

He cared little what calamities came upon the rest of his people, provided he escaped.

"I have heard that story before, and want to hear no more of it. You have been with your people ever since I started up the Susquehanna, and done all you could to rouse the Six Nations to fight us. I don't blame you for that, for that was your right, and we were invading your country. But you are the coward who stood behind and urged your men to battle. You deserve punishment as much as Queen Esther; and, what is more, Red Jacket, you will receive no further consideration from me."

Instead of resenting these words, the Seneca said in a low, pleading voice, which none knew better than he how to assume:

"Kanadaseaga dere—Red Jacket lib dere."

He pointed down the lake in the direction of the village he named, which was the capital of the Senecas, and stood on the site of the present town of Geneva.

"I learned that long ago, and because of that you may be sure some of my men will pay it a visit and treat it as they have treated Catharine's Town. We shall not spare a dwelling, and I shall make sure that *yours* is the first to burn."

"Red Jacket friend ob white man—he——"

The impetuous Sullivan could hold his temper no longer. Instead of making reply to the Seneca, he