

caution. You do not find it so when left to himself. You see that, Bruff away, he is always Worrell, conspicuously Worrell, without an alias. But little can attach to the fact if it were otherwise. The moment you assign a motive, a rational motive, to the change of name, you show the insanity of action, by a series of acts irreconcilable with that motive. Did he change his name to avoid detection? Then why wear seven rings on his fingers? Why wear the watch of Gordon? Why keep his saddlebags? Why not throw them into a river? Why wear his gloves? Why cling to the speaking boot? Why take and keep the receipt? Why preserve the frame of the daguerrotype? Why spend four days at Vincennes? Why cherish and cling to the evidences of his crime? Why draw upon himself the universal eye by a notoriety of travel past all parallel? Why wear the military pants and the cap? Why show his pistol? Why the words, "that is Gordon's watch and those are his saddlebags?" Why the hearty and willing recognition of Gould, of the landlord of St. Louis, of Hutchinson, of Taylor, of the man to whom he sold the horse in Montgomery?

I defy ingenuity to explain his conduct by any test of sanity known among men. Did he wish detection? Did he desire to be brought to justice? Was he inspired by that false heroism which courts a public execution, an ignominious death upon the scaffold? Such proclaim their guilt with ostentation. Even the prosecution impute to him no such guilty glory. Mr. Gale tells you the purpose of the prisoner, and his calculation was to employ me and escape justice through my imputed necromancy! If that were true, it would furnish decisive proof of his insanity. I have said there was time while he lay in bed at Dover for Couzins to see his tattooed arm; but in all time of his travel from the scene of the homicide to his arrest, there was no time when any observer could see in Worrell any solicitude, any anxiety, any perturbation of soul, any indication of remorse.

The circuit attorney wonders how he could listen unmoved to the words of the negro at St. Charles, which brought the dead body of Gordon to his eyes. He is amazed that with