

COLONEL E. D. BAKER

By MILTON H. SHUTES

EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER had an erect, stout muscled body, and a strikingly handsome face. He sang with a pleasing baritone, danced the minuet gracefully, and played the piano acceptably. He did what the best of men could do and did it better. He had a quick, brilliant mind, an indelible memory, a courageous spirit, an amiable disposition, and a kind heart. He was widely read, essentially cultured, and generally talented. In addition to all this, he possessed an ardent, persuasive eloquence that was redolent with genius. From early manhood until his death, he was the plumed warrior, the knight errant, eager to fight for God and Country.

There is a persistent story concerning him that is characteristic if not exactly true; a story about which Abraham Lincoln and other friends loved to tease him. Though reared an American, he was born an Englishman. In one of the darkest moments of his early youth, learning that only an American-born boy was eligible to the Presidency of the United States, he burst into disappointed tears and then into resentment at his parents. "In justice to me they might have come to America a few years earlier," he sobbed. Even a seat in the United States Senate was no solace to his disappointment.¹

The parents thus rebuked were cultured English Quakers; his father a teacher and his mother a sister of Captain Thomas Dickinson, a distinguished British naval officer with Lord Nelson. But because they were poor and saw no promise for themselves in England, they emigrated to Philadelphia in 1815, when their first-born, Edward Dickinson, was four years old and where they lived for years. The educated father taught school, the talented mother reared the family; and Edward, when old enough, was apprenticed to a weaver. In 1825, they were attracted to the utopian settlement at New Harmony, Indiana, in the rich valley of the Wabash, but within the year moved to Belleville, Illinois.

Belleville, at that time, was the most important community in that part of the Mississippi Valley—settled largely by well-to-do, cultured people—where father Baker organized a school for boys. Edward attracted the attention there of former Governor Edwards, of Illinois, who, impressed by the boy's passion for reading, gave him access to his large library.

His family, however, moved north about sixty miles to Carrollton, another community settled by cultured people largely from the South. The husky boy spent a season driving a dray on the St. Louis river-front. When he joined his family in Carrollton, he again attracted the attention of the town's first citizen, Moses O. Bledsoe—minister, lawyer, editor, and author. The admira-

tion was mutual. Young Baker was called the old man's shadow. Bledsoe lent him books, directed his reading, and finally advised him to study law. Because Bledsoe was a Campbellite, or Reformed Baptist, the boy joined that church and soon appeared as an exhorter in the pulpit, participating in that church's system of volunteer preaching. It was there that he became conscious of his dominant talent. The church lost a great preacher when the boy accepted Bledsoe's advice to study law in the office of Judge A. W. Caverly.²

Baker was admitted to the Illinois bar in his 19th year, but being too young to practice, he embarked in the milling business.³ When less than 21 years old, still impetuous and venturesome, he married in the spring of 1831, Mary E. Lee, a young widow older than himself, with two children, and some property. The marriage proved a happy one, and the family, to which later were added two sons and two daughters, was always a completely devoted one.⁴

When the Black Hawk War began in the following spring, the young husband could not resist his martial impulses. He enlisted as a private and served until the final battle of the Bad Axe; and then, instead of returning in company with his comrades, he chose to canoe down the Mississippi for three hundred miles with an Indian as sole companion.

Cholera swept up the Mississippi Valley from New Orleans in 1833. In Carrollton it took thirty-three lives, including that of his father.⁵

The State capital of Illinois, recently relocated in Springfield, attracted ambitious young lawyers to that city of fifteen hundred. "Ned" Baker, as he was called, moved his family there in 1835. He appeared clothed in shrunken homespun jeans, backwoods hat and brogans, and with a self-confidence that came from a consciousness of physical and mental superiority. It was a time when the gift of spontaneous oratory meant much to a lawyer with political ambitions. Albert T. Bledsoe, son of Moses Bledsoe (later Secretary of War in the Confederacy), took the 24-year-old youngster in as junior partner. Later Baker joined John A. Logan, nestor of the Illinois bar.

Baker was not long in Springfield before he, like many others of a remarkable group of lawyers, launched into politics. On July 4, 1837, the cornerstone of the new state house was to be laid. The committee on arrangements considered as orator of the day, such men as Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, James A. McDougal, James Shields, John A. McClernand, and Richard Yates—all famous in the history of Illinois and some in that of California—yet Baker was chosen. The two years in Springfield were more than enough to give the young lawyer a reputation in Sangamon County, and the oration delivered that day was enough to spread his name throughout the State.

In the same year, when Daniel Stone, a member with Lincoln in a famous "Long Nine" group of legislators, resigned his seat in the Illinois Assembly

to become a circuit judge of the Galena District, Baker was chosen in a special election to succeed him. In that assembly was Lincoln, who had recently and profitably sold him a Springfield lot.⁶ Their acquaintance quickly ripened into a close personal and political friendship. In the words of Beveridge, "He was soon to win a greater popular favor than Lincoln himself, and to have one of the most worthy and picturesque careers among those of the lesser figures in American history."⁷ It was in these early days together that Baker, less seasoned in the art of political campaigning than he grew to be, angered an audience that moved to manhandle him. Listening intently through a trap-door from his office above, long "Abe" Lincoln lowered himself onto the speaker's stand and, grabbing a stone water-jug, shouted that he would break it over the head of the first man who laid a hand on Baker. After a few words in the interest of freedom of speech, the astonished audience quieted down.

By 1839, Baker and Lincoln and a few others formed what was then known as "the Junto"—a clique of Whigs that ran the politics of Sangamon County. They were also on the Whig State Central Committee in the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of General William Harrison of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" fame—a campaign in which the whiskey of E. G. Booze, of Philadelphia, simultaneously rose to fame in its log-cabin-shaped glass container. The Committee put out a campaign newspaper called *The Old Soldier*.⁸ Both Lincoln and Baker stumped the State for General Harrison against the abler Martin Van Buren; the latter won the State but lost the National election. Out of it Baker was elected to the State senate, but all Lincoln got was the thankless job of a Presidential elector.

Baker always took his legislative duties in stride; what there was of detail and routine work was too irksome for his impatient, restless disposition. His seat in the legislature was usually empty except when matters of important debate came up. He rode the circuit with the other famous lawyers, ". . . but Ned Baker was in a class by himself. If he only spoke for 5 minutes to the Court on some point of law, the crowded court-room was all attention. But if in a murder case he spoke for hours, his audience was thrilled to the verge of collapse. Two-thirds of a century has passed, but I can still see that straight, lithe, graceful, blond youth as he swayed his audience, jurors, the bar and even the judge upon the bench, with the music of his voice, his word pictures, his irresistible logic and illustrations, and the unconscious, spontaneous, fervid oratory . . ."⁹

In 1842, when Lincoln delivered his famed temperance address on Washington's birthday under the auspices of the anti-liquor Washingtonian Society, a big parade preceded it, "at the head of which marched 'the beautiful company of the Sangamo Guards under the command of Captain E. D. Baker.'"¹⁰ It was a significant fact that Baker preferred to be a captain marching with his boys than the orator of the day.

In 1843, a three-cornered fight developed in the 7th Congressional District between Baker, Lincoln, and John L. Hardin. To Lincoln's chagrin, Baker beat him in their own county, but Hardin won the nomination and election in the District. It did not strain their friendship. Two years later, Baker easily won the nomination and election to Congress with the understanding that he would step aside in favor of Lincoln in 1847. So it came about that Lincoln was grateful when his friend kept his word. Before Lincoln left for Congress, he named his second son, Edward Dickinson.

