

Part Five: THE SHADOW

Our rational philosophy does not bother itself with whether the other person in us, pejoratively described as the "shadow," is in sympathy with our conscious plans and intentions. Evidently it does not know that we carry in ourselves a real shadow whose existence is grounded in our instinctual nature.

Carl G. Jung. *The Undiscovered Self*.

13. John Jones' Farewell

Protest, despair, and detachment are the main phases in the process of mourning the loss of a loved one. Thomas de Quincey's allegorical account of "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow," (Our Lady of Tears, Our Lady of Sighs, and Our Lady of Darkness) personified them in 1845, shortly before Billy lost Ellen.¹ When Billy visited her grave covered by the Mississippi, he had reached the third stage of de Quincey's allegory:

The wide expanse of waters around the graves of the departed, images the eternity to which the dead are gone, and we feel more the desolation of the grave as we view the tombs surrounded by the barren waters.²

Sigmund Freud's account of normal mourning emphasizes that the bereaved person reminisces constantly about his past life with the dead person, and as he engages in this form of painful reminiscing, he gradually "works it through." Billy recorded his mourning process in the *Crescent*. His secret annals had begun with Ellen's illness, in the weather report that appeared on April 16, and continued at her deathbed:

CAUGHT THE FEVER.— Ellen Fever was found in a highly excited state — pulse at 130 — committing a breach of the peace. For fear others might get the disease an officer quarantined her in the calaboose.

¹Irving L. Janis, ed., *Personality: Dynamics, Development, and Assessment*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1969), p. 174.

²"Overflow of the Cemeteries," *Daily Crescent*, 5/19/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

This case should be promptly attended by the Recorder, as it will no doubt end in a confinement.³

"Caught the Fever" appeared on April 19, the day of the funeral, in a column titled "New Orleans" on Page 3, buried among reports of court proceedings, burglaries, forgeries, murders, and other crimes. Of course, there was no *Ellen Fever* in New Orleans, and nobody with a pulse at 130 had committed a breach of the peace. The item was clearly imaginary, totally different from the factual reports of real crimes and court proceedings in the same column. Appearing on the day of Ellen Martin's funeral, it is obvious that Ellen Fever's figurative language portrayed Ellen Martin at her deathbed.

Upon finding *Ellen Fever*, I immediately began to look for additional fictional items in the "New Orleans" column. From March 7 --the date Billy started in the *Crescent*, to April 18, the column contained a total of 451 factual items, but not a single work of fiction.⁴ On April 19, "Caught the Fever" inaugurated Billy's use of the "New Orleans" column for recording creations of his fancy, which thereafter appeared regularly. The following came out on April 25:

A SAD HISTORY.

Yesterday morning among the multitude of frail and erring mortals brought before Recorder Baldwin, was a man who attracted some attention from the spectators. He was a person with a melancholy cast of countenance, upon which the lines of sorrow more than the hand of time, had left an expression such as is seen in the faces of those in whom premature age has too closely pressed upon the spring-time of youth.

³"Caught the Fever." *Ibid.*, 4/19/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

⁴One item, on April 12, narrated in rhyme a case that the *Picayune* had published in prose the day before. "Deceptive Tokens," *Crescent*, 4/12/1849, p. 3, c. 5; "All Is Not Gold That Glitters," *Picayune*, 4/11/1849, p. 2, c. 6.

A hat which might have belonged to the primeval times, covered a head whose scattered locks were evidently strangers to the comb, while his coat, closely buttoned in front to conceal the absence of a shirt, was of a fashion so ancient that it might with propriety have been placed in some antiquarian gallery as a relic of ancestral costume.

This singular individual stood quietly in a corner, with the air of a man unconscious of, and unconcerned for, his situation, until his name was called.

"John Jones," said the Recorder. The melancholy man gave a dramatic start, and emphatically answered, "Sir."

"Jones," continued the Recorder, "you are charged with being a vagrant and having no honest occupation by which to gain a living."

"He that places his faith upon a woman, is a chameleon, and doth feed on air."

"We are not instituting an inquiry into the constancy of woman, Mr. Jones, but desire to know what you have to say in answer to the charge preferred against you."

"Have not I too placed faith in woman? Am I not a chameleon? Do I not imbibe the air, and thence derive my sustenance?"

"If that is your only method of making a living, Mr. Jones, I am fearful that I shall have to commit you. Yet let me hear what further you have to say."

Jones, after meditating a moment, as if undecided whither to reply, continued in the following singular manner, which we thought worthy of the exercise of reportorial skill:

Justice, I oft have heard it said, is kind,
 And judging causes always goes it blind;
 But here, the goddess, plainly I perceive,
 Can view a ragged coat or tattered sleeve;
 But let that pass, I mourn not for my fate,
 And, to your honor will my tale relate.
 'Tis an old tale, and one too quickly told
 Of woman's faithlessness and bosoms cold.
 A few months past I loved a maiden, fair
 As the loveliest flower wooed by the summer air,
 And I, vain thoughts! imagined she returned
 The ardent love that in my bosom burned.
 "Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And mamon wins where seraphs might despair."
 For I sir, am a barber by profession,
 And that full soon removed each fond impression.
 The lady was a wealthy baker's daughter,
 And soon another, richer rival sought her;
 Some have cruel fates, but mine was crueller,
 My rival was a young and handsome jeweller.
 He came, he saw, and then not long he tarried,
 For scarce three days had passed when they were
 married.
 Too hard the blow — I could not bear the shock,
 E'en though my heart had been of solid rock.
 But for a moment rage my soul possessed;
 To punish him was then my sole request,
 And I, full of revenge, up to the brim,
 From lathering others, took to lathering him.
 And now, alas! earth hope no more can give,
 For losing her, why should I care to live?
 I closed my shop, and swore a solemn oath,
 To shave no more till death should claim us both.
 Since then I wander lost and broken hearted,
 Think of the past and its joys departed.

When the melancholy gentleman had concluded the relation of this touching story, the Recorder said that in consideration of the peculiar hardships of his case, he would suffer him to depart, with an admonition to find some better method of gaining a

living than subsisting on the memory of past wrongs. Jones left the court as unconcernedly as he had acted while in it, only repeating these lines during his exit:

*"Alas! when man may stoop to folly,
And finds that woman will betray,
What art can soothe his melancholy,
What smiles can chase his tears away?"*⁵

"A Sad History" is an imaginary story created by Billy a week after Ellen's death. Billy's unconscious was apparently stimulated by a real case of a totally different nature, reported by the *Picayune* on April 22.

According to the *Picayune*, a Mr. James Theran had been swindled by "a very sentimental looking man, with a broad piece of crape around his hat, whose solemn air and woful countenance betokened the loss of an affectionate wife . . . The sentimental man . . . after looking at Mr. Theran very intently for a moment, solemnly addressed him as Mr. Jones, and with an air of slight anxiety inquired if he was not from Kentucky. Mr. T. promptly corrected the sentimental man in regard to his name, and informed him that he came from Ohio . . . The solemn man . . . feelingly recounted to the hoosier the melancholy dispensations of Providence which had robbed him of all he held dear . . ."⁶

It would seem that the *sentimental man's* story in which a Mr. Jones was mentioned, stimulated Billy's unconscious to create "A Sad History" in which *John Jones* recounted Billy's mourning process a week after Ellen's death. Our Lady of Tears, de Quincey's stage of protest, had been the first to appear: ("But for a moment rage my soul possessed"), but Our Lady of Sighs, de Quincey's state of despair, was already there: ("And now, Alas! earth hope no more can give").

