

# The Herald and News.

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TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 A YEAR

## DR. JAS. H. CARLISLE DIED YESTERDAY

ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN THE STATE  
EVER HAD.

At a Ripe Old Age and a Life of Great  
Usefulness He Goes Hence.

Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College for many years, died at his home in Spartanburg yesterday morning at seven o'clock. He was possibly the greatest man in South Carolina. We print below a sketch of his life.

James Henry Carlisle was born in Winnboro, Fairfield county, South Carolina, May 4, 1825. His father, Dr. William Carlisle, was a native of Ireland and came to this country in 1818, settling at Winnboro, where he was a practicing physician for many years.

Young James Henry Carlisle received his primary schooling in his native town. Later on his parents moved to the historic town of Camden, where the young man was prepared for college, being taught by Professors McCandless, Hatfield and Major Leland. He entered the sophomore class of the South Carolina college February 1, 1842. During his course at the college he was under Dr. Robert Henry, who had charge of the department of language, and Dr. Leiber, who was in charge of the department of economy and civil law. Dr. Carlisle graduated in 1844; being the second honor man in the class, the first honor man being Gen. P. H. Nelson, who was killed in the battle of the "Crater." Being the second honor man, it fell to his lot to deliver the English oration. His subject was "Shelley," the poet. It is said that this oration elicited much favorable comment and many predictions were made of his future career, but his achievements have surpassed the most sanguine hopes of his most ardent friends.

The real teacher, like the poet, is born not made. Young Carlisle immediately passed from the school room as student, to the school room as teacher, being elected principal of the Odd Fellows' Institute in Columbia, which position he held for four years. In 1848 he was elected to a position in the Columbia Male Academy. In December, 1850, Benjamin Wofford died. He left by his will one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of establishing and endowing a college for literary, classical and scientific education, to be located in his native district, and to be under the control and management of the conference of the Methodist Episcopal church of his native state. A charter was duly secured and the trustees held their first meeting to organize under it at Newberry, November 24, 1853. The trustees at this meeting elected the following faculty: The Rev. W. M. Wightman, D. D., president; the Rev. Albert M. Shipp, A. M., professor of English literature; David Duncan, A. M., professor of ancient languages; James H. Carlisle, A. M., professor of mathematics; and Warren DuPre, A. M., professor of natural science.

**His Work For Wofford.**  
Thus was established the institution which was destined to be the centre of the intellectual life of South Carolina Methodism, and which was to be a potent influence in the production of the highest type of citizenship for the Palmetto commonwealth.

Since 1854 the history of Wofford college has been largely determined by James H. Carlisle. In 1875 he was elected president of the institution. At different times he has taught mathematics, astronomy, civics, ethics, and the English Bible. He is more thoroughly conversant with South Carolina history than any living man. He is the author of an excellent textbook on astronomy, entitled, "The Young Astronomer." Time and again flattering offers from other institutions have been made, but to all of them he ever gave a courteous refusal, preferring to serve that institution of his church to which he consecrated his lofty character and resplendent abilities. Bishop Candler once said that he

would rather his boy would simply go into a room where Dr. Carlisle's old coat was hung up than to be under the real tuition of many a so-called great educator.

### As A Teacher.

Since the days of the Great Teacher of Galilee, the world has had no clearer and more convincing illustration of the power of personality in teaching than that afforded in the record of James H. Carlisle. The prime conception of modern education is the personal power of the teacher. President Garfield's definition of a university—Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other—may be an exaggeration, but in it lies the true philosophy of education. The true purpose of education is not to adorn the life with the gaudy externals of culture, not to render the life more valuable in the money market, but it is the development of character. What we should seek in education is not chiefly learning on the recipient's part, nor the acceptance of a certain creed, but character. And this is to be characterized made, not according to any particular mold, but in an atmosphere of freedom and fullness. This is accomplished not in lessons, not in organization, but in the personal influence of the teacher over the pupil. Character is not a matter of spontaneous combustion. Spiritual activity is kindled by a spark from the burning heart of another. Mind acts upon mind and feeling upon feeling. Enthusiasm from eye to eye and courage passes from the strong to the weak.

### His Honors Unsought.

The honors that have come to Dr. Carlisle have always been unsought. Being modest and unassuming, the very idea of seeking a personal honor seems utterly foreign to his noble nature. He was elected a member of the first general conference of his church of which laymen were members, and was elected to each succeeding one as long as he felt able to go. He was a delegate from his church to several Ecumenical conferences. He was a member of the secession convention, signing the famous ordinance. He was a representative in the late confederate legislature, 1863-4. These were the first and only political offices he held, though time and again he has been urged to accept positions of honor and trust in state and nation.

