

*Funny account of Senator's Speech*

Portland, October 6, 1860

Mr. Chack-- Having nothing else under the sun to engage my attention in this Sunday morning, in the natural channel of human affairs, you came looming up in my mind like a mammoth pumpkin, the last thing in the world to engross my attention. Assuming this then to be a fact, what duty, what obligation or attention is required of me to perform? We pause to consider. But in order to keep the pen moving we will not wait the tedious delays of the mind in such small matters, but branch off on Col. Baker first as follows, to wit, viz. namely: We went to hear the Col. extol his virtues in about an hour's speech and heard on y a personal one. Although he did interpolate a few sensible remarks now and then. But his appeals to Almighty God in behalf of his sincerity in political matters and the spasmodic quivering of the uplifted hand, appeared to me and must to everybody else as mockery; and looked supremely ludicrous. But we ask what were his political sentiments? Well, he said he believed to powers to be in Congress to legislate for the territories capable of self-government. He thought well of Douglassism, but said Lincoln would be elected. In short, for the life of us we couldn't see "what difference there should be twixt tweedledum and tweedeldee?" He asked himself repeatedly, what are we? And answered as often--we are Senators. He seemed to be immensely proud of the fact, and the manner in which his almighty position was obtained. When alluding to this favorite theme--for he kept harping upon the string--his eyes would twinkle and his little bald head kept bobbing round and round like a sap-sucker on a sugar limb. Oh vanity! vanity! thy name is just now--Col. Baker. After the address was concluded, a faint call for Lorn Dryer was made by some of the audience asses. Lorn arose in a dignified manner, shrugged his shoulders a couple of times, took a few tragical, but beautiful long strides across the stage, and then faced the audience with a distinct ahem! After this he made a few spasmodic efforts in a guttural undertone which reminded us very forcibly of Fackler's bull. Mr. Lorn probably concluding that he was the biggest ass in all that vast assemblage now quietly made his exit out one of the side doors. The audience considered the after piece was an excellent farce and made a stampede for their respective homes. Our self being much blinded by the dimness of the gas lights struck off at right angles where our office should have been located (but where it didn't happen to be) and brought up in a lumber lot, where

we came near losing our life falling over a huge billet of wood. Picking our person, our much-abused person up, we concluded our sense of seeing at least, exceeded not that of the common muck of the world and quietly--I may say sneakingly felt our way back to the vanishing crowd. Moral: He that leaps in the dark is a muggins.

The general sentiment of the people of Portland seems to be that Baker cares nothing for the interests of Oregon and consequently should not have been chosen to represent her in the United States Senate. Be this as it may, he promises to do all he can for the payment of the war debt, a Homestead bill, and a Pacific RR. He said he might not accomplish much, but it was the first duty of a Senator to try to accomplish something, and he would try. Personally, he is not our first choice but we accept him for better or worse.

A great many Douglas men it is said have gone over to Breck since the addition of Senators. No new of importance to communicate. Still at work in the Farmer. Please answer and give whatever local news there is, such as the amount of wheat threshed, your general prospects, and whatever else you please.

Yours very respectfully notwithstanding

SG Rees

PS Writing in the Sanctum forces a body to use plural pronouns.