The jeweller stood for Old Winter masquerading as the Reaper, personification of death. "Three days" was the

⁵"A Sad History," *Crescent*, 4/25/1849, p. 3, c. 6.

⁶"He was a Stranger and they Took Him In," *Picayune*, 4/22/1849, p. 2, c. 6.

duration of the fatal illness. Costume, Italicized by Billy's own hand, called attention to its use on the stage or masquerade party. Billy (John Jones) wore such coat or costume in the story, "to conceal the absence of a shirt," that is to say, to guard his exposed identity from view.

"Ancestral" brought in his father; "earth" (Mother Earth), his mother; "the memory of past wrongs," his Oedipus complex. "A solemn oath, to shave no more" told of his decision never to love again.

Of course, only Billy's unconscious (his *personal unconscious* or *shadow*, in Jungian terminology) knew the hidden symbolic meaning of each element in the story. In my interpretation, I merely attempt to explain the known facts which are necessarily incomplete. The validity of assigning hidden meanings to Billy's flights of fancy was already covered in a previous chapter (see note 15 in Chapter Ten: "Manfred Betrays Oedipus").

Our Lady of Sighs, de Quincey's state of despair, could also be seen on April 26, in Billy's comments on Col. Fremont's letters examined in Chapter Twelve; and again on the following day, in another imaginary story in the "New Orleans" column:

WHY MUGGINS DEGENERATED INTO MUGGY.—Peter Muggins was arraigned before his Honor the Recorder, to answer a charge of assault and battery on his lawful spouse and better half, Mary Muggins. The

7*[A] psychic entity stands between the ego and the inner world of the unconscious. This entity is called the shadow. The shadow (also called by Jung the *personal unconscious*) is a composite of personal characteristics and potentialities of which the individual is unaware. Usually the shadow, as indicated by the word, contains inferior characteristics and weaknesses which the ego's self-esteem will not permit it to recognize.

*The shadow may be personified in dreams by such figures and criminals, drunkards and derelicts. Technically it must be of the same sex as the dreamer. As with all unconscious contents, the shadow is first experienced in projection. This means that an unconscious quality of one's own is first recognized and reacted to when it is discovered in an outer object. So long as the shadow is projected, the individual can hate and condemn freely the weakness and evil he sees in others, while maintaining his own sense of righteousness. . . . "Edward F. Edinger, M.D., "An Outline of Analytical Psychology," Reprinted from *Quadrant* No. 1, Copyright 1968 by the C. G. Jung Foundation for Analytical Psychology, Inc., New York, N.Y., p. 4.

prisoner, alas! had seen better days, as he pathetically stated, and would remember when once, by the confidence and votes of his fellow-citizens, he had been raised to the dignity of Constable.

Then he was Muggins, solitary and alone — Muggins, happy in his single blessedness, an object of interest to the young ladies of the neighborhood, and decidedly a rising young man. Yet now, how fallen! "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream," when Cupid first bound him with the gilded chains.

Like the author of "Childe Harold," he loved the name of "Mary," and was also doomed to awaken from a dream of bliss and find his idol was but mortal. Matrimony threw cold water on his warmest hopes — indeed, it proved a shower bath to our hero, keeping him perpetually in dread of a torrent of woe, but drop by drop adding to his despair, until he took a drop too much.

Peter's dream of joy changed to a nightmare, vexatious and terrible. He became emphatically "Blue Peter,"⁸ and often vowed to run himself up as a signal to all young men of genius not to allow their stars to grow pale and dim before the torch of Hymen.

Mary was not of the same opinion with her liege lord on many points — insisting, among other unreasonable things, that he should remain sober one day in seven. To a man like Muggins, this prohibition was sufficient to arouse the spirit of the other six days, and, determined not to be dictated to by an exacting woman, he resolutely maintained his independence by becoming on the odd day more crooked in his ways than ever.

She cried: he was proof against the water cure. She begged him to remain at home; but, despising a

⁸"Blue peter," a square, blue flag with a white rectangle in the center. In the International Maritime Code it signifies the letter P. It is also raised to indicate that a ship is sailing within 24 hours.

domestic dram-ah, he left!

She tried to *weaken* his resolution —offered to wait upon him in his *ailings*, *whinings*, or even to follow after his *bier*; but he was too much of a rum-un for that. He followed her advice "in a horn," and became more ardent in his opposition.

Months passed in this manner, until woman's patience became exhausted; and on Mary insisting, the other evening, that she would call the watch for her protection against his attacks upon her head and heart, he, to save his bacon, became *Salt Peter*, and sprinkled her with sufficient to create an explosion in the neighborhood, and, by the power of the application, send himself, in a considerable of a hurry, to the calaboose.

The gloom of the place restored him to "a sense of his situation," and made him think of his "Mary in heaven," compared to such a place. In the morning, on his solemn promise that he would not again invade the peace of his terrestrial paradise with such a blow-up, he was allowed to depart. We would advise his wife, however, to keep the keys, and make him change his gait.

If you show yourself manifestly in the spirit again, Peter, you will be s't. Peter, where your right to *roam* will not be acknowledged.

Peter Muggins, on April 27. "solitary and alone." "happy in his single-blessedness." glorified the self-love that is then in the ascendant. "Gait" and "Roam," italicized by Billy's hand, tips off that Muggins is none other than Walker.

"Like the author of 'Childe Harold,' he loved the name of 'Mary'," allowed Billy to bring in his mother, availing himself of Byron's affection for Mary Duff and Mary Chaworth.

⁹"Why Muggins degenerated into Muggy," *Crescent*, 4/27/1849, p. 3, c. 6.

"And was also doomed to awaken from a dream of bliss to find his idol was but mortal," recorded Ellen's death.

"Mary in Heaven," a classic composition of Robert Burns, the greatest of Scottish poets, manifested that Ellen and Mary are for Billy identical love objects — Mary in heaven is Ellen in heaven; Ellen's death is Mary's death.

"His solemn promise that he would not again invade the peace of his terrestrial paradise" reaffirmed his decision never to love again.

On May 8, 1849, Billy celebrated his 25th birthday, barely twenty days after Ellen's departure. In his article on that date, he again secretly narrated his personal crisis under cover of the New Orleans court proceedings on page 3 of the *Crescent*:

A MEDLEY.— Recorder Baldwin's Court presented yesterday a charming variety, in the persons of some twenty forlorn-looking individuals, classed under that very general charge — Vagrancy. There were a number of both sexes — all ages — but of one condition! Want had stared them so long in the face, that he had left, as in a mirror, his own peculiar likeness stamped too plainly upon each care-worn countenance.

We do not record their names, for they were only houseless wanderers, and yet, what a history of fallen fortunes, blighted happiness, and heart-rending troubles, that degraded crowd might have furnished! Truth is stranger than fiction, and the incidents of every-day life often furnish cases of more utter and hopeless misery, than could be portrayed in a dozen romances.

In the group that were standing before the Court, to answer the heinous charge of "having neither home nor occupation," what a lesson could be learned by the novice just entering into the gaities of the world, if but their simple histories were laid before him. Yet, hardly a day passes but the like

number follow their predecessors, and are consigned in the most summary manner to the Workhouse. "Such is life."¹⁰

The "houseless wanderers," or *lonely Walkers*, charged with "having neither home nor occupation," echoed Judge Baldwin's indictment against John Jones. It laid bare for all to see, the utter emptiness filling Billy's soul. At the quarter-century mark, he felt the anguish of abandonment in a desolated world: "Such is life." De Quincey's stage of detachment was setting in, and Our Lady of Darkness had finally completed the mourning process on May 18, when Billy visited Ellen's grave covered by the Mississippi. Billy recorded it again in the "New Orleans" column on May 26:

SINGULAR CASE.— Mary Grymes, a pleasant looking lady, fair, fat, and thirty, modestly and genteely attired, made a novel application, yesterday, to Recorder Genois. She asked to be sent to prison, that she might be engaged in the benevolent occupation of sewing for the poor!

