

Sunday

Portland, Oct. 6th. 60

Mr. Chack—

Having nothing else under the sun to engage my attention 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 engrop 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 you 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 last evening at Stewart's theatre or rather, we went to hear a political speech and heard only 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 up-lifted hand, appeared to me and must to

every body else, as snockery; and looked
supremely ludicrous. But we ask what
were his political sentiments? Well, he said
he believed the power to be in Congress
to legislate for the territories. It had al-
ways exercised it, but at the same time he
thought the territories capable of self-
government. He thought well of Douglasism,
but said Lincoln would be elected. In short,
for the life of us we couldn't see what difference
there should be, 'twixt Tweedledee and Tweedledum
does? 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 man-
ner in which his almighty position was obtained.
When alluding to this favorite theme—for he kept
harping upon that 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 Lord Seyer was
made by some of the audience after. Lord arose in
a dignified manner, shrugged his shoulders a couple
of times, took a few troglolical, 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 gut-
teral undertone which reminded us very forc-
ibly of ~~the~~ Fackler's bull. Mr. Loun 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 an excellent farce and made a
stampede for their respective homes. Cuesoff
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 snuck of
the world," and quietly—I may say sreakingly—felt
~~our~~ way back to the vanishing crowd. Moral:
— He that leaps in the dark is a—u—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 R.R. 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 ~~as time~~

A great many Douglas men it is said have gone over to Breck, since the election of Senators—

No news of importance to Commerce created. Still at work in the Farmer.

Please answer and give whatever local news there is, ~~of~~ such as: the amount of wheat threshed, your general prospects, and whatever else you ~~at all~~ please only write
standing that I do

Very respectfully notwithstanding that I do
S. L. Keese

Writing in the Sanction forces a body to use plural pronouns
S. L. Keese

N.B. How does that squaller propel? I respects
M. B. Keese

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good signature to say nothing of that under flourish