Dr. Carlisle was a man of deep spirituality. The secret of his great strength of character was in his realization of eternal verities. Spirituality is the consciousness of the Divine presence. The spiritual man is the man filled with a sense of the presence of God and of the force of spiritual laws, here and now, convinced of an immediate and conscious relation between himself and God. Dr. Carlisle is a living exponent of spiritual truth. No man can come in personal touch with him without acknowledging the reality of the Christian religion. It is said of Fenelon that he had such communion with God his very face shone. Lord Peterborough, a sceptic, was obliged to spend the night with him at an inn. In the morning he rushed away, saying, "If I stay another night with that man I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

Wofford's adored president has ever been a spiritual magnet, drawing out the highest and noblest in the young men who have come under his influence. His stately form, his graceful movement, his loving yet firm voice, and his benign face have bleaded in an imperative call to young manhood that has found a response in every heart that has known him.

Dr. Carlisle has ever pointed to the highest. On the hill overlooking the placid bay, in which the "Mayflower" first cast her anchor there stands an eloquent monument, which some one has said is at once a miracle, a parable, and a prophecy—a miracle of artistic skill, a parable of Christian civilization, and a prophecy of our coming national glory. It is our famous monument. Seated on the corners of the pedestal are four figures, representing law, morality, freedom and education. Far above on a lofty shaft of granite is the figure representing Faith, with the open Bible in one hand and the in-

dex finger pointing away to the throne of God. So upon the lofty shaft of his granite character, James H. Carlisle has ever stood, pointing young men to the heavenlies and commending the Bible as the chief text-book and the inspiration for the highest achievement.

If you seek the monument of Dr. Carlisle look about you in church and state and see the mighty host of Wofford's men of sterling worth, whose lives are a benediction to the nation, and you will find his enduring memorial.

### Last Appearance.

The last time that Dr. Carlisle appeared in public was during the summer school for teachers at Wofford college, when it was the pleasure of the teachers to hear an interesting address on school life of long ago, and on Washington's visit to South Carolina, after he had been elected president of the United States. Prior to this time he had not made an address in public for many months.

The commencement at Wofford last June was the first commencement missed by Dr. Carlisle for more than two score of years. When he was a member of the faculty he always occupied a seat on the rostrum during the commencement season, and after he retired from the active presidency of the college, he never missed an exercise. Last June, however, he was indisposed and it was impossible for him to attend any of the exercises at the college.

Dr. Carlisle was president of Wofford College from 1875 to 1902, when he resigned, and became president emeritus. Following his resignation Dr. H. N. Snyder was elected.

Although he resigned the presidency of Wofford, he did not give up active work, for he continued to lecture on astronomy and the Bible. His Bible lectures continued until last winter, when he was forced to give up class-room work on account of the severe cold.

### THE IDLER.

"If the doctors could only agree on some kind of an operation for pellagra people would not have such an aversion to it. But they will probably soon devise a knife cure, as they have done for almost all other diseases."

The knife cure has been the thing for some time. When I was young you never heard of appendicitis and now it is the thing to have your appendix removed. Fact is a good case of old time colic is now diagnosed as appendicitis.

Speaking of pellagra that is a big thing the doctors are going to have in Columbia during Fair week. Every doctor who can, it seems to me, ought to be there. Pellagra is to be discussed from all view-points and something ought to be learned about it. Maybe we can find out the proper pronunciation of the word. It seems to me, though, that there are some other diseases the study of which would have more practical benefits to suffering humanity. Nearly every case of pellagra gets into the newspapers whereas, hundreds of people are dying every day from pneumonia, typhoid fever, consumption, scarlet fever and other every day diseases. Would it not be well to have a conference on some of these. Maybe they are too common.

Mrs. John A. Logan says: "Science has apparently discovered a remedy for the cure of every disease with which the human family is afflicted except the fatal malady, egotism. There is no danger of physical death to the persons afflicted, but one would like to think the disease was curable." The disease is easily diagnosed and the symptoms are apparent, but when the disease once lays its claws on the victim the case is almost hopeless. Mrs. Logan says the victim generally has a grievance that the valuation placed on his merits by others is always an undervaluation. There is one thing that may be said to his credit, however, he is generally a harmless being and the world scarcely takes him seriously. It

might be well for the doctors to call a conference and discuss this malady.

