

## APPENDIX A

### INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM WALKER AS PRESIDENT

. . . Don Fermín Ferrer turned to William Walker and administered the oath of office. While the words of the oath were being read, General Walker was on his knees, and in this position took upon himself the obligations of the Presidency of the Republic.

The oath was read and responded to in the Spanish language which we translate thus:

#### OATH OF OFFICE.

You solemnly promise and swear to govern the free Republic of Nicaragua, and sustain its independent and territorial integrity with all your power--and to execute justice according to the principles of republicanism and religion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

You promise and swear, whenever it may be in your power, to maintain the law of God, the true profession of the Evangelists, and the religion of the crucifixion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

In the name of God and the sainted Evangelists you swear to comply with these obligations, and to make it your constant guard to fulfil all that is herein promised.

"I swear," responded the President.

And for this, the succession is committed to you firmly by these presents; by authority of the Secretary

of Government, charged with the General Dispatches.

After the oath had been administered, cheer after cheer rose from the Americans assembled, mingled with the lusty *vivas* of the natives.

After silence had been restored, President William Walker delivered the following

#### INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

In assuming the duties of the Presidency of the Republic, I feel deeply the difficulties and responsibilities which the office involves. The State is menaced by dangers from without and within, and there is need of sleepless vigilance and untiring energy to preserve the Government from the enemies which threaten it. In order, therefore, to administer properly the affairs of the Republic, I require all the assistance I can derive from the patriotism of its citizens, and from the skill, courage, and self-restraint of its soldiers. On them and on the Divine Providence which controls and directs the course of states and empires, I rely for assistance in the proper discharge of the duties I this day assume.

The Republic has reached an era in its history not second in importance to the day of her independence from the Spanish monarchy. The 15th of September, 1821, was the opening of the revolutionary epoch of Nicaragua. I hope this day may be its close. The struggles of thirty-five years have, it is to be hoped, taught the people that liberty is not to be obtained amidst the petty feuds of contending chieftains, and that prosperity does not result from a constant state of civil broils and intestine commotions. After a long series of bloody conflicts, the Republic has need of internal peace and quiet for the development of its varied resources. I sincerely trust that all good citizens will assist me in

the maintenance of that order which is the first requisite of a well-governed State, and without which all national development or individual welfare is impossible.

Not only is internal order required for the advancement of material wealth and prosperity, but also for the proper defence of the Republic from the external enemies which threaten its repose. The other four States of Central America, without reason and without justice, have undertaken to interfere in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua. Conscious of their own weakness, and fearful lest the prosperity of Nicaragua should detract from their wealth, these neighboring States are enviously endeavoring to interrupt our progress by force of arms. The imbecile rulers of these States, too, feeling that they have failed to perform their duties to the people they undertake to govern, dread lest their impoverished countrymen may finally fly for refuge to those who have redeemed Nicaragua from anarchy and ruin. Moved by such ignoble sentiments, these miserable relics of a once powerful aristocracy are striving to impede the march of events in this Republic. But the impotence of their efforts is beginning to be made manifest to themselves and to the world; and they are now appearing as blind instruments in the hand of an all-wise Providence, which, out of the bad passions and unworthy motives of men, educes good and improvement.

In our relations with the more powerful nations of the world, I hope they may be led to perceive that although Nicaragua may be comparatively weak, she is yet jealous of her honor, and determines to maintain the dignity of her independent sovereignty. Her geographical position and commercial advantages may attract the cupidity of other governments, either neighboring or distant; but, I trust, they may yet learn that Nicaragua claims to control her own destiny, and does not require other nationalities to make treaties concerning her territory without asking her advice and consent. While

pursuing a course of strict justice towards foreign citizens and foreign governments, we only ask that the same equity may be granted to ourselves.

The principles which shall guide me in the administration both of the foreign and domestic affairs of the government are few and simple. To allow the utmost liberty of speech and action compatible with order and good government, shall be the leading idea of my political conduct. Therefore, the greatest possible freedom of trade will be established, with the view of making Nicaragua what Nature intended her to be--the highway for commerce between two oceans. And with the freedom of trade will come the arts of a civilization which grows and increases by the wants and necessities itself creates. While facilitating as far as possible the material development of the State, I shall not be unmindful of its intellectual and moral requirements. To promote the proper education of the people, and to encourage them in the practices of that Divine religion which constitutes the basis of all modern civilization, shall be objects of primary importance. And for carrying out these intentions with success, I humbly invoke the aid of Him, without whose assistance all human exertions are but as bubbles on a stormy sea.

