

near so large a shooting party during the day, or that, if they had, no tracks should have been discovered. Stories were related by some of wild-cuts, and other fierce animals, large numbers of which had once been inhabitants of these woods. The night was dark and drizzly, and towards morning we all became completely disheartened. At length some one suggested that, as the waterfall (which we before mentioned) was but half a mile from the place of halt, and the banks high and precipitous, poor Tim Collins might have wandered thither and fallen over. When persons are thus at bay, an opinion possessing any degree of plausibility is generally concurred in. Such was the case in the present instance, and the whole party immediately set off for the falls. The weather cleared up as we were on the way, and the sun shining brilliantly was received as an omen that Tim would be found, if not with a whole skin, at least "in the land of the living." We reached the bank, therefore, in comparatively good spirits. It was a spot which seemed only to want a connection with some legend of death to render it a place of pilgrimage to travellers. The stream was narrow, but the noise of the fall was sufficient to prevent any other sound from being heard. The high and very steep banks were, in most places, covered all the way up with tall spruce and birch, with which were here and there mingled a few trees of other kinds. The course of the stream, both above and below the fall, immediately changed,—and the banks, with their lofty trees, appeared, to form the circumference of a circle, the centre of which was the fall, with the basin into which the water fell. At the very steepest part of the bank there were but few trees. To this place one of the party went, and having

looked over, came back to the rest, who were on their way down, with the information that there was a man stretched out near the edge of the water below. Between the bottom of the bank and the stream was a space of about twenty feet, perfectly level. Here we found the body of the Irishman, with the face downwards. His clothes were torn,—but as the bank, though steep, was not rough, his body had not been lacerated. At first we thought him dead, but a slight movement of the arm convinced us of the contrary. Havesprinkled his face with the clear water of the brook, he somewhat revived. We then placed him on a litter hastily constructed, and bore him towards home. As we got beyond the noise of the falling water we found to our amazement that Tim's tongue was going at a most voluble rate,—and presently he leaped from his high position, and wished to know "if we hadn't a dhrop of the craythur to give a feifer, instid of brakin' his bones in that rampageous fashion." Greatly astonished at this undignified conduct in a man whom we had really supposed near his end, an explanation was demanded, and we were, of course, highly delighted to learn that the cause of our having made a night-journey of some twenty miles, was Tim's having secured a flask of his darling liquor, with which, being of an unobtrusive nature, he retired to this "sweet sequestered spot" to regale himself, and so—fell asleep. Poor Tim! he has since taken the pledge, and assures us that he never intends to lose himself again. We have heard, however, that he cannot refrain from relating this adventure, and generally concludes by boasting that—"Fifteen of the best gintry in the country were in purshuit of me, but none of 'em could find me but meself."