Part Six: WALKER

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask --
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on -- nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

Lord Byron. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

16. Dobs and Destiny

Foreign news continued to hold Walker's attention after the death of Ellen, furnishing him plenty of targets on which to play his magic spear of projection.

In the wake of her death, a news item related the murder of two women by the Indians near the Mexican border. This moved Walker to advise that the cavalry should attack the Indians, "so utterly destitute, even in a state of peace, of all those things which are to us the comforts and amenities of life." Indeed, "the war of offence is not only the best for us, but will also spare the savages much unnecessary suffering. It is cruelty to prolong the agonies of existence when the body is being slowly tortured to death, and the man is merciful who pierces with a spear the side of another nailed to the cross."[1]

The burning of Brescia by the Austrian Imperial armies inspired him to denounce the sending of "whole families together from the world instead of murdering the members one by one, and torturing the mind with grief as much as racking the body with pain . . . Let Lombardy herself point to the smoking ruins and smouldering bones of Brescia, and like Hugo at the judgment-seat of Azo, exclaim

> *"Her broken heart -- my severed head --*
> *Shall witness for thee from the dead*
> *How trusty and how tender were*
> *Thy youthful love -- paternal care!"*[2]

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[1] "Indian Depredations," *Daily Crescent*, 4/26/1849, p. 2, c. 3; "Indian Depredations on the Rio Grande," Ibid., 4/27/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[2] "Burning of Brescia," Ibid., 5/3/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

That stanza from Byron's *Parisina* (l. 248-251), again brings Walker's Oedipus to light and once more confirms his constant use of projection in his writings. The poem recounts the story of Azo, Marquis of Este, who discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son. Hugo was beheaded in the castle by the sentence of his father.[3] "Lombardy . . . like Hugo," plainly tells us that Walker's Ithuriel spear of projection was at work in *The Burning of Brescia*.

The European explosions then prompted him to ask: "Can it be that Hobbes was right --that, after all, man's greatest delight consists in slaying and murdering his fellow-man? Must men forever remain the slaves and instruments of their purely destructive propensities? Or are we yet but in a germ of being, and is it necessary to pass through these lower grades of existence before we can arrive at the higher and nobler states that await us in the future?"

He concluded that "Whenever war originates -- whenever man is called on to fight his fellow, it must be the result of wrong -- it must spring from an injustice practiced in the past or attempted in the present . . . But 'wo to him by whom the offence cometh!' Wrongs, like debts, bear interest; and when the injured rise in their might and assert the prerogative to which they are by nature entitled, wo to those who attempt to keep them down, and to trample in the dust the god-created form made to walk erect and look toward the stars."[4]

At the start of the summer, the European revolutionary movements focused the world's attention on Italy and Hungary. For Walker,

> . . . it is hardly around the walls of Rome, or along the banks of the Tiber, that the question of Italian liberty and Italian independence is to be

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[3]Frederick Page, ed., *Byron --Poetical Works*, (New York: Oxford University Press 1970), p. 330.

[4]"The Wars of the World," *Daily Crescent*, 5/7/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

> decided . . . It is towards the valley of the Danube that the Romans are to look for deliverance from their French enemies. It is in the valley of the Danube that has already commenced the struggle that is to determine in some degree the fate of every country in Europe . . . It is there that the battle between Asiatic despotism and European freedom has begun . . .
>
> Either the Russian armies will again enter Paris and spread their tents in the gardens of the Tuileries, or the Tartar hordes will be driven behind the Ural mountains and forced to hide themselves in the forests of Siberia. In the one case Europe will become Asiatic in its habits and institutions: in the other, it will become American and democratic. In this struggle between the East and the West, the Past and the Future, Retrogression and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, God prosper the right and just cause![5]

On August 28, the day after Gumbo, Tucker and Dobs surfaced in the *Crescent*, Walker wrote an editorial titled "The Hungarians":

> The Revolution of Hungary has been maturing in silence, and for a long series of years. It is not an outburst of passion —a flame that blazes up in a moment and is in a moment extinguished. Hence its results are likely to be permanent and enduring. The Hungarians seem to possess, too, the great element of success in popular movements, able and competent leaders and advisers. They have Kossuth, and Bem, and Georgey, and Dembinski, to assist them in the attainment of their objects.[6]

5"Unity of Europe." Ibid., 7/9/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

6"The Hungarians," Ibid., 8/28/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

The revolution of Hungary, like the revolution in the Inner Crescent City, had been maturing in silence, and for a long series of years. Both had able and competent leaders. Walker used the Hungarian connection, next day, to announce the "birth" of the filibuster:

BEM AND DESTINY

In a letter written on board the boat which carried Kossuth and the fortunes of Hungary, we find the following anecdote related to the conqueror of Jellachich and the Russians:

"Once Bem had not slept for three days. He was near giving out with fatigue, and in the midst of a desperate battle, at a moment of respite asked for a cup of coffee. It was brought to him, and as he was engaged writing an order with a pencil, he had it set upon a pile of wood at hand, over which floated the banner of independence, and which was naturally the point aimed at by the enemy's artillery. A flight of balls carried away the wood with the coffee, and wounded Bem slightly in one heel.

"'Another cup!' he said quietly, folding his order. His officers surrounded him, imploring him to change his position, and not uselessly expose his life — but the general refused.

"'I shall not die till 1850, when the independence of Hungary will no longer be disputed,' he replied simply, with that soft sad look which you know is peculiar to him."

Bem's faith in fate shows at once his eastern origin, and his entire confidence that he was born into the world for a special purpose — that he has a mission to fulfil, an end to be attained, a purpose to accomplish. The Hungarian traditions speak of a time when the Magyars dwelt not in the valleys of the Thesis and the Danube, but wandered over the plains of the east and read their fortunes in the stars.

From these, if not from instincts of his soul, the Hungarian hero may have derived his faith in destiny; from these, if not from the impulses of a will that makes the distant near and the future present, he may have been imbued with the convictions which have so often guided the great and the good of the race.

Unless a man believes that there is something great for him to do, he can do nothing great. Hence so many of the captains and reformers of the world have relied upon fate and the stars.

A great idea springs up in a man's soul; it agitates his whole being, transports him from the ignorant present and makes him feel the future in the instant. It is natural for a man so possessed to conceive that he is a special agent for working out into practice the thought that has been revealed to him.

To him alone are known all the great consequences that are to flow from the principle he has discovered. To his hand alone can be confided the execution of the great plan that lies perfected in no brain but his. Why should such a revelation be made to him —why should he be enabled to perceive what is hidden to others —if not that he should carry it into practice?

Instead of regarding Bem's superstition as a weakness, we look at it as a proof of the strength of his patriotic convictions. In convictions such as those of Bem and Kossuth, lie the best and securest hopes of Hungary and Hungarians.

7"Bem and Destiny," Ibid., 8/29/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

August 29, 1849 marked the birth of the future filibuster. Bem and the Hungarians both inspired and midwived him on that date in the *Crescent*. Other events helped create the idea that suddenly sprang up in Walker's soul.

For instance, the exodus to California, propelled by the Gold Rush, contributed to excite Walker's imagination at that moment. That summer, thirty thousand pioneer argonauts traversed the plains in sluggish caravans of covered wagons, and thirty thousand more sailed slowly down Cape Horn. A few thousands tried the new steamship line to Panama, crossing the tropical jungle on mule-back. Hundreds ventured through Mexico, and a few hardy souls begin to explore the Nicaragua route.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was then opening negotiations with Nicaragua, aimed at expediting transit and perhaps building a canal. New York capitalists planned an interoceanic railroad across the Panama isthmus. Another New Yorker, P. A. Hargous, proposed to open a road in the isthmus of Tehuantepec under an 1842 grant from the Mexican government. Others advanced plans for Pacific railroad routes inside the United States.

On August 8, Walker came forward in support of the Tehuantepec project, reasoning that it would be the best for New Orleans.[8]

On August 10, the *Crescent* carried two news items concerning Nicaragua. One told of the arrival of U.S. envoy Ephraim George Squier in that country, where "the revolution was actively progressing, but the news is not important."[9] The other was a note from the British consul in New York to an American interested in the Nicaragua route, advising him that "the British Government denies the competency of the Government of Nicaragua to concede to any company the exclusive navigation of the river St. John's by steam; and claims that the lower part of said river belongs to the King of the Mosquitos, whom Her Majesty's Government has undertaken to

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[8] "Communication with the Pacific," Ibid., 8/8/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

[9] "Central America," Ibid., 8/10/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

protect."[10]

Walker commented that the Mosquito Kingdom was a farce, "the mere creation by British ingenuity, of an Indian chief into a paltry king."[11] Years later, the Mosquito question would vex Walker, but on August 14, 1849, it did not excite in him "the most powerful passions of the soul" in the manner that the Hungarians did.

British interference in Nicaragua also failed to arouse any emotional response in President Zachary Taylor, who at the time was preoccupied with affairs of state which then appeared infinitely more important. On August 11 he issued a Proclamation announcing that "there is reason to believe that an armed expedition is about to be called out in the United States, with an intention to invade the island of Cuba or some of the provinces of Mexico."[12]

The president denounced the scheme "in the highest degree criminal." He warned those connected with the enterprise, that "they will thereby subject themselves to heavy penalties, pronounced against them by our acts of Congress, and will forfeit their claim to the protection of their country." Finally, he called "upon every officer of this Government, civil or military, to use all efforts in his power to arrest for trial and punishment every such offender against the laws."[13]

The *Picayune* published President Taylor's Proclamation on August 17 and Walker wrote a "Presidential Proclamation" editorial next day. In it, he reaffirmed the Monroe Doctrine and his faith in civilization and progress, but studiously ignored the topic of the title. Being a Jacksonian Democrat and Manifest Destiny partisan, he couldn't congratulate the Whig president for his firm anti-filibuster stand. On the other hand, Walker's beliefs on how to acquire Cuba prevented him from displaying enthusiastic support for the pre-

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[10] "Nicaragua Route to the Pacific," Ibid., p. 2, c. 3.

