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DR. H. F. LINSCOTT

As Known by Colleague, Student
and Friend.

TRIBUTES & REMINISCENCES

Henry Farrar Linscott, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. Born at Thomaston, Maine, June 4, 1871; Died at Chapel Hill, N. C., December 30, 1902. A.B. Bowdoin, 1892; A.M. Bowdoin, 1893; Ph.D. University of Chicago, 1895; Phi Beta Kappa; Alpha Delta Phi; Instructor in Brown University, 1895-96; Instructor in Latin in U. N. C., 1896-97; Associate Professor of Classical Philology in U. N. C., 1897-99; Professor of Latin in U. N. C., 1899-1902; Assisted Harkness in the latest edition of his Latin Grammar; At the time of his death he was engaged in the preparation of two Latin text books; Published various articles, lectures and poems. Son of A. N. Linscott; Mother and father both living at Thomaston, Maine; Married Miss Annie Orr of Chicago, 1900.

AS KNOWN BY HIS COLLEAGUES.

The University has lost, by the death of Henry Farrar Linscott, one of the ablest men in its Faculty. Finely trained for his work, he entered upon it with a zeal and fidelity which could only lead to the highest success. Few more scholarly men have ever taught in these halls. His literary instinct was true, with a touch of the finer poetic spirit. His judgement was safe and he kept a quiet, sound balance of mind which made him of great value in council.

He gladly took his part in all that made for the upbuilding of the University and did not spare himself in loving labor for its welfare. Honest and true, gentle, unselfish and unflinchingly kind, a rare and lovely spirit has been taken from our midst, and we shall long feel his loss.

F. P. VENABLE.

There are times when from the fulness of the heart the lips cannot speak. Poignant emotions overwhelm the friend as he would estimate the man.

Dr. Linscott may be spoken of as a "northern gentleman," an example worthy of emulation, it matters not what may be one's heritage. It is rare that a scholar, brilliantly erudite, possesses a gracious combination of the three great qualities desirable in an University professor. Primarily a teacher of exceptional ability; a delver into the unknown giving the results of his researches to the world; a conservative, yet advanced, leader of younger men was Linscott.

Reared among traditions of extreme localization in one part of this

immense Republic, having viewed life for some several years from the vantage point of a great urban University, he came into another rural community which had risen with ideas inherited from a stalwart people, diametrically opposed to those of his parentage, and he was at home. Such was the judicious tact of the ripe young man, that while he held to the juster views of the people of his youth, he grasped the good of his new friends and would not see their shortcomings. Sifting the best from all life wherever found, he earned an exalted seat in their affection.

Linscott's breadth of conception was the outgrowth, to be sure, of a wide knowledge and profound scholarship; but the success meted him resulted not from those qualities alone. The culture of the single son, the innate gentleness and kindness of his nature readily gained for him friends, sincere and genuine, among the people new to him.

This pen falters when the writer knows he wrote with such elegance, but force, spoke with such rhythmic ease, but power. One is reminded of the remark of a colleague who said, "Linscott never writes or speaks but 'tis a poem."

In the taking away of this good man, a flower of genius was plucked in the splendor of its blooming; a stay removed from a tender devoted wife and we mourn profoundly his loss from this world, but breathe a prayer of praise in the quieting thought that he has gone to the brighter home.

You ask me what about Dr. Linscott impressed me most. It was the genuineness of the man, his broad sympathy which was deep as well, and his ready helpfulness. There may be many man who know as much Latin, but I don't know where we shall ever find such another man.

COLLIER COBB.

Dr. Linscott was a teacher, a gifted and successful teacher. His scholarly training was thorough; his devotion to his calling complete. But he had also a creative talent which marks the man of letters.

When, a few years ago, the younger members of the University Faculty wished to perform a play for the entertainment of the Thursday Club, he wrote a very creditable one and wrote it with ease. During the rehearsals he frequently added without effort new verses which the situations seemed to demand. It is not likely that he attached much importance to this production, which however might have been a difficult task for many college instructors.

His public addresses and even his occasional speeches were characterized by richness of thought and elegance of diction. They afforded the intellectual pleasure which comes from the adequate expression of

wholesome truth.