Wasn't it one of the Apostles who said something about "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools," and isn't that about the true situation of the genuine egotist. Now I like to see a fellow think well of himself and have confidence in his ability to do things for without it he will not accomplish much but I do not like to see one who impresses upon you all the time that in his estimation all wisdom is centered in him and that when he passes away all wisdom will depart from the earth. But this is none of my business and I guess I had better get on another subject for I may get lost. Still one of the most lovable traits in any human being is genuine humility which begets a willingness to learn and a desire to be helpful.

I noticed the other day that Monroe Wicker was getting ready to fix that sidewalk from Mays drug store to Friend street. That is right and city council ought to take my advice and keep him on permanent work of this kind. There is plenty of it to do. And he knows how to do it and can do it for less cost to the town than it has been done by contract. That is my opinion, though I may be mistaken for I know very little about business.

I passed down on the public square the other day and I noticed one of the columns to the old court house portico had tumbled down. This does not look nice and I hope Supervisor eFagle will give it his attention before the other one falls. The fact is something ought to be done with this building. I wonder if the county could sell it. If it could then it would be better to sell it and realize something from it than to leave it standing like it is. It could be made a very attractive place and could be used for a great many purposes to the advantage of the people of the town and county, but as it is now it were better if were not there. It is a pity our public square cannot be made more attractive and kept in better condition and if the old court house and the grounds immediately surrounding it were put in better condition the spirit of improvement might spread. Let those in authority think about doing something with this building besides renting it.

I happened on the street the other evening and it was early but it was so dark I thought an eclipse of some kind was on or the electric plant was roken and I came near falling in some of the holes in the sidewalk and then there sure would have been a damage suit against the city, but on inquiry from some passer-by I was informed that the moon was supposed to be furnishing light for the streets and then I understood that this town is run on the moon schedule and so long as the moon peeps above the horizon the electric lights are not expected to be burning. It is very well to observe the moon schedule but when it is cloudy and the moon is hid by the clouds and when the moon is young and its light does not reach over the top of Newberry's skyscrapers and the electric plant is in order we should have lights. Don't you think so? We have a splendid system of lights and the young men in charge are competent and obliging and I am sure it is not their purpose that the city shall at any time be shrouded in darkness.

I noticed from the last issue of the Observer—I read it sometimes—that the thirteenth atemp to run a laundry in Newberry has resulted in the thirteenth laundry kicking the bucket. Now that is too bad. Can't support a laundry and all this talk I hear all the time about the trouble of getting a washerwoman. Why not have a laundry that will wash clothes as well as laundry shirts and collars and cuffs. Then it would pay. I believe a laundry will pay in Newberry. Any town with eight thousand people ought to be able to support a laundry. That's why I say I believe Newberry will support one. Maybe I am mistaken. I reckon I am. But Newberry ought to support a laundry. But then Newberry ought to stick to

gether for Newberry enterprises. But sometimes she does not do it. The right man did not finance it. That's what the matter. I knew I would find the cause if I kept on. Well, let's try again and make the fourteenth effort.

By the way that paved boulevard has not yet been made between the court house lot and the Crotwell hotel. And the wagons just keep on making a wagon road out of it. Why not have it fixed as it ought to be. I believe Mr. Mann mows the grass but the walks that were laid out under the supervision of the ladies of the civic association are grown up with grass and the walks leading up to the court house have never been fixed and some of the Newberry lawyers really walk on the grass in going to the court house for fear of getting sand in their shoes, the sand on the walk leading up from College street entrance being so deep. Well, I guess it is better than red mud and these lawyers will find that out when the rainy season sets in. But then the walks ought to be fixed. It is a pity to start out to do a nice job and then quit it before the job is done. Don't you think so? Well, I do.

I have not yet heard any noise that sounded like a park for Newberry. Have you? I am a little deaf but I think I could hear a sound like that. Don't you? The city folks ought to be ashamed to monopolize Willowbrook and not make a noise like a park on this side so that they might invite Willowbrook over to see what they had done. Great movements always have a hard time of it at the beginning but they will move when they are right, and this is a right movement and there will be a rumbling noise before long.

It seems to me there was some statement made somewhere that the mayor had fixed up a wagon yard in the rear of the market and that we were to have the lower or the upper public square parked. Well, I reckon it has been decided to wait until spring to have this done. And maybe it is just as well. In the meantime we may be able to do something with the old court house.

The Idler.