In vain his Honor argued, with eloquence magisterial, against this unusual mode of dispensing alms. In vain the good natured officers around, attempted to dissuade her from seeking this premature confinement. All was of no avail!

Mary asked it as a boon: as fitting penance for three days spent in libations to the rosy god. She had been revelling in the product of the vine: but remembered the injunction, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and considering herself mellow enough, hoped to throw the broad mantle of charity over her frailties and her faults.

Poverty had naught to do with Mary's application. Her clothing betokened sufficient of this world's wealth, without being compelled to ask for public assistance. She insisted upon a committal: declared

¹⁰"A Nedley," *Ibid.*, 5/8/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

that her conduct had been unseemly, and that she would repair it by sewing.

She considered it necessary that her liberty should be restricted; but was determined that "her needles, once a shining store," should not, even in the gloom and damp of the prison, "rust disused and shine no more." She asked, amidst her own affliction, that a woman's privilege should be granted her — to alleviate the misfortunes of others. She was willing to "stitch, stitch, stitch," while atoning for her past errors, and craved employment to drive dull care away.

Wearied with her importunities, the papers were at last made out, and Mary Grymes, escorted by an officer, humbly wended her way to that bourne¹¹ from whence the Recorder said she might return in ten days. Should she repent of her strange whim, however, the prison doors will be opened, and Mary can then make a shift somewhere else.¹²

Mary's prison cell door -- "that bourne" to the undiscovered country crossed over by Ellen, tells me that, for Billy, the barren waters of *The Mississippi at Midnight* then covered her grave:

*How solemn! sweeping this dense black tide!
No friendly lights i' the heavens o'er us;
A murky darkness on either side,
And kindred darkness all before us!*¹³

Billy wrote the poem a year earlier, when everything seemed outwardly alright. Yet, under the surface, his shadow

¹¹—"But that the dread of something after death, / The undiscovered country, from whose bourn / No traveler returns." Shakespeare *Hamlet* III.i.78-80.

¹²—"Singular Case," *Crescent*, 5/26/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

¹³—"The Mississippi at Midnight," *Ibid.*, 3/6/1848, p. 2, c. 5. This poem was the first of Billy's contributions for the *Crescent*. Its full text is transcribed in Appendix A.

or personal unconscious — in Jungian terminology — revealed that at that time, a year before Ellen's death, he had been suffering from a deadly boredom that made everything seem meaningless and empty.¹⁴

Our Lady of Tears, Our Lady of Sighs, and Our Lady of Darkness had completed the mourning process before the end of May, 1849. The ordeal allowed us a glimpse into Billy's mind. Buried among the crimes and criminal courts proceedings of "New Orleans" on Page 3 of the *Crescent*, fictional items recorded the annals of Billy's shadow — his personal unconscious or *Inner Crescent City*.

By the end of the mourning process, in Billy's *Inner Crescent City* Peter Muggins (Mary's husband) had become Salt Peter, and had promised never to fall in love again. John Jones (Ellen's fiancée), had sworn a solemn oath to do likewise. Mary and Ellen had gone to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Jones and Muggins were then inmates inside the *Inner Crescent City* walls. They were houseless wanderers, vagrants, consigned in the most summary manner to the Workhouse. The masters of the city would appear later.

14. . . . perhaps everything seems outwardly all right, but beneath the surface a person is suffering from a deadly boredom that makes everything seem meaningless and empty. Many myths and fairy tales symbolically describe this initial stage in the process of individuation by telling of a king who has fallen ill or grown old. Other familiar story patterns are that a royal couple is barren; or that a monster steals all the women, children, horses, and wealth of the kingdom; or that a demon keeps the king's army or his ship from proceeding on its course; or that darkness hangs over the lands . . . Thus it seems as if the initial encounter with the Self casts a dark shadow ahead of time, as if the 'inner friend' comes at first like a trapper to catch the helplessly struggling ego in his snare. . . .

"The hidden purpose of the oncoming darkness is generally something unusual, so unique and unexpected, that as a rule one can find out what it is only by means of dreams and fantasies welling up from the unconscious. . . . Then one must begin the process of swallowing all sorts of bitter truths." Carl G. Jung, *Man and his Symbols*, (New York: Doubleday & Company Inc., 1964), p. 166.

14. Billy's Spear

Carl Jung reminds us, that "where love stops, power begins, and violence, and terror."¹ With the death of Ellen, Billy's constant projection of his dark side on others and his belief that he was a dauntless, uncompromising opponent of wrong and injustice in every shape and under every form, inevitably entangled him in bitter disputes. His "truth," heavily colored by his inner conflicts, repeatedly clashed with the "truths" of other people. The first encounter came promptly in the wake of Ellen's death.

On April 17, the *Picayune* announced that Col. T. F. Johnson, Superintendent of the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Kentucky, had arrived in New Orleans. The colonel wished to establish another military academy. On April 20, right after Ellen's funeral, Billy launched an assault against Johnson, repudiating "the art and science of human massacre."²

The colonel responded, surprised at having found in New Orleans a member of the "Boston Peace Society."³ Billy doubled the dosage next morning, with one article against Johnson and another against the *Picayune*. The quarrel continued for a week, but before it was over, Billy had started another, criticizing the appointment of Rev. A. D. Wooldridge to the post of State Engineer.

The *Delta* and the *Picayune* defended Wooldridge, and Billy's senior partner, Hayes, defended Billy. The *Courier*

¹Carl G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self*, New York: The New American Library, Inc., 1957, p. 118. Freud conveys the same thought by quoting a poem on the reverse of the coin: "For when the flames of Love arise, / Then Self, the gloomy tyrant, dies." Sigmund Freud, *General Psychological Theory*, (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 1963), p. 35.

²"Military Education," *Daily Crescent*, 04/20/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

³"West Point -- Military Education," *Daily Picayune*, 04/24/1849, p. 2, c.1.

then attacked him, and Billy renewed his attack. He closed a short but pungent piece with this thought:

We hope that if, at any time, the State Engineer is apprehensive of an overflow, he will imitate the "preacher of righteousness," Noah, and let us know it some time beforehand. We shall certainly set about building an ark.⁴

The exchanges continued and when the Mississippi overflowed, Billy's pen followed course. Friends of Woodridge published a protest in the *Delta*, asking the *Crescent* to stop "the relentless assaults" against a worthy fellow-citizen. Billy paid no attention, and before the end of May he was also assailing the Board of Health for "masterly inactivity," accusing it of having done nothing more than count corpses during the cholera epidemic.

In a single day (May 28), Billy directed his hostility against the engineer-clergyman, West Point officers, Board of Health physicians, Wall Street bankers, Lombard Street brokers, Bishopgate stock-jobbers, Manchester mill-owners and Liverpool traders. Other targets in May included Captain Forno of the Police Department, Governor Johnson of Louisiana, several fellow journalists, an actor on the stage, and other persons of lesser magnitude.

The topics he selected, the way he examined them, and the words he used, suggests that he was projecting his own dark side onto others. He hated and condemned freely the weakness and evil he saw in others, when his Ithuriel Spear of projection had hurled on them his own shadow.