[11] "More Foreign Difficulties," Ibid., 8/14/1849, p. 2, c. 4.

[12] "Proclamation by the President," *Daily Picayune*, 8/17/1849, p. 2, c. 3.

[13] Ibid.

sumptive invaders. He solved the dilemma by shifting his attention to Great Britain and the Mosquito Coast:

> The President has issued a proclamation, in which he says that, from the best information he can obtain, there is now fitting out an expedition to be directed against Cuba or some of the Mexican States. Enlistments are going on in several of our cities, and it is said that large numbers of men have been raised.
>
> If the good citizens engaged in this matter are anxious for something warlike to do, we can point out to them a more reasonable point of destination than Cuba or Mexico — a destination likely to lead to more success than either of the two mentioned in the proclamation, and which would probably prove more profitable and honorable to the country at large than any other they could choose. We allude to the Mosquito Coast.
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> . . . Here, then, on the Mosquito Coast we have a tribe of savages incapable of appropriating the soil, and all civilized nations admit that under such circumstances, a superior and more laborious race is justified in taking possession of the country. No people, whether savage or civilized, have a right to play the part of the dog in the manger, and deprive the human race of the benefits that may accrue from the cultivation of the soil.
>
> England, however, pretends to have some rights to this Mosquito territory. But all good Americans deny the right of England, and therefore to all intents and purposes we must regard the Mosquito country as inhabited — we will not say possessed —by the Indians alone. In such a position of affairs, it is undeniably the right of American colonists to go there and get possession of the country if they can.
>
> . . . If, then, there is an organization in our cities, warlike in its form, and hence well calculated for colonial purposes, we advise the persons engaged in it to direct their attention further to the South than either Cuba or Mexico.

> . . . Once let us get the River San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, and our sailors would almost forget the existence of Chagres and Cape Horn.[14]

He tackled the same subject from another angle on August 20, asserting: "We do not see how this Mosquita *[sic]* question is to be settled without a war." His essay, "War with England," in nine hundred words expanded the conflict into an imaginary world-wide conflagration "between arbitrary power and liberal principles." Russia, England, and all the European monarchical governments, were aligned against the United States turned into a leader of the Old World's republican patriots, "while all the countries of the Continent are in a flame of revolutionary warfare."[15]

On August 22 he returned to the "farce" of the Mosquito King: "The facts of the case are that the King of the Mosquito Coast was chief of a band of savages within Nicaragua, and about as competent to cede a territory as a king of a band of gipsies at Land's End would be to make a title to an English county, or Apiaka to convey Florida to a foreign power."[16]

The same day, in a lengthy essay, he compared the "Routes Across the Isthmus" and judged that Tehuantepec was much better than Nicaragua or Panama. He stated clearly the main reason for his preference:

> . . . that the termination is in the Gulf of Mexico, which is practically an inland sea of the continent, and from which, before many years, all European dominion will be excluded. More than half of its shores are now American; and American influence can be made potent over the shores of Mexico and Yucatan. The island of Cuba once ours, and a few years will see that most desirable consummation, and

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14"The President's Proclamation," *Daily Crescent*, 8/18/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

15"War with England," Ibid., 8/20/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

16"The Mosquito King," Ibid., 8/22/1849, p. 2, c. 3.

> the Gulf of Mexico will be as fully national, with us, as Lake Michigan. . . .
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> By this route we shall have control of the approaches, and be instrumental in extending the political influences of our own example along a new and interesting country, and creating states contiguous to our own, to be assimilated to, and finally blended with, our own system.[17]

On August 25 he discussed "The Mysterious Expedition and the Laws." His painstaking analysis "in regard to foreign enlistments, etc., for the general information of our readers" evinced a significantly high interest on his part on the subject of the Neutrality Laws. He concluded that "if the mysterious gatherings in the neighborhood of this city were designed for the invasion of the Island of Cuba, as is generally assumed in the papers at the North, the design is effectually prostrated at once . . . The silly quarrel attempted to be got up in the case of the imbecile vagabond Rey, has merely produced irritation, and must end in a most awkward failure. Between the ridicule of that matter and the official powers of the President, the prospect of Cuban independence is materially darkened of late."[18]

The *imbecile vagabond Rey* betrayed his magic spear, activated by the *Mary Ellen*. His views on Cuba were repeated clearly on August 27:

> As patriots, then, and more specially as Southern men, we ought to aim at the acquisition of Cuba by peaceful and friendly means. If we wish to keep up an eternal agitation of the slavery question between the North and the South, then let us conquer Cuba after the Spaniards shall have emancipated the negroes and declared the island to be, in the cant of the times, "free soil."
>
> If we want to have the Cuban patriots, about whom

17"Routes Across the Isthmus," Ibid., 8/22/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

18"The Mysterious Expedition and the Laws," Ibid., 8/25/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

> so much has lately been said, butchered in their beds or smothered in the smoke and scorched in the flames of their burning mansions — if we desire to witness new St. Domingo murders and assassinations —then let us land a force on the island and provoke the Spaniards to call to their assistance the savages lately imported from Congo and the Guinea coast.
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> If it is desirable, then, to acquire Cuba by treaty and not by conquest, let us beware how we irritate the Spanish Government. Like a decaying noble, the Spanish Crown is jealous of insult, and its pride increases with its poverty and imbecility. We will find it as delicate a matter to regulate our intercourse with Spain as we lately found it with Mexico. Nay, the difficulty will be increased; for Spain has been great, and she cannot forget that she once looked down on the nation that possessed the United States as colonies.[19]

That same day, the *Crescent* published the sketches of Gumbo, Tucker, and Dobs, and two days later Bem and Destiny appeared. The great idea that suddenly sprung up in Walker's mind was obviously related to Cuba, Mexico, and slavery, in other words: Manifest Destiny for the South. At that moment, however, Walker was not thinking of military conquest.

This is in agreement with the hypothesis advanced under *Personality Parade*. Dick Dobs, the military genius, was not then in charge. After all, Gabriel Gumbo, the politician, is the one who defeated Peter Muggins and took over as Constable in the Inner Crescent City. Dobs' turn would come later.

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[19] "Cuba and the United States," Ibid., 8/27/1849, p. 1, c. 1.

17. Gumbo & Co.

The filibustering expedition denounced by President Taylor was directed against Cuba. The leaders were Cuban political exiles in New York, commanded by General Narciso López. They were financed by Havana merchants and upper class Creoles desiring independence from Spain.

The Cubans and their American supporters --Northern and Southern manifest destiny crusaders -- enrolled 1500 volunteers in the United States, mostly Mexican War veterans and Irish immigrants. The terms were "$30 bounty, $8 per month, and $1,000 at the expiration of a year."[1]

Eight hundred rendezvoused on Round Island, off the coast at Pascagoula, Mississippi. On August 28, the U.S. Navy blockaded the island and Commander V. M. Randolph of the *Albany* ordered the would-be filibusters to disband. At the same time, in New York, federal agents prevented the sailing of additional groups and supplies, which ended the martial episode without the firing of one bullet.

The "secret expedition," as it was called in the press, filled many columns of the *Crescent* during several weeks, until the last adventurer evacuated Round Island early in October. Walker never allowed the enterprise any possibility of success, but he repeatedly showed his sympathy for the filibusters' cause.[2] On September 3 he condemned Commander Randolph for illegally usurping power, having intervened without any mandate from civil court, judge, marshal or

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[1] "The Cuban Expedition," *Daily Crescent*, 9/19/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[2] *Crescent*, 1849: "The Round Islanders, 9/3, p.2 c.2; "Round Island Blockade," 9/5, p.2 c.1; "Round Island," 9/8, p.2 c.1; "The Cuban Expedition," 9/19, p.2 c.2; "The Washington Republic and the Round Islanders," 9/22, p.2 c.5; "Cuba Affairs," 9/27, p.2 c.2; "More Mystery," 10/1, p.2 c.1; "The Round Islanders," 10/2, p.2 c.1; "Piracy and the Round Islanders," 10/8, p.1 c.1.

attorney. He defended the mission that Walker the filibuster would carry out in the future:

> There is no law of nations, recognized in this country at least, nor of morals, which deprives a man of the right of expatriating himself if he pleases, to take his share in a foreign quarrel, which appeals to his love of liberty, or detestation of tyranny, or even to his mere sordid estimate of glory or gain.[3]

During September he flung assorted barbs at Randolph and the U.S. government. He stressed that the expedition was doomed to failure even if the government had not interfered. He blamed the "Northern wing" for having miscalculated their resources, and over-estimated the assistance they were to receive from others. Above all, he repeatedly resented the pejorative "vagrants" and "vagabonds" applied to the filibusters.

