs a road as excellent, as that known to all sportsmen as the Third Avenue.

It is not quite so wide, nor quite so level; but it is built of the natural limestone, firm yet elastic, solid yet springy; broad enough at its narrowest place for three wagons to run easily abreast; kept always in good order; traversing as lovely scenery as any in America; and last, not least, dotted along its margin by those delightful resting places, ye olde country inns, where you can procure every comfort that the rational traveller can desire, not forgetting the qualifying

drop, which renders even cold water palatable, and makes the whole world kin."

Well! over this valley, and upon this road, the broad full moon of an early month in autumn was pouring down a flood of yellow light, making every object nigh at hand as clear and distinct as in the sunniest day time; although there was a sort of twinkling haze over the middle ground of the picture, and a thin gauzy mist clinging to the mountain's side, which blended all the asperities and softened all the harder features of the scenery.

It had been a very hot noon-day, yet the evening air was chilly. A long sinuous line of ghost-like vapor lay to the left of the road, marking the course of the river, where it was a little way distant; but, where the highway ran along its marge, you might see the thin mist smoking up from its foam-marbled waters, like steam from a boiling caldron.

In fact, it had frozen sharply on the previous night, and it was clear enough to all the weather-wise, that there would be another smart frost before morning.

The woods, and the wild forest, indeed, on the upper slopes of the hills, and on the mountain tops, had not yet changed in a single hue of their deep green verdure, and the willows of the dale were still in their full flush of summer foliage; but all the other deciduous trees in the swamps and along the river bottom, were changed into all gorgeous colors by the sharp night frosts, which chilled the dense air of the valley, while they had no effect on the purer atmosphere above the hill tops.

The maples had been crimson as the hectic flush on consumptive beauty's cheek, and were now rapidly becoming leafless; the hickories were changed by nature's alchemy into masses of leafy gold, and every several shrub and tree had its distinctive garb of autumnal beauty.

There was not a cloud in the azure firmament, and the stars were out in myriads, and tens of myriads, gommimg the canopy of heaven with lights of diamond purity.

There was not a breath of wind in the sweet valley, not a leaf quivered on its stalk, not a blade of grass trembled in the meadows. The heavy dews fell silently around; and not a sound was to be heard, save the incessant chirrup of the night revelling katydid, the long-drawn hooting of a pair of responsive owls, answering their melancholy call from opposite hill tops, and now and then, at distant intervals, the protracted howl of some sleepless watch-dog, baying the silver moon.

A distant clock, in a small manufacturing town among the hills, had just struck eleven, when the sharp clatter of many hoofs, and the rattle of wheels, coming up the road from the direction of the river, at full speed, woke all the echoes of the mountain gorges. Then a loud cheerful whoop came ringing up the valley, and a free, hearty laugh.

The road, at the point where this occurred, was for a mile or two nearly level; but at the end of this it entered into a little maze of spurs and knolls, projecting from the mountain chain, which here edged down the river, and wound among them to and fro at short and abrupt angles.

To the east, or river-ward, a steep ridge bounded the prospect, across the brow of which the road passed, cutting clear against the blue sky.

Over this ridge, had there been any person standing in the valley at this moment, he might have seen, first one and then a second vehicle, wheel up into strong relief for a moment, and then disappear again in the shadows which clothed the slope; though still the sound, the carriages themselves no longer visible, would have informed him that they were rapidly approaching.

But, as it happened, there was no person moving in the valley within a mile's distance; and in the very farm-houses which lined the road at intervals, the lights were all extinguished, and the inmates sound in their second slumbers.

By and by, with a loud shout of the driver to his horses, down rattled the first carriage into the level ground. It was a dark green dog-cart on two very high wheels, pinked out with black and scarlet. The driving-seat was so high as to admit of the dragsman's standing nearly erect while driving, and so having full command over his horses. It had a patent-leather apron drawn up over the knees of the two persons who sat in it, and from under this peeped out the rich fur of a handsome grisly-bear-skin, which the cold of the autumn night rendered anything rather than uncomfortable.

The horses were two in number, rigged tandem fashion, in very light black harness, with covered buckles, and brass mountings. The pair was admirably matched, being dark copper-colored chestnuts, each with three white stockings, two behind and one before, and a white blaze down his face. Their pace, moreover, was identical, being several seconds under three minutes, as they came along the flat, perfectly fresh, with their ears pricked knowingly, and their square docks well up, at a beautiful round slashing trot, without a particle of *darting* in the action of the fore-legs, or the least roll behind.

Their driver, who was a well built, rather handsome man, of some twenty-eight or thirty years, with short black curly hair, and a keen quick eye, sat very firmly in his seat, with his legs braced hard against the foot-board, holding the prads together, and pulling against them with almost all his strength, his arms being extended in a right line from his shoulders, and ribbands as taut as if they had been iron wires.