S. F. Wilson, the fourth partner in the *Crescent*, had to dispose of business interests in Mobile, which delayed his arrival in New Orleans until late May. Billy then took a much needed rest after three months of arduous, steady editorial labors. He wrote very few articles and didn't engage in any polemics during June, but on the 13th of that month the following item appeared in the "New Orleans" column:

⁴"The Surveyor General," *Daily Crescent*, 5/2/1849, p. 2, c. 1.

DISMISSED. — The case of Wm. Walker, who was arrested a short time since for swindling, was dismissed yesterday by Recorder Baldwin.⁵

The *Crescent* didn't furnish any additional details, but the *Picayune* added that William Walker had been arrested "on the charge of having obtained the sum of \$10 from J. Kock by means of false and fraudulent representations."⁶ The small sum indicates that probably another William Walker was involved. Unfortunately, the Municipal Courts records for the year 1849 have not been preserved in the courts system of the City of New Orleans. Be that as it may, Billy was in Nashville later in the month when John Berrien Lindsley wrote in his private diary: "Monday 25 [June 1849]. William Walker called. After dinner returned his call."⁷

Upon returning to New Orleans, in July he again embroiled the *Crescent* in the types of angry polemics that he had engaged in before. First, he needled the *Bulletin* and then resumed his assaults against the *Delta*, supposedly for some "Canal Bank disclosures." His tirades, however, didn't deal with concrete facts or real people, but they were merely variations on a theme proclaimed in an April editorial that the press has no more right to publicize the private conduct of public figures "than it has to invade the sanctity of the domestic hearth and expose all the bickerings and squabbles of family life."⁸

Billy's passionate posture and the phrases he used point to the sensitive Oedipus chord vibrating in his shadow and setting defense mechanisms in motion. "Name of infamy," "merciless editor," "filthy fly that irritates all our sores and aggravates all our diseases," appear out of place when

⁵"Dismissed." *Ibid.*, 6/13/1849, p. 3, c. 5.

⁶"Charge of Swindling," *Picayune*, 6/7/1849, p. 2, c. 6; "Swindling," *Ibid.*, 6/8/1849, p. 2, c. 6.

⁷John Berrien Lindsley, MS Diary, Tennessee State Library and Archives, AC. No. 1814, p. 29.

⁸"Generals Scott and Taylor." *Crescent*, 4/7/1849, p. 2, c. 2.

applied to the *Delta*. Obviously, his magic spear of projection was at work.

The *Delta* counterpart, Alexander Walker, naturally answered in kind, and both Walkers engaged in an acrimonious animadversion. The *Courier* promptly joined the fight against Billy, until finally a courteous exchange of messages cooled tempers on July 28. But on that date, the stage was already set for the next round.

The preliminaries had begun in April, in a dark dungeon of El Príncipe prison in Havana. A convicted embezzler, Don Vicente Fernández, and a political prisoner, Don Civito Villaverde, bribed the jailer Juan García, alias *Francisco Rey*, and the three escaped together to the United States. Don Civito traveled to New York to join fellow exiles plotting "to liberate Cuba from the Spanish yoke." Don Vicente went to Mexico, presumably to enjoy two hundred thousand pesos stashed away from the larceny. Rey wound up in New Orleans, penniless, for his friends forgot to remunerate him.

Rey found lodging under the roof of Don José Morante, a bighearted Spaniard who owned a chocolate factory. He became homesick. An undercover agent named Fulgencio Llorente put him in contact with Don Carlos de España, the Spanish consul in New Orleans. Rey offered to furnish valuable information on clandestine political activities in Cuba in exchange for an official pardon and protection upon return to his homeland.

The Governor and Captain General of the island, Conde de Alcoy, approved the deal, and on July 5, 1849 Rey surreptitiously left New Orleans aboard a freighter bound for Havana. The strange circumstances relating to his disappearance alarmed Don José Morante, who suspected that his guest has been abducted by the Spanish consul and condemned to the gallows in Cuba.

Don José consequently voiced his apprehensions: Llorente was taken into custody, and the press published all kinds of rumors and speculations. The alleged abduction of Rey by the Spanish consul and his "monarchical myrmidons" on the "sacred free soil" of the United States aroused public hostility against Don Carlos de España. The only paper that gave him the benefit of the doubt, pending official

investigation of the matter, was the *Crescent*, and this again enveloped Billy in an angry confrontation with his colleagues. Billy's references to Ishmael, "anathema maranatha" and similar phrases promptly revealed that he was armed with his magic spear.

The reason was obvious. The freighter on which Rey travelled to Havana was named *Mary Ellen*. The impact of that name on Billy's shadow is recorded in the *Crescent* when Rey returned from Havana aboard the *Salvadora* on August 28 to appear as witness in the forthcoming trial of Don Carlos de España:

LATEST FROM HAVANA!

Rey in a Dungeon!!

The Terrible and Awful Confessions of the Great Abducted!!

The *Salvadora*, Capt. Evans, arrived from Havana yesterday. The great article brought over by the *Salvadora* was Juan Garcia Rey. Rey is now in the Parish Prison — "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" within the walls of the calaboose. From various sources we gather the confessions of Rey, which we hasten to lay before our readers. These revelations expose a system of cruelty and villany at which humanity shudders and stands aghast. Crime, so hideous in its aspects, so deep and terrible in its consequences, destroys all confidence of man in his fellows, and teaches how much of the fiend may be hidden in a human shape. But we forbear comments. The atrocities which we are about to relate need none of the arts of rhetoric to set them off.

Confession of Rey.

Some time during the month of June I was carried by force into the Consulate of Spain. There I found a room prepared for my reception. Every thing that

could strike fear and terror into a man was ready. The walls of the room — which was large and vast — were hung in black. At one end were suspended the arms of Spain; at the other a Death's head and cross-bones. Skeletons hung around in the niches of the chamber.

The only light was that shed by an iron censer suspended from the ceiling. As I entered at one end of the room, the Consul, attired in the costume of an Eastern Magician, appeared at the other. He carried in one hand a drawn sword, and in the other a long, white wand, which I was told by my conductor, Llorente, possessed divine qualities.

As the Consul approached me he demanded in a loud voice, "Are you the turnkey, Ray?"

With fear and trembling I replied in an indistinct voice, choked by contending emotions, "Yes."

"Are you willing to go to Havana?" asked the Consul.

I hardly knew what to say. The question was new, strange and astounding. At a venture, and hardly knowing what I said, I at last was able to articulate "No."

"But you shall go," said the Consul, "so sign this consent to sail."

I hesitated, for I knew not what might be the consequences of the act.

Seeing me in doubt, the Consul raised his sword and drew yet nearer. At the same time the treacherous Llorente drew a dagger that he told me was poisoned, and placed it over my palpitating heart.

All my courage vanished, and to complete my terror I felt an electric shock quiver through my frame. Tremulous and half dead with fright I signed the fatal document. The deed was done: my doom was sealed.

After this conference I surrendered myself to my fate. On the evening of the 5th of July Llorente came to see me and told me that every thing was

prepared for my departure. I had been touched by the divining rod of the Consul, and always after followed Llorente whenever he required it.

As we approached the Levee my companion gave a low, deep whistle. Immediately six men advanced towards us rapidly but silently. I was bound hand and foot, gagged and blindfolded. It was vain to struggle: I had been touched by the Consular rod and was unable to move.

Vain were all my entreaties; the confederates and kidnappers seemed to be without mercy or remorse. Amid the jeers of an unfeeling crowd, I was carried to the side of the *Mary Ellen* and thrown aboard like so much baggage.

I had fondly anticipated that when aboard the ship my sufferings would cease, and that, at least, my bonds would be loosed. But, no! I found McConnell [the *Mary Ellen's* captain] as cruel as the Consul and his agents.