The inaugural was delivered in a clear, firm, confident tone, and listened to with the profoundest attention. Two or three times during its delivery there were outbursts of applause, but the eager multitude hushed them into silence, that a word might not be lost. When it was concluded, the cheers which came forth spontaneously were almost deafening.

*El Nicaraguense*, July 19, 1856, p.1, c.1-4.

## APPENDIX B

[translation]

### OFFICIAL REPORT

To the General Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Army  
From the Operational and Vanguard Division Commander

San Jacinto, September 14, 1856

Just before sunrise, the enemy appeared, but not like it did on the memorable 5th. Today they had two hundred men, and they came prepared to sustain a forceful and decisive assault.

That, they did, throwing their entire strength against our left wing, while at the same time launching hit and run attacks against our front. Although suffering heavy casualties, they took possession of part of the corral on our flank after they killed Don Ignacio Jarquín, heroic officer who held his post with honor and fought face to face with the enemy until he lost his life.

Others fell after Jarquín, for the enemy had gained a better position on the ground and their firm and sustained fire was doing great damage on our forces. Seeing that we could not regain that point by a frontal attack, because no man could possibly advance through that barrage of bullets, I ordered Captain Liberato Cisne, and Lieutenants José Ciero and Juan Fonseca, to go out with their men on a flanking movement and attack the enemy from the left.

True brave veterans they are, and their formidable charge put the enemy to flight in panic after four hours of fierce fighting, during which the courage and daring of our officers and soldiers stood out in great form.

They fled enveloped in bursts of smoke. Our renowned Captain Bartolo Sandoval, Lieutenant Miguel Veles, and other soldiers gave them chase, mounted on the very horses that the enemy had brought, which we captured. They gave them chase for many miles, as far as San Ildefonso. They caught and killed nine of them on the road, besides eighteen corpses left strewn on the battlefield. Thus, they suffered twenty-seven dead and many wounded, judging by the trails of blood seen in different directions.

We also captured twenty horses and mules, some of them with expensive saddles, and others were killed in the fighting. So far, we have picked up twenty-two revolvers, thirty-two rifles, forty-seven rounds of ammunition, one good cape, several good blankets, hats, caps, and a number of papers which I enclose.

I am also enclosing a list of our dead and wounded, which are few considering the disaster that the enemy suffered, which I will fully detail later, after a thorough inspection of the battlefield.

Notwithstanding the fact that all our men deserve praise, I have to mention in a special manner, Captain Liberato Cisne, Lieutenants José Ciero, Miguel Veles, Alejandro Eva, Adán Solís, Manuel Marengo (who held his post even after being wounded), and Juan Fonseca; Sergeants Macedonio García, Francisco Estrada, Vicente Vijil, Catarino Rodríguez, Manuel Peres; Corporals Julián Artola and Faustino Salmerón; and Privates Basilio Lezama and Espiridión Galeano; and I must also commend in a very special manner, Sergeant Andrés Castro, whose musket failed to fire, but when an American

jumped over his trench, he met his death anyway, because Castro felled him with a rock.

I congratulate myself at being able to inform the General-in-Chief of the triumph obtained today over the adventurers, and through you, I congratulate the Supreme Government for the new laurels gained by its always victorious armies.

*J. Dolores Estrada*

*Boletín Oficial* [León], September 26, 1856, p.1, c.2.

Permitted to copy for academic studies only and quoting the source - FEB

## APPENDIX C

### A THEME FOR THE NOVELIST

There is a truth of history, and there is a truth of fancy. The worker does as wondrous things as ever flitted through the misty shadows of a poet's dream. What has been, if properly and vividly recorded, would startle us by the strong dramatic character of the incidents and scenes more than all the offshoots of the imaginative brain, whose vision rests only upon "the things that might have been, but never were."

Compare the romances of brave Sir Walter with those of Bulwer, Sue and Dickens, all redolent with truth and nature; but while the latter teems with high resolves, noble aspirations, beautiful and holy sentiments, and the bravery and loveliness that has its home and dormitory in the heart and soul of the modest, courageous and self-denying, the former shows how all this is wrought out and stamped upon the century in great and glorious deeds.

