

daily, were beginning to affect rather seriously the character of the Rev. Eleazer Williams for truth and veracity, especially with the Indians and the whites in the neighborhood; while at a distance, with government officials and dignitaries of the Episcopal church, they were still regarded as so much persecution of the poor missionary to the Indians.

But to go back a little. I have already spoken of the school house or addition, being built to the old Skanandoah mansion for school purposes, but which was never used in that connection. I must now explain the object of its erection as soon after disclosed. Williams was a "great man," as he was constantly in the habit of so referring to himself; and of course, he must do as other great men did. He must have an audience room. He did, in fact, hold every Thursday afternoon *levees* of the Indians, at this new room, which seemed to have been erected expressly for this purpose, as I never discovered any other use for it. At these levees he assembled any of the Indians of both sexes, and all classes, who would attend. They were, however, mostly young persons, young men and women, and the more aged women, with but few elderly men, and never, as I recollect, a single one of their chiefs and head men. They were marshalled in with great state and ceremony; salutations and hand shaking were never omitted. The audience being assembled, the exercises commenced. I looked at the first one for prayers and singing, but there were none; the opening, the middle, and the closing, were always similar, and consisted of the talk of Mr. Williams, always in Oneida, or rather Mohawk, the Indian dialect which he spoke, and which differed only slightly from the Oneida. He gracefully occupied them for an hour and a half to two hours; his discourse almost without exception was concerning himself, and how it happened that he was the "great man he was." He was methodical, and began at the beginning, and spent a number of afternoons in the history of his early childhood, where he was born, at Caughnawaga, or St. Regis. Of course at first I understood but little of these harangues; after a few months I could understand sufficient to follow him in his talk. The marvelous precocity of his boyhood, from three years old and upwards, was his favorite theme.