When Baker went to Congress in 1845, the Oregon boundary dispute was exciting the country with its threat of war with England. He joined those who insisted that the boundary be placed at "54-40 or fight." Only a little over a month after taking his seat, he offered the following resolution: "Resolved, that, in the opinion of this House, the President [Polk] of the United States cannot consistently, with a just regard for the honor of the nation, offer to surrender to any foreign power any territory to which, in his opinion, we have a clear and unquestionable title."¹¹ A few days later he addressed the House with his first recorded speech. But because of the prejudices of the South against new Northern territory, the boundary affair was secretly settled on the present line.

At this period England was passing through the early reign of the youthful Victoria and the unhappy period of the "hungry Forties" when her distressing Corn Laws were repealed. Anticipating its influence on the interests of the State of Illinois, Baker wrote an open letter concerning those laws to his constituents. Because of its information on the laws of political economy, his letter received a wide circulation in the press of the country. By invitation, he delivered a lecture in Baltimore on "The Influence of Commerce on Civilization." The Baltimore *American* said that it "was heard by an admiring audience. . . . The closing portion was truly beautiful, charming the hearer in enraptured admiration."¹² This was one of many popular lectures he made during his career as Congressman.

Instead of going to war with England over the northwest boundary in 1845, the Southern politicians arranged matters for the country to go to war with Mexico in 1846, over the southwest boundary. Congress could no more hold Baker from that war than his bride had done from the Black Hawk War. When President Polk called for fifty thousand volunteers, of which three regiments were to be raised in Illinois, Baker persuaded the Secretary of War to accept another regiment from his State. When he arrived home with his commission of colonel of the 4th Illinois Regiment, there were 820 enthusiastic young men waiting for him at Camp Ford near Springfield.¹³ On June 27, with flags waving and women weeping, the Colonel and his men marched the hundred miles to Alton where, through shrewd management by Colonel Baker, they were equipped and steamboated down the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Here the regiment, including its colonel, was

drilled every morning by a regular army officer and every afternoon by one of its own. This made the 4th Illinois a well drilled and disciplined regiment—the “star” volunteer regiment of the Army.¹⁴

On arriving at the Rio Grande, the army forces were badly in need of equipment and ammunition. Because Baker was a member of Congress, he was sent back to Washington with despatches concerning both. There he adroitly used the dramatic opportunity to appear in his seat in uniform, and made an impassioned appeal for a vigorous prosecution of the war. The Whig party was lukewarm in its support of the War, and Baker was a staunch Whig, but he “entreated partisans to cease their mutual crimination and recrimination.” “What mattered difference of opinion about the origin of the War? Send our soldiers aid, comfort, succor, and support . . .” was the burden of his speech.¹⁵ Two days later he resigned his seat in Congress and returned to the front.

His regiment was soon afterward transferred from the command of General Zachary Taylor to that of General Winfield Scott and participated in the capture of Vera Cruz and that of Cerro Gordo on its fortified heights. In a charge on the fort, General James Shields, in command of the Illinois brigade, by falling wounded in a shower of grapeshot, disconcerted his troops. Colonel Baker, alert to the situation, ordered his own regiment forward and with it the whole brigade. General Scott reported that “the brigade so gallantly led by General Shields, and after his fall, by Colonel Baker, deserves high commendation for its fine behavior and success.” It was Baker’s regiment that captured, as a trophy, the famous cork leg of the greatly hurried General Santa Anna. The Illinois boys decided they had had enough of Mexico and glory, and refused to re-enlist shortly afterwards when their period of service terminated. Baker reluctantly returned with them to Springfield, where they presented Santa Anna’s cork leg to the State Museum and the State presented a beautiful sword to Baker.¹⁶

“Ned” Baker was henceforth never known except as “Colonel Baker.” With the added glamour of an honorable military record, he could have returned to Congress from Illinois. But, as Lincoln wrote to a friend, “Before Baker left [for Congress in 1845] he said to me, in accordance with what had long been an understanding between him and me, that the track for the next Congressional race was clear to me so far as he was concerned; and that he would say so publicly in any manner and at any time I might desire. . . .”¹⁷ So in the spring of 1848, Baker moved to the prosperous lead mining district of Galena and there announced himself as a candidate for Congressman with a self-assurance that some referred to as colossal egotism. After three months of stump speaking and personal contests in successfully handling the scythe in the wheat fields with his political opponent and eager farm hands, he won a very personal victory in that traditionally Democratic district.

During the same year, his one time commander in Mexico was the successful Whig candidate for the Presidency. Congressman Lincoln and Congressman-elect Baker, both Presidential electors, stumped for "Old Rough and Ready." In December of 1848, Baker entered Congress for the second time—as Lincoln, after an undistinguished career, was about to depart from it. The new Congress was the pugnacious Thirty-first that fought so bitterly over the admission of California into the Union. Baker, favoring California's immediate admission, lukewarmly supported the compromises of Clay and Webster. In one speech, after being twitted by Southern Congressmen Venable and Tombs on his foreign birth, he replied that he could not see what the birthplace of a humble individual such as himself could possibly have to do with California, yet he thanked them for mentioning his name in connection with so important a subject, and then prophetically exclaimed, "I have only to say, if the time should come when disunion rules the hour and discord reigns supreme (using Mr. Tombs' expression) I shall again be ready to give the best blood in my veins to my country's cause . . . against disunionists . . . whether North or South . . . with speech or hand, with word or blow, until thought and being shall be mine no longer."¹⁸ But his best piece of oratory was the eulogy of President Taylor, on July 10, 1850, soon after the latter's death.

During the first two months of 1849, he and his friend Lincoln were fellow members in Congress—until the latter's term ended on March 3. Both, together with others, had labored to secure for Baker a place in Zachary Taylor's cabinet as Secretary of War.¹⁹ Baker had high but barren hopes. Lincoln, who had failed in his efforts to secure for himself an appointment as chief of the general land office, was more or less inured to failure, but Baker had heretofore known nothing but easy success. His disappointment was keenly painful. As the close of the turbulent Thirty-first Congress drew near, he showed no apparent ambition to succeed himself. There was no longer a thrill in running for Congress and no glory in digging for gold in California. It was said of Baker that he was "always in favor of the next war" but there was none in sight then; impulsive and adventurous always, his mind was fired, however, by a precarious big-job developing in Panama.

In 1848, William H. Aspinwall, of New York City, who already had contracted for a new line of side-wheeler steamships to run from Panama City to San Francisco to connect with a similar line of ships from the Atlantic side of the Isthmus to New York, planned a railroad across the Isthmus to connect the two lines, with the enticing idea of a future growing trade with the Pacific slope and China. Then the Gold Rush to California early in 1849 crystallized his dreams of the future into an immediate necessity. The road was surveyed during that year, and by May of 1850 actual work had begun. Baker could not resist its appeal. In 1851, he entered into an agreement with the Panama Railroad Company of New York, to grade a portion of the road-bed. He

collected four hundred laborers in the Middle West as easily as he had a regiment of volunteer soldiers for war, and sent them to Panama under the care of his brother, Dr. Alfred C. Baker.²⁰

After a few months in the low tropical jungle, most of his men fell sick and either died or were invalided home, and Baker himself finally succumbed to the fever. After a fitful recovery, he returned to Illinois to recuperate his physical and financial strength, then to follow the excited stream of men that he had seen crossing the Isthmus to the Gold Coast. California was a constituted State and offered unlimited opportunities in law, politics, and adventure.