*"Each must work, as God has given,  
 Hero hand and poet-soul;  
 Work is duty while we live in  
 This weird-world of sin and dole.  
 Gentle natures, lowly kneeling,  
 Lift their white hands up, appealing  
 To the throne of Heaven's King;  
 Stranger natures, culminating,  
 In great actions, incarnating  
 What another can but sing."*



It is deeds, and not resolves and projects, that command the attention of the age. Less than two years ago, a thought sprang up in the brain of a young man, sitting in his book-girt sanctuary, where he was wont to hold communion with the great and good of other times. He pondered upon it; he revolved it in his mind; he looked at it on all sides; he saw the obstacles that were in the way of carrying it into successful practice; he saw, too, the glorious results that might be achieved for his generation, if, in the mysterious order of God's providence, he should be permitted to triumph; and he resolved. Thenceforth he belonged not to himself. There was a mighty purpose to be achieved, and he longed to be foremost in its accomplishment,

*"With the standard of the peoples,  
Plunging through the battle storm."*

The result is now a page of history. It is also a most suggestive theme for the novelist.

How dramatic the events of the 11th, 12th and 13th of October. For a twelve-month, four States, with a population of nearly 2,000,000 souls, had been using their combined efforts to bring into the field an army to exterminate the Anglo-Saxon element in Nicaragua. Their march through the country to within twelve miles of the American Army; the sally of Gen. Walker to meet the braggart invaders; their defeat and rout at Masaya--this is already written by a worthy pen. How bold were these "*Chapines*," when they fondly deluded themselves with the belief that Granada was unprotected--that there were none in the old stronghold but women and children, the sick and wounded.

How bravely they marched in, and how easily nine hundred surrounded one hundred and twenty! How ignominious their conduct as warriors--how ridiculous the result to them--how sublime to us! They did not get possession of the

arsenal or magazine, but they robbed the houses and trunks of friend and foe alike. They loaded themselves with plunder, and the measure of their ambition was full.

In vain during the night their bugle sounded a charge. Their coward souls refused to move, but instead, they skulked in the outskirts of the city; and they who dared not fight were not afraid to murder. Innocent, unarmed men were placed against the wall and shot in cold blood--among them two professed servants of the Most High. Ah! little did the caitiffs think, as they kicked His Word through the streets and trampled It in the mud beneath their feet, how, in one short hour, He would be upon them with a terrible vengeance, and sweep them away like grass before the sickle.

During the day and night of the 12th, these hundred and twenty stood at their posts, and when the sottish enemy, frenzied with their Bacchanalian revels, yelled and vomited forth their blasphemous threats, the watchword of "God and Liberty" rose clear and loud above them all, and was not unheard in Heaven.

Many a "three times three" was given for William Walker, and not one doubted, that he, who has been ordained to redeem Nicaragua from as vile a tyranny as ever cursed a nation, would yet appear for their salvation. And the morning dawned at length, and the coward enemy were still at bay. Even as in the traditions of ancient Greece, the Gods were said to lend their aid in combat to sustain the right, so, it would seem, that the warrior angels had that night hovered round the little band upon the plaza, and watched with special care the dwellings of the sick and the asylum of the women, and they were not molested.

Twenty-one hours had the fight continued, when the sentinels at the arsenal saw a cloud of smoke upon the far off hills, bounding the Masaya road. There was no mistaking that: "General Walker is coming!" was the shout.

There was a pause--all eyes were turned toward Jalteba; and when, after a few minutes watching, "our boys" were seen defiling with the precision of veteran troops down the terrace by the distant church, with no splendid uniforms glittering in the morning sunshine, and no inspiring strains of martial music to urge them on, but with victory and defiance stamped on their mud-stained figures, and written on their waving banners--ah! then there was a shout went up from the arsenal that was echoed from the old parochial church, and rolled on and grew heavier at the Guardhouse--a shout that carried hope and new life and tearful joy to the hearts of our families and friends, but such terror to the craven enemy that they could not fly, and fell, many of them in the pitfall they had dug themselves.

There were some who heard it, and at first knew not its meaning--friends who were cut off and lying in their houses in momentary expectation of the assassin's knife. But, as Gen. Walker and "the boys" drew near the plaza, and saw still floating from the flag-staff in its centre, the device of free Nicaragua--"In a white field, with azure borders, the red planet Mars"--and thus knew that Nicaragua was still safe, the drum and fife struck up the homely old tune of Yankee Doodle; and those who knew not the meaning of the shout, knew the air that in other days had led their fathers from victory to victory.

One year previous, on that very day, the never-to-be-forgotten 13th of October, Gen. William Walker entered Granada for the first time, and this was his "second coming."

*El Nicaraguense, October 16, 1856, p.2, c.3*

## APPENDIX D

RIVAS, JANUARY 1857

[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua, February 2, 1857.