The "great plan" that lay seeded in his brain flowered into a vision of Mexico as well as Cuba. The Guadalupe Hidalgo treaty, however, presented an insurmountable obstacle. Article 5 clearly stated that the U.S.-Mexico boundary line therein established, "shall be religiously respected by each of the two Republics, and no change shall ever be made therein, except by the express and free consent of both nations."[4]

On September 6, Walker circumvented this problem by alleging that article 5 would no longer be binding on the United States "if the adjoining territory should establish their independence of Mexico and become a separate Republic, as perfectly as Texas was."[5] In several editorials, he also reiterated his Tehuantepec dream, and plainly proclaimed it again on October 1st:

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[3] "The Round Islanders," Ibid., 9/3/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[4] "The Sierra Madre Republic," Ibid., 9/6/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[5] Ibid.

ANEXION DE CUBA A LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS

> We have received a pamphlet with the above title, written by a gentleman of New Orleans, and designed to show the benefits that would accrue from the annexation of Cuba to the United States. As the pamphlet is written in Spanish, it might, if it could be got into the island, be serviceable in convincing those it is most important to have on our side —the people of Cuba themselves.
>
> When we have Cuba, and build the railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Gulf of Mexico will be as much ours as are Lakes Erie and Ontario. Then will the Gulf be the centre of a richer commerce than the Mediterranean could ever boast, and New Orleans will be the Alexandria, as Havana the Constantinople, of our empire — far mightier and more extensive than the Roman.[6]

Walker's dream of empire was a Southern empire, and he defined it well shortly afterwards in "New Orleans and American Civilization":

> The only rival New Orleans can have in the American continent is New York; and New York, although its commercial influences may be greater, will never have the same power over American civilization as New Orleans. New York is too much under the control of European opinions and European prejudices. . . .
>
> The West — the Great West, as its people delight to call it —is, and must ever remain the centre of American thoughts and American civilization. Statesmen have discovered that the Mississippi river is the great centre of the American confederacy —that the Father of Waters is the band of steel that fastens together all the States of the Union. And it is in the valley of the great river that is springing

6"Anexión de Cuba a los Estados Unidos." Ibid., 10/1/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

> up the most perfect and the most powerful civilization the world has ever seen.
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> . . . the valley of the Mississippi —must, for geographical as well as social reasons, have more influence than other portions over the future civilization of the hemisphere; and analogy would lead us to suppose that the southern part of the valley will have a principal share in moulding the habits and opinions of the rest.
>
> The influence of New Orleans over the western country is already perceptible, and is destined to be much greater hereafter; and as Athens moulded Greece and Greece Europe, so this city will influence the West and through it the whole American continent.[7]

Walker commenced to put his plan in practice immediately. On October 3, his name appeared in the *Crescent* among the signers of a Special Notice for "A Meeting of the Citizens of Louisiana, favorable to a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec."[8] Next day he promoted the Tehuantepec scheme which "will confer vast benefits upon the whole Union and be a blessing to all nations, will make New Orleans the mart of the North American continent, the centre of a prodigious trade, enriching beyond the dreams of Oriental wealth."[9]

The meeting was held at the Commercial Exchange building on October 5. The *Crescent* next morning said it was "enthusiastic," detailing the speeches, resolutions, and committees appointed to advance the project.[10] Walker and his friends John C. Larue and J. D. B. De Bow were among the twelve delegates that on the evening of October 17 sailed up river to represent Louisiana and plead the case for Tehu-

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[7] "New Orleans and American Civilization," Ibid., 11/26/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[8] "Special Notices," Ibid., 10/3/1849, p. 3, c. 1.

[9] "The Tehuantepec Road," Ibid., 10/4/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

[10] "Tehuantepec Railroad -- Enthusiastic Meeting," Ibid., 10/6/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

antepec at a Memphis Convention later that month.

Delegates from other states favored different routes at the convention, held on October 23-26. Asa Whitney submitted his plan for a Northern railroad from Chicago to the Pacific. Missourians proposed the Central route explored by Col. Fremont, from St. Louis to San Francisco. Kentuckians preferred the eastern terminal at Cairo, Illinois. Arkansas senator Solon Borland (future U.S. Minister to Nicaragua) and the Tennessee delegates argued for the terminal at Memphis.

Texans endorsed the Gila route from San Diego to El Paso, and thence to any point in the Mississippi valley. Lieut. M. F. Maury, U.S.N., from Virginia, pressed for the immediate construction of the Panama railroad. The Louisiana and Alabama delegates introduced the Tehuantepec project.

Walker's "editorial correspondence" from Memphis filled several columns with detailed accounts of the discussions and resolutions. His personal comments denigrated Lieut. Maury's Panama proposal and denounced all Pacific railroad projects as "impracticable and Utopian," for they would take at least twenty years to complete.

The Memphis Convention failed to achieve any practical results, although the delegates unanimously approved several resolutions, including one for the Panama and Tehuantepec roads. Walker concluded that "it is a poor thing to pass resolutions in a mass meeting; it is a great end attained to make every member of such a meeting ardent and zealous in the prosecution of a plan proposed by those resolutions."[11] In this, he failed.

The delegates from Tennessee, Texas, Missouri, and other states returned home, each one enthusiastic with his own project only. The Tehuantepec plan gained no supporters in Memphis. Walker blamed the failure on politicians: "There were really at work in the Convention other causes than those which aimed at the building of any road or the opening of any communication between the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi river. In a country like ours, politicians are con-

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11"Memphis Convention," Ibid., 11/1/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

tinually attempting to seize hold on questions of public concern and convert them to their own selfish purposes."[12] This led him to vent his hostility on the legislators:

> It is probable that if a proposition to build a railroad to the Pacific is introduced into Congress during the next winter, that many words will be spent in discussions of the constitutional power. The subject will be too enticing for our talking legislators to let it pass; and the subtlety of sententious senators will be taxed to the utmost to find difficulties where none exist. If such debates lead to little that is practical, they may at least serve to amuse the intellects of the country. They are probably as good recreations as the circus, the opera-house, or the race-course.[13]

He also renewed his attacks on Governor Johnson, but his biggest quarrel came from another quarter when on November 14 he wrote an editorial on "Cuba and La Patria Newspaper":

> Some weeks ago we published a favorable notice of a pamphlet advocating the annexation of Cuba to the United States. It seems that this excited the surprise of the paper called *La Patria*, and published in the city of New Orleans. . . .
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> . . . *La Patria* intimates that the *Crescent* has been opposed to the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Now *La Patria* knows that several months ago the *Crescent* published an article indicating the probable annexation of Cuba, and speaking of such an event as desirable; and *La Patria* knows that it wrote some articles in answer to the opinions enounced by the *Crescent*, and declaring that the result we anticipated was not only improbable but absurd.

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[12] Ibid.

[13] "Constitutional Scruples," Ibid., 11/15/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

> We did not, at the time, notice the anti-annexationist articles of *La Patria*, well knowing that its opinions were the soughing of the wind —mere froth in the water agitated by the breath of a boy. . . .
>
> We have never held — we have never expressed —but one opinion in regard to the annexation of Cuba to the United States. We have always spoken of such an event as desirable for all parties — for Spain, for Cuba and for the United States. What, then, save a spirit of calumny and misrepresentation, could lead *La Patria* to speak as it has spoken of the *Crescent*?
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> Some weeks ago we excited the ire of many by the course we took in regard to the Rey affair. . . . Knowing the influences which were at work in the Rey matter, and foreseeing the tendency of the Cuban agitation would be to wound the sensibility of Spain, and put off the peaceful acquisition of that island by the United States, we spoke of the Rey prosecution as one founded on false facts, and injurious in its political no less than in its civil consequences. . . .
>
> We have always desired the acquisition of Cuba in one way — by purchase. We see clearly the object we aim at; we understand also the causes which may hasten or retard what we desire to see accomplished. . . . *La Patria* well understands that we ardently and anxiously look for the day when Cuba will be a part of the Union, for it has devoted no little time and space in its columns to the refutation of what it was once pleased to consider the dreams of an enthusiast or the ravings of a madman.[14]

In 1849 *La Patria*, founded in 1845 by V. Alemán and E. J. Gómez, was already the oldest Spanish newspaper in the country. It enjoyed an "extensive circulation" in the Spanish West Indies, Mexico, and South America, as well as among the

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[14] "Cuba and La Patria Newspaper," *Ibid.*, 11/14/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

40,000 Spanish-speaking people in the United States, of whom 9,000 lived in New Orleans.

Gómez replied and mutual rejoinders followed, after which Walker publicly announced his intention of "chastising his colleague," to whom he also sent a personal message.[15] What happened next was told by Gómez in court on November 23:

> He stated that on Tuesday, the 21st inst., about noon, Mr. Larue appeared in his office, accompanied by a gentleman that he did not then know, but has since understood was Mr. Walker.
>
> Mr. Larue said, "There is Mr. Gómez," at which mention of my name I made a *gentle* bow. Mr. Walker then advanced, spoke abruptly, and said he had written me a letter a few days before; I answered that I did not know; he replied, "My name is Walker, of the *Crescent*;" I then said that "the only answer we could give the *Crescent* appeared in our paper of Sunday."
>
> He then struck me with a cane; I jumped back to a table to get my own cane, when Mr. Larue, finding that I intended to make resistance, laid hold of me and seized me by the shoulders; others then came up and held me back; Mr. Larue laid hold of me before I drew the pistol, but Mr. Walker did not strike at me after I was thus seized.
>
> *Mr. Larue* — Did I touch you at all, sir?
>
> *Mr. Gómez* — Yes, you laid both hands on me.
>
> *Mr. Larue* — Do you suppose if I had, you could have got away?
>
> *Mr. Gómez* — I don't know: I pushed you back very hard, and you were white as a sheet.
>
> *Mr. Larue* — Where were you standing when you were struck?
>
> *Mr. Gómez* — Near a table, alongside of the press. The first thing that I did was to get hold of

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15 "La Patria," Ibid., 11/17/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

> my cane. I don't know who took hold of Mr. Walker when I pulled up the pistol; another person was standing in front of him. I said, you scoundrels, leave my office!
>
> The person holding me ran me back near the window; they were afraid I would shoot any one, I was so much enraged. Mr. Flores did this; he is a strong man, stronger than Mr. Larue and Mr. Walker together.[16]

As reported in the *Crescent*, other witnesses testified that Larue and Aleman seized Walker and Gômez at the same time, and that Gômez had his sword cane in his hand at the moment he was caned.