I was placed under the floor of the cabin; half-drowned in bilge-water and villanous stench. I was only allowed to come out for my meals. On one occasion, while in the river, I offered McConnell fifteen doubloons for a clean shirt. But the hard-hearted wretch refused.

My whole treatment during the passage was in accordance with these acts of the Captain. Sick at heart, and wearied with the persecutions of my enemies, I submitted as patiently as possible to the indignities to which I was subjected.

I resolved, however, in the solitude of my soul, that I would hereafter be revenged for my wrongs. Though meek and long suffering, my cup of affliction was running over. Who can blame me, if in the bitterness of my heart I cursed my oppressors and doomed them to the infernal gods!⁹

⁹"Latest from Havana!" Ibid., 8/29/1849. p. 2, c. 4.

The narrative went on and on, in Havana and back to New Orleans:

When I got ashore I was surprised at the crowds that greeted me, and all seemed to acknowledge the influence of my presence. Every one was at my disposal; everybody was anxious to see me and make my acquaintance. As I passed along the street I saw my old friend Morante, and drew him to my heart in an ecstasy of joy. But I determined, now that I was a great man, to be lodged at the public expense, to go to jail; and here I am at last, in sight of the old familiar bars of a dungeon. After all, I think I was made to inhabit a jail.¹⁰

Next day it continued, under "Latest from the Parish Prison — Bulletin of the Prisoner's Health, Condition and General State":

We take pleasure in informing the public that we have made the most extensive and exact arrangements for receiving the earliest and most reliable intelligence from the Parish Prison. Not only are our reports made up in the most accurate manner by a shrewd observer and one well versed in all the phenomena of vegetable and animal life; but they are transmitted to us through the most trustworthy agents and with a skill which defies competition and discovery.

. . . ours is the only paper which has established a communication with the Great Abducted Key. Despatches are furnished to us every three hours.

FIRST DESPATCH — . . . When he first woke, he looked a little heavy and dull: having demanded a bowl and basin of water he washed his face and then his countenance resumed that serious and solemn, yet serene and benevolent expression characteristic of the man.

¹⁰ibid.

SECOND DISPATCH — 9 O'CLOCK, A.M. — The prisoner completed his toilette soon after I sent my first dispatch. It is remarkable that the first article of dress he always puts on is his Panama hat. After his hat followed his shoes. He did not change his shirt: for he says he has formed an attachment to the shirt which has accompanied him through all his trials and tribulations.

. . . he seems to have a touching a lively remembrance of being obliged to sit for hours in the bilge water of the *Mary Ellen*. . . .

THIRD DISPATCH — 12 O'CLOCK, M. — I entered Rey's room a few minutes ago. He was just rousing himself from the reverie in which he has been plunged. Indeed his imagination seems always at work, for he never appears to notice much what is going on around him. He appears always half-sleep. Food and wine seem to be the only stimulants that bring him back from the world of dreams to the world of reality.

He was lunching when I entered, and I think he enjoys lunch highly — another proof of his wonderful sagacity. He speaks to no one while eating. I think he is altogether absorbed in the operations of his stomach — his internal operations, as the German philosophers say . . .

SEVENTH DISPATCH — MIDNIGHT — The prisoner perspires less than last night. I think the prison air agrees with him and has strengthened his skin. The pores are clearly not so open and relaxed. He has kicked off all the cover: this shows his innate love of liberty; he does not like to be bound by a sheet over him. I think he will pass through the night without his health being seriously endangered.

EIGHTH DISPATCH — 3 O'CLOCK A.M. — As the morning air comes in the prisoner seems to be more disturbed. He clenches his fist as in a wrath. He grits his teeth as if in the death struggle with a mortal enemy. He pants and writhes.

Ah, who can read the secrets of his great, deep soul! Hidden from mortal sight are the agonies and trials of his great unspeakable heart. The clock strikes three; I know not what may happen between this and daylight.¹¹

In this fanciful tale we have the secrets of Billy's "great, deep soul," told in dream language symbolism and projected on Rey. Again, only Billy's shadow knew the significant meaning of all the elements in the story. I surmise, however, that Oedipus is "the fiend hidden in the human shape," aroused by Mary Ellen. Our Lady of Darkness had arrived in May, closing the mourning process, but "the agonies and trials of his great unspeakable heart" had not yet ceased.

¹¹"Latest from the Parish Prison." Ibid., 8/30/1849, p. 2, c. 3.

15. Personality Parade

Carl Jung points out that man has developed consciousness slowly and laboriously, in a process that took untold ages to reach the civilized state.¹ And this evolution is far from complete, for large areas of the human mind are still shrouded in darkness. Consciousness is a very recent acquisition of nature, and it is still in an "experimental" state. It is frail, menaced by specific dangers, and easily injured.

As anthropologists have noted, one of the most common mental derangements that occur among primitive people is what they call "the loss of a soul" —which means, as the name indicates, a noticeable disruption (or, more technically, a dissociation) of consciousness.

Among such people, whose consciousness is at a different level of development from ours, the "soul" (or psyche) is not felt to be a unit. In some tribes it is assumed that a man has a number of souls; this belief expresses the feeling of some primitive individuals that they each consist of several linked but distinct units. This means that the individual's psyche is far from being safely synthesized; on the contrary, it threatens to fragment only too easily under the onslaught of unchecked emotions.

Jung continues:

While this situation is familiar to us from the studies of anthropologists, it is not so irrelevant to our own advanced civilization as it might seem. We too can become dissociated and lose our identity. . . . Beyond doubt, even in what we call a high level of civilization, human consciousness has not

¹Carl G. Jung, *Man and his symbols*, (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company Inc., 1964), p. 23.

yet achieved a reasonable degree of continuity.

This capacity to isolate part of one's mind, indeed, is a valuable characteristic. It enables us to concentrate upon one thing at a time, excluding everything else that may claim our attention. But there is a world of difference between a conscious decision to split off and temporarily suppress a part of one's psyche, and a condition in which this happens spontaneously, without one's knowledge or consent and even against one's intention.

The former is a civilized achievement, the latter a primitive "loss of a soul," or even the pathological cause of a neurosis. Thus, even in our day the unity of consciousness is still a doubtful affair; it can too easily be disrupted. . . . It is against this background that we must review the importance of dreams --those flimsy, evasive, unreliable, vague, and uncertain fantasies.²

"Dissociation" means a splitting of the psyche. The most extreme form of dissociation is *multiple personality*. In this type of reaction the individual may develop two or more distinct personalities that alternate in consciousness, each taking over conscious control of the person for varying periods of time. A famous fictional example of this state is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) by the Scots author R. L. Stevenson. In the story, Jekyll's "split" took the form of a physical change, rather than (as in reality) an inner, psychic state.³

A series of "Sketches of Prominent Citizens," in the *Crescent*, seem to describe distinct personalities in Walker's psyche. The first sketches appeared on August 20, 1849 in the "New Orleans" column in which Billy's shadow recorded his secret, intimate diary. Others followed on

²*Ibid.*, p. 24.

³The *3 Faces of Eve* (1957) and *Sybil* (1973) documented 3 and 16 personalities respectively.

August 23rd and 27th, all of which are transcribed in Appendix A. Knowing that Billy's unconscious recorded in the "New Orleans" column the annals of his Inner Crescent City, the introduction on August 20 is significant:

As we can find but few cases of interest before the Courts now sitting, we must look elsewhere for locals, and shall proceed to arraign before the bar of public opinion several individuals who have heretofore held a high stand in this community. We know that we tread on dangerous ground, but the appearance of nine men in buckram shall not make us fly the field. We forewarn all concerned, that as we have commenced, so we shall keep on.