### THE NEWS OF PROSPERITY.

Interesting Missionary Service at  
Grace Church.—Purely Personal Mention.

Prosperity, Oct. 21.—Mr. Oliver Harris, a former townsman, is now living on Colonial Heights near Columbia, was in the city last week.

Miss Mary Kinard returned to Atlanta on Monday.

Mr. J. L. Wise spent the week-end in Asheville with Mrs. Wise. The latter is improving daily and will return home in a month entirely strong and well.

Miss Hattie Groseclose has gone to Eirhardt to spend ten days with her parents.

Mrs. J. F. Browne returned Sunday from the Columbia Hospital. She is improving every day.

Mr. Andrew Counts is expected home from the hospital Sunday.

Miss Lillie May Russell returned Saturday from a visit to Greenville and Seneca.

Mr. Bryan, of Newberry college, spent Sunday with Messrs. Simpson, Messrs. Gallman, of Newberry, visited Mr. Bushnell Bowers this week.

Mr. Barrier has decided to study telegraphy, book-keeping, etc., in Columbia. He goes to begin work in a few days. Mrs. Barrier and little son will spend the while with her sister, Mrs. Young, at Little Mountain. We are more than sorry to lose them from our midst, but we speed them with our best of good wishes.

Miss Marie Lathan visited at Wise Hotel this week.

Rev. W. H. Greever passed through the city on Sunday on his way to Little Mountain, where he went to preach in the morning.

Mrs. H. P. Wicker visited her daughter, Miss Mary Willis, who is in attendance upon the Presbyterian college at Columbia, last Friday and Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Bowles returned to Coronaca Saturday, after a pleasant stay with Miss Nannie Simpson.

The Palmetto club will meet with Mrs. F. E. Schumpert early next week.

Mr. Olin Hentz, of Pomaria, was in the city Tuesday.

The series of services in Grace Church are quite as entertaining and edifying as they promised to be. The sermon on Monday evening by Rev. Mr. Fulenwider was unusual. He did not give a statistical sermon on missions, but showed that the need of the world is the forgiveness of sins. This consummation, of course, to be accomplished through and by missions.

The address Tuesday evening by Rev. J. J. Long, of Pomaria, was very able, indeed "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee," was his theme. His view of missions to, was practical and his talk held and helped his listeners.

On Wednesday evening Dr. Weltner, of Columbia, who has charge of the mission work among the mills, gave a lengthy, spicy, pungent address on home missions. The gist of his discourse was "Down to the masses; back to Christ." He gave some very convincing arguments for the speedy missionizing of mill points and some live, actual illustrations of the progress that has come under his own observation and care in the last three years.

The talk this evening will be given by Dr. Cromer and will be primarily addressed to laymen. This, of course, will be up to his usual high mark of excellence.

On Friday and Sunday evenings Dr. Greever and Rev. J. H. Harms will fill the pulpit. From previous hearing of these two active, scholarly men we can assure all who come a most profitable hour.

It seems that the news venter has not passed this way this week and we have not so much 'purely personal' to relate. Our friends and visitors must have gone in other directions, poleward, or more preferably, since the weather is so crisp and frosty, they have followed the birds. At any rate they are not seemingly in quest of Prosperity.

Mr. H. P. Wicker returns Friday from Little Mountain where he is at work upon the beautiful school building that is being erected there.

Mrs. Addie Hodges has returned from a visit to Columbia.

Several of our people are getting ready to attend the Woman's Convention at Leesville and the South Carolina Synod at Lexington.

Our graded and high schools are in a very flourishing, creditable condition. New students are coming in daily with the prospect of quite a few more.

### NEGRO HOUSE BURNED.

One Child Knocks Over Kerosene Lamp.—Two Children Brnd to Death.

A negro house on Mr. John M. Suber's place, occupied by Eilan Dembo, in No. 4 Township, near Whitmire, was burned on Monday night about eight o'clock. There were in the house at the time, three children, one four years old, one three and one eighteen months old. The parents were up about the residence of Mr. Suber. In some way the oldest child knocked over a kerosene lamp and the fire started from this. Two children were burned in the building, but the oldest child escaped, but was very seriously burned.

During the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York the sailors from the United States and foreign fleets heard a song that pleased them mightily. It was sung at the New York Hippodrome, and the title of the song is "Every Girl Loves a Uniform." The song made such a hit that the New York World has arranged to publish it, words and music complete, next Sunday.

Mrs. Boggs—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains.

Mrs. Woggs—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 3 o'clock for the past 20 years.—Puck.