> Mr. Larue made a plain statement of the facts, that Gômez had published an infamous charge against the *Crescent*; had been given two days for explanation — again refused when personally applied to —and that he had received from the hands of Mr. Walker a summary chastisement.
>
> . . . the Recorder said that he should lay the testimony before the Attorney General and advise with him.[17]

The *Picayune* didn't mention the case at all, and the *Crescent* did not report any further developments. The caning of Gômez was the first physical aggression by the new Walker.

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[16] "Charge of Assault." Ibid., 11/24/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

[17] Ibid.

18. Tucker's Diary

In the August 27 sketch, Timothy Tucker was the personality with poetical aspirations who kept a daily record for his brethren in the Inner Crescent City. He was, in effect, Walker's alter ego, recording the shadow's messages in the *Crescent*.

Tucker's secret annals, buried in the paper among the court proceedings and crimes of New Orleans, recorded the mourning process in April and May. In August the annals unveiled the hidden personalities and exposed the impact of Rey and *Mary Ellen* on Walker's shadow. In fact, Tucker's fiction wrought with symbolic messages appeared in the "New Orleans" column from the day of Ellen's funeral to the day that Walker left the *Crescent*.

On June 18, five days after Recorder Baldwin had dismissed "the case of Wm. Walker, who was arrested for swindling," the following item appeared in Tucker's column:

CITY REPORTS
CRIMINALS — THEIR TREATMENT

" ———————— *what are we,*
Or have been, or shall be, who knows or knew?"

. . . The poor vagrant, whose only fault lies in the want of a "local habitation and a name" — . . . the swindler, who shifting tries to evade the penal code and finds at last the gay *salon* gives place to the prison walls — . . . the bolder rogue looking upon the world as his oyster, and forcing it to yield its contents . . .[1]

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[1] "City Reports — Criminals — Their Treatment," *Daily Crescent*, 6/18/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

On June 21, "City Moveable....No. I" began a series of four sketches which served as a prelude to the "Prominent Citizens" that would surface two months later.[2] In July, the first mention of the Rey case, in the *Crescent*, was a "rumor" in the "New Orleans" column where Timothy Tucker wrote his diary:

> CHARGE OF KIDNAPPING. — Rumor has been busy for some days past with the details of a transaction which, if true, will bring down upon the parties concerned the strong arm of the law. Let those who are implicated in the charge come forward and defend themselves, if innocent; but if the outrage, as detailed to us, has been perpetrated, the authorities should act promptly, and vindicate to the utmost of their power the violated laws of the land.[3]

The Rey case continued over the ensuing days, and by August 7, Tucker's secret annals had turned from Rey to the "degenerate son of his father" and his "large family connection":

> RECORDER'S COURT — SECOND MUNICIPALITY
>
> The dock presented, yesterday morning, the woful looking faces of some twenty-five individuals, arrested since Saturday last for various degrees of drunkenness and rioting — from the simple brick in the hat to the "thirty days" offence of having them in regular order under the head — from the snapping of the thumb and finger in the face of the watchman, to the drawing the claret from the mug of a friend.

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[2]"City Moveable....No. I," Ibid., 6/21/1849, p. 3, c. 6.; "City Moveable....No. II," Ibid., 6/26/1849, p. 3, c. 6; "City Moveable...No. III, Ibid., 6/29/1849, p. 3, c. 6; "City Moveable....No. IV," Ibid., 7/2/1849, p. 3, c. 6.

[3]"Charge of Kidnapping," Ibid., 7/17/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

The first person required to "stand up" was John Thompson, a gentleman with whom our readers must have been some time acquainted — he has a large family connection. Mr. Thompson seemed a degenerate son of his father. His figure was

" . . . Such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame."

Of course he asked the Recorder to be a little blind to his faults, but his defence was a lame one, and his conduct could not be winked at. He was sent to the manual labor school.

Francis Theophilus Smith was next called to answer for the deeds done in the spirit. Francis declared that though

We breathe not by a mortal measurement,

Yet we drink by it, and as mortals were liable to err, he had presumed too much upon the *quantum sufficit* that the human frame could *bear*. The watch saw something *bruin* in his looks, and crying *forbear*, had a bar put to his liberty. The Judge concluded he could *bear* a little more, and sent him to embrace Mr. Thompson at the same asylum retreat.

Brian McDonald answered the summons in a very speedy manner, standing so upright that one would have supposed that he could never have deviated from a direct course. He acknowledged the fact of having used a step of the St. Charles as a pillow. He dreamed that he dwelt in marble halls, but found out the error of his ways very early in the morning. Brian was allowed to depart, upon a promise of reform.

Timothy Brown was accused of insulting a watchman, but on assuring the Court that he

" . . . meant nothing —
A mere sport of words, no more"

> he followed in the footsteps of Mr. McDonald. The balance of the motley crowd were treated "as per samples above."[4]

None of the above -- no Thompson, Smith, McDonald or Brown appeared in the *Picayune*. The big case in the Second Municipality Court on Monday, August 6 had been the trial of Mary Roebucken and William H. Reed, who had stolen $4,500 from James Cassidy.[5] Mary, William, and James may have reinforced *Mary Ellen* in Walker's unconscious for Tucker to produce the above fiction wrought with symbolic messages. Only he knew all the hidden meanings, but the *twenty-five* individuals gave away Walker's age.

The John Brown and John Smith sketches appeared on August 20; John Jones and James Jenkins on the 23rd; and I see Peter Muggins (disguised as Charles Callaghan) showing up on the 25th at the New Orleans city cemetery on Treme and Bienville streets, armed with a phallic club, aiming to become the boss again:

> DEAR SPORT. — Charles B. Callaghan returned on Thursday night, to assume a little brief authority, and cut up a few fantastic tricks: so, arming himself with a weighty club as an insignia of office, he commenced operations at the corner of Treme and Bienville streets by calling together, about 11 p.m., the watchmen in the vicinity.
>
> Rap — rap — rap — went the stick of Callaghan, quickly answered by the same signal from the vigilant Charleys, who soon gathered to the spot to assist in the anticipated capture.
>
> "Good night to ye, boys; it's a pleasant trade ye have, and I can do it mighty nately myself, too," exclaimed Callaghan, flourishing, in an extacy of delight, the magic wand that had enacted such wonders.

4"Recorder's Court -- Second Municipality," Ibid., 8/7/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

5"The Cassidy Case," *Daily Picayune*, 8/3/1849, p. 3, c. 2.

"Who are you? What do you mean by this?" replied one of the enraged night watch, coming to rather close quarters with Callaghan.

"Divil the one but myself, you spalpeen," answered our indignant hero, preparing again for sounding the reveille. "Sure, I do it illigantly, and put ye all to shame, ye backguards: so out of the way wid ye, till I come the boss again."

But, alas for the mounting hopes of Mr. Callaghan, this assumption of power could not be permitted by men jealous of their rights, and who knew how to maintain them. He was placed in durance vile, protesting that it was through pure envy of his professional skill.

Recorder Genois will decide on the merits of the performance.[6]

In Tucker's dream language symbolism, it was Muggins again, at the cemetery, disguised as Norman Benson on August 31:

DEAR AMUSEMENT. — The corner of Treme and Bienville streets was made on Wednesday evening the scene for the gratuitous exhibition of ground and lofty tumblings, enacted by no less a personage than Norman Benson. The gymnastic exercises were varied by bursts of eloquence worthy of a better cause.

"What the deuce are you kicking up such a dust about?" exclaimed a querulous watchman, at the conclusion of a series of somersets rivalling Ravel.

"I am following the ways of the world," answered Benson.

"'The dust we tread upon was once alive
And wretched' —

6"Dear Sport," *Daily Crescent*, 8/25/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

and I am doing like the balance, kicking that which is already down."

"We can't stand this logic, my noisy cove; so you will have a golden opportunity to down with your dust before the Recorder," said the unphilosophical Charley, and forthwith Mr. Norman Benson was confined in his ideas to four bare walls.

Yesterday he was required by Recorder Genois to pay $25 for the nocturnal outbreak.[7]

Gumbo, Tucker, and Dobs appeared on the 27th; "Bem and Destiny," and "Rey in a Dungeon," on the 29th; "Rey in Prison" on the 30th. With Gumbo & Co. in complete control of the Inner Crescent City, Tucker chronicled the situation on September 3, under cover of Round Island:

TO THE PIC-NIC PARTY AT ROUND ISLAND

Vagrants, disperse! 'Tis so decreed:
Here is my letter — you can read -
It will remove all doubt;
I ride upon the green sea's foam;
Away you scamps — get out — go home!
'Tis Randolph gives the shout.

