

going east, going towards him, could have seen the body, if he had not been covered, at about 40 yards before you came to him.

*Cross-examined.* If there had been no snow, the brush would not have hid him. There must have been one or one and a half feet snow fallen between the time he left my house and the time he was found. Never saw Gordon before, as I recollect. When I told Worrell about Dr. Watkins, Gordon, I think, said he had seen him, but did not know him. He said he had heard the name of Dr. McIlheny, but did not know him. Don't know how many barrels the pistol had; did not have it in my hand. There was no concealment about it. He talked a good deal more than either of the others. Worrell afterwards set in his chair after supper, as any gentleman would. He did not shoot off the pistol at my house. When he was taken back to Warrenton, know he recognized me. He stopped and got water at my gate, but did not get out.

*Clay Taylor.* I reside in Warren County; was on the way to my farm, on 25th of January last, from St. Louis. Then first saw Worrell on the Boonslick road leading from St. Charles to Warrenton, about 15 miles east of the place where G.'s body was found. Was driving a buggy. There were three buggies in our company. Was with Col. White, my brother-in-law and others. My attention was attracted to the persons we met. Worrell was riding a chestnut sorrel horse, to the best of my belief. Mr. Bruff was with him riding a dark brown horse, and leading one of the same color

without any saddle, but I recollect well there were saddle marks on him. Col. White, who is considered a Napoleon of the turf, remarked on seeing W.'s horse: "That is a damned fine poor man's horse." Was struck by the remark, and it made me notice it. Our meeting made my mare shy, which nearly upset the buggy. This made me notice it. It was a chestnut sorrel horse. I have seen Worrell and Bruff several times since; in jail and at Warrenton. That is Mr. Worrell. I spoke to him since I came in. In jail I asked Worrell (this was at night, the night he came to St. Louis), if he recognized me. He looked at me closely and said, I think I do. I asked him, if he would state where he had seen me before. This remark was in these simple words: I am not certain, sir, whether it was at Warrenton, or on the road this side. I then asked him if he recollected the circumstance of meeting three buggies together on the day of the murder. I may not have said murder. I said "unfortunate occurrence." He said he thought he did. I asked no other question, but Mr. Isaac H. Sturgeon, who was with me, asked him, "Mr. Worrell, will you please state if my friend suffered much after he was shot?" Worrell who was standing looking at us, dropped his head (I shall never forget it as long as I live), and replied, "He did not suffer." Had no further conversation at that time. Subsequently went to see him. After passing the compliments of the day (at the same place, and with no view of extracting anything, several days after), I asked him how he was. He replied, "tol-