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Imperial Bungalow

Structures of Empire in Richard Harding Davis and Olga Beatriz Torres

> What the map cuts up, the story cuts across.
> —Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life* (1984)

At 4:30 in the morning on 28 June 1914, thirteen-year-old Olga Beatriz Torres boarded the first of four trains that would take her from her home outside Mexico City to the militarized Gulf port of Veracruz, nearly 300 miles away. Amid patrolling U.S. Marines, who had seized the port on President Woodrow Wilson's orders only two and a half months earlier, Torres and her family—refugees from the escalating chaos of the Mexican Revolution—waited for a ship to take them north to Texas, where they would seek a new home in exile. Several days later, a crude cargo vessel refitted for passenger use finally arrived. After four queasy days at sea—and another twenty-four exasperating hours under medical quarantine in the Galveston harbor—Torres finally stepped onto American soil. It was 5:00 in the afternoon on a blisteringly hot eighth of July, and what greeted Torres, as she recorded in a letter to an aunt who had remained behind in Mexico, greatly disillusioned her:

> Imagine a wooden shack with interior divisions which make it into a home and store at the same time. The doors were covered with screens to keep the flies and mosquitos out. Outside, it had a little dirty wooden bench used by passengers waiting for the train, and that shack, the "property" of a Mexican married to a German woman, was the only building in sight.
>
> I could not restrain myself and asked, "Is this the United States?"[1]

Torres's interjection encodes multiple disenchantments. Expecting cleanliness, she found dirt; expecting grandeur, she found insignificance; expect-

ing Americans, she found none. Not a little of Torres's disillusion stems from her specific class position, for in Mexico she had been accustomed to the privileges of comparative wealth. But Torres's query also reflects certain geopolitical expectations: after all, shouldn't the region's supposedly most powerful nation have a correspondingly impressive—and distinctively "American"—port of entry? Something more significant, surely, than a mere "wooden shack"?

This chapter explores the expectations and disappointments at stake in Torres's question by placing her fascinating yet relatively obscure narrative—*Memorias de mi viaje* (*Recollections of My Trip*), a book-length compilation of the letters Torres wrote to her aunt during her journey—in conversation with two much more widely known texts of transit, revolution, and the buildingscape of empire: Richard Harding Davis's travelogue *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America* (1896) and his follow-up imperial romance, *Soldiers of Fortune* (1897). In many respects, of course, Davis and Torres could not be more disparate figures. At the time of his trip with two friends through Belize, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and Venezuela, the thirty-year-old Davis was already a popular author and former managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. By 1900 he would be not only a famous war correspondent but also—particularly in the wake of the publication of the immensely popular *Soldiers of Fortune*—a household name. By contrast, when Olga Torres accompanied her family on their journey out of Mexico into the U.S., she was an unknown teenage immigrant. And although Torres's letters were eventually published in *El Paso del Norte*, the Spanish-language daily of El Paso's Mexican exile community (where Torres and her family finally settled) before being reissued in book form in 1918, the story of her family's flight from political persecution would languish for nearly eighty years until an enterprising scholar resurrected it from the archives. Indeed, part of the work of this chapter will be to highlight the revealing ways in which these narratives diverge: in their contrasting notions of what it means to be displaced or dislocated; in their chiastic longings for safety and return; and, not least, in their conflicting perspectives on the uses of U.S. military power.

At the same time, there are surprising and important points of convergence between these texts that can help us think in productive ways about race, architecture, and empire at the turn of the twentieth century, particularly within the material context of what Kirsten Silva Gruesz has identified as "not simply an *object* of U.S. expansionism but the original *engine* of it": the Gulf of Mexico.[2] I will argue in part that Davis's and Torres's writings can

in fact be productively understood as Gulf narratives, texts that explore what Gruesz terms the "complex entanglements" (470) of the greater Gulf region or "system." I will also suggest that, taken together, the texts of Davis and Torres provide a surprisingly revealing examination of the architecture of empire, reflected not only through official structures of state (with which all three narratives are particularly concerned) but also through what we might call the correlative forms of imperial domesticity, especially the turn-of-the-century bungalow, which despite its democratic iconography is freighted by a complexly imperial heritage.[3]