To show you that you cannot stay,
Like cat with mouse I'll deign to play,
And reason for an hour;
Back water — take in sail — avant!
Dare not to brave the coming blast,
An extra *blow* of pow'r.

I do assure you, on my word,
Your hopes and plans are most absurd,
And you will think so too:

7"Dear Amusement," Ibid., 8/31/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

For Mrs. Betsey said last night
She felt that all *could not* be right,
The candle burned so blue![8]

From Neptune I've received a note,
As "Senior Officer Afloat,"
Which says, ye men of crime,
Amphytrite his wife must know
O'er what part of Ocean's bed you go,
She's almost near her time!

To sailors and *marines* you've told
That Cuba — Sierra Madre — gold —
Each point you had in view;
This, to my mind, conclusive shows,
You're going, sirs — Lord only knows,
And I must know it too!

You're "vags." — I take the happy thought
From Baldwin — 1 Police Report —
You're "dangerous and suspicious;"
Consider this a settler, boys,
Unlawful plunderers, hence! — no noise!
I think you're *wery wicious!*[9]

Italics, by Tucker's own hand, pointed to hidden meanings: Could it be that *"I wery wicious"* is "I, William Walker"? and *"Marines* Madre *my"* is "my mother Mary"? Cuba, Sierra Madre, gold needed no italics; they conveyed Walker's great plan that lay perfected in his brain.

On September 14, the *Picayune* reported that Mr. Lawrence Scott and his wife were having a row. A neighbor, Mr. Morgan, went in, and as usual in such cases, came out the

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[8]To burn blue, which a candle is said to do as an omen of death, or as indicating the presence of ghosts or of the Devil (perhaps referring to the blue flame of brimstone).

[9]"Sunday's Items ... From Round Island," *Daily Crescent*, 9/3/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

injured party. Scott was tried at Recorder Baldwin's court.[10] Timothy Tucker changed the names to Mullens and Jones, and recorded the Inner Crescent City annals in the *Crescent* three days later:

> A DOMESTIC DRAMA. — *More Truth than Poetry* — Tim Mullens, in unholy strife, laid violent hands on his loving wife; the deed was done on Sunday night, and Hymen's torch that once burned bright, grew dim on the deserted hearth — the oil had fled that gave it birth! The woman, with a woman's love, eternal essence born above, bowed meekly 'neath the ruffian blow —This did not Jones, who lived below. He heard the noise, the stifled cry, the smothered shriek, the attempt to fly, the pleading words, and then —no more —for Jones stood on the "second floor"! Breathless with haste he rais'd his fist, and Mullens dared not to resist: but, coward-like, his very bones shook 'neath the eagle glance of Jones! Not so with Eve's unlucky daughter, bleeding from wounds she seized some water, and, quick as lightning from the sky, poor Jones was drenched —the pail was dry![11]

On September 26, the *Picayune* reported that William McCormick appeared before Recorder Genois and stated that he had been "done" out of fifty dollars.[12] He was lodging at the house of Mary Hawkins and suspected that another lodger, Ellen Dorman, had stolen his money. William, Mary, and Ellen once more activated Tucker's pen to insert Inner Crescent City annals under Recorder Baldwin's court two days later, when Baldwin actually committed a dozen vagrants to the workhouse:[13]

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[10] "Sent Down for Trial," *Daily Picayune*, 9/14/1849, p. 2, c. 7.

[11] "A Domestic Drama," *Daily Crescent*, 9/17/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

[12] "An Expensive Lodging Place," *Daily Picayune*, 9/26/1849, p. 2, c. 6.

[13] "Vagrants," Ibid., 9/28/1849, p. 2, c. 6.

RECORDER BALDWIN'S COURT
Almost "A Sketch."

The dock was filled, yesterday, with a very unpromising set of subjects for police reports, and yet the lights and shades of humane life were visible enough in the faces of the motley crowd — red noses made up the foreground, and black eyes furnished the darker tints of the picture.

A worthy trio were first called upon to show cause why they should not be sent to the work-house for thirty days. They belonged, no doubt, to the first families, as two answered to the name of Brown, and one rejoiced in that of Thompson. The charge made, for want of a better, was vagrancy.

The accused having been found in a skiff at 12 o'clock at night, rocked to slumber by the murmur of the waves, the calm moon beaming down its silver light upon the worshipers of Vacuna, and the spirits of the night, taking unto themselves the form of mosquitoes, fanning, with their myriad of wings, the slumbering mortals.

It was a scene worthy of the pen of *"The Inimitable!"* Pity, indeed, that such a seizure should have been made without the graphic pencil of an artist to sketch the affair. What a field for the exercise of the masterly powers of a *genius!*

First the tranquil river gliding noiselessly on to the ocean; Luna wending

> *"Her princely way among the stars in slow*
> *And silent brightness;"*

the Levee — a dark band encircling the slumbering city; with lamps, "like phantoms grim and tall," flickering here and there in the vast immensity of space; "the iron tongue of midnight" telling *twelve; and the dull, measured tread of the drowsy Charlie walking his weary round!*

Then the sagacious air that he assumes, as borne

upon the breeze he smells — a rat.

"A wharf rat," he cries with sudden energy, and he snuffs the gale like a war-horse, impatient of the charge!

The scene quickly shifts — it is alive — in motion! See the steady step of the watch as he moves noiselessly to the very water's edge, and "calls up spirits from the vasty deep."

Ah, the dread awakening of the Browns and Thompsons as they are summoned by that messenger of fate and Captain Forno! Their eyes are soon open to the future — they see the whitewashed walls of Baronne street castle glimmer in the "dread moonshine," and the turrets of Hevia standing in bold relief against the far off sky. We cannot portray their feelings but leave to the sympathetic reader to imagine how deeply the iron entered into their souls!

Yesterday these storm lost wanderers came to anchor at the hospitable mansion of Capt. Hackett, guided by the chart given by the Recorder, and with a police officer as a pilot. Should any one feel desirous of painting model sailors, let him go there and ask them to relate the stories of their lives, "even from their boyish days," and we have no doubt that he can hear of "moving accidents by flood and field."[14]

On November 26, Tucker opened his Inner Crescent City annals in the "New Orleans" column with a witches' charm-song:

OUR POLICE COURTS.

"Black spirits and white,
Hair curly and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!"

14"Recorder Baldwin's Court," *Daily Crescent*, 9/28/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

> And so they do every morning in the northwest corner of the Municipal Hall. By the reports of the watch, the mongrel host there arraigned meet in streets, alleys, highways and by-ways, on cotton bales and in the markets. The gathering is called, the rattle gives the signal, and in the prisoners' dock mingles the uproarious elements of life at night in the Crescent City. What an assemblage of choice spirits is there presented! . . .[15]

The article continued in the same vein. The witches' incantation came from Thomas Middleton's play *The Witch*, but it had been altered in the *Crescent*. Middleton's original version reads: *"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray, / Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"*[16]

Other lines in *The Witch* may have excited in the Inner Crescent City the creation of this column. For instance:

> Hecate [the Witch, to her son]:
> *You are a kind son!*
> *But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that;*
> *You had rather hunt after strange women still*
> *Than lie with your own mothers. . . .*[17]

More examples could be cited that apparently conveyed messages from Walker's shadow, but these are sufficient to show their existence and contents. They were Walker's fantasies or dreams at the crucial moment of the great change in his life. As I see them, they tell the story of Peter Muggins and fellow Inner Crescent City inmates, imprisoned inside the narcissistic walls erected by Constable Gabriel Gumbo & Co.

Again, the evidence is necessarily incomplete and my theory may not be strictly true from a psychological point

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[15]"Our Police Courts," Ibid., 11/26/1849, p. 3, c. 6.

[16]Thomas Middleton, *The Witch* V.ii.60-61, A.H. Bullen, ed., *The Works of Thomas Middleton* Vol. V, (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1885), p. 445.

[17]Ibid., I.ii.95-98.

of view, but it is helpful to think of Walker in these terms as we follow his subsequent career in California and Nicaragua.

One example is pertinent at this point: In 1851, Walker was the junior editor of the San Francisco *Herald* when a new crisis set in. First, he (Timothy Tucker) was jailed and fined by a judge for contempt of court in March; next, he (Gabriel Gumbo) was nominated Democratic candidate for Alderman in San Francisco and was soundly defeated at the polls in April; finally, he (Timothy Tucker) lost his job at the *Herald* in May and Walker left town to earn a living as a lawyer in Marysville.

When ready to leave San Francisco, on May 19, 1851 the following cryptic message appeared in a long column of unrelated judicial matters in the *Herald*:

Muggins was discharged.[18]

The item is odd, for I found no mention of any Muggins in the paper during the preceding or following weeks. Hence, I interpret it to mean that Peter Muggins (the personality who had become a lawyer in New Orleans in 1847) was set free in the Inner Crescent City in May 1851, in order that Walker could earn a living in Marysville (a place quite fitting for Muggins) when Tucker and Gumbo had failed in San Francisco and no military adventures were yet available for Dobs.

[18] "Law Intelligence -- May 17," *San Francisco Herald*, May 19, 1851, p. 2, c. 4.

