

County, Mo., in the spring of 1855. Told me he was a private in Company B, Dragoons of the U. S. Army. Desired me to make an application to the Secretary of War for his discharge from the army. Appeared to be in trouble, and expressed himself in very singular language, so much so, that I thought that he was laboring under a strong mental derangement. Have seen him several times since. When not depressed in mind, he was a very sociable and companionable gentleman, well-bred, and had evidently been accustomed to much more refined society than offered itself in the mess of a private soldier in the regular U. S. Army. When he first came to see me, after stating his case fully, I remarked that I found his case was a hopeless one, as I feared that the Secretary of War would not discharge him. He then remarked to this effect: That there was no use talking; he wished to God he had never been born, and that if he could not get out of the army honorably he would not desert, but he would get himself out for good. Tried to pacify him, as I feared he meditated some evil to himself. Have not seen him for about six or eight months past. He was always very neat and cleanly in his dress and appearance.

*Frederic A. Cavendish.* First knew Worrell in August, 1855. He was a sergeant in Company A, First Cavalry, at Fort Leavenworth, and was afterwards promoted to orderly sergeant. He was a very peaceable and quiet man when left to himself and not under peculiarly exciting influence. He became very much

excited on several occasions. He was easily thrown off his guard and was at all times very excitable and irritable. He was of an affable and sociable disposition; could give and take a joke with as little offense as any man. He was a man of frank and manly manners, and in all his bearing free and open—more so than most men. Was liberal and generous; he was neat in his dress and deportment, keeping himself and horse always in trim and order. Was always prompt in the discharge of his duty, and strict in his discipline of those under him. Was considered by every person at the post as a superior orderly sergeant. His manners were refined; nothing low or vulgar; habits temperate, and he always commanded the respect of those around him. On one occasion he was lying ill in his orderly room, and there was a man of H company and some Irish citizens disputing at the foot of the stairs, making a great deal of noise. He rushed out of the orderly room with a loaded revolver in his hand, cocked, and said, if you do not quit making such a damned noise, I will blow hell out of you; he appeared to be unusually excited, almost frantic with rage. He presented an unusual appearance and seemed to me to be insane. At one time I was with him in the orderly room and there were two women came up into the room whilst he was lying in bed. He had been for several days very unwell. He made use of the words, did you see that picture on the wall? Cannot say whether he addressed himself to me or the other company present. He said, I drew that picture today. How do you like it?