Gulf Crossings

The vectors of motion and emotion driving Davis's and Torres's texts—particularly the travel narratives *Three Gringos* and *Memorias*—cross almost exactly. Where the chapters in *Three Gringos* drop leisurely south, the letters that make up *Memorias* struggle anxiously east, then finally north. For Davis, the geographic dislocation of his journey is not only welcome, it is a professional opportunity: he has been urged to go to Central America to write about an outlawed Louisiana lottery surviving in exile on the eastern coast of Honduras. Torres's dislocation, on the other hand, is forced upon her. Although early in her trip she wishes she could simply turn around and go home to Mexico City, "thoughts of father's political persecution, of the horrifying destruction of the charming city by Zapata's hordes, of the unjust vengeance in the hands of government partisans, of the assassination by unknown assassins of people who were thought to be against the government and, finally, hearing of the horror the war was spreading throughout the land," she reports, "made me realize that returning to the City of Palaces would be total stupidity" (31).[4] Unlike Torres, Davis at times seems to court danger out of sheer boredom, as when in Panama he and his traveling partners are suspected—rightly—of giving aid to an antigovernment revolutionist. Of course Davis can use his connections to seek asylum on an American warship when Panamanian soldiers breathe a little too hotly down his neck. "I was impressed," he confides, "with the comforting sense that comes to a traveller from the States when he knows that one of our White Squadron is rolling at anchor in the harbor." This is in fact not far from the vision Davis has for the political future of the region. At the midpoint of his narrative, appalled by the volatility of governance in Central America, Davis notoriously asserts: "What [the Central American citizen] needs is to have a protectorate established over him, either by the United States or by another power."[5]

Although Torres does not condemn the U.S. military exclusively for the invasion of Veracruz—she has even more contempt for "the citizens who with their excesses submit their nation to such trials and tribulations" (34)[6]—as a war refugee she is understandably more skeptical than Davis about the use of force in the pursuit of political ends.

These differences are important because they help historicize and particularize the positions and experiences of Davis and Torres. Just as Davis's nonchalant risk-taking brings Torres's constrained options into sharper relief, so too elsewhere does Torres's dependence on her family makes us more aware of Davis's bachelor swagger. And yet by focusing exclusively on such differences, we risk overlooking patterns and points of contact that are otherwise less easy to discern. Only by reading Davis's and Torres's narratives side by side, for example, literally mapping their separate journeys within a single frame, can we recognize the extent to which the larger Gulf region—rather than more traditionally conceived national borders—helps shape the concerns and scope of both texts. As Gruesz has argued, our ability to discern larger regions or systems of contact and exchange in the Americas has in part been hampered by the dominance of the "reified map of the land border, *la línea*," as a privileged site in U.S.-Mexican border studies. Even Juanita Luna-Lawhn, who resurrected *Memorias de mi viaje* for contemporary scholars and oversaw its reprinting in 1994, characterizes Torres's text somewhat imprecisely as an account of "movement across political borders" rather than as one of movement within a far less linear system of continent, port, and sea.[7] For although *Memorias* begins in Mexico City and concludes in El Paso, Torres's journey does not travel due north from the one city to the other. Instead, *Memorias* first travels east by train to Veracruz, then north by ship to Texas City, then inland by streetcar to Houston, then southeast to the Galveston coast—and then back, once more, to Houston—before finally, and only near the very end of the narrative, heading northwest to El Paso. Given this route—with multiple entries and exits rather than a single, momentous line crossing, and with so much time actually spent in and on the Gulf itself—it seems more appropriate to consider Torres's text as mapping what Gruesz (drawing on the work of cultural geographer D. W. Meinig) would call a Gulf "circuit" (or perhaps half circuit) than as chronicling a simple border passage. Thus while *Memorias* can still contribute productively to studies of "transculturalization" along the U.S.-Mexican border, as in Luna-Lawhn's pioneering reading, it can also help construct what Gruesz calls the "as-yet-unwritten comparative ethnography of the Gulf's gateway settlements."[8] Indeed, Torres's disenchantment with what greets her when she disembarks

at her first U.S. port—"Is this the United States?"—has everything to do with her understanding of what a "real" port city, such as, in her experience, Veracruz, is supposed to look like.