We are forewarned, and the wretched prose that follows in each of the sketches is more in keeping with the flimsy, evasive, unreliable, vague, and uncertain fantasies of dreams than with real persons. The descriptions of John Brown, John Smith, John Jones, James Jenkins, Gabriel Gumbo, Timothy Tucker, and Dick Dobs are absurd, but, of course, only Billy's shadow knew the significant meaning of his dream language symbolism.

Nine men in buckram, for instance, could be the inner censor using Falstaff's fantastic account in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* [Part I],⁴ to tell of the nine men in William Walker's psyche. Faced with the prose wrought with symbolism, the August 27 introduction is quite pertinent:

The startling developments that we have brought to light in giving to the world the biographies of Messrs. Brown, Smith, Jones and Jenkins have agitated and excited the whole community. Daily calls have been made upon us to continue revelations so astounding and of such great importance to the body

⁴In the play (II.iv.193-221), Falstaff began telling of "two rogues in buckram suits" and then increased the number to 4, 7, 9 and 11. Walker chose *nine* instead of the others.

politic. As philanthropists we cannot reject these applications.

The pictures presented by us are working a moral reform. The placid and striking character of John Brown, the amiable traits displayed by Smith, the rapid progress of the aspiring Jones, and the interesting details of a home life to be found in the sketch of the stoic Jenkins, convey to the million information before far beyond their reach. They find that the loftier virtues so common with themselves can also be traced in the lives of men but little suspected, from their elevated positions, of possessing failings of the kind.

To-day we remove the veil from the inner sanctuary and lay bare the extraordinary circumstances making up the lives of three more of our most conspicuous citizens; men heretofore unknown to fame!

It is a difficult task to correctly portray the thoughts, feelings and dispositions of another. For this reason we solicited, in the commencement, assistance from the gentlemen themselves, and in every instance they have responded, most readily, to our request. Our reports can, therefore, be relied upon as the only full and complete histories of city notables!

We continue our sketches with the name of Gabriel Gumbo . . . Timothy Tucker . . . Dick Dobs . . .

I interpret this to mean that the seven citizens in question were dissociated personalities, separate and compartmentalized in Billy's personal unconscious. One more should be added. Peter Muggins, introduced in April and mentioned in the Gabriel Gumbo sketch. "The sketches of others, equally as worthy," promised on August 27, didn't appear in the *Crescent*.

Including William Walker, there would be nine personalities or "citizens" mustered in three groups. One of the "citizens," aware of the others, would be the author of the sketches. Looking at them under the light of William

Walker's life. I then formulated a working hypothesis or theory synthesizing my interpretation of the dissociated entities in Walker's shadow:

James Jenkins was Billy the child, married to his mother (like his father, James Walker).

John Jones was Ellen's boyfriend, introduced as such in April --(the small-pox was the crisis in Paris).

Mary Muggins' husband, Peter, who alleged that "the statutes of Louisiana were framed some years after the pandects of Justinian," was the lawyer. His having been "raised to the dignity of Constable" when he was "an object of interest to the young ladies of the neighborhood," placed him in control of the Inner Crescent City around 1846-1847, when Billy was courting Ellen and earned his law degree.

Gabriel Gumbo, who was "skilled in solving that intricate problem -- the popular will"; and who may be nominated for President of the United States, was the politician.

Timothy Tucker, who had "poetical aspirations" and kept "a daily record" of events, was the writer.

Dick Dobs, who "in a military capacity ... stands preeminent," was the military genius.

John Brown and John Smith were superficial, presenting mainly external characteristics. Together with William Walker, they were the persona or social facade of Billy. Brown was his persona before Ellen's death, when Jenkins, Jones and Muggins were in charge. Smith, "born in New Orleans," was his new persona under Gumbo, Tucker and Dobs, the new masters in control of the Inner Crescent City after Ellen's death. The great change was chronicled in the "conflict without parallel in history" in which Gumbo defeated Muggins and became "constable."

In Freudian terminology, the defeat of Muggins recorded the detachment of Walker's psychosexual energy from his love

object and Gumbo's victory meant the pouring back of the libido to his own ego, to nurture his narcissism.⁵ Upon the aggrandizement of the ego, under Gumbo & Co., Walker saw himself as a "dauntless, uncompromising opponent of wrong and injustice in every shape and under every form," as he expressed in "Powers' Jackson" in Chapter 12.

In the next chapter it will be seen that on August 29, 1849, immediately after publishing the sketches of Gumbo, Tucker, and Dobs, Walker allowed that "a great idea" had sprung up in his soul and that he considered himself "a special agent for working out into practice the thought that had been revealed to him." Throughout these pages it will become apparent that this messianic belief, or delusion, controlled his life thereafter till his death in 1860. And throughout, his utter lack of compassion will also become apparent. John Hill Wheeler, the American Minister to Nicaragua who was close to him in 1855-56, expressed it well in his *Memoirs*:

Walker . . . looked upon men as the mere titular pawns of the chess board, to be moved and sacrificed to advance the ambitious plans of others.⁶

His ambitious plan will unfold in the following pages and his putting it into practice will be the subject matter of the succeeding volumes.

In this interpretation, Gumbo the politician, Dobs the military genius, and Tucker the writer were the narcissistic, megalomaniac personalities that collaborated in these endeavors. Dobs was the general who fought Walker's battles, Gumbo became President of Lower California, Sonora and

⁵We say that the human being has originally two sexual objects: himself and the woman who tends him, and thereby we postulate a primary narcissism in everyone, which may in the long run manifest itself as dominating his object-choice. . . . Narcissism and egoism are indeed one and the same; the word 'narcissism' is only employed to emphasize that this egoism is a libidinal phenomenon as well; or, to put it in another way, narcissism may be described as the libidinal component of egoism." Freud, *General Psychological Theory*, pp. 69, 152.

⁶John Hill Wheeler, *Reminiscences and Memoirs*, (Washington DC: Joseph Shilling-ton, 1883), p. 27.

Nicaragua, and Tucker authored Walker's account of the events which he published in 1860 under the title *The War in Nicaragua*. Professor William O. Scroggs' accurate comments on the book, lend support to this hypothesis:

Throughout the book the author always refers to himself in the third person. . . . His treatment of both friend and foe is remarkably dispassionate, and his pen has betrayed very little of the emotion that he must have experienced as he sat and recounted the events of his rise and fall. . . . Few writers have succeeded in narrating a story in which they have played such a predominant part with so little revelation of their own personality. To the reader the author appears as the cold embodiment of an idea or purpose rather than as a being endowed with all the traits characteristic of human nature. [*italics, mine. A.B.G.*]

In other words, precisely at the time when Billy became transformed into the William Walker known to history, he projected himself in these dissociated personalities of his own invention.

There are no samples of Walker's handwriting at the time he wrote the personality sketches. In fact, I didn't find a single Walker manuscript from the five-year period subsequent to March, 1848. The psychological analysis of his handwriting before and after that period reveals no evidence of multiple personality. It does show, however, that "William Walker was definitely a complex man."⁸

My view of Walker's multiple personality structure is summarized below, on page 184. The evidence is incomplete

⁷William O. Scroggs. *Filibusters and Financiers*. (New York: Russell & Russell, 1969), p. 380.

⁸Personal communication from Jean Wells, Certified Graphologist, who analyzed Walker's handwriting for the author. Other salient points of her thorough report, including the Graphological Psychogram of Walker, are transcribed in Appendix B.

and my theory may not be strictly true from a psychological point of view, but it is helpful to think of Walker in these terms as we attempt to uncover and envisage the hidden springs in the Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny's psyche.⁹

According to my interpretation, the multiple personalities in Walker's personal unconscious account for his many shifts in occupation and for the great change in his character which occurred at the death of Ellen. Because of that change, at this point in the narrative Billy will become Walker.