Having an excellent opportunity by the steamer *Sierra Nevada*, to make a short visit to Nicaragua, to take a peep into Walker's camp of filibusters, and then to return to Panama by the *Orizaba*, you may be sure I embraced it with a great deal of pleasure. I reached here on the afternoon of the 24th ultimo. The ugly little shingle town appeared almost deserted. Scarcely a native was to be seen--and three quarters of the couple of dozen old tumble-down wooden houses and rum-shops of more prosperous days were without a tenant.

The day after my arrival, Capt. Phinney, with part of a company of Rangers, came down from Rivas to guard up a cart loaded with lead, and the Quartermaster having furnished me with the only mule in town, I mounted him and fell into the ranks of about as rough-looking but as brave a set of fellows as can be often scared up.

After five miles travel on the transit-road, which, by the way is as good as our best traveled roads in the States, we turned off into a narrow grass covered trall, over which the cart rolled with difficulty; and night coming on, with twelve miles yet before us, the prospect was quite flattering of a drowsy night's companionship with the stars, without a drop of whiskey, or even aguadiente [*aguardiente*] to enliven us on our weary way.

A jump through the roadless countries on a good smart mule is not an unpleasant thing--but following an ox-cart twenty miles, in the night, with the overhanging thorny twigs scratching your face, and the low branches sometimes half knocking your head off, is quite another matter. But the welcome barking of the dogs, at about one o'clock in the morning, announced that our march was nearly at an end, and in a little while we were challenged by the pickets at the entrance of the city of Rivas.

Our mules clattered over the flag-stones to the music of their own feet, for no other sound disturbed the death like stillness of the filibuster camp. A single light, down a narrow street gleamed from the barred window of a heavy adobe house, which was pointed out to me as the quarters of the renowned William Walker. A knock at the door, and an answer to the rough "Who's there?" soon gained me admission--and in a few minutes Col. John P. Waters, one of the General's staff, and one of the bravest and best of all his officers, led me into a large apartment and presented me to his chief.

Although it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, Walker was seated on a sofa, giving one of his officers directions for the morrow. Being left alone, after a few words of recognition, (for we were, in 1851, brother newspaper scribblers in San Francisco,) he asked in a careless way, and in his habitual soft, half-drawling voice, some questions in regard to the closing of the river against him by the Costa Ricans, the first news of which we had just brought from Panama. He did not appear the least disturbed at the intelligence, and I doubt were an earthquake rocking his house from its foundations, if he would show the least concern.

But Walker has been so often described to your readers, that a new picture would be superfluous. I was much struck, however, with the change that three years of exposure to the tropical sun of Sonora and Nicaragua, their chills and fevers,

and anxiety, though he never appears to feel any, have produced in his face. He is only thirty-three years of age, but no one would take him for less than forty.

When I mentioned Webster, the agent of Vanderbilt, to him, he seemed to warm up a little. He "did not believe that Vanderbilt would entrust any important business with such a scoundrel as Webster"; said he had known him in Nicaragua as a notorious liar and swindler, and that he bore the same character in New Orleans, where he had formerly lived.

He told me that Webster had made propositions to him to bring out immigrants to Nicaragua, but that his propositions were rejected, as he was a man of no responsibility; that there, Webster, after having swindled our Minister, Mr. Wheeler, out of some money or property, was obliged to quit the country for fear of arrest. He said Webster was fond of claiming to have important negotiations on hand. But when I told him that he had given a costly banquet at San José to President Mora, he admitted that he must be employed by somebody who had entrusted him with money, as he never had any of his own to spend.

The day after my arrival at Rivas, the 26th, a report was brought into town that a small force of the Allies had set themselves down in Obraje, a little pueblo, eight miles distant. Two companies, one of the Rifles and the other of the Mounted Rangers, were immediately despatched to reconnoitre. Late at night a courier came into town with news that the Rangers had had a brush with the advanced guard of the enemy, in which Capt. Phinney was badly, if not mortally, wounded.

On the 27th, at 11 o'clock, 300 men, under Gen. Henningsen, were sent to the scene of action, Walker having learned that the main body of the Allies, under Cañas, supposed to consist of 1,500 men, had marched into Obraje, and were strongly fortifying the church and plaza. Henningsen's force, in all 440 men, endeavored to draw them out,

but they were rather wary, and after twenty-four hours' skirmishing, he received orders from Walker to withdraw.

The result of this affair was the loss of Capt. Phinney and five of his Rangers killed--and it is alleged that eighty of the enemy were killed, principally by a single discharge of grape from a four-pounder. But a lad, who saw the effects of the shot, says the damage is much exaggerated, only five or six having been killed, and a dozen or so wounded.