The classification of *Memorias de mi viaje* as a Gulf narrative draws on more than geography. As she moves through the Gulf, Torres repeatedly registers the region's commercial and social interconnectedness. In Galveston she notes the presence of "merchant ships of all types and from all over the world, as could be inferred by the variety of flags and their sailors. Close to the large ships, motorboats slithered in and out like small fish of countless colors; some, coarsely wrought, are meant to carry cargo; others, meant to be passenger boats, are beautifully finished, with a row of seats on each side and mounted above the deck" (64).[9] Commenting on the profusion of train lines in Houston, Torres describes for her aunt the circuits that connect many of the Gulf's major cities: "[Houston] is situated in continuous contact with Galveston, Texas City, and New Orleans; four steam locomotives leave daily for New Orleans. Two steam locomotives and hourly electric trains depart for Galveston daily. Eight electric trains and two steam locomotives depart for Texas City daily" (67).[10] Even Torres's annotated list of the destinations of the other passengers on the ship that takes her from Veracruz to Texas—two nuns headed to San Antonio, a cavalry captain on his way to Sonora, a Mexican woman looking for her husband in Galveston, an English woman meeting yet another ship to take her to England—maps a region traversed by multiple crossings rather than one neatly bifurcated into "Mexico" and "U.S." Torres's sense of the Gulf's vibrant, varied richness finds its way even into her description of the "enormous beauty" of the sea itself:

> [I felt] admiration because the landscape is grandiose and beautiful—the sunlight as it broke over the waves produced an arabesque of different colors so varied so those who speak of the 'blue sea,' of the 'green sea' are mistaken. The sunlight projects so many colors on the moving surface of the sea that it is neither green nor blue; it is an infinite variety of colors. It is an admirable polychrome. (38)[11]

And what of Davis? Because critics have primarily been interested in mining *Three Gringos* for the ways it anticipates the political themes of *Soldiers of Fortune* (set in South America but understood to refract Davis's interest in the Cuban independence struggle) or Davis's later reportage from Cuba itself—which registers in such accounts more as a Caribbean site than as part of the Gulf—we have never thought of *Three Gringos* as a Gulf narrative, even

though Davis embarks from New Orleans, sails south through the Gulf to the Yucatán coast, and then docks in Belize to begin the land portion of his journey. To be fair, it is possible Davis never quite thought of the narrative this way himself. He does not explicitly describe New Orleans or the Gulf as a conduit to Latin America, nor does he foreground the geographic, economic, or cultural connections between this U.S. port and the greater Mexican/Central American region he is about to explore—Gruesz's implicit criteria for a self-aware Gulf-system narrative.[12] If anything, Davis characterizes the Gulf region below New Orleans as a wholly separate, almost alien place. Leaving the city on a steamer bound "for Central American ports" (1), Davis and his companions slowly "[push] down the last ninety miles of the Mississippi River" (2) toward the Gulf. This portion of the journey, including the racialized landscape of Jim Crow, is familiar to Davis from past images: "The great river steamers, with paddle-wheels astern and high double smoke-stacks, that were associated in our minds with pictures of the war and those in our school geographies, passed us . . . on their way to St. Louis, and on each bank we recognized, also from pictures, magnolia-trees and the ugly cotton-gins and the rows of negroes' quarters like the men's barracks in a fort" (2–3). In the very next paragraph, however, this familiar landscape darkens into a far stranger space:

