

The king thanked the chief for his eloquent remarks, and said, "Jeffrey, tell the chiefs that I am happy to have this opportunity of saying to them, that in all my travels amongst the Indian tribes they always treated me with honesty and kindness, and that I love them for it."

What! a king, in his palace, loves the poor, naked savage of the wilderness! Yes; and, therefore, what a noble man is a king! And wherefore "love" them? Let us see.

"Fifty-two years ago," said the King, "while stopping in Buffalo, on Lake Erie, I went some three or four miles out, to visit the Seneca Indians; and being conducted to their village, and to the chief's wigwam, I shook hands with the chief, who came and stood by my horse's head. And while some hundreds of men, women, and children were gathering around, I told the chief I had come to make him a visit of a day or two; to which he replied, that he was very glad to see me, and that I should be made quite welcome to the best they had.

"He said there would be one condition, however, which was, that he should require me to give him everything I had; he should demand my horse, from which I would dismount; and having dismounted and given him the bridle, he said, 'I now want your gun, your watch, and all your money; these are indispensable.'

"I then, for the first time in my life, began to think that I was completely robbed and plundered.