He drove on snaffle bits, with martingales; and the horses, at the top of their speed, carried their heads low and ungracefully, not much, indeed, above the level of their withers, although the pace at which they whirled the light dog-cart over the level road was prodigious.

A long, straight whalebone-stocked whip, with a heavy lash, stood upright in the socket at his right elbow, but he drove without its aid, his team bearing dead upon the bits, and pulling themselves the harder, in proportion as he himself pulled harder against them, and increasing their stroke at every shout or yell, which he gave out with a deep sonorous voice.

His companion was rather younger than himself, and much handsomer, though very effeminate looking, with a profusion of long curly hair, of a dark auburn hue, neatly trimmed whiskers, rather an aquiline nose, and a bright blue eye.

His dress was excessively coxcombical, consisting of a sort of huzzar cap, of rich sea-otter skin, and a blouse, or loose frock of dark snuff-colored cloth, worn above his other clothes, with a broad cape of the same fur as his cap. He had long boots of patent-leather, lined with fur, reaching to his mid-thigh, and fur gauntlets on his hands, reaching nearly to his elbows.

The air of this young man was as jaunty as his dress; and his hair, or his dress, was so strongly perfumed, that it positively tainted the pure night air as they passed along. But if his dress was coxcombical, and his air jaunty, what must be said of his voice, his accent? They were both—do you know it, gentle reader? If not, it can scarcely be conveyed by description—they were both the most exaggerated models of the tone of a young man very much about town—in London be it understood—partaking at once of the lisp, the clip, and the

drawl—affected beyond all measure, but admirably adapted to the character and appearance of the man; irresistibly entertaining, and in this instance, as is often the case, combined with much readiness of wit, and real humor, as well as with a manner of enunciating even common-places, so as to provoke inextinguishable laughter.

"Hold them there, Ned. Hold them exactly there," said this worthy, to his friend who tooled the drag—"and I'll take one to ten, Harry does not touch us, 'till we reach the Hall."

"I don't know that, baronet," said the other, gaily, with a slight emphasis on the word baronet, as if it were spoken half in jest. "As you say, it may come off *once in five* that I beat him, but that's a slashing team of his, I tell you; and, for all his English notions about driving, which I don't go, I can't name any one that can handle a tandem much more neatly than Harry Archer, especially in broken ground, short turns, or a very crowded street."

"Well, this is level and straight enough for you, I hope," said the other. "I never saw anything straighter or smoother in my life, except the Beacon Course. That leader 'll break, for a thousand! if you let him rake in that style."

"Hark! hark! here comes Archer."

And as he spoke, a superb silver-gray thorough bred, full sixteen hands in height, with his ears laid down flat in his neck, and his long bang tail floating at full length behind him, shot along side. He had no blinkers, and his white plaited reins and head-stall, scarcely thicker than a pipe-stem, his light Dutch collar, pad and traces of russet, mounted with white patent leather, and bright steel terrets, rings and crests, were scarcely perceptible, so little did they differ from the color of his glossy and glistening hide.

His action was superb, a long slinging, easy gallop, about one-half his speed, perhaps; for he had won cups in his day, and was not an easy one to beat at four miles and repeat; though his present owner, regardless of expense, had taken him out of training, to minister to his own more immediate pleasures.

Scarce was the gray abreast of the wheel-horse, before he had passed him and collared the leader; while in his rear, up came Archer's wheeler, a beautiful coal-black cob-built horse, of some fifteen two, high crested and high stepped, and not far short of thorough-bred either; as any connoisseur might have pronounced, without looking at his pedigree, by the small head, broad-browed and basin-faced; the full, wild deer-like eye; the large round nostril; the fine set of the neck on the withers; the skin of satin; and the large cord-like veins, filled, as it would seem, almost to bursting with the blood of a generous race.

The wheeler had no blinkers either, and his harness was of the same fabric and fashion, except that it was all plain jet black, the crests and mountings being of dark blue steel.

The effect of the different colored harness, adapted to the colors of the different horses was very singular, but the taste was admirable; and the most fastidious eye could have found no fault either with the turn-out, the horses, or the dragsman.

The wheeler trotted, in the true style of the English school of tandem driving, so fast that the leader was compelled to keep at a short hand gallop, in order to straighten his traces; and the different pace of the horses, agreeing so well with their different race and character, could not fail to attract attention, as something singularly striking and original.

The tandem-cart, which rolled almost noiselessly at the heels of the black trotter, was of white cane work, with an exquisitely wrought carriage of the same color, picked out with dark chocolate, in