

My first year at West Point was full of unpleasant recollections. On one occasion, being on Guard, we did not go to supper until after the Corps had supped. The Sergeant of the guard, Cadet Izard the same gallant officer afterwards killed in Florida, directed me to go to the stove in the far end of the hall, which was red hot, and toast some bread; while busily engaged turning the bread on the stove with the fork in my hand, I was approached by a stout Irish waiter in a threatening attitude, who told me to desist toasting. I said, I was ordered to do so and went on with my work. Upon that, he seized me by the collar and was thrusting me against the hot stove when I struck him with the fork over the bridge of the nose. He bled freely and hollowed murder. In this condition, he was taken to Col. Thayer who, on hearing his complaint, ordered me to leave the Point. The next morning, seated in Jim Lipsic's drag, I took my leave of the Cadets, as I thought, forever, and as I passed the North Barracks, clothes and money were thrown to me from the windows, more than sufficient for my wants, but as we neared the Commandant's house, Major Worth's orderly, directed me to halt and report to the Major, then Commandant of Cadets. On doing so, I was informed by him that the Superintendent had revoked his order dismissing me so summarily, and I was directed to return to the Barracks and resume my duties.

As soon as Mr. Izard heard of my troubles, he went directly to the Commandant, who accompanied him to the Superintendent where he claimed the responsibility of the whole act, and averred that I could not have done otherwise, my act was purely one of self defence. In this, he was warmly supported by Major Worth who in fact, as I afterwards learned, demanded my re-instatement.

Many years later, in Mexico, the Major who had then become Gen'l. Worth, told this story with embellishments at a dinner he gave at Tacubaya to