On the 28th, the whole of Walker's force was recalled to Rivas, even the sixty or seventy men stationed at Virgin to watch the movements of the lake steamers, and to guard the transit road, being called in. Walker also burned the small schooner on the lake, (which he had been endeavoring to repair to assist in an attack upon the steamers,) for fear she would fall into the enemy's hands.

His scouts reported that the enemy had fallen back from Obraje upon Pueblo Nuevo, which proved to be incorrect, for on the morning of the 29th, they marched into and occupied St. George, only a league distant, and immediately commenced strengthening the church and barricading the plaza in front. At 10 o'clock, a.m., Walker despatched a force of 450 men, under Henningsen, to attack them.

The First Infantry arrived three-quarters of a mile in advance of the main force, and without waiting for it to come up, immediately commenced the attack, with a view of forcing themselves into the plaza. They were repulsed with great loss. The main body of Henningsen's force having come up, the attack was renewed, and kept up with indifferent success until late in the night.

Henningsen had two four-pounders, and the enemy four or five pieces, but neither party seem to have used their artillery to much advantage. In attempting to throw out two wings to flank Walker's little force, the enemy met with their principal loss, from a well-directed fire of the filibusters in

the plantain patches. They at once fell behind their barricades, with a loss, it is said by some, of 200 killed and 400 wounded. Others say, which is the most probable, that the Allies lost in all eighty to a hundred killed.

Brig. Gen. Bosquet, of the Costa Rican division, is supposed to have fallen, from the fact that one of Walker's soldiers took off from the dead body of an officer a sword formerly belonging to the fillbuster chief, and which Bosquet picked up in the last battle of Rivas, and was known to wear. But I was well acquainted with Bosquet, and from the description the soldier gave me of the body, I feel satisfied he was mistaken in the man.

Finding his force, as at Obraje, fighting at great disadvantage, Walker ordered a retreat, and, at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 30th, it fell back again upon Rivas. It is said he withdrew for fear the enemy might throw in a force between him and the transit road, through means of the Lake steamers, thus cutting him off from communication with the *Orizaba*, then nearly due from San Francisco, and by which he expected men and provisions.

Walker's loss at St. George was 16 killed and 33 wounded. Capts. Wilkinson, Russell and Lieut. Hyer were killed. Col. Jaquess and Major Dusenberry were mortally wounded. Col. Leonard, Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Chafant badly, and Lieuts. Nagle, Northidge, Steele and Schermerhorn slightly wounded.

On the evening of the 30th, Walker, at the head of a force of 300 men, started for San Juan del Sur, to guard over the men and supplies expected on the steamer. He arrived with several carts and baggage waggons next morning, bringing also about 200 spare muskets for the recruits expected. He took up his quarters at the Transit Company's office; his officers and men quartering in the deserted shanties about town.

On the first he ordered a court martial on a deserter from



the battle of St. George, picked up that morning. The poor fellow was found guilty, and at sunset was shot on the beach in presence of the whole force, drawn up into line. I did not learn his name, but he was a German of family, and had lived in New York.

The steamer *Orizaba* hove in sight about an hour after the execution. She had, however, only 50 men for Walker, and, a small lot of provisions, about enough to fill a small wagon. These 50 men remained on board all night, beating their drums, and making valorous speeches; but the next morning, when ordered on shore, twenty of them were found stowed away, hoping to escape to New York.

At 5 p.m., Gen. Walker, after placing his spare arms on board his little two gun war schooner, in the harbor, for use of future arrivals, pressed three or four straggling Americans into his force, who were waiting a passage to the States, and then took up his line of march for Rivas.

At 11 o'clock a.m., of the same day, a force of 300 to 400 Costa Ricans entered Virgin, on the transit road, and the steamer *Virgin* came up to the wharf for the first time since the enemy has had her, and landed a few men and officers. On reaching Virgin, they immediately commenced throwing up barricades, but hearing probably that the steamer was in with reinforcements, and that Walker was in their rear, they posted up notices offering free passages to deserters, to the States, and then rejoined their main force at St. George.

Walker appears to have given up all hope of regaining possession of his steamers, as he has abandoned his small boat expedition as impracticable, and burned, as I have before stated, his schooner. The allies evidently have a force stationed on the Island of Ometepe, as they keep the two steamers constantly cruising about it. When Walker had a force there, they would occasionally approach Virgin and throw a harmless shot into town, but latterly they appear to

have more important business on hand.