19. Ellen's Starlight

In the Peter Muggins sketch on April 26, 1849, one week after Ellen's death, Walker wrote that "a sense of his situation" made Muggins think of his "Mary in heaven."[1] That reference to the classic composition of Robert Burns transmitted a message that should be read in the words of the Scottish poet:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?[2]

On July 19, three months to the day after the funeral, Walker stood upon the wharf in New Orleans to witness the departure of a crowd of adventurers destined for the Treasure-land. Next day he recorded his thoughts in the *Crescent*, and again told of the misery of the Abandoned:

> The adventurers that have just left our shores are a true type of the people. Volunteers by thousands can be obtained at a moment's warning to fight

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[1]See "Why Muggins Degenerated Into Muggy" in Chapter 13.

[2]First stanza of Robert Burns' "Thou Lingering Star" also titled "To Mary in Heaven" in his papers. *The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns*, (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1897), p. 226.

a foreign foe or to dig for gold: to people Oregon or explore the polar regions. No matter what the object, so it be an honorable one, and promise change, whether to reap a harvest of glory or to amass treasure, our restless population, whose motto is "Ever onward," seize eagerly upon an opportunity to vary an existence too monotonous for their ideas of progress.

The dangers of the sea, the difficult passes of the Isthmus, or the long months, perhaps years of toil, necessary to obtain a competence, are alike forgotten in the excitement incident to the trip. The time must come, however, when the "sober second thought" will awaken the seeker after El Dorado and bid him count the cost.

Ere many days, those who left us yesterday, buoyed up above a natural temperance, will find their hearts, like the bounding wave, alternating between fear and hope. And when they reach the promised land, even with the golden fruit of all their sufferings in their grasps, life, while there, must be a sterile waste indeed. Woman, whose presence can strip the desert of its dreariness, can lighten the hours of labor and make glad the sinking spirits of man — can sustain by sweet counsel the travel worn adventurer, and by her example breathe renewed energy into his fainting heart — will not be there in the hour of need.[3]

Late in August, the first copy of a new novel arrived in New Orleans from England.[4] *Lady Alice; or, The New Una,* promptly excited Walker's interest and absorbed his attention. His book review, in the *Crescent,* reveals why.

He immediately identified himself and Ellen (a deaf-mute) with the hero and heroine, Clifford and Lady Alice, for "there is little talking between them, and yet they seem to

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[3]"Departure of the Alabama for Chagres," *Daily Crescent* 7/20/1849, p.2, c.1.

[4]"Lady Alice; or, The New Una," Ibid., 8/27/1849, p.2, c.2.

be pretty well acquainted when they separate. Their conversation is carried on more by dumb show than by words."[5]

In the novel, Lady Alice was lost at sea and some two years later reappeared disguised in man's attire. The idea of Alice's death was so fixed in her lover's mind that he never once dreamed or hoped she might yet be alive. They lived under the same roof and formed a violent friendship, yet Clifford didn't recognize her identity.

For Walker, that was unbelievable, for it would mean that Ellen could come back to life. "The author attempts to explain the phenomenon; but we admit that his psychology is too subtle for our understanding."[6]

On the same day, the *Crescent* transcribed an article from the *Buffalo Republic*, on "The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity." The topic captivated Walker's imagination and he used it for his editorial on October 18, the six-month milestone for the Abandoned:

> We published not long since a curious speculation by a European philosopher upon the theory of the transmission of light, as affording a fanciful illustration of the way in which all past things may be reproduced to the disembodied spirit.
>
> The leading idea was that all our thoughts, sayings and actions are carried through space, like the undulations of light, at a uniform rate of velocity, which determines at what distance and time they might be reproduced to an intelligence ready to receive them. The distance of the fixed star affords a ratio of calculation, because the time required for light to reach the nearest of them makes an era of some magnitude, and many centuries are required to reach the more remote.
>
> Thus it was assumed that a soul, relieved from its earthly body here, and carried instantaneously to one of the nearest of the fixed stars, might be

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[5]"Lady Alice or the New Una," Ibid., 9/21/1849, p.2, c.3.

[6]Ibid.

> overtaken again by the whole series of events, passions and deeds of its past life here, and sit in judgment of itself, with infinitely more certainty and freedom that we judge of the records and existences of former generations. It was an odd and impressive thought.[7]

Ellen, relieved from her earthly body and carried instantaneously to one of the nearest of the fixed stars, was an impressive thought indeed.

Walker's mission and Ellen's star converged together in another editorial at that time: "If when we have converted the world to democracy, we could take wings and fly away to the moon or to the farthest planet that revolves about the most distant star, the principles of the government under which we live would be as applicable there as on the earth we now inhabit."[8]

A *New York Herald* story, reproduced by the *Crescent* on October 4 under "A Sad Woman," told about the case of a young girl named Susannah, in Philadelphia.[9] The girl accused an old merchant, "one of our oldest and most respectable citizens," of molesting her one evening as she strolled past his store.

On the 11th, the *Crescent* chronicled a Lake Pontchartrain regatta supervised by Captain McConnell of the *Mary Ellen*, in which the sloop *Mary Bella* drew first place.[10]

Susan, identified with Mary Ellen, combined the stories in the Inner Crescent City to create another fantasy which appeared in the *Crescent* on October 12:

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[7] "Telegraphing and the Mails," Ibid., 10/18/1849, p.2, c.2.

[8] "Foreign Policy of this Country," Ibid., 10/10/1849, p.2, c.2.

[9] "A Sad Woman," Ibid., 10/4/1849, p.1, c.5.

[10] "Dan Hickok's Regatta," Ibid., 10/11/1849, p.2, c.3.

A LAND RACE TO-GET-HER!
Not a Sketch of the "Regatta at Lake Pontchartrain."

Yesterday morning Susan Sykesy determined to raise the wind! And why, oh Susan, would you dare the elements to strife? Was it to ride upon the storm — to play upon the billows? — float upon the zephyr's breath or soar where

" . . . Heavenly dyes
Arched the clear rainbow round the orient skies?"

Did you think, maiden of the Auburn locks, that fragile form like thine, could guide the whirlwind or direct the storm? Oh, lady of the air, a tyrant you might invoke to blow yourself sky high!

A deceitful agent is the wind — creeping through crannies old — whistling around a broken pane — soft as infant's lullaby —anon crashing in thunder tones the parent of the forest — sighing in the recesses of an AEolian harp, or hurling death to thousands amidst a tornado's rage!

But stop — wither away, pen of mighty fleetness? Why trace such glowing lines upon the spotless paper?

Be quiet, uneasy minister of thought. Fingers clutch tight that which is "mightier than the sword," or it may play such high fantastic tricks that folks will turn aside and cry out, *bosh!*

Susan Sykesy wished to raise the wind, 't is true, but not in the way that imagination has suggested — Susan needed money! Ah, there was the rub. Poverty, with features long drawn out, stood hand-in hand with pale-faced Want.

They advance — avaunt, ye tempters! — on, on, they come, to spread the pall of dread Necessity over the still small voice of Conscience. Hark to the smothered tone — the feeble gurgling noise — the deed is done! The honest resolve sticks in her throat — it cannot reach the mind. Ye Powers of

Good, away! Susan is lost!

THE STREET! She is there, hurrying on with lynx-eyed gaze —diving into the crowd that obstructs the way — emerging with rapid pace, and glancing restlessly from side to side. What see you, Susan, by that merchant's door?

Like falcon darting on its prey, quick as the electric fluid from the cloud, a piece of muslin is secured — the woman gone!

Haste — fly — the hue and cry is raised — the police are on the track! Despair lend wings, or Susan is nabbed! Ah, how beautifully that corner was turned: another — now another. Never give up! The chase still thickens — on, Susan, on!

"Let every brick beneath your feet
Assist the cause of chivalry."

And where are the officers? I see they come —"Stop thief" 's the cry — Sykesy keeps on — they "take the butt."

Hark the shout! Is she there? No! Her dress still flutters in the breeze. She leads them beautifully. Up the street, down the alley, through the open doorway, out at the back gate — well done, bonny Susan — Hope's torch still burns to light your way.

"Make sail, ye lagging hulks, or you will never smell her track."

Another shout — the scene changes — the police are coming —the foot of the woman grows heavy.

The drama is closing. Nearer they approach. "Right at your tail." Oh, Susan Sykesy. Ah, their grip is on you, and you're gone!

The Recorder sits in judgment — the stolen muslin is a silent witness — Susan is the culprit at the bar!

No other witness appears against her. Where is the proof? Demand it, Susan, and you're saved.

Stop. Another charge — "vagrancy" — is made. Adieu to a city life for thirty days![11]

11"A Land Race to-get-her!" Ibid., 10/12/1849, p.2, c.3.

From her abode behind the prison cell door -- that bourne to the undiscovered country from which no traveler returns -- Ellen's starlight brightened the "New Orleans" column on December 3:

> THE ROMANCE OF OTHER DAYS. — The chivalry of the olden time gave rise to many beautiful superstitions and customs; some of which, even in this romantic age, cling around our cold forms and ceremonies. One of the most touching was that of the lover and the loved singling out, at the time of parting for a weary season, one bright particular star as a remembrance at night to guide their thoughts in airy union in its silver rays.
>
> The hour was named for each to look upon the far off world of light, and hold communion in the trackless void. It was the clairvoyant stage of love that bore to the heart its nightly food — undying hope.
>
> Whether upon land or sea the polar-star of plighted faith followed the wanderer, and oftener then, inconstant man or frail mortality can *now* boast, shone upon the re-union and the nuptials! Instances still occur of this, but they are few and far between.[12]

Like Bem and the Magyars who read their fortunes in the stars, Ellen's heavenly body guided the instincts of Walker's soul. In the darkness of the Inner Crescent City, her silver rays bore to the heart of the Abandoned its nightly food — undying hope. In other words, the love or psychosexual energy previously directed to Mary/Ellen was now focused on the mission that he would accomplish. Yet, as 1849 drew to a close, the glorious future receded behind the horizon, forever beyond Walker's reach. Among the last from Walker's pen in 1849, was an obituary, an appropriate symbol of his life:

12"The Romance of other Days," Ibid., 12/3/1849, p.3, c.6.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER. —Every one, in passing through Royal street, has remarked the old man who for years has daily walked backward and forward in the rear of the Old Cathedral. Sketches have been penned and paragraphs written upon his singular fancy and insane movements. Yet as it was believed that he was perfectly harmless in his wanderings, no one cared to disturb or annoy him.