In the spring of 1852, he, his wife and two daughters, Caroline and Lucy, crossed the Isthmus by mule train and arrived in San Francisco on June 27. The jungle crossing was a difficult but not too hazardous one, for of the 365 passengers crowding into the little S. S. *Pacific* at Panama City for San Francisco, there were sixty women and fifty children.²¹

Baker was then 41 years old and, despite a receding and greying hair line, he was, as always, the impressively handsome "Colonel Baker" heralded even in California by reputation. Here, as in Springfield, he encountered a remarkable array of legal and forensic talent; and with equal ease, he quickly reached in popularity the peak of his profession. But political opportunities for him, a Whig, were remote. The Democratic party in California was in undisputed control. The Whig party was disintegrating but gave promise of passing on to a new free-soil party its principle of curbing the extension of slavery. Baker was no trimmer of principles—he was as staunch in his political beliefs as he was honorable in his personal conduct.

A month after his arrival in San Francisco, he read in the *Alta California* about the Whig National Convention held in Baltimore, and in a list of the National committeemen, he found the name of his then politically inactive friend, "Abram Lincoln of Illinois."²² Early in October he went to Sacramento to attend the State Whig Convention and talked in the evening to an outdoor crowd on the plaza; "best political speech I have yet heard," wrote a reporter.²³ California was then thrilling itself with the idea of a transcontinental railroad, and though its railroad meetings in 1853 were consumed in fruitless discussion, they were quickened by the vivid eloquence of Baker. The Pacific Railroad project was a "natural" for him and he never ceased to preach it.²⁴ In 1854, the shock of the Douglas-engineered repeal of the Missouri Compromise was followed by the birth of the Republican party in the Middle West. In an unsuccessful attempt to enter the State senate, Baker joined others in an effort to revive the moribund Whig party in San Francisco. "The spacious Hall of the Polka Saloon on Commercial Street was densely packed last night by a crowd at the Whig Mass Meeting. Hon. Edward Stanly and Col. Baker were the speakers. . . ."²⁵

The State senate, however, was only of incidental interest; Baker was busy in the practice of law, speaking his way to local fame, winning civil and criminal cases, and aiding less gifted advocates in jury pleadings. By 1855, he had added to his law firm a junior partner and assistants, in offices on the second floor of a bank building on the northwest corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets—near the great new Halleck Building that sheltered half the lawyers of the city. At this time, he and Isaac Wistar, one of his partners, were also “operating with success a quartz mine in Amador County.”²⁶ His real income, however, came from his legal work. One case in Downieville, involving a suit over certain water rights, brought him \$13,000.00, which he won, it was said, by a beautiful apostrophe to water which would have made any temperance lecturer immortal. A banking suit in San Francisco paid him \$25,000.00.²⁷

His most celebrated case was one that cost him, for a while, his popularity in San Francisco—his participation with General McDougal in the defense of a notorious professional gambler, Charles Cora, who had killed a dangerous, hard drinking United States marshal, William H. Richardson. The city was aroused to excited resentment over this murder of a Federal official, which, though the result of a mutual quarrel, had been preceded by a long list of wanton murders. The daily press not only convicted Cora before his trial but condemned his defense lawyers as well. Baker told the jury that there was no wretch so humble or so guilty that he “would not have a heart to listen to his cry, and a tongue to speak in his defense, though around his head all the wrath of public opinion should gather, and rage, and roar. . . . And if I ever forget . . . that highest duty of my profession, may God . . . hush my voice forever.”²⁸

The trial ended in a divided jury! But before a second trial was started another prominent citizen was shot down on Montgomery Street—the hot-blooded murder of James King of William, crusading editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, by the notorious James P. Casey, who had been offended by personal references in King’s editorials. In the few days during which King painfully lingered, the Vigilance Committee of 1851 spontaneously returned to life under able leadership. Baker joined the opposing Law and Order group, and boldly made public speeches against the methods of the Committee. On the day of Mr. King’s funeral both Casey and Cora were removed from their cells and hanged by the Vigilantes.

Refusing to practice law before courts under Vigilante control—and as a matter of expediency—Baker left San Francisco to practice in Sacramento and along the Mother Lode, and to “stump the state for Frémont and Dayton, from San Diego to Yreka.”²⁹ It took physical and moral courage and an adventurous spirit to campaign for the newly organized Republican party. Baker had those qualities plus the tactfully clever ability to master any type of audience. Colonel Caleb Finch, formerly of Galesburg, Illinois, invited

him to speak in Marysville, a community largely populated by pro-slavery Democrats from central and southern Illinois. When warned by Finch of their threatening attitude, Baker suggested that it be made known that he would talk on "Old Times in the States." The rough boarded theater was filled with a hostile, gun-carrying crowd. Baker confidently stood before them and began speaking with an assumed, tender tremor in his voice: "We are all far from home and kindred and friends," and spent an hour building intimate word pictures of a log-cabin home on the prairies, of mother and father, the children, and the dogs. He gathered the family about the huge fireplace with its cooking utensils and savory foods, painting for them in intimate details a review of their boyhood days that filled them with nostalgia. Baker knew all about it and he knew how to play on an audience's emotions. After he had them thoroughly gentled, he stopped short and said, "But you don't want to hear me any longer. I came to make a political speech." When they yelled, "Go on!" he repeated, "But I want to say something about politics!" Then as one of the toughest growled out, "Say what you gawd-dam please," Baker took him at his word.³⁰ At Goodyear's Bar near Downieville, and at other places, he met similar situations with equally clever methods. It was after this first campaign of the Republican party in California in 1856, that "he was called the 'Gray Eagle,' or the 'Gray Eagle of Republicanism'—his exquisitely fine hair, almost white, his lofty brow, his splendid, warm gray eye, his ample and perfectly proportioned nose, and the lofty flights of his eloquence, won him this distinguished and affectionate appellation, by which he was afterwards commonly known."³¹

He returned the following year (1857) to San Francisco, and though there was still much feeling against him, the public on the whole soon forgave him. In September of 1858, when the oratory-loving city sought someone to express its enthusiasm over the completion of the Atlantic cable, Baker was the natural choice. The presence of the Donati comet in the northwest sky gave him an added inspiration to oratorical flights. His audience thrilled to sentences like the following as it did to music: "... And those triumphant standards [British and American flags] so long shadowing the earth with their glory, shall wave in united folds as long as the Homeric story shall be remembered among men or the thunder of Niagara reverberates above its arch of spray."³² Fourteen years after Baker's death, the memory of him was still vivid enough to inspire the *Daily Alta California* to editorialize with lyric abandon: "Who among us has forgotten . . . 'Colonel Baker.' We have not forgotten his ringing eloquence, which flowed from his lips whenever he opened them, as readily as water from a water faucet, musical as the songs of spring birds sitting among the branches while water rippled and gurgled below them. . . . It seems but yesterday. . . ."³³

San Francisco took him back into its affections and not alone for his eloquence. Baker was easy to like. Even his opponents were never his enemies.