The general expectation at Rivas is, that the fillbuster force at Greytown will get possession of the river, but how it is to be accomplished, no one knows. The three points, Castillo, Hipp's Point and San Carlos, are probably now strongly fortified. When Walker lost San Carlos, at the junction of the river with the lake, there was a good twenty-four and one six-pounder mounted there, and nothing that could navigate the river could pass it.

The whole force under Walker's command before the battle of St. George, amounted to eight hundred men. He had in his two hospitals at Rivas about one hundred and fifty sick and wounded. I counted seventy-five in one hospital, and was told that the other had a little larger number. There may be two hundred more about the camp, consisting of hostlers, cooks, servants, and useless loafers, who receive rations. The fifty men from California make up the loss at St. George.

The men look well, Rivas, at this season, being very healthy. A fresh, invigorating breeze comes off the lake, tempering the hot sun, and making the nights cool and delicious. But in six weeks there will be a change of weather, with less winds and more heat, and then probably the troops will suffer some by sickness. Most of the cases in the hospital are old ones from Granada, where the climate is extremely fatal to foreigners. Some of Walker's officers estimate that he buried from 1,500 to 2,000 men there.

Walker's officers are all excellent fighting men, and have no idea they can be whipped if they can bring the "greasers" to a pitched battle, no matter what their force. The men are also eager for a fight, not so much for the sake of fighting, as from a hope of terminating the war, a large portion of them seeming to be heartily tired of it. The little army has powder and lead enough, but is short of round shot and shell. They have a considerable quantity of corn and jerked beef in the

city; and foraging parties are constantly bringing in cattle.

The buildings in Rivas have heavy adobe walls--the streets leading into it are few and narrow, so that if the "worst comes to the worst" the city can be easily defended. The buildings which might afford shelter to the enemy, if they got in, for an attack on the Church of San Francisco, should he be shut up in it by any stress, have been pulled or burned down, giving his riflemen a clean sweep.

Henningsen has also thrown up barricades at the heads of some of the streets, and made an open space all round the city by throwing down huts and cutting away trees and brush. It is quite evident, you will perceive, that unless Walker is immediately largely reinforced, his case is desperate. He cannot leave Rivas garrisoned, and have a sufficient force to attack the enemy that is perseveringly encircling him. Without these, he may last three months--perhaps even six--but I do not see how he can chase the enemy from the country, or even save himself with his present means.

It is a war of extermination on the side of his enemies, and they will fight so long as the allied States have a man left or an ounce of powder. Walker has not a native soldier in his army, and only three officers, and not a reliable friend outside his own force in all Central America.

Mr. Rogers, Walker's Secretary of the Treasury, who I wrote you took passage from Panama for San Juan on the 11th ult. in a little five-ton boat, had not arrived at the date of this letter.

Mr. Toohy, who went out from New Orleans in August last, carrying with him twenty-five men for Walker, and who has been the correspondent of the *Delta*, is said to have been hung by the Leonese at Granada, to whom he deserted. He had previously been taken prisoner in the Battle of Santa Rosa, I believe, by the Costa Ricans, in which battle he lost an arm. Cañas took him into his own family in Costa Rica, and

he voluntarily communicated important information to that General in relation to Walker's forces, &c. On his release and return to Nicaragua, he published a statement that he had hoaxed his benefactor, and hence, it is said, his death at the hands of the Leonese force to whom he deserted.

The *Sierra Nevada*, some four weeks since, at the time the river was closed, sent over a boat from San Juan del Sur to the Lake, to go down to the head of the river, to see why her passengers did not arrive. The boat had eight or ten of Walker's men in it, and has not been heard from in this ville.

It was generally supposed that Walker would attack Cañas again in a day or two. If he does, he will have to fight 2,500 men, as the enemy will probably land an additional force of 1,000 men from the river and Ometepe.

F.W.R. [Francis W. Rice].

"Further from Nicaragua," *New Orleans Picayune*, 2/19/1857, p.1, c.7.

## APPENDIX E

### DESPERATE SITUATION OF WALKER *Rivas, February 1857*

Look at his present position. Can a cause be more desperate? The town of Rivas is his whole kingdom. He has lost the active support of the most of Nicaragua, because the people are beginning to lose the dread with which they regarded him a year ago.

He has forfeited their regard because he has been totally indifferent to their interests, their lives and their property. He has confiscated their estates on frivolous pretences of treason whenever his treasury needed replenishing, and they have joined his enemies as soon as they felt they could do it safely--that is, when they saw him stripped of the power to punish and retaliate.

It is inconceivable how he who is so shrewd should have taken every means in his power to estrange the people whose good will he needed to secure him a permanent foothold in the country. It must be that he despised them, and counted on having always a sufficient military force to control Nicaragua.