> At six o'clock, when we had reached the Gulf, the sun sank a blood-red disk into great desolate bayous of long grass and dreary stretches of vacant water. Dead trees with hanging gray moss and mistletoe on their bare branches reared themselves out of the swamps like gallows-trees or giant sign-posts pointing the road to nowhere; and the herons, perched by dozens on their limbs or moving heavily across the sky with harsh, melancholy cries, were the only signs of life. On each side of the muddy Mississippi the waste swampland stretched as far as the eye could reach, and every blade of the long grass and of the stunted willows and every post of the dikes stood out black against the red sky as vividly as though it were lit by a great conflagration, and the stagnant pools and stretches of water showed one moment like flashing lakes of fire, and the next, as the light left them, turned into mirrors of ink. It was a scene of the most awful and beautiful desolation, and the silence, save for the steady breathing of the steamer's engine, was the silence of the Nile at night. (3)

This is a far cry, to be sure, from the "admirable polychrome" of Torres's Gulf. In this extraordinary passage, Davis represents New Orleans as a gate-

way not to a space of invigorating Latin American contact and exchange but instead to a hellish yet almost erotically mesmerizing terrain of fire and decay, a figurative "road to nowhere" animated by tropes of contagion and waste, on the one hand, and exoticism and sensual pleasure, on the other, with an underlying frame of reference that is African ("the silence of the Nile at night") rather than Latin.[13] In Gruesz's terms, this description would link Davis with other nineteenth-century Anglo-American commentators who so often failed to apprehend the transnational connectedness of New Orleans with the greater Latin Gulf. When Davis's steamer eventually emerges from this inky night, and three days later finds a new shore, Davis continues to imagine he has been transported to another world: "Land, when it came, appeared in the shape of little islands that floated in mid-air above the horizon like the tops of trees, without trunks to support them, or low-lying clouds" (4). Even the first sign of human settlement—a "ruined temple" rumored to be the site of "wild Indian" massacres—affirms distance, not proximity, to the U.S. he has left behind. "It was interesting," Davis observes, "to find such a monument a few days out from New Orleans" (4–5).

And yet despite these opening gestures of estrangement, Davis's narrative betrays considerable interest in the Gulf as both a physical and a geopolitical region. He becomes obsessed, for example, with an issue Gruesz identifies as the central preoccupation of many nineteenth-century Gulf-system narratives: the acquisition of transit rights across Latin America. Throughout *Three Gringos*, Davis is passionate about securing U.S. access to the Pacific across Central America, although his preferred route is through Nicaragua, where the U.S. already has interests, rather than Panama, where the French are still in charge. (For a sense of the mid-1890s U.S. interest in the Nicaraguan route, see Fig. 19.) Whatever may transpire politically in the region does not matter, Davis suggests, "so long as it leaves the Nicaragua Canal in our hands" (146). Thus although Davis's narrative at its close swerves east to Venezuela, leaving the greater Gulf region behind, its emotional energy remains chiefly invested in the completion of an arterial route west through Central America. This trans-isthmian desire may even be said to infect the micronarrative patterns of *Three Gringos*, which is inordinately—even for a travel narrative—obsessed not merely with crisscrossing difficult terrain but also with getting around or cutting through various frustrating delays or government officials during the trip.

Although *Soldiers of Fortune* bears a less overt relationship to the Gulf, there are unmistakable traces of the wider region's influence on the staging and even the conception of the story. Some of these traces have their ori-



Figure 19. "Uncle Sam's Next Duty," Marshall Everett, ed., *Exciting Experiences in Our Wars with Spain and the Filipinos* (1899), n.p.

gins in *Three Gringos*. After all, as John Seelye notes, Davis went to Central America in the first place "in part to obtain . . . realistic detail of the sort that would loan verisimilitude to romantic fiction."[14] Thus in *Soldiers*, for example, Davis provides the Valencia Mining Company—the American-owned concern extracting ore from the coastal cliffs of a fictional republic on the northeastern coast of South America—with a paddle-wheeled steamer commandeered from "the levees in New Orleans" that recalls the