He possessed a temperament that adapted itself to any people or district, and a genial friendliness that whitewashed his negative faults, the most disturbing of which was his egotism. He angled for praise by the ruse of depreciating his best speech, and nothing pleased him more than to be reminded of his resemblance to Napoleon. Yet he was thoughtless of his clothes, which were clean but carelessly worn; his hat was too old and his trousers always baggy. He was generous to a fault and equally improvident. When his pockets were full, he gave twenty-dollar gold-pieces to beggars with as little concern as if they were silver dollars. He had a zest for social activities; he loved music, dancing, billiards and cards, and entertained freely at his home on Pacific Street near Larkin. He was over fond of the game of poker and was often sitting in when he should have been in his office or at court. He was unmethodical, hating the detail of office work and depending on his ready memory, common sense, cleverness, and what documents he could carry in his slouch hat. Alternately opulent and in debt, but neither for long, and always, whether an antagonist in court, or on the stump, or moving about in his restless manner in homes, in churches, or in the restaurant-saloons, Baker was always the democratic, courteous, polished gentleman. There were few people even among unforgiving Vigilantes that could long withstand the magic of his personality—the charm of his private conversation and especially that of his platform eloquence, which possessed, as John Hay expressed it, “a bonhomie and impetuosity of delivery that was irresistible to western man.”³⁴

National and State political events were shaping themselves into a definite party issue—the forty-year old complicated quarrel between the North and the South which for convenience’ sake can be expressed by the word slavery. The issue was dividing the old Democratic party in a prospect that was rapidly growing ominous with misunderstanding and mounting bitterness, and nowhere more than in California. Out of the situation loomed the real danger of the loss of California to the Union either by its joining the federation of slave states actually or in sympathy, or by setting up an independent republic of its own. In that situation, Baker, the plumed warrior, found a place for battle.³⁵ To him more than to any one man—not forgetting the revered Thomas Starr King—is credit due for the very important preservation of California to the Federal Union. This he did not only by eloquent appeals to loyalty and unionism generally since 1856, but through three distinct contributions.

When State elections in California were held in 1859, the campaign resolved itself into a bruising, acrimonious fight within the Democratic ranks, between the pro-slavery Lecomptonites and the free-soil Douglas men. Senators William M. Gwin, in behalf of the former, and David C. Broderick for the latter, hurried home from Washington, D. C., to join in the contest. Broderick, a staunch “free-soiler,” placing that principle above party, found himself almost a Republican. Horace Greeley, a visitor in San Francisco,

urged a coalition between the Republicans and free-soil Democrats. The Republicans, looking to the Presidential election of the following year, were unwilling, yet Broderick supported two Republican candidates, Leland Stanford for governor and Colonel Baker for Congressman. The result was inevitable. The administration or Lecompton forces—as typified by Chief Justice David S. Terry and the entrenchment of Federal and State offices—were arrogantly successful. Broderick was marked for reprisal; the build-up for a duel was artfully arranged. Judge Terry, experienced with dagger and pistol, challenged the inexperienced Senator Broderick. The result was again inevitable. The Senator's dying words, breathed out to Colonel Baker and other friends, were, "They killed me because I was opposed to a corrupt administration and the extension of slavery."³⁶

Just one year before (September 15, 1858), Colonel Baker had delivered a funeral oration over the body of William L. Ferguson, formerly of Springfield, Illinois, a young Democratic State senator, who, too, had died a political death in a pistol duel. "My friend Baker has known me best in life; ask him, if he will, to speak of me when I am dead," was the State senator's dying request.³⁷ Broderick was one of his pall-bearers. On September 18, 1859, upon a large square platform at the foot of the plaza flagstaff, stood the bier of United States Senator Broderick himself. A vast Sunday audience filled Portsmouth Square. After a short space of dead silence, Colonel Baker without introduction stepped forward to the head of the coffin, at the foot of which stood a priest, and gazed with motionless emotion into space for a prolonged dramatic moment. His voice then broke the tense waiting with, "Citizens of California! A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud. . . . Around him are those who have known him best and loved him longest. . . . Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State . . . ; while beyond, the masses of the people whom he loved and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief. . . ." After holding his audience spellbound for almost an hour, he concluded with the following peroration:

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! We bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Then in a voice that reflected the feelings of the weeping audience, he leaned over the open coffin and, with a dramatic gesture, exclaimed: "Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell."³⁸

Thus ended an oration that is famous in the story of California, that remained a thing alive on National election day in November of 1860, that lingered on through the years as an old man's cherished memory and that can still stir up a little thrill in the reader of today. Baker, the Gray Eagle of

Republicanism, used the leavening prestige of the dead Broderick with a master hand.

The killing of Senator Broderick, Democrat, made a profound impression in California and over the whole country, that was "second only to the assassination of Lincoln in its appeal to the loyal sympathy of the nation."³⁹ The day after Baker's oration, the popular emotion that he intensified began to sublimate through public subscription, in a monument that soon came to stand high on Lone Mountain. The persuasive influence of the grave beneath it helped positively to elect Lincoln to the Presidency and to hold California steadfast to the Union; and throughout the Civil War, Broderick's name was a symbol of devotion to the United States. That was contribution number one for Baker.

In the neighboring new State of Oregon was the powerful Secessionist Senator, Joseph E. Lane, soon to be nominated as the Vice-Presidential candidate to run with Senator John C. Breckinridge. Baker, who had already been urged to move to Oregon, was again formally and very urgently invited by a semi-official group of visiting Oregonians, who insisted that he was the only possible man on the Coast who could break the political control of "Joe" Lane. Baker had always craved to be a United States Senator; this was his opportunity, one that appealed also to his combative instinct to attempt the impossible. He visited Oregon in December and found the situation as difficult and as needful as represented. He returned to San Francisco and closed his law business of Baker and Dwinelle, at 148 Clay Street. Friends told him he was on a hopelessly wild chase. Some referred to him as a Quixotic hotspur. Frederick Low, Congressman and Governor during part of the Civil War, bet him a suit of clothes that he would fail. The bet was laughingly accepted.⁴⁰

The *Alta California* announced his departure for Salem, Oregon, adding, "He carries with him a brilliant reputation. . . . He leaves behind him as large a circle of admiring friends as any man in California can boast, and the loss of his presence among us will be regarded with general regret."⁴¹ Just before his steamer left Folsom Street wharf, he was presented with a three-hundred-dollar watch "purchased of George C. Shreve, jeweler" and inscribed, "E. D. Baker, from his friends in San Francisco, February 17, 1860." The *Alta* stated that "no speeches were made, but a number of bottles of champagne were opened and disposed of."⁴²

The story of Baker's triumph in Oregon is a part of the history of that State.⁴³ It was no easy victory even though "won by enchantment." The Republican and Douglas-Democratic legislators there finally united to elect Baker to represent the former and James W. Nesmith the latter. Baker thus became the first Republican United States Senator from the Pacific Coast. Its effect was not only to swing the allegiance of Oregon to the cause of Lincoln, who, rather than Seward, to the surprise and dismay of both Oregon

and California, had received the Republican Presidential nomination, but to revitalize the tired Republican campaigners in California, struggling there against tremendous odds. That was contribution number two.