He has dropped the cloak of hypocrisy, under cover of which he went to Nicaragua as a foe to tyranny, and stands out the selfish tyrant that he was generally supposed to be from the beginning. But he has thrown it aside before he was sufficiently well established to be safe without it, and he can

never succeed in seducing many more Americans to join in his nefarious designs.

Rivas is his whole possession. The Costa Ricans and their allies hold every other place on that side the lake except San Juan del Sur. It is not safe to venture outside the pickets of the town, except in force. He has not a boat on the lake, nor can he communicate with it, and the men on the San Juan river have failed to reach it on that side.

Nearly a hundred men are sick and wounded, in the hospital, and at least two hundred more are limping about the streets of Rivas, unfit for marching from the condition of their feet, chiefly from the sores produced by jiggers.

Four hundred men include probably the whole force that he could march out of Rivas. There are perhaps two hundred natives there besides that are able to bear arms; but Walker has ceased to depend upon them, and, beyond those in that city, he probably could not induce any to join him if he would. His race is nearly run.

"Report and Remarks on Gen. Walker's Affairs and Condition, by a Late Resident of Nicaragua," *New York Herald*, 3/21/1857, p.8, c.1.

## APPENDIX F

RIVAS, MARCH 8, 1857

. . . That day will be ever memorable to me as the one on which I was introduced to His Excellency, President Walker. I was ushered into the presence of the little hero, as he sat in his chair of authority, "wrapt in the solitude of his own originality," and after the ceremony of presentation was concluded, and the General had resumed his seat, I experienced about the same train of reflections which puzzled poor Goldsmith's rustics--

*"And still I gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew!"*

There he sat!--a little, white-haired, white-eyebrowed, boyish-looking man, with cold, icy-gray eyes, and a quiet, passionless manner, which renders him exceedingly mysterious and enigmatical, even to his most intimate friends.

Walker's chief element of power and influence over his followers consists in an assumed austerity of manner. A story illustrative of this peculiarity is related of him, in connection with the famous visit of Sir Robert McClure, commander of Her Majesty's man-of-war *Esk*.

Upon his arrival at San Juan del Sur, Her Majesty's officer, deeply impressed with a supposed sense of duty as one of the "police of the high seas," formally demanded of Captain Fayssoux, commander of the little schooner *Granada*, to surrender at discretion, or, in case of a non-compliance,

he (Her Majesty's officer) should be under the disagreeable necessity of treating said schooner as a pirate.

The spunky little Fayssoux, however, was not to be intimidated by threats alone, and modestly assured the distinguished functionary that, if he attempted any such process upon his schooner he would unceremoniously blow Her Majesty's man-of-war out of the water.

Finding that he had roused up the wrong passenger, and concluding that prudence would be the better part of valor, he determined to strike a blow at the head of the heap, by making his demands upon President Walker himself. Accordingly, he set out for the seat of government, and, upon his arrival, was immediately presented to His Excellency.

In the very midst of the presentation, and before the astonished Englishman had uttered a sentence in relation to the business in hand, Walker, with an air of outraged dignity, addressed him thus--"Sir, I suppose that you have come to apologize for your unwarrantable conduct towards the schooner of war *Granada!*"

The British officer was completely dumbfounded; and supposing that he had caught a live Tartar, with an awkward grace, backed out of the scrape, and that was an end of the affair.

I could not avoid noticing, even at the first interview, another peculiarity in this little-great man, of which I have heard others speak frequently since, that is, a faculty of "drawing" a conversation from those with whom he converses, without, apparently, saying anything himself.

After a brief chat about general topics, in which I had to do most of the talking, I presented some letters addressed to His Excellency, and bowed myself into a warmer atmosphere out of doors.

William Frank Stewart, *Last of the Fillibusters; or, Recollections of the Siege of Rivas*, (Sacramento: Henry Shipley and Company, 1857), p. 10.



## APPENDIX G

### SURRENDER AGREEMENT

*Rivas, May 1st, 1857*

An agreement is hereby entered with between General William Walker on the one part, and Commander Charles H. Davis of the United States Navy on the other part, and of which the stipulations are as follows.

Firstly, General Walker, with sixteen officers of his Staff, shall march out of Rivas with their side arms, pistols, horses and personal baggage, under the guarantee of said Capt. Davis of the United States Navy, that they shall not be molested by the enemy, and shall be allowed to embark on board the United States vessel of war *St. Mary's*, in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, the said Capt. Davis undertaking to transport them safely on the said *St. Mary's* to Panama.