ones Davis describes at the opening of *Three Gringos*. Other details, central to *Soldiers*, link it directly to the Gulf. For example, Davis imagines a backstory for the novel's main character, civil engineer Robert Clay, that locates his most formative experiences within the circuit of the Gulf. We come to learn, for example, that as a young man, "an orphan and without a home," Clay journeys from Colorado to the Gulf, eventually "sail[ing] away from New Orleans to the Cape." We also learn that Clay's most recent engineering feat took place in Mexico, where he was responsible for putting new road and rail lines through some of the most dangerous and inaccessible terrain in the country. To contemporary readers this would have signaled Clay's involvement in the extensive late nineteenth-century modernization of Mexico's transportation infrastructure by President Porfirio Díaz—a project criticized by many Mexicans for disproportionately benefiting the imperial designs of rail- and road-dependent industries dominated by foreign capital, such as mining and agriculture, that sought efficient new routes to the Pacific and especially the Gulf, for Mexico's raw materials. Since it was primarily U.S. capital that controlled these markets, this seemingly innocuous biographical detail makes Clay's behavior as an active imperial agent in South America merely a follow-up to his earlier involvement in the Gulf.[15] Nor is Clay the only character who has prepared for imperial ventures in South America by first honing his skills in the Gulf region. MacWilliams, for example, the Valencia Mining Company's chief railroad engineer, has "spent [his life] in Mexico and Central America," where he "learned what he knew of engineering at the transit's mouth" (45). It is a cast of quintessentially Gulf characters, in other words, that Davis places at the center of *Soldiers*'s imperial drama.

In what follows I will retrace the scope and function of architectural representation in each of the three main texts under consideration here—*Three Gringos*, *Soldiers*, and *Memorias de mi viaje*—before returning at the chapter's end to reconsider the ways the spatial concerns of these texts can be productively linked and contrasted. That they belong in the same conversation seems even more clear if we keep in mind this small but evocative detail: the very rail lines on which Torres and her family flee Mexico City to escape the turmoil of the Mexican Revolution turn out to be part of the same national network built by Díaz in the late nineteenth century with the help of the real-life models for Robert Clay—rail lines whose role in the domination of Mexico by foreign capital the revolution itself was partly launched to challenge.

67. These representative sites include Olivia Carteret's estate ("saved" by Polly Ochiltree from grasping black hands); the historic Clarendon Club, housed in a "dignified old colonial mansion"); the house of William and Jane Miller; and the "little group of public institutions"—hospital, schoolhouse, and church—that will become the locus of black resistance at the end of the novel. See Chesnutt, *The Marrow of Tradition*, 138, 155, 299. Subsequent references are from this edition and will appear parenthetically in the text.

68. Sundquist, *To Wake the Nations*, 432.

69. Howells, "A Psychological Counter-current in Fiction," 882. According to McElrath and Leitz, by the end of 1904 *The Marrow of Tradition* had sold only 3,387 copies, *The House behind the Cedars* only 3,244 copies. See *"To Be an Author,"* 214n6. Chesnutt would publish only one more novel, *The Colonel's Dream*, in 1905. Ironically, it was in this final novel that he would bring the piazza back to narrative prominence, in part by weaving a new version of "The Dumb Witness" (which was still unpublished) into the text—although he revised the earlier story in such a way as to soften much of its critique. For more on Chesnutt's "dilution" of the original story's import through revision, see Sundquist, *To Wake the Nations*, 90n.

70. Nora, "Between Memory and History," 295–96.

NOTES TO CHAPTER 3

1. Torres, *Memorias*, 47. In the original Spanish Torres wrote: "Figúrate un jacalón de madera que con divisiones interiores era a la vez habitación y tienda: las puertas estaban cubiertas de tela de alambre, para evitar la entrada de moscas y zancudos. Afuera, una banca de madera algo sucia, era utilizada para esperar el tren. Y aquel 'establecimiento' propiedad, entre paréntesis, de un mexicano casado con una alemana, era todo que de edificios había allí.

"No pude contenerme más y pregunté: ¿pero esto es Estados Unidos?" (104).

Subsequent references are to this edition and will appear parenthetically in the text. For each citation I will provide the original Spanish version in the endnotes.