On October 9, the morning *Alta California* announced in a big black headline: "COLONEL BAKER ELECTED U. S. SENATOR." "The news . . . created no little surprise in this community. . . . Republicans particularly waxed enthusiastic . . . just before nightfall, fired a salute of 100 guns from Stewart Street and 200 from Telegraph Hill. At dark the room of the Wide Awake Club on Montgomery Street, was illuminated and also the offices of the *Gazette* and *Times* . . . fireworks, Roman Candles, and sky rockets . . . impromptu parade . . . speeches . . . unlimited enthusiasm. . . ."44 Preparations were made for a big reception to greet him on the 18th when he returned to San Francisco on his way to Washington. When the S. S. *Brother Jonathan* passed Fort Point, he was saluted with "the first of 100 guns" and when it docked at Broadway wharf, "an immense crowd thronged the pier to welcome him. . . ."45 And how he loved it—this brilliant protagonist. A few days later, he received his friends at Tucker's Academy of Music. "He is in fine condition . . .," announced the *Alta*. "As a wonder, the Senator, contrary to his usual custom, was dressed in a scrupulously neat suit of black, the usual carelessness in dress having been discarded for this special occasion. . . . It was a sight to see the vigorous, hale old man much straighter than two-thirds of the younger men present."46

The defeat of the powerful pro-slavery Breckinridge section of the Democratic party in Oregon had rekindled the flaming opposition to Black Republicanism in California. The newspapers were overwhelmingly Democratic, the State and Federal offices were filled with Breckinridgers, who were smart, experienced and courageous. Lincoln, the "nigger-lover," was their special target; and misinformation, secession, and a Pacific Republic were their ammunition. They knew how to gather the votes and they seemed to be winning. Election day was drawing near. Heartening news from the East was on its way, but slow in arriving. The Republican atmosphere was as gloomy as a heavy coastal fog. And every plodding Republican worker was tired. They needed Baker's magnetic eloquence and he gave it—this greatest of extemporaneous orators—in San Francisco and Sacramento.

His third contribution in this California struggle was his great "Apostrophe To Freedom" speech, on Friday night, October 26, in the American Theater on the corner of Halleck and Sansome streets, before an overflow audience which he aroused to an intense pitch of excitement. During it, Frank Pixley, a reporter, threw away his pencil, rushed bareheaded into the street, yelling hysterically, "Come in! Come in! The Old Man is talking like a God."47 The whole audience was swayed with ecstasy—including Colonel Frémont and his wife, seated in a box. In the final storm of applause, it was Bret Harte who grabbed a flag and, after waving it on the stage, headed a parade up

Kearny Street. Hittell, the California historian, said that, "It was in this campaign that Edward D. Baker pronounced, in favor of freedom and the Republican party, what was supposed to be the greatest speech ever delivered."⁴⁸ E. R. Kennedy, who went from Marysville to hear the Gray Eagle, wrote that

The circumstances surrounding the occasion could not fail to arouse his utmost powers. . . . Besides the inspiration of noble principles, he was speaking for Abraham Lincoln, the friend of his life time. . . . From time to time some reminiscent veteran recalls the 'oratorical drama' of that fateful night, always with the feeling that he was present when history was made. The people had not reached their homes before the shorthand notes were being written out and set in type. The morrow's sun had not risen when copies of the pamphlet containing the speech were ready for the outgoing steamboats and stage-coaches that were to convey them to the uttermost parts of the state. In many places crowds assembled to hear the speech. I myself read it aloud in a public hall in Marysville. It was like the effect of mountain air. Republicans everywhere took heart.⁴⁹

A few days more and Abraham Lincoln had the very narrow margin of 737 votes in California and less than 300 in Oregon! "The closest political bookkeeping that I know of," Lincoln, himself, later commented.⁵⁰

Baker had always been fond of a transcontinental railroad; from the time of his arrival in California, at every opportunity, he played on the popular theme of the Pacific Railroad; it was, therefore, confidently believed that that enterprise would have a powerful advocate in the United States Senate. Before leaving on November 10, a group of business men purchased for him (for \$4,000.00) "the famous and beautiful 'railroad set' of silver plate, which was on exhibition at the [Mechanics'] Fair, . . . a gift of respect," explained the *Alta*, "and not in any way identified with politics." Each piece was inscribed, "Presented to E. D. Baker, by the Merchants of San Francisco as a token of their esteem and confidence."⁵¹

On the steamer with Baker enroute to Washington, were Senator Gwin of California, Secessionist, Senator Judah O. Benjamin of Louisiana, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.⁵² The last two were in California that summer as counsel for the New Almaden (Quicksilver) Mining Company in its famous court fight for its land title.

Baker arrived in Washington on December 5, where he attracted attention partly by reputation, but chiefly because he was the first and only Republican office-holder in Washington from the Pacific Coast, and because he was a close personal friend of the leader of the incoming administration. For the Christmas recess, he went to Springfield. While resting from the fatigue of the journey in the home of his stepdaughter, Mrs. Maria Lee Matheny, he saw his long-legged friend in a jovial mood walk right over the front gate and hurry up to the door. "Hello, Baker, I am glad to see you. I'd rather have had you elected Senator than any man alive." When Baker replied with exaggerated formality, "I was coming soon to call on you, Mr. President," Lincoln

quickly stopped him with, "None of that between us, Baker."⁵³ Baker's holiday was a short one. He had time only for a few conferences with Lincoln, a Springfield reception, and a visit to his aged mother, near Jacksonville, on his way back to Washington for his maiden speech in the Senate on January 2.⁵⁴

The speech was made in reply to the "unanswerable" one of Senator Judah O. Benjamin, who sought to prove the constitutional right of a State to secede from the Union. Senators Gwin, of California, and Lane, of Oregon, attempted to divert him by interposing other matters before the Senate. Baker replied that he would give way only to a discussion of the Pacific Railroad Bill. That, of course, was unsatisfactory to all Southern Senators; also the chamber was filled with people to hear Baker reply to Benjamin. In the *Alta's* "Letter From Washington," Baker's two-day speech was referred to as "the event of the week at the Federal Capital."⁵⁵ On the second morning, at 8 o'clock the galleries were filling with people who waited there until 1:00 P. M. for Baker to resume speaking. He began his argument by stating,

I propose in opposition to all that has been said, to show that the Government of the United States is in very deed a real, substantial Power; ordained by the people, not dependent upon states; sovereign in its sphere; a Union, and not a compact between sovereign states; that according to its true theory it has the inherent capacity of self-protection; that its Constitution is a perpetuity, beneficent, unailing, grand, and that its powers are equally capable of exercise against domestic treason and foreign foes.

Somewhere near the close, he said:

Therefore it appears to me idle—and I had almost said wicked—to attempt to plunge this country into civil war upon the pretense that we are endeavoring to circle your institution [slavery], when, if we had no such wish or desire in the world, it is circled by destiny, by Providence, and by human opinion everywhere.⁵⁶

In referring at one stage of the speech to the unfamiliar figure of the President-elect, still an unknown to Washington, he told his audience, with its cross interests, that the political principles of Mr. Lincoln could be found in the historic debates between that gentleman and the distinguished Senator from Illinois (Douglas), ". . . and so I echo him, not because he is President but because he is honest, wise, and true."⁵⁷

When Lincoln reached Washington for his inauguration, Baker was the logical choice for the honor of introducing him to the inaugural audience. On one occasion in the Senate, Senator John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, referred to Senator Baker as "The gentleman from California." When Baker promptly stage-whispered the word "Oregon," Breckinridge paused to add, "The Senator seems to have charge of the whole Pacific Coast."⁵⁸ On March 4, 1861, after Chief Justice Taney had administered the short oath of office to Mr. Lincoln, it was the incomparable voice of Senator Baker of the Pacific Coast that pronounced the stately sentence, "I introduce to you, Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States." In the weeks that followed, President Lincoln, harassed by swarms of office-seekers, turned to Baker for

help with the particularly trying group from California. All came to suspect that Baker really did represent the whole Pacific Coast!

