

had been born thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast, he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from the Table Rock, and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view towards the river below the Falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I often had done).

"He then returned home, and drove from the Canada shore some one-half mile above the Falls toward Goat Island. When he told me this he reproached himself very much for not having sent for me, about eight miles distant, but he said that although he had several times intended doing so, he each time concluded not to do it, lest, before we could reach the wonderful scene, the waters should have returned to their old course. Of course everybody was speaking of the wonderful event when I was out there the next day, and I have heard others who witnessed it speak of it since that time."

So far can I testify to the evidence of the fact at the time of its occurrence.

Mr. Street's theory was this: That the winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of the water from it over the Falls, and suddenly changing, blew this little water (comparatively speaking) up to the western portion of the lake; and that