He had a mania that admitted of but one idea —the absorbing thought of his existence — he believed that he kept watch over a large treasure buried near the spot, and with unceasing vigilance he was at his post, uttering incoherent words as he passed along.

He had a habit of standing hours at a time, drawing diagrams and making calculations, using the top of the fire-plug for his black-board — yet no one could solve his problems, or understand the array of figures.

Yesterday morning the poor old wanderer was found dead in Poydras Market. "Apoplexy" was the verdict; and we trust that it was so, and not want.

He was unknown — unfriended — his life a secret and his death the same. Not even his name could be given. The "Wizard of the Cathedral" was his usual title, and by that we record the passing from the world of one who has exchanged his troubled hours for the quiet of the grave.[13]

And on the New Year, in the "New Orleans" column Timothy Tucker wrote the message from the shadow:

RECORDER'S COURT — *Second Municipality.* — The dock was filled yesterday with a number of miserable specimens of humanity —three-fourths of them the forlorn subjects of the tyrant Intemperance. Destitute of means — bereft of health —lost in charac-

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13"Death of a Well-Known Character," Ibid., 12/22/1849, p.2, c.2.

> ter — they stood, the wreck of everything that could commend them to the world. The last day of the old year was dark indeed to these outcasts — the first of the new could bring no change to *them*.[14]

Italics, by Tucker, left no doubt who *them* were. Not even their name could be given -- it could be Jenkins, Jones, Muggins, Gumbo, Tucker, or Dobs, not to mention Walker, Smith, and Brown. All of them wanderers, lost in the narcissistic solitude of the Abandoned. The absorbing thought of their existence led them to a future full of sorrows, until they exchanged their troubled hours for the quiet of the grave. Their life a secret and their death the same. But the grave was yet eleven years away, almost in the fall of 1860. At the dawn of 1850, the starlight of Ellen guided them, and was then moving west.

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[14]"Recorder's Court -- Second Municipality," Ibid., 01/01/1850, p.3, c.6.

20. The Star Moves West

As 1849 drew to a close, a key element in the great plan that germinated in Walker's brain was sprouting into being. In October the *Crescent* published a sketch of the Constitution of the State of Deseret, the proposed new Mormon state in the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake. Walker promptly praised the "reasonableness in its provisions, and the entire absence of anything like rant, religious prejudice or enthusiasm in its enactments."[1]

For Walker, moderation was crucial when the problem of slavery in the new territories captivated the country's attention at that moment. In September, a Constitutional Convention held at Monterey, California had set the boundaries of the future state, and had banned slavery within its borders.

California's application for admission to the Union as a free state aroused violent opposition from the Southern camp. Abolitionists, on the other hand, not only supported the immediate admission of California, but also demanded the passage of the Wilmot Proviso for the remaining territories.

Walker, in the *Crescent*, invariably defended Southern interests. He strongly condemned the Proviso and advised postponing the admission of California. He stressed the preservation of national unity. The closing paragraphs of his December 1 editorial are typical:

> The slave question, therefore, will accompany the California constitution into Congress in an aggravated shape. There will be a violent struggle over it, as a local question there, in which all the most angry passions will be excited; and whenever it

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[1] "The New Mormon State." *Daily Crescent*, 10/12/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

> shall be decided, and in whichever way, upon its particular merits, the general question will remain for another struggle still more excited in character and distracting in consequences.
>
> In view of this sad prospect, the only hope of the country is in the triumph of moderation over passion and prejudice, the revival of that old spirit of fraternal devotion to the union of the States, which made this Government, has preserved it thus far, and which is the life-blood of its future existence.
>
> Factionists and ultras of all quarters must be taught, and will be taught, that there is a virtue in the great masses of the people, which, fully roused to a knowledge of danger to our liberties or our Union, is mighty to calm and to save.[2]

The "sad prospect" predicted by Walker would materialize with the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. His posture excited the wrath of extremists from both sides, and also provoked attacks from Southern moderates who disagreed with his ideas. The *Picayune*, for instance, favored the immediate admission of California despite its free constitution.[3] This started another polemic, with each paper alleging its defense of national unity.

The animosity between Walker and his New Orleans colleagues increased when on December 12 the Grand Jury ended its investigation of the Rey Case and threw out the indictment against the Spanish Consul. The conflict heightened when the Mississippi river rose to within a few feet of its high water mark. The Mayor of New Orleans sent an urgent message to the Municipal Council, asking it to protect the city from inundation.

The Council met on December 18 -- eight months to the day

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[2] "New State of California," Ibid., 12/1/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

[3] "The Admission of California," *Daily Picayune*, 12/8/1849, p. 2, c. 2; "The California Question, Ibid., 12/11/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

after Ellen's death and seven since the flooding of her grave. The matter was referred for study to the Committee of Streets and Landings. Walker's instantaneous reaction, the next morning, plunged him into another confrontation:

> . . . Maybe, as the present Council had its advent celebrated by the miseries of one inundation, it intends that its exit shall not be altogether unmarked in the annals of the city. Two crevasses under one Council would be glory enough for the most ambitious. A wreath of cypress-leaves for our sage councilmen; let their portraits be hung with the moss that dangles from our swamp trees.[4]

Walker's magic spear reached beyond the boundaries of Louisiana to discharge hostility over federal officials in Washington. Minor incidents triggered the flow of invectives from his pen, betraying the dynamic intervention of his inner conflicts in the process. One such incident is the case of an Irish capuchin friar, Father Theobald Mathew, celebrated Temperance Apostle on a tour in the United States.

Father Mathew attended a Senate session in Washington on December 20. Some Southern senators attempted to deny him a seat, alleging that the priest was an avowed abolitionist, but the majority voted in favor of granting him a cordial welcome.

This minor matter spilled over into Walker's invectives against Mississippi senator Henry S. Foote, for having voted with the extremists against the priest.[5] Walker's attack against Foote is his spear's final thrust of the year, on December 31.

Walker's editorial, January 1, 1850, contemplated both the past and future. As usual with him, his magic spear colored world events with tints from his personal unconscious.

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[4] "Councils and Crevasses," *Daily Crescent*, 12/19/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

[5] "The Father Mathew Debate," Ibid., 12/31/1849, p. 2, c. 3.

Tucker recorded the Inner Crescent City annals and expectations under the following chronicle:

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"The bell strikes One. We take no note of time,
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound."

In the silence of midnight the New Year is ushered into existence. Even amid the revelry of cities it comes in with the solemnity of the Future, and bears in its young countenance the mystery of an unknown stranger. The infant appears to gaze upon the world he has just entered, with uncertainty as to whither he shall direct his steps.

The Old Year has been so strange and varying in his course, that the new child knows not whether his parent is a worthy model or not. Eighteen Hundred and Forty-nine came in with such bright prospects and flattering hopes — it vanishes with so many darkening shadows and chilled aspirations —that the Young Year is dubious of its destinies, and tremulous about its future career.

A few short months have witnessed the subjugation of Italy and the fall of Hungary. The snow on the Apennines was just beginning to melt — the glaciers of the lower Alps were just loosening themselves, and preparing to rush upon the blooming valleys —when the noble race that has for centuries slept between the mountains and the seas awoke to assert its rights and redeem its privileges.

For a while all went well, and Liberty seemed, like the vine and the fig-tree, to flourish and expand beneath a Southern sun. But there came a blast from the North, and all the fair flowers of Freedom were blighted and destroyed. The treacherous

disciple of Republicanism and Democracy kissed the pale cheek of Italia, and the drooping enthusiast fell into the hands of the chief priests and the elders. The Sanhedrim decreed the bondage of the betrayed; and the Italian peninsula trembled again beneath the sway of the Aulic Council.

Nor were the hopes of Hungary less bright in the beginning than were those of Italy — hopes as bright and destined to as disastrous an eclipse. The struggles of Kossuth and Bem and Dembinski were as the convulsions of Prometheus bound upon the rocks of Caucasus.

The mountain shook from the efforts of the Titan struggling to be free; but the vulture yet preys upon the entrails of the demigod, and the chains yet bind the limbs of conquered Hungary. The sixth trump has sounded; may the seventh soon be heard, and open to us "a new heaven and a new earth."

It is towards the West that the New Year looks with a cheerful soul and a hopeful spirit. The star that guided the Eastern magians to the manger of Bethlehem rose in the East, and moved before until it stood over where the young child was.

In these latter days, there has appeared in the West a constellation of States that seem destined to lead man on to the highest condition of liberty and civilization of which he is capable. Let the Eastern sages follow the Western stars, and the hopes of the Present may become the realities of the Future.[6]

Eighteen Hundred and Forty-nine which came in for Walker with such bright prospects and flattering hopes, vanished with so many darkening shadows and chilled aspirations. Truly, "the sixth trump has sounded; may the seventh soon be heard":

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[6] "New Year's Day," Ibid., 1/1/1850, p. 2, c. 1.