Six weeks after the inauguration, Major Robert Anderson was forced to evacuate Fort Sumter. A few days later, he and his troops were in New York City, to attend a massive meeting of citizens. Among the speakers were Senator Baker, whose presence and very first words created a wild enthusiasm. "The majesty of the people is here today to sustain the majesty of the Constitution, and I come, a wanderer from the far Pacific, to record my oath along with yours of the great Empire State."⁵⁹ On April 21, a meeting of former residents of California and Oregon met to raise a volunteer regiment. When six hundred had enlisted, Colonel Baker was offered its command, and being impulsive, adventurous and martial, he unfortunately accepted—unfortunately for himself, the President, and the country. His sphere of influence was not, as he vainly hoped, on the field of battle, but on the floor of the Senate, where he would have acquired a greater glory and a certain immortality as his friend in the White House grew to greatness.

From Washington, Baker wired Isaac Jones Wistar, a former law partner and California pioneer, living in Philadelphia, to meet him in New York. When Baker showed him an order—it must surely have been a reluctant one—from President Lincoln authorizing Baker to raise a regiment of volunteers, Wistar hurried back to Philadelphia, from where, with the aid of good talk and bad whiskey, he sent a thousand men to New York to swell the number to 1600. It was known generally as the California Regiment, officially as the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, and it fought throughout the war in the Army of the Potomac. Eventually, Baker commanded the 69th, 71st, 72nd and the 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers, actually a brigade commander with the rank of colonel; he could not legally be a brigadier general and a senator at the same time. Wistar was the lieutenant colonel, and R. A. Parrish and Charles W. Smith, the majors.⁶⁰

During July, Baker's outfit was in Washington, where it excited unusual interest and was visited at its camp just outside of Washington by members of the Senate and by the President himself.⁶¹ On August 1, the eloquent and very distinguished Senator Breckinridge, sympathetic to secession, was about to deliver an anticipated speech. The opposition felt that an immediate reply was important. "The antidote must go with the poison," remarked one Senator.⁶² As there was no one but Senator Baker who had the necessary ability for quick thinking, smooth reasoning, and extemporaneous, eloquent delivery, he was frantically sought at his camp and hurriedly accompanied back to his seat in the Senate, his horse in a lather and himself in a sweat. With no chance to change his clothes, he sat in his uniform with his sword across his desk, in time to hear most of a speech that reflected the views of the Confederate Congress in session in Richmond. When Breckinridge ceased, Baker, with the flashing sparkle in his eyes that always appeared under excitement,

sprang to his feet. Senator Blaine, in describing the scene, said, "It is impossible to realize the effect of the words so eloquently pronounced by the Oregon Senator. In the history of the Senate no more thrilling speech was ever delivered. The striking appearance of the speaker in the uniform of a soldier, his superb voice, his graceful manner, all united to give to the occasion an extraordinary interest and attraction."⁶³ T. W. Davenport of Oregon, referring to his Senate and Union Square speeches, said they "were such as only Baker could make, and no one can have any just comprehension of their effects upon an audience by reading them. One must have seen that perfect form in action, must have heard that soul laden voice, must have witnessed the indescribable effect of those wonder working eyes, to have any proper measure of (his) power and influence. . . ." ⁶⁴ Senator Milton S. Latham of California said, "In my judgment, his impromptu reply to Senator Breckinridge . . . was his best in the Senate."⁶⁵ And it was his last.

The 21st of October, 1861, was a rare, lovely autumn day. President Lincoln rode out in the late afternoon toward Alexandria to General McClellan's headquarters for news of reported fighting on the Virginia side of the Potomac River. Charles E. Coffin, with another Washington reporter, was waiting to interview the General, when the President appeared. Recognizing the young men, Mr. Lincoln stopped a moment to shake hands and comment on the soft beauty of the afternoon, and then passed on in to see the General. After five minutes of telegraphic clicking and low conversation, Mr. Lincoln reappeared with bowed head and heaving chest. Tears were rolling down his furrowed cheeks, and he nearly fell as he stumbled blindly into the street and passed unnoticed a saluting sentry. He had just learned that Colonel Baker was dead.⁶⁶

Only a few days before, restlessly oppressed by a consciousness of impending disaster, Baker had ridden into Washington to "settle his affairs," even to his burial place, and to bid good-bye to Mr. Lincoln and his family. When Mrs. Lincoln gave him a bouquet of flowers, he exclaimed, "Very beautiful!" and added quietly, "These flowers and my memory will wither together."⁶⁷ Surrounded on three sides by four enemy regiments with a steep bluff and river behind and below, Baker realized that his premonitions had been correct as he saw inevitable defeat, and hoped for a quick death. "The officer who dies with his men will never be harshly judged,"⁶⁸ he confided to Lieutenant Colonel Wistar. When he found Wistar badly wounded, but still on his feet, he sheathed the latter's sword and ordered a soldier to carry him down the bluff and across the river to safety. Baker immediately afterward sprang ahead of his men and was struck by a volley of shots with such an impact that his hat flew yards away and both it and his body were fought over by his own men and the enemy. Both were recovered in a final successful charge by Baker's adjutant, Captain Frederick Harvey, an Englishman, himself killed shortly after. In the unprotected ghastly retreat of the few survivors

across the river, with the victorious enemy firing from the edge of the bluff above, the body of their beloved leader, flag-shrouded, was brought back to Washington.

The transcontinental telegraph was completed three days later (October 24). Congratulatory messages sped back and forth from coast to coast. They were read in the evening from a San Francisco stage by the great actor, Edwin Booth, to a cheering audience. Later in the evening Booth provoked a great revulsion of feeling when he read a copy of the first news dispatch to come over the wire—the death of “Colonel Baker,” of whom the Coast was inordinately proud and hopeful. The news brought disappointment, grief, and even rage in California and Oregon.

The East was filled with a deep sorrow over the loss of the glamorous Baker and fifty-four per cent of his men and officers in killed, wounded, and missing, but it was thrilled by the brave stand in such contrast to the panicky spectacle at Bull Run on July 21. President Lincoln said that Baker’s death struck him “like a whirlwind from a desert.”⁶⁹ When his brother, Dr. Alfred C. Baker, and another relative, Edward B. Jerome, called on the President with a certain fateful military order which they found on the Colonel’s body, Mr. Lincoln read the blood-stained paper with trembling fingers and tearful eyes. “Gentlemen, my Baker was murdered!” he exclaimed.⁷⁰

A little controversial tempest developed over the affair at Ball’s Bluff. Baker’s command formed the extreme right wing of the Army of the Potomac under the immediate command of Brigadier General Charles P. Stone, a West Pointer, who had left the Army in 1855 to become, like Sherman, a citizen of San Francisco in charge of a bank. Baker’s death became a tragic episode for General Stone, for, though he was an admittedly capable officer, he was blamed, fairly or unfairly, for the defeat at Ball’s Bluff, and became a scape-goat for the public. He was in a military prison for six months in 1862, and finally released after Senators Latham and McDougal and Congressman Sargent, of California, went to his aid. His own appeals to the President, to Congress, to the Secretary of War, and to Generals McClellan and Halleck for specific charges and a trial met with no response; and he was never again assigned to a command!⁷¹

