

Since writing the foregoing  
I have received your last  
letter in <sup>wh.</sup> you call me a  
culpable & a Trachiopod,  
W. and speak with con-  
tempt of my plans.  
I feel much beholden to  
you for your fraternal  
interest in my plans  
and <sup>for your</sup> desire that I shall  
not settle down into a  
novity. You are more  
ambitious for me than I  
am for myself. yet I am  
just as anxious as anyone  
that I may continue to  
grow. Premature growth and  
premature ripening, not going  
to seed, benefits to be a  
dry and with-wilting stalk  
of mullin, many a time,  
by the road, that is not a  
felicitous prospect. In view of

This danger of pupilization, I feel the necessity of putting myself where I shall have to make exertion, of course. I do not know that I could get a chance to preach at any very large ch. even if I felt wholly competent to do so. I know that I could not here at the East. Of the 18 men who graduated last year, many of them men of more years and experience and finish than I, none is preaching to a large church. They do not expect to hear of a man here <sup>until</sup> 5 or 10 years after he leaves the seminary, and those they do hear from are few even then. If I preached here at all, I should have to go to some country church, or to some

city mission. Four hundred dollars a year, or so, is all that I could expect from such a parish, and my opportunities for study would not be any better in such a place, probably, than at White Salmon. I wish, as I have intimated, a time or so, to take geology as a collateral study, and I know of no place better than that for such work. If my object were to make a brilliant preacher, I do not think I could do better than by going to Oregon, or Wash. Such places as Portland, Walla Walla, Seattle etc will offer scope for fine writing, better than almost any eastern city. They are just little enough, just large enough, to shake N.Y. or Boston, where Beecher, Talmage, and Phillips brook

are thundering out of their  
pulpits, takes more nerve  
and muscle than a medium  
man paper. While a man  
can be heard all over the  
cities of Oregon. Audiences at  
home are more responsive,  
more intelligent, more interest-  
ed in the stirring questions  
of the day. A man has  
more freedom there. He is  
not watched by a dozen jealous  
D. D's. If I should go  
to W. Salmon, study geology  
so as to be able to lecture  
upon it interestingly, and so  
as to be able to expound Dar-  
win, W. Spencer, et al.,  
and be known as a man  
who is a master of these  
problems, as far as the best  
thought of the day is able to  
reach them; if I should  
preach our work so as to

Martin. I presume that  
you through Ellen, are  
well aware of his whereabouts,  
his studying <sup>Medicine</sup> at Sun School,  
I had not the slightest ex-  
pectation of <sup>seeing</sup> meeting him  
there. He is just precisely  
the same as ever, you  
may tell Ellen. We had  
a very nice time together,  
though as I went off at  
1:20 P.M. the same day, and  
did not return until  
5:30 of Monday, and he  
went away at 1:10 Tuesday,  
(today) our visit was some-  
what squeezed out as to the  
middle of it. He appears  
to be much interested in  
his work, an enthusiastic  
homeopathist. He has one  
year more to finish in,  
and then he expects to

be let loose upon a helpless  
public. He will practice  
upon Oregonians.

Last evening as I came  
into the business street of  
the village I met Prof  
White who told me that  
Dr Herrick had been asking  
for me. When I went  
to supper I was told that  
he had left word that  
he was at Mrs Cabbie's  
and would like to see me  
there. I went and had  
a very pleasant hour's talk  
with him. So you see  
that I have had quite a  
spell with Oregonians. I  
was favorably impressed with  
Dr Herrick. He is enthusiastic  
for the college, said he hoped  
to get the \$ money from  
the Morse estate; the son of  
old Morse saying that he

was expecting to fulfill the  
wishes of his father in that  
particular. Dr Herrick  
also explained his plans  
for the Ladies' Hall, the  
college system. After  
going from there, Mar-  
tin and I went to hear  
the New Orleans Jubilee  
singers. They were queerer,  
more African, than the  
Tribe Jubilee. But that  
was no detraction; yet a  
colored man from the  
South said their class-meeting  
and camp-meeting hymns as  
they rendered and voted them  
were a caricature rather  
than a representation of the  
real thing. There was  
a wild ring to their voices,  
especially the alto - whose  
voices were as <sup>heavy</sup> as most  
men's. They sang one

post bellum song, a product  
of the Exodus. "We are go-  
ing, we are going. From the  
land we thought now free,  
We are going, we are going,  
To find our liberty."

