

## **MES ADIEUX**

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My commission as lieutenant in the 6th company of Morgan's Rifles afforded me only mixed emotions, but became pleasurable when I understood that staff duty as interpreter and chief of Indian guides permitted me to attach to my person not only Mayaro, the Mohican Sagamore, but also my Oneidas, Grey-Feather and Tahoontowhee.

Mounted service the two Oneidas abhorred, preferring to trot along on either side of me; but the Sagamore, being a Siwanois, was a horseman, and truly he presented a superb figure as the handsome General and his staff led the New York brigade into the city of Albany, our battered old drums thundering, our fifes awaking the echoes in the old Dutch city, and our pretty faded colors floating in the primrose light of early evening.

Right and left I glanced as we rode up the hilly street; and suddenly saw Lois! And so craned my head and twisted my neck and fidgeted that the General, who was sometimes humorous, and who was perfectly acquainted with my history, said to me that I had his permission to ride standing on my head if I liked, but for the sake of military decency he preferred that I dismount at once and make my manners otherwise to my affianced wife.

Which I lost no time in doing, not noticing that my Indians were following me, and drew bridle at the side-path and dismounted.

But where, in the purple evening light, Lois had been standing on her stoop, now there was nobody, though the front door was open wide. So I ran across