⁹Walter C. Langer's psychological study of Adolf Hitler reveals striking similarities with Walker. Langer's study, conducted in 1943 for the Office of Strategic Services, remained classified as secret for almost a quarter of a century. Historians and scholars regard it as a masterpiece of "psychological reconstruction," whose judgments concerning the personality and probable behavior of Hitler are, in the light of what we know today, uncanny in their accuracy.

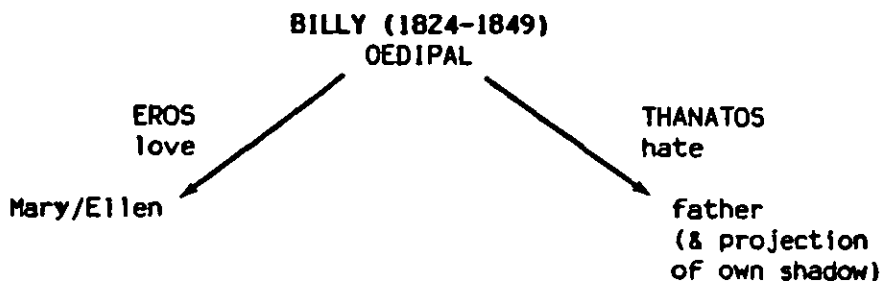
Langer called attention to Hitler's Oedipus complex, as other investigators have done, but he also brought to light Hitler's multiple personality, which others have overlooked. Following are some of his pertinent observations:

"As one surveys Hitler's behavior patterns, as his close associates observe them, one gets the impression that this is not a single personality, but two that inhabit the same body and alternate back and forth. The one is a very soft, sentimental, and indecisive individual who has very little drive and wants nothing quite so much as to be amused, liked, and looked after. The other is just the opposite — a hard, cruel, and decisive person with considerable energy — who seems to know what he wants and is ready to go after it and get it regardless of cost. It is the first Hitler who weeps profusely at the death of his canary and the second Hitler who cries in open court: 'Heads will roll.' It is the first Hitler who cannot bring himself to discharge an assistant, and it is the second Hitler who can order the murder of hundreds, including his best friends, and can say with great conviction: 'There will be no peace in the land until a body hangs from every lamp-post.' It is the first Hitler who spends his evenings watching movies or going to cabarets, and it is the second Hitler who works for days on end with little or no sleep, making plans that will affect the destiny of nations.

"Until we understand the magnitude and implications of this duality in his nature we can never understand his actions. It is a kind of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' personality structure in which two wholly different personalities oscillate back and forth and make the individual almost unrecognizable. This characteristic is common to many psychopaths. . . .

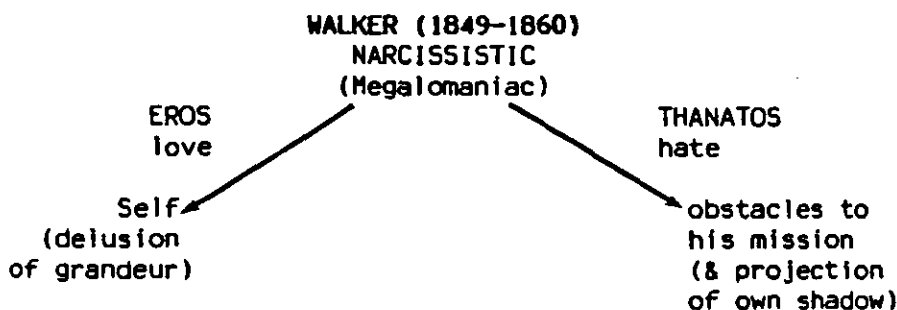
" . . . Heiden has commented upon the duality of Hitler's character and has suggested that the procrastinating side is 'Hitler' while the fiery personality that erupts from time to time is 'the Fuehrer.' Although this may not be strictly true from a psychological point of view, it may be helpful to think of him in these terms." Walter C. Langer, *The Mind of Adolph Hitler*, (New York: Basic Books Inc., Publishers, 1972), p. 142.

**WILLIAM WALKER'S
MULTIPLE PERSONALITY STRUCTURE
(a working hypothesis)**



Persona: John Brown

Shadow: James Jenkins (Mary's husband)
John Jones (Ellen's boyfriend)
Peter Muggins (the lawyer)



Persona: John Smith

Shadow: Gabriel Gumbo (the politician)
Timothy Tucker (the writer)
Dick Dobs (the military genius)

BILLY

I WILL DESCRIBE HIM AS HE WAS AT SCHOOL. AS A BOY HE WAS SMALL FOR HIS YEARS, NOR HAS HIS MANHOOD PROVED RECREANT TO HIS YOUTHFUL PHYSIQUE. HE IS A SMALL MAN, A FRECKLED FACE, ALMOST FLAXEN HAIR, AND EYES THAT REMINDED ONE OF BLUE ONLY -- FOR THEY ARE GRAY -- MAKE UP THE APPEARANCE OF HIS HEAD AND FACE.

HE WAS ALWAYS OF A GRAVE TURN, NEVER TALKATIVE, AND WHEN SPOKEN TO, ANSWERING IN A DRAWLING, NASAL TONE, BUT WITH AN EXPRESSION OF MEENESS THAT ALWAYS ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION AND THE ATTENTION OF NEARLY EVERY ONE WHO HEARD HIM. HIS VOICE HAD ANOTHER PECULIARITY: THERE WAS A SOFTNESS, A SORT OF UNDULATORY SOUND THAT CAME UPON THE EAR WITH SOMETHING OF PATHOS --SOMETHING OF MELANCHOLY -- YET ENTIRELY NATURAL. IT MADE ME THINK OF SADNESS WITHOUT BECOMING SO; AND I HAVE OFTEN LOOKED AT HIM AND WONDERED HOW HIS TONES COULD BE SO INEXPRESSIBLY PECULIAR AND TOUCHING AT HIS TENDER AGE, AND YET BE NATURAL. SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS AGO, WHEN I SAW HIM LAST, THEY WERE THE SAME ESSENTIALLY.

