

marriage with the Canadians, might have been Frenchmen—Thomas Williams with others.

Eleazer Williams spoke the Mohawk language (the dialect of the St. Regis Indians) in perfection. Had he been the dauphin, he never could have learned it in the time he claims to have been with the Indians. This proof is irrefragable—this fact is equally so: he could not speak a word of French decently, which, had he been a son of Marie Antoinette, he never could have so completely forgotten. I have heard his wife, a French lady, say to him, and more than once, “Now, Mr. Williams, I do beg of you never to try to talk French; you cannot speak a single word right.” And this was true. He spoke just such French as you would expect an ignorant band of Indians on the borders of Canada to acquire, and nothing more, and even that but poorly. He could read the easy French of narrative and history quite well; but pronounce it he could not at all. Instance the word *poisson*, a fish, which there was frequent occasion for speaking at Green Bay; instead of giving the sharp sound to the ss, he would immediately convert it into z, and make the word poison; and so of nearly all other French words. The reason for all clearly was that he had never heard the language spoken in his childhood. But with the Mokawk the case was exactly the reverse.

He had not a scintillation of memory of events in Europe—did not pretend to have; and attempts to account for that deficiency, by making himself out to have been idiotic till the twelfth or fifteenth year of his life, and to have recovered his senses by an accident—the pounding of his head against a rock on Lake George!! The story is too ridiculous and absurd to find place in a reasonable mind, and may be dismissed without further colloquy; which brings us to the true reason of his non-recollection of European events, viz.—he never was there.

But Dr. Hanson persists that he is not an Indian, and would prove it by the affidavit of the mother, old Mary Ann Williams. Poor old lady; she seems to have been a great stumbling block in the way of the would-be-dauphin. Dr. Hanson styles it the “battle of the affidavits;” meaning, I suppose, the two given by old lady Mary. The first is straightforward enough, as published