2. Gruesz, "The Gulf of Mexico System," 472–73.

3. My reading of the imperial dimensions of domestic architectural space in this chapter draws in part on the groundbreaking work of Amy Kaplan, particularly her essays "Manifest Domesticity" (1988) and "Romancing the Empire" (1990), both of which also appear in revised form in her later volume *The Anarchy of Empire in the Making of U.S. Culture* (2002). My analysis brings an architectural specificity to Kaplan's broader readings of ideology and empire. I am particularly indebted to her explication of the domestic "logic" of American national expansion. See "Manifest Domesticity," 584. At the same time, by bringing Torres into the conversation I explore new ways of thinking about architecture, identity, mobility, and narrative in a transnational context.

4. "Pero el recuerdo de las persecuciones que pretexto de política había sufrido mi papá, los estragos espantosos que las hordas zapatistas hacían en las goteras de la gallarda Cuidad, las venganzas injustificadas de los partidarios del Gobierno, los asesinatos cometidos por misteriosos matadores de personas a quienes se creía desafectas al Gobierno, y en fin, los horrores, que oía contar que iba extendiendo por todas partes la guerra, me hicieron pensar que la vuelta a la Cuidad de los Palacios, sería el más grande de los disparates" (88).

5. Davis, *Three Gringos*, 216, 146. Subsequent references are from this edition and will appear parenthetically in the text.

6. "Más que . . . para los nacionales que con sus intemperancias someten a la Patria a semejantes pruebas!" (91).

7. Gruesz, "The Gulf of Mexico System," 470; Luna-Lawhn, Introduction, 10.

8. Gruesz, "The Gulf of Mexico System," 474. Gruesz uses "circuit" in D. W. Meinig's sense: "Meinig notes that once access to the Gulf was secured through the Louisiana Purchase, 'a whole circuit of coasts—Florida, Cuba, Yucatán, Mexico, Texas—suddenly took on new meaning for Americans, and before long such places were being declared to be of compelling national interest'" (474). See Meinig, *The Shaping of America*, 23. "Transculturalization" is Luna-Lawhn's term for Torres's process of moving from one language and culture toward/into another (Introduction, 12).

9. "Barcos mercantes, de todas clases y de todas las naciones del mundo, según se ve por la variedad infinita de sus banderas y de sus marinos. Junot a los grandes barcos se deslizan como pequeños peces de colores innumerables botes de gasolina, unos destinados a carga, toscamente labrados, y otros para pasajeros, primorosamente acabados, con los asientos en hilera, a ambos lados y más altos que la cubierta" (121).

10. "Houston está situada en contacto continuo con Galveston, Texas City, y con Nueva Orleans, para donde salen cuatro trenes de vapor diarios. Para Galveston hay eléctricos cada hora, y dos de vapor al día y para Texas City, ocho trenes eléctricos y dos de vapor al día" (124).

11. "Enorme grandeza"; "Admiración porque el paisaje es grandioso y bello, la luz al quebrarse sobre las olas produce arabescos de colores tan variados, que los que hablan del 'mar azul' del 'mar verde' están en un error. La luz le dá a la superficie movediza del mar tantos colores, que ni es verde ni es azul, es una infinita variedad de colores, es una policromía admirable" (95).

12. In "The Gulf of Mexico System," Gruesz suggests that a self-aware Gulf-system narrative would resemble Domingo Faustino Sarmiento's "apprehension of the city [New Orleans] as a liminal zone between the Anglo and Latin worlds—the North and the South, the future and the past, mingling in the Gulf like fresh water and saline. Throughout the nineteenth century, Hispanophone commentators tended to be more trenchantly aware of the profound historical and economic links between the U.S. Gulf Coast and sites that lay outside the nation: Mexico, Cuba, Texas, Yucatán, Belize, Honduras" (469).