Funeral services for Senator Baker would have been held in the White House had that building not been under repairs. The body, embalmed and sealed in a metal casket, lay in state in the Capital, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and in the New York City Hall, and was shipped at Federal expense to San Francisco, via Panama and the new Isthmian railroad.⁷² When it reached San Francisco on the S. S. *Golden Gate*, preparations had been made for a great funeral.⁷³ Delegations came down from Oregon, and from Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville and the whole Mother Lode, to attend the obsequies. Episcopal services were conducted by the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, and the eulogium delivered by the Honorable

Edward Stanly. The bier, on which lay the hat retrieved in blood from the field of battle, was passed through the streets in a mile long procession marshalled by Colonel J. D. Stevenson; on a huge black velvet-covered catafalque topped by a golden eagle with soaring wings—a gorgeous, massive thing that seemed to express the emotions of the city.⁷⁴

On the same day in Washington, December 11, memorial services were held on the Senate floor before a joint assembly of Congress, with cabinet members, diplomats, and distinguished civil and military men as guests. President Lincoln was present “in deep mourning.” The principal speech by Senator McDougal, of California, was followed by Senators Trumbul and Browning, of Illinois, old friends of Baker and Lincoln. Out in California—a beautiful day on top of Lone Mountain—close by the tomb of Broderick, the Reverend Thomas Starr King gave a glance down into the depth of the brick lined vault as he concluded the final services. “Husband and father, brother and friend, senator and soldier, genius and hero, we give thee, not to the grave and gloom—we give thee to God, to thy place in the country’s heart, and to the great service that may await thee in that world of dawn beyond the sunset. . . .”⁷⁵

Two years later, when President Lincoln was living in his summer cottage near Washington, “a lady from California” talked to him of Baker and his funeral and burial place. Lone Mountain Cemetery! “The name seemed to kindle his imagination and touch his heart. He spoke of this Lone Mountain on the shore of the Pacific as a place of repose, and seemed almost to envy Baker his place of rest. Lincoln then gave a warm and glowing sketch of Baker’s eloquence, full of generous admiration, showing how he had loved this old friend.”⁷⁶

Thomas Starr King pledged himself not to rest until a monument was raised to Baker’s memory. But that great preacher’s life was cut down three years after Baker’s in a death not so violent but just as sacrificial. A marbled image of “Starr King” now stands in recognition of his greatness; some day may bring one for “Colonel Baker.”⁷⁷

Until then—

Within a mounded circle, under a table in inscribed marble, on the crest of Laurel Hill Cemetery, once christened Lone Mountain, and dedicated to the hope of immortality by Colonel Baker himself, lies the dust of the Gray Eagle, the singularly gifted orator and devoted Unionist of the Pacific Coast.

NOTES

1. Matheny, James H., "A Modern Knight Errant—Edward Dickinson Baker," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, April 1916, p. 23. Carr, Clark E., *My Day and Generation*, Chicago, 1908, p. 257.

2. Willard, S., "Personal Reminiscences of Life in Illinois 1830-1850," *Illinois State Historical Society Transactions*, 1906, pp. 84-87; *Transactions*, 1920, pp. 68-69; Pratt, H. E., "Albert Taylor Bledsoe: Critic of Lincoln," *Transactions*, 1934, p. 154.

3. Willard, S., *op. cit.*

4. Wallace, Jos., *Sketch of the Life and Services of Edward D. Baker, United States Senator from Oregon*, Springfield, Illinois, 1870, p. 4. Four children of Colonel Baker were Edward D. Baker, Jr., Alfred W. Baker, Caroline C. Stevens, and Lucy Hopkins. He had three brothers and one sister, Alfred C. Baker, M.D., Thomas B. Baker, and Samuel B. Baker, in Illinois, and Mrs. Thomas Jerome in California. William D. Fenton, "Edward D. Baker," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, March 1908, pp. 1-23.

5. *Transactions*, Illinois State Historical Society, 1920, p. 68. Baker's talented mother outlived him one year. *Daily Alta California*, Nov. 13, 1862.

6. The Abraham Lincoln Association *Bulletin*, p. 7, Springfield, Illinois, December 1929.

7. Beveridge, Albert J., *Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858*, I, 237, Manuscript Edition, Boston and New York, 1928.

8. Jamison, I., "The Young Men's Convention and the Old Soldiers' Meeting at Springfield, June 3-4, 1840," *Illinois State Historical Society Transactions*, 1914, pp. 160-71.

9. Davidson, William T., "Famous Men I Have Known in the Military Tract," *Illinois State Historical Society Transactions*, 1908, p. 154.

10. Beveridge, *op. cit.*, III, 28.

11. Wallace, Jos., *op. cit.*, p. 24. Carr, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

12. Wallace, *op. cit.*, pp. 31-33.

13. Prince, E. M., "The Fourth Illinois Infantry in the War in Mexico," *Illinois State Historical Society Transactions*, 1906.

14. *Ibid.*

15. *Congressional Globe*, 29th Congress, 2nd Sess., XVII, 91-94.

16. Wood, Major Walter Shea, U.S.A., *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, pp. 235-37, July 1937. See Prince, *op. cit.*

17. Stephenson, Nathaniel Wright, *Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln*, Indianapolis 1926, p. 55.

18. *Congressional Globe*, XXI, part 2, 1198-1200.

19. *Dictionary of American Biography*, New York, 1928, I, 517-19.

20. Wallace, *op. cit.*, pp. 47-49. *Dictionary of American Biography*, *loc. cit.* The railroad was completed on January 27, 1855.

21. The San Francisco *Daily Herald*, June 28, 1852.

22. *Alta California*, July 29, 1852.

23. *Ibid.*, Oct. 7 and 12, 1852.

24. *Alta California*, Sept. 4 and Nov. 11, 1853. *Herald*, Oct. 16 and 31, 1853.

25. *Alta California*, Aug. 30, 1855.

26. *Autobiography of Isaac Jones Wistar*, Philadelphia, 1937, p. 323.

27. *Morning Call*, S. F., April 3, 1892. Kennedy, Elijah R., *The Contest for California in 1861*, Boston and New York, 1912, p. 119.

28. *Masterpieces of E. D. Baker*, edited by Oscar T. Shuck, San Francisco, 1899, p. 307.

29. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

30. Carr, *op. cit.*, p. 257.
31. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 132.
32. Sacramento *Union*, Sept. 30, 1858. Exercises were held in the Mechanics' Institute Pavilion after a great parade.
33. *Alta California*, July 26, 1875.
34. Hay, John J., "Colonel Baker," *Harper's Magazine*, Dec. 1861, pp. 103-10.
35. Though Baker's life ambition was to be a United States Senator, he ran for Congress in order to participate in the state contest and in the national one coming up. When he opened his campaign in San Francisco, Frederick P. Tracy preceded him. "I am to speak," he began, "but for a few moments while Colonel Baker, the Gray Eagle of the Republican Party in California, plumes his wings for a longer flight." One can imagine that flight by Baker's closing and significant sentence, ". . . nor shall I be diverted from the path I have chosen by the tolls that attend the march, or the delays that withhold the triumph." Sacramento *Union*, July 13, 1859.
36. Lynch, Jeremiah, *A Senator of the Fifties*, S. F., 1911, p. 224.
37. Sacramento *Union*, Sept. 16, 1858.
38. *Masterpieces of E. D. Baker*, pp. 67-85. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 62.
39. McClure, Colonel Alexander K., *Recollections of Half a Century*, Salem, Mass., 1902, p. 32.
40. Shuck, Oscar Tully, *Bench and Bar in California*, San Francisco, 1889, p. 16.
41. *Alta California*, Feb. 17, 1860.
42. *Alta Calif.*, Feb. 18, 1860.
43. In April, 1860, George K. Shiel was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress from Oregon, and David Logan, son of Judge John A. Logan of Springfield, Ill., as the Republican nominee. Baker canvassed the State for Logan, but Shiel won by 104 votes. The Oregon Legislative assembly, elected in June, convened September 10, in Salem. After a long and bitter contest in the assembly, Nesmith and Baker were chosen by a fusion of the Douglas Democrats and Republicans. Baker's election was criticized at the time because he was considered to be not sufficiently identified with Oregon by residence, acquaintance and property. Davenport, T. W., "Slavery Question in Oregon," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*, March 1908, p. 357.
44. *Alta California*, Oct. 9, 1860.
45. *Alta Calif.*, Oct. 17 and 19, 1860.
46. *Alta Calif.*, Oct. 23, 1860.
47. Davenport, T. W., *op. cit.*, p. 357.
48. Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California*, S. F., 1897, IV, 272.
49. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 161.
50. *Alta California*, "Letter from St. Louis," March 5, 1861.
51. *Alta California*, Nov. 10, 1860. The coffee pot of the set has recently been found. See Oakland *Tribune*, Oct. 31, 1937, for story and picture.
52. *Alta California*, Nov. 10, 1860.
53. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 167.
54. *Alta California*, Jan. 22, 1861.
55. *Alta Calif.*, Feb. 1, 1861.
56. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 170-171.
57. *Alta California*, Jan. 30, 1861.
58. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 165.
59. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 256.
60. Wistar, *op. cit.*, p. 355-58.

61. Jerome, Edward B., "Reminiscences of Colonel E. D. Baker," *The Californian*, May, 1880, p. 225.

62. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 239.

63. Blaine, James G., *Twenty Years in Congress*, Norwich, Conn., 1884, I, 344.

64. Davenport, *op. cit.*, p. 357.

65. Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 240.

66. Coffin, Charles Carleton, in *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of His Time*, edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, N. Y., 1888, p. 171.

67. Hay, *op. cit.* Baker, who possessed a love of the beautiful in art, literature and nature, wrote a poem twelve years before, "To a Wave," in which he expressed his own restless ambition:

"I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I, too, am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand. . . ."

68. Wistar, *op. cit.*, p. 371. See also note 61.

69. Brooks, Noah, "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," *Scribners Magazine*, Feb., 1878.

70. Jerome, *op. cit.*

71. Blaine, *op. cit.*, I, 381-95. Wistar, *op. cit.*, 372-75.

72. Wallace, *op. cit.*, p. 111, *Alta California*, Nov. 28, 1861. The bloodstained flag that shrouded Baker's body is now in the keeping of Colonel E. D. Baker Post, American Legion Building, Oakland.

73. San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, Dec. 5, 1861; also *Alta California*, Dec. 5, 9, 11, 12, 14, 1861, and a short history of Baker's life by G. W. Wilkes from the *New York Tribune* in *Alta California*, Dec. 18, 1861.

74. *Bulletin*, Dec. 11, 1861, *Alta California*, Dec. 3 and 4, 1861.

75. *Alta California*, Dec. 12, 1861.

76. Arnold, Isaac N., *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Chicago, 1891, p. 240 (note).

77. Baker's death stirred J. H. Bigelow, Bayard Taylor, and others to poetry. *Alta California*, Nov. 29, Dec. 6 and 11, 1861. When the California legislature convened in 1862, there were days of eulogies. (*Alta California*, Feb. 11, 12, and 14, 1862.) A new street in San Francisco and a new fort inside the Golden Gate were named for him. During 1875, Horatio Stone was in Carrara, Italy, doing a bust of Baker for the rotunda of the National Capitol. Numerous editorials, petitions, and projects for a statue for San Francisco appeared in San Francisco newspapers from 1874 almost to 1900, after which Baker's influential contemporaries were either gone or too old to care. (*Alta California*, Oct. 16, 1874, and July 26, 1875. *S. F. Call*, Mar. 7, 1889, Jan. 17, 22, and Feb. 5, 12, 1897, and Jan. 11, 1899.)

For additional data and reminiscences, see:

Shuck, Oscar T., *Bench and Bar in California*, S. F., 1889, pp. 13-20; idem, *History of the Bench and Bar of California*, Los Angeles, 1901, pp. 431-35.

Matheny, James H., *op. cit.*

Wallace, Jos., *op. cit.*

Baltz, J. D., *Colonel E. D. Baker's Defense in the Battle of Ball's Bluff*, Lancaster, Penn., 1888.

Linder, U. F., *Reminiscences of the Early Bench and Bar of Illinois*, Chicago, 1879, pp. 248-52.

Afterword on Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker

By MILTON H. SHUTES

IN this *Quarterly* for December 1938 there is a biographical sketch of Colonel E. D. Baker which emphasizes his long, close friendship with Abraham Lincoln. It concludes with the following sentence:

Within a mounded circle, under a table in inscribed marble, on the crest of Laurel Hill Cemetery, once christened Lone Mountain, and dedicated to the hope of immortality by Colonel Baker himself, lies the dust of the Gray Eagle, the singularly gifted orator and devoted Unionist of the Pacific Coast.

Since that paragraph was written the lure of real-estate values has effaced Lone Mountain (Laurel Hill) Cemetery. For over eighty years the body of Colonel Baker lay in the topmost grave of its highest hill, under an inscribed marble table in the center of a grass-carpeted mound twenty-five feet in diameter which was upheld by a three-foot retaining wall of rock—a beautiful and dignified setting overlooking the city. All this, erected in 1861, by public subscription, is now scattered.

On May 21, 1940, in the presence of a few members of the Colonel E. D. Baker Camp, Sons of Civil War Veterans, the rusted iron casket was removed from its small brick tomb. It was transferred to a new, officers' section in the National Cemetery in San Francisco's Presidio and buried on a sloping hillside near the Golden Gate. The remains of Mary Lee Baker again lie anonymously by those of her husband. Marking the site there now stands, in honorable but poignant contrast to the original monument, a regulation-size head-stone, two feet high, inscribed: "Edward Dickinson Baker, Sr., California, Colonel U. S. Army, October 21, 1861." Next to it stands an identical stone marked: "Edward Dickinson Baker, Jr., Illinois, Major U. S. Army, January 15, 1883."

Major Edward D. Baker, Jr., whose remains were transferred on the same date from Laurel Hill Cemetery, is identified by a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania, on May 26, 1862:

The bearer of this, Edward D. Baker, is the son of my very dear friend Col. Baker, who fell at Balls Bluff. He thinks you might be induced to make him a field officer in the Pennsylvania Regiment. Disclaiming all wish to interfere in a matter so purely belonging to you and your state, I still say I would be much pleased, if he could be obliged.¹

A street in San Francisco, a fort inside its harbor, and a town and county in Oregon were named for Colonel Baker. Editorials, petitions, and projects for a statue appeared in San Francisco newspapers almost until 1900. Tombstones and monuments are of the earth's changing surface; whatever is worth remembering of Colonel Baker is secure in the history of California and in the immortal story of Abraham Lincoln.

1. Gilbert A. Tracy, ed., *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917), p. 208.