Secondly, the officers of General Walker's army shall march out of Rivas with their side arms under the guarantee and protection of Capt. Davis, who undertakes to see them safely transported to Panama in charge of an United States officer.

Thirdly, the privates and non commissioned officers, citizens and employés of Departments, wounded or unwounded, shall be surrendered with their arms to Capt. Davis or one of his officers and placed under his protection and control he pledging himself to have them safely transported to Panama in charge of an United States officer in separate vessels from the deserters from their ranks, and without being brought in contact with them.

Fourthly, Capt. Davis undertakes to obtain guarantees, and hereby does guarantee, that all natives of Nicaragua or of Central America now in Rivas, and surrendered to the protection of Capt. Davis, shall be allowed to reside in Nicaragua, and be protected in life and property.

Fiftly, It is agreed that such officers as have wives and families in San Juan del Sur shall be allowed to remain there under the protection of the United States Consul till an opportunity offers of embarking for Panama or San Francisco.

General Walker and Captain Davis mutually pledge themselves to each other that this Agreement shall be executed in good faith.

Signed	Wm. Walker
Signed	Charles Henry Davis, Commander U.S. Navy.

	Present and acting
Signed	C. F. Henningsen
Signed	Jno. P. Waters
Signed	J. Winthrop Taylor.

Document No. 92, Microcopy M-89-38, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

## APPENDIX H

### THE HOSPITAL AT RIVAS

Who, that shared in those sanguinary trials, can ever forget the horrors of the *Hospital at Rivas*? Who hath a tongue can tell of the unutterable woes of that accursed hell-den, without sickening his own soul with the filthy recital! O, foul and unnatural thing! Heaven--how my very brain sickens to think of it! the most noisome, Iniquitous sink of pollution--the most loathsome, putrid pest-house that ever disgraced the face of the earth could not have surpassed that pandora-box of anguish!

A hospital, when possessed of every facility for comfort which peace and refinement can afford, is, at best, a sorry retreat for afflicted humanity--and when lacking, as ours did, the most ordinary requisitions, its miseries are enhanced a thousand fold.

But, come, my sensitive friend, and if you think your nerves can stand the trial, take with me a brief visit to that infernal lazaretto. Seal up your ears--stifle your nostrils, and let your eyes alone determine whether "*the letter from the grave*" was true: whether the wretched little Swede who told his tale of misery and died--in aught exaggerated concerning this terrible place.

That filthy, living skeleton there, with just dirty flesh enough to hide the bones, was wounded, many months ago, at Masaya. He is nearly naked, but, having no clothes, he is less liable to annoyance from vermin. He is very feeble and thin in flesh, and will tell you that he is ravenously hungry: but, then, he gets his ration of weak mule-soup and a calabash of

weaker cacao--why, then, should he complain?

On that raw-hide bed lies another ghastly thing: that was once a lieutenant in the army of "destiny"--a brave, good fellow, belonging to the Rifles--he lost a leg in the memorable Siege of Granada. His parents are wealthy citizens of Louisiana--and, ere the Devil put Nicaragua into his head, he was wont to feast upon the good things of life; but, now, his vulture-stomach yearns for the very swill which is lavished upon his father's swine!

Think not, my humane friend, that the picture is over drawn--believe not that I am calling your attention to extreme cases--"these are only the beginning of sorrows" which scarcely constitute a tithe of what is to be seen in that living sepulcher. More than one hundred breathing shadows of humanity lie writhing there in the most agonizing tortures.

Some are groaning in noxious, fetid rooms, literally strangling with the stench of their own rottenness. Others are stretched, in a nude state, upon hard, filthy couches--begrimed with fly-dirt--burning up with fever, while the torrid sun blazes full in their ghastly faces--quickenng into life the loathsome maggots, even in their very nostrils! Others are agonized by the effects of a kind of insects (vulgo--jiggers,) which penetrate into the flesh and even into the bones, producing the most abominable sores, and, not unfrequently, the scalpel and saw are the only effectual remedies for the disease.

O, thrice-blessed is the suffering wretch who finds relief in death! He is then, for the last time, trundled into a filthy dead-room--rolled upon a filthy board--hastily carried to the burying-ground--and, in his filthy rags, without the tribute of a prayer, a tear, or a sigh, is tumbled into a narrow hole in the earth--buried--and the trouble is over. This was the hospital at Rivas. Thank God, it has ceased to exist, I trust, forever.

William Frank Stewart, *Last of the Filibusters; or, Recollections of the Siege of Rivas*, (Sacramento: Henry Shipley and Company, 1857), p. 24.