13. Unless we think of the hanging moss as "Spanish" (Spanish moss).

14. Seelye, *War Games*, 167. Seelye, however, goes on to maintain that while the travel narrative may have "nourished" (164) the novel, the two texts otherwise have little in common: "One is hard pressed to find any but the most superficial connections between the two narratives" (167). As will become clear, I believe the Central American context of *Three Gringos* is very important to the political and architectural landscapes of *Soldiers*.

15. Davis, *Soldiers of Fortune*, 31, 96. Subsequent references are from this edition and will be cited parenthetically in the text. On the controversy surrounding Díaz's modernization of the rail and road network and in particular the role of U.S. capital in the Mexican economy in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, see Gonzalez and Fernandez, *A Century of Chicano History*, esp. 36–39. Davis makes it clear in *Soldiers* that the role of Clay's work in Mexico before the novel begins is understood in precisely these terms. Describing the work of the engineers who were building Mexico's new rails and

roads, one character explains to another: "And they knew all the time that whatever they decided to do out there in the wilderness meant thousands of dollars to the stockholders somewhere up in God's country [i.e., the U.S.], who would some day hold them to account for them" (12–13).

16. Belize's Government House was built between 1812 and 1814, during the British slave trade, possibly after a design by Christopher Wren. It combines Caribbean and European architectural forms. See Pariser, *Explore Belize*, 119.

17. Seelye, *War Games*, 169.

18. Guatemala achieved independence from Spain in 1821. See Bethell, *The Cambridge History of Latin America*, 471.

19. The General Walker in this statue is American filibuster William Walker (1824–60), who in 1855 took advantage of a civil war in Nicaragua to seize control of the country, make himself commander in chief of the army, and declare himself president in 1856. Defeated and turned out in May 1857, he tried to return later that year only to be arrested and forcibly expelled. Walker made one last unsuccessful attempt to filibuster in Central America in 1860 and was eventually executed by firing squad in Honduras. See Greenberg, *Manifest Manhood*, 31–33. For the most thorough treatment of Davis's attraction to Walker, one of the later author's "freebooting heroes" (1), see Harrison, *Agent of Empire*.

20. Davis is also exasperated by the bullet holes in all the chief buildings in the capital—a sign of the endless revolutionary turmoil and the neglect (indeed degradation) of the built environment.

21. Quoted in Kaplan, *The Anarchy of Empire*, 27. The "disorderly house" metaphor originally appeared in *Democratic Review* 20 (February 1847): 101. See Kaplan, *The Anarchy of Empire*, 219n7.

22. In *Three Gringos*, Davis recalls sitting in the Plaza de Bolívar, "looking up at the big statue [of the South American liberator Simón Bolívar] on its black marble pedestal, under the shade of green palms and in the moonlight, with a band of fifty pieces playing Spanish music, and hundreds of officers in gold uniforms, and pretty women with no covering to their heads . . . circling past in an endless chain of color and laughter and movement" while across the plaza "rose the towers and broad façade of the cathedral, white and ghostly in the moonlight" (282). In *Soldiers*, Davis imagines a very similar plaza scene: "At one end of the plaza the President's band was playing native waltzes that came throbbing through the trees and beating softly above the rustling skirts and clinking spurs of the señoritas and officers, sweeping by in two opposite circles around the edges of the tessellated pavements. Above the palms around the square arose the dim, white façade of the cathedral, with the bronze statue of Anduella, the liberator of Olancho" (111).

23. See Murphy, *Hemispheric Imaginings*, ch. 4, "Gringos Abroad: Rationalizing Empire with Richard Harding Davis." According to Seelye, Davis "had already started writing what would become *Soldiers of Fortune* before leaving" the U.S. on his trip through Central America, "and he would finish it while seeing the account of his Central American trip through the press" (*War Games*, 164). Like most critics, however, Seelye downplays the significance of the Central American trip to *Soldiers*; instead, he offers Cuba as the most important context for understanding the novel. See *War Games*, 192–213.

24. On the bungalow's origins and adaptations, see Lancaster, "The American Bungalow"; King, *The Bungalow*; and Faragher, "Bungalow and Ranch House."

25. Duchscherer and Keister, *Bungalow*, 2.