

main body, he throws the lasso with almost unerring aim round the hind legs of his victim. In an instant he turns his steed, and with a sudden jerk pulls the feet of his captive from beneath him, and it falls on its side. Before it can recover the shock, the hunter dismounts, wraps his cloak round the animal's head, and forces into its mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on its back, and, bestriding it, removes the covering from its eyes. The astonished animal springs on its feet, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber itself of its enslaver, who sits quite composedly on its back, and soon reduces it to complete obedience."

"That is decidedly better than the Tartar mode, Uncle Thomas; but I think you once told me of a man who could tame the wildest horses by merely speaking to them: that was more wonderful still."

"It was so, Frank. You refer to the case of James Sullivan, the Irishman, I suppose; and,