HE WAS ALWAYS AFFECTIONATE, AND NONE IN SCHOOL WAS MORE

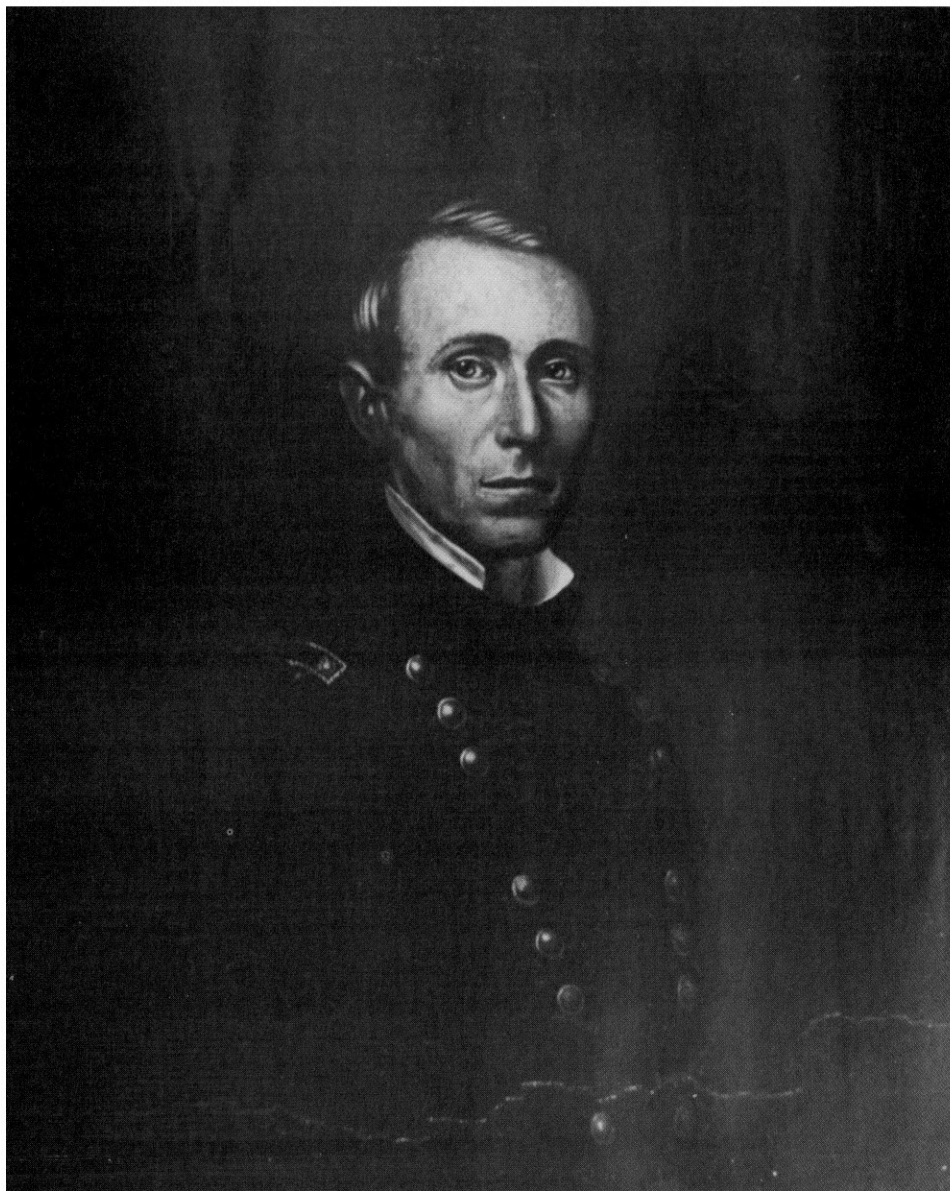
READY TO OBLIGE HIS FELLOWS WITH AID IN A "HARD SUM," OR HELP TO MASTER THE DIFFICULTIES IN AN "AWFUL LESSON" -- "BILLY," AS WE CALLED HIM, WAS SCARCELY EVER WANTING AT AN HOUR OF RECITATION WITH A PROMPT AND CORRECT ANSWER, AND WHEN HE MISSED, AS WAS SOMETIMES THE CASE, HIS FORTIFICATION MELTED INTO TEARS, AND THIS SO TOUCHED THE HEART OF OUR GOOD "MASTER," THAT ONCE OUR CLASS HAS BEEN INDEBTED TO BILLY'S SENSITIVENESS IN GETTING HOME TO DINNER AT THE REGULAR HOUR. . . .

HIS MOTHER WAS ONE OF THOSE GENTLE, AFFECTIONATE, EVER-LOVING BEINGS THAT THE GREAT GOD'S GOOD WISDOM SOMETIMES BLESSES THIS SIN-STRUCK EARTH WITHAL, AND ALMOST ENTIRELY WITH HER WERE WM. WALKER'S EARLIEST BOYHOOD DAYS PASSED. SHE WAS A SUFFERER FOR MANY YEARS, AND WILLIAM BEING THE OLDEST OF FOUR CHILDREN WAS CONSEQUENTLY THE MOTHER'S RELIANCE, AND TO A GREAT EXTENT SUPPLIED THE PLACE OF A DAUGHTER --HENCE, THE ALMOST FEMININE QUALITY OR FEATURE OF HIS DISPOSITION, AND THE AFFECTIONATE TEMPER SO NOTICEABLE IN HIM.

J. W. Bradford, "William Walker," *Alta California*, Aug. 6 1856, p.1 c.4.



BILLY



WALKER

WALKER

MARIANO SALAZAR . . . WAS CAPTURED . . . AND THROWN INTO PRISON. WHERE HE WAS VISITED BY GEN. WALKER . . .

THE GENERAL THOUGHT -- MAY THINK -- THAT THE SECRETS OF THAT PRISON-HOUSE CAN NEVER BE REVEALED; FROM HIS CONDUCT AT THE TIME, IT IS PROBABLE HE IMAGINED HIMSELF ALONE WITH THE PRISONER; BUT GOD DOES NOT PERMIT SUCH INIQUITIES TO PASS WITHOUT A WITNESS. THERE WAS AN UNSEEN OBSERVER OF THAT INTERVIEW, WHO HEARD EVERY WORD THAT PASSED . . .

. . . SALAZAR BECAME AT LENGTH ALARMED AND BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT THE CHARACTER HE HAD SO OFTEN HEARD OF WALKER . . . MUST BE TRUE.

"YOU CANNOT MEAN TO MURDER ME?" HE NERVOUSLY INQUIRED. "I HAVE DONE NOTHING BUT MY DUTY. REMEMBER OUR FORMER RELATIONS -- REMEMBER MY WIFE AND LITTLE ONES WHOM I HAVE STRIPPED OF FORTUNE IN ORDER TO PROMOTE YOUR INTERESTS. IF YOU TAKE MY LIFE -- BUT I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU WILL -- THEY ARE BEGGARS."

NOT A WORD WAS VOUCHSAFED IN REPLY; THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT PASSING IN THROUGH THE DUNGEON WINDOW, FELL ON THE FEATURES OF WALKER AS LIVID AND MOTIONLESS AS IF CARVED IN DISCOLORED MARBLE.

PLEADING NOW TO A FATHER'S AND HUSBAND'S FEARS, THE PRISONER BEGGED AND SUPPLICATED FOR AN IMMEDIATE ANSWER. HE OFFERED TO BANISH HIMSELF FOR LIFE FROM THE STATE -- TO GIVE UP EVERY DOLLAR THAT REMAINED TO HIM, IF HE MIGHT ONLY BE PERMITTED TO REJOIN HIS FAMILY AND DEVOTE THE REMAINDER OF HIS DAYS TO THEIR SUPPORT. HE EVEN SHED TEARS, WHICH DID NO DISCREDIT TO HIS MANHOOD, AND HUMILIATED HIMSELF BEFORE THE COOL EMBODIMENT OF DEMONISM, WHO SEEMED TO GLOAT AND TAKE DELIGHT IN HIS AGONIES.

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT," SAID WALKER, EVADING A DIRECT ANSWER, AND TURNING MOODILY TOWARDS THE DOOR. "WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT -- WE'LL SEE."

THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS HE EVER UTTERED TO THE GENTLEMAN UPON WHOSE FORTUNES, FRIENDSHIP AND ASSISTANCE HE HAD BUILT UP HIS TRANSITORY POWER.

RETURNING STRAIGHT TO HIS OFFICE, HE WROTE THESE WORDS UPON A SLIP OF PAPER: "PREPARE TO DIE AT 4 O'CLOCK THIS DAY --W.W.," AND SENT THEM TO SALAZAR BY THE OFFICER WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE EXECUTION.

[SALAZAR WAS SHOT ON THE PLAZA OF GRANADA AT 5 P.M. THAT AFTERNOON].

"Nicaragua Revelations," *New-York Daily Times*, Nov. 24, 1856, p.1 c.1.