There was not the wild  
fervor, the excited feeling  
of the negro slaves, in it, but  
the stern hard purpose of  
the negro freemen. There  
it was sung to a tune  
which had a strong solemn  
movement, like marching,  
and like the steady resolve  
that lies back of all effi-  
cient marching. The above  
chorus was supported by  
several verses of connected  
poetry, different from the  
wild illogical outbursts of  
the slaves. If this is a  
specimen of the song feeling  
of the negro since the war

It shows a great advance upon the feeling of the report before the war. It shows a mind capable of reasoning, a will capable of determining.

The power of consistency is the growth that the mind makes under civilization. Observe the Hebrews, their ancient poetry, <sup>was</sup> a rush of disconnected feeling, no connection in it except the connection between feel after feel of themselves; that of time. One thought, or one emotion repeated time after time by the aid of figures. Figure after figure, metaphor after metaphor used, and dashed at the ground, become unable to survey the overflowing feeling. But Paul, the Hebrew of the Hebrews, the de-

veloped mind of many Greeks  
and Latins, produced a logic  
that no other philosopher ever  
equalled. He was able to  
measure things by things,  
to compare, to see trace rela-  
tionships, to ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> from the  
make of a thing the things  
with which it must be  
joined; to see the subordi-  
nation of parts, the unity  
to which diversity leads,  
the whole from fragments.

Observe the Greeks. A few  
simple ideas, which they repeated  
over and over, was their stock  
to begin upon. Valor, manly  
virtue; the help of the gods;  
the irreversible results of  
fate. By poetry, which took  
the form of the narrative as  
affording opportunity for the  
repetition of the ideas in  
many forms; by living rep-

resentations, by which nearly  
all of a ~~concrete~~ thought in  
the concrete may be set up  
at a distance for inspection;  
the theatre; the dramatization  
of epics; and by ~~out~~ <sup>in</sup>  
statues wherein an emotion  
stands frozen in stone; by  
painting, wherein an emo-  
tion glazes like the bush  
without being ensnared;  
by lyrics wherein the mind  
is led to the emotion by  
the ~~combination~~ <sup>combination</sup> of sounds  
in rhythm, combined with  
words that suggest pictures  
by putting one's mind in the  
same state that his mind  
is put into by <sup>actually</sup> seeing the  
scenery; and by music, in  
which the waves of sound  
in the air by setting the  
nerves and <sup>muscles</sup> ~~brain~~ into a  
~~fitting~~ <sup>or vibrating or vibrating</sup> motion conveys a

gentle, or long-drawn, or violent, or rapid, motions, produces pleas a pleasurable, or sad, or painful, or lively emotion in the mind; I remark, by these various and exquisite means, the <sup>early</sup> Greeks bore feeling from mind to mind. They were not reasoners, but after thus <sup>acquiring</sup> the <sup>power</sup> of expression, they began to <sup>gain</sup> the power of logical contemplation; by knowing a part they strove to know the whole. Hence Greek philosophy, which like the skulls of earlier times, stood upon the <sup>a</sup> high pedestal, and looked up, ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> saw not much with its stony eyes. In Greece the pedestal of art was always worth more than the statue philos-

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again now, viewing your  
mighty youth like the  
eagle. Yet I suppose the  
soul's dark home of clay  
must suffer ravage at the  
hands of time, until its  
leaning walls fall level  
with the dust. The  
great advantage of being  
sick is in gaining the  
power to endure it, until  
the soul is emancipated from  
the body. Yet I would  
rather not leave you  
sick. Keep well. The  
soul will be emancipated  
by loving labor, making  
the noisily carnal man  
do the pure deeds of the  
spiritual man, as well as  
by suffering physical pain.  
Better!

Sweet and low, sweet and low  
Wind of the western sea.

Well, pretty birds, dove,  
eagles, larks; souls with  
wings, and throats of  
song, twain sisters,  
amber and jet as to  
hair, I am going home  
before long.

I may as well go to  
W. S., William. I read  
your letter in which you  
brought me to give up  
the idea, with heart over-  
flowing with better by feeling.  
I think there is enough there  
to keep up my ambition.  
If I am able to fill a  
large place I shall find  
one. I am inexperienced,  
and such a place as Albany  
would be too large now.  
I am young, I do not wish  
to strain my tender gristle.  
There is nothing more than a

broken-down man. I had  
rather not pile ease upon my-  
self until I see how able I  
am to bear it. I do not  
think this is laziness, or  
timidity. White Sal-  
mon is not a very lone-  
some place. I can find  
enough to do, in various  
ways. I am not the  
lonesome kind. I do expect to  
work my way up in some-  
thing, and purpose to accom-  
plish something, and hope to  
win some recognized success  
among men. I do not  
think my motive in going  
to a small place rather  
than to a large at first, is  
a shrinking from public gaze.

Well,

Good Bye,

With regards,

H. S. Linn