We do not know whether his thought often sought expression in poetic form. But we may believe that it did. It is certain that the verses published in the University Magazine for March, 1900, on the death of Samuel May, display no touch of the prentice hand. They have the chastened beauty and suggestiveness of true poetry.

If more time had been allotted to him, Professor Linscott might have obtained an honorable place among the American scholars who are also men of letters.

W. D. T.

Though my association with Dr. Linscott extended over only four months, I felt from the start that his was a rare nature and that closer acquaintance would mean closer friendship and warmer admiration. And so it was, for I never left his presence without feeling anew the charm of his genial personality and realizing afresh the beauty and distinction of his character.

Scholarship fused with rugged manliness, gentleness wedded with strength, a culture that placed service above self, a courtesy as refined as unflinching, keen critical power but with no taint of cynicism, breadth of view matched only by an equal breadth of sympathy—these were the traits in Dr. Linscott that changed my respect into admiration and my admiration into love.

Three years ago, on the death of an honored colleague, he closed a poem with these lines:

"And mortal life is like the gentle stream,
Which leaps with rippling of its childhood
song,
Fulfills, in manhood strength, the youthful
dream;
Yet, be its tranquil course or short or long,
Must ever widen to the sea
And float into eternity."

He too has now passed from the hurry of the river to the calm of the sea. Perhaps "the youthful dream" remained in part unfulfilled; but he has left behind him the record of an honorable achievement, the memory of a gracious life, and the heritage of a stainless nobility.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

The passing away of Dr. Linscott has caused a very great loss to the University. He was so finished a scholar as to leave nothing to be desired in the head of his department.

He was so wise in council and conversant with business methods as to make him an invaluable aid in the management of the internal affairs of the institution.

He was so gentle and cultured in his bearing towards those who were under his instruction, as well as in his association with his fellows, as to beget not only respect but regard for him in the minds of all with whom he was brought in official contact. And he was so pleasant and genial in his intercourse with all

that he will be long missed in the social life of the community. Looking back upon his career since he has been a member of the faculty of this University, there is absolutely nothing which one would wish to change. He was a gentleman without reproach.

JAS. C. MACRAE.

About the middle of December I walked from the office with Dr. Linscott. A sad, vivid feeling came over me and I remarked on reaching home that our friend would not live until New Year's. On Christmas Day a party of us dined with him. The gentleness of his spirit was so strong that his physical pain was overlooked. His concern for his guests was so eager that we forgot his weakness; and the occasion will live as we live—a day of sweet social concourse. On Wednesday following we rendered the last solemn services of friend to friend.

Thus the life of gentle service, of sweet sympathy, of heroism, of self-control, flowed on into the very ocean of Death.

What is the secret of such a life? How can a man born and reared in Maine come and take his place in our heart life? Tell me this and you tell me the secret of the rare life that has gone from us. Dr. Linscott was a child of the sea. Life on the sea is a bold thing and yet dependent; it is free yet full of trust; it is intense yet wide as the heavens. These were his characteristics. He was intense, yet no one thought of him as sectional. He was firm in his mental processes, yet all good things claimed his interest and sympathy. He was broad and progressive, yet he labored peacefully by the side of the most conservative.

Such a life as this cannot die. It is genuine; it is high. It must abide with us as an inspiration.

H. H. WILLIAMS.

Dr. Linscott came among us a stranger and was with us only a few years, yet it seemed that he was a life-long friend; a kindly face, heartiness of manner and goodness of heart sealed at once bonds of friendship. He was broad and liberal in his views, candid and earnest in expression of opinions, yet always mindful and considerate of the feelings and sentiments of others, strong in mind and character, forceful in expression, yet of gentle disposition and charitable in his judgements. He was cheerful, frank and earnest in conversation, without a tinge of insincerity or of doubtful meaning.

His earnestness and enthusiasm were contagious and his responsive interest in what concerned his friends was quickening.

There is but one estimate of him: as a man—strong, kind and true; as a scholar—zealous, accurate and broad; as a teacher—clear, patient and inspiring; as a friend—beloved.

J. W. GORE.