> And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.[7]

On January 4 Walker attended "the first Concert of Strakosch and Biscaccianti . . . and Mr. Strakosch proved throughout that he was the fascinating pianist whose performance so delighted us last year. But the great triumph of the evening was that of Signora Biscaccianti. . . . It is impossible to resist the vocalism of Biscaccianti or deny the brilliancy of her notes and the force with which she makes the music of the composer strike upon the soul."[8]

Eliza Biscaccianti, a native of Boston married to an Italian, was an extremely pretty but fearfully thin young girl, in delicate health.[9] Her favorite song, Schubert's Serenade, invariably received an encore when she sang to the accompaniment of her husband's violoncello. For Walker, the Romanza from Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco*, the Rondo from *La Sonnambula*, and the duet from *Norma* were specially brilliant.

Others disagreed with Walker. The French editors of the bilingual *Bee-Abeille* and the *Courier* considered Biscaccianti's performance somewhat mediocre. Walker came to her defense, lashing out against French critics and French music. To open his attack on the critics, he quoted from Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (IV.38):

> *"And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow*
> *No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,*
> *That whetstone of the teeth — monotony in wire!"*

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[7] Apocalypse 21:1-2.

[8] "Signora Biscaccianti," *Daily Crescent*, 1/5/1850, p. 2, c. 1.

[9] Mrs. Alfred Hort, *Via Nicaragua*, (London: Remington & Co. Publ's, 1887), p 184.

After six hundred words, he closed with these thoughts:

> Let the French stick to Halèvy and leave Bellini and the great masters for a people with profounder emotions and more soaring imaginations.
>
> French music is sometimes a very pretty thing, and may be made wondrously agreeable; but it never "stirs the soul's secret springs." We hope the day is not distant when the New Orleans public will pay more attention to the Italian sublimities than to the Parisian prettinesses."[10]

Perhaps Biscaccianti, pretty and in delicate health, reminded him of Mary and Ellen. French music, on the other hand, resurrected his crisis in Paris. The latter comes out in his second rejoinder to the *Bee* and the *Courier*, on January 14:

> As to the understanding of the word *chic*, we can only say that we comprehend its import fully and completely. We have the merit — if any it be — to know something of Parisian slang.
>
> We have put on a blouse and drank at Paul Nicquet's with the Parisian thieves and *chiffoniers*; and our knowledge of *chic* was picked up among the roystering students of the Latin quarter, and its significance fixed on us by visits to La Chaumière, and such like places. Nor was *chic*, by any means, the least significant word we picked up in that same Paris, which, take it all in all —from the Chaussée d'Antin to the Barrière du Trone — is the most farcical and yet most disgusting city in Christendom.
>
> Beneath the appearance of elegance and refinement, there lurks in this Parisian world, an amount of depraved taste and sensual vulgarity which chokes up the aspirations of the higher Art, and degrades

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[10] "Signora Biscaccianti and French Critics," *Daily Crescent*, 1/7/1850, p.2 c.2.

> men who might otherwise soar beyond the depressing influences of the world they live in.[11]

In the midst of the Biscaccianti dispute, Walker assailed Congressman Brown of Iowa, who was thought to be a reliable friend of the South but who had become "an instantaneous convert to extreme anti-slavery opinions."[12] Soon afterwards, he attacked Congress for not passing "a single measure of practical importance" in seven weeks of sessions.[13]

Barely out of the Biscaccianti quarrel, the inundation of Ellen's grave "relapsed" in his soul late in January when Rev. A. D. Wooldridge, State Engineer of Louisiana, submitted his annual report to the Legislature. Walker promptly lampooned him on Jan. 28, closing his tirade as follows:

> What felicity of metaphor! What force of logic! What depth of scientific wisdom! Alas! that faculties so refined in their essence, and so exalted in their influences, should be unfit for the practical details of engineering.
>
> The State Engineer, like other great geniuses, is before his age. He anticipates the time when the beauties of rhetoric and the truths of science shall harmonize and be identical.[14]

Wooldridge's friends, of course, defended him, and perhaps one challenged Walker, for the following note appeared in the *Crescent* on the 31st:

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[11] "Biscaccianti," Ibid., 1/14/1850, p. 2, c. 2.

[12] "Mr. W. J. Brown, of Ia.," Ibid., 1/10/1850, p. 2, c. 1.

[13] "Congress," Ibid., 1/19/1850, p. 2, c. 3.

[14] "State Engineer's Report," Ibid., 1/28/1850, p. 2, c. 4.

> "A PRINTER." — We shall be happy to see "A Printer" at any time he may make it convenient to call.[15]

That ended Walker's labors in the *Crescent*. Next day, Hayes, Walker, and Wilson sold and transferred to Messrs. John W. Crockett, J. W. Frost and Hudson A. Kidd, the whole establishment of the Daily and Weekly *Crescent* and Job Office, with all the books and accounts due thereto.[16] The other partner, J. C. Larue, had retired in August when he was the attorney for Captain McConnell of the *Mary Ellen*, during the Rey investigation.[17] Shortly afterwards (in June 1850), Walker left for California.

His journalistic career in New Orleans lasted less than a year. One of his last editorials was on Sir James Brooke, British Rajah of Sarawak, whom he portrayed as a man of the "most gentle nature" and "most benevolent aims." The great plan that lay perfected in the brain of the future filibuster can be glimpsed, projected on the rajah:

> It was while on a voyage for his health, that he conceived the idea of attempting with his own means to form a settlement on the island of Borneo, with a view of introducing civilization and Christianity among the islands of the Great East India Archipelago, inhabited by the Malay races, which have been considered to be the most perfidious, blood-thirsty and untractable of the native tribes.
>
> Mr. Brooke was occupied a number of years in making preparations, and at great expense started on an expedition for the establishment of his colony, about twelve years ago. The skill, courage and mod-

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[15] "A Printer," Ibid., 1/31/1850, p. 2, c. 1.

[16] William Walker, "Valedictory," Ibid., 2/2/1850, p. 2, c. 1.

[17] Larue, John C., "A Valedictory," Ibid., 8/1/1849, p. 2, c. 1; "We are unable to give . . . ," Ibid., 8/14/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

> eration, with which he managed his intercourse with the natives — his success in obtaining their confidence — in softening their ferocity by kindness and scrupulous good faith —and his courage in meeting and repressing their hostile movements, gained for him a wide-spread name for the purest philanthropy, directed by a marvelous clearness of intellect and strength of mind.
>
> When we last heard of him before, he had attracted the support of his own Government to his success in acquiring territory and influence; and with their customary sagacity, they adopted him and his colony, and extended their flag over him.[18]

Walker's attraction to this idea can also be detected in "England and Her Colonies," his last *Crescent* editorial, on January 31:

> The same main idea assumes different shapes according to the people among whom it makes its appearance. The great principles of democracy, which in France aim at a more perfect and equitable social organization — which in Italy extend to the expulsion of the Northern barbarians, and the establishment of a new national unity — which in Germany seek to remove the restrictions of feudalism, and make man fraternal in his sympathies and pursuits —appear in England as the revolutionists in trade, and as the organizers of a natural, unfettered commerce. . . .
>
> Sprung from the same race, the people of the United States are necessarily interested in the course and condition of the English colonies. The annexation of Canada, though it may in the end occur, would hardly be an immediate consequence of her separation from the British Empire. But her independence would necessarily affect our interests,

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[18] "Rajah Brooke," Ibid., 1/17/1850, p. 2, c. 2.

> as would more or less directly, the independence of every other British colony.
>
> In the Southern hemisphere there is springing up an English colony, which must soon have an independent government; and Australia is destined to be peopled with a race as bold and adventurous as our own. Australia and California will make the English language the prevailing idiom of the Pacific seas: and the tongue of Confucius will, even in Canton and Pekin,[19] yield before that of Milton and Shakespeare.

But the same idea assumes different shapes according to the people among whom it makes its appearance. Timothy Tucker wrote the shadow's parting message in a different form, closing the Inner Crescent City annals that last day in the *Crescent*:

> FOUND DROWNED. — The body of a white man, name unknown, was found floating yesterday in the river opposite post 7. The deceased was dressed in a pair of cottonade pants, flannel undershirt, white cotton shirt, black frock coat, and boots. Upon his right arm was a drawing in India ink, representing a heart, and upon his left an eagle, with five stars. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above.[20]

The *Picayune* had published the story two days earlier:

> An inquest was held yesterday on the body of a man, name unknown, who was found drowned at Post No. 72, Second Municipality. Verdict, "Found drowned."[21]

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[19] "England and Her Colonies," Ibid., 1/31/1850, p. 2, c. 2.

[20] "Found Drowned," Ibid., 1/31/1850, p. 3, c. 6.

[21] "City Intelligence," *Daily Picayune*, 1/29/1850, p. 2, c. 5.

Tucker used the *Picayune* item for the Inner Crescent City inmates' farewell from New Orleans. Post 72 became 7. He made the body white, set it floating down the river, carefully dressed it, and tattooed both arms.

Post 7 is the seventh trumpet, opening a new heaven and a new earth. The white body is William Walker's. The heart upon his right arm pledged his courage in defense of right and justice. The eagle upon his left arm wings its flight to the stars, to the realms of light of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, in the West.

Fate will compress the five celestial bodies in 1856, into a five-pointed star for his battle flag insignia in Nicaragua.