

# ARKANSAS METHODIST.

{ Devoted to the Interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Arkansas. }

REV. A. R. WINFIELD, D. D., Editors,  
REV. JNO. H. DYE,

"Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."

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## General News.

The great sensation of the week, of the past week, as we gather it from the secular press, is the finding and return of the Arctic Explorers who went out under command of Lieut. Greely with twenty-four others who went out in 1881, under an act of Congress which Hon. Mr. Conger, of Michigan was instrumental in having passed. The object of the expedition was to establish international polar stations. Many of these expeditions have been sent out, and a vast outlay of men and means have been expended. The old and new world have been vying with each other in these Arctic Expeditions, and so far nothing really great has been accomplished, only for the navigators to find their way to the ice bound regions of the Frigid Zone, to loose themselves and then for vast fleets to be fitted out to find them either dead or well nigh starved. Only six of this expedition were found living, and they were almost on the verge of starvation. But the \$25,000 reward offered by Congress is made by the discoveries of the lost men, and old England is left in the rear; but our old mother county has but little time or disposition to think of these things. It is hard to tell, which troubles her most, foreign or domestic dynamite, but evidently there is a restless nervousness among her masses that means a fearful uprising in the near future.

The Globe-Democrat of July 18th has a fine map of the Polar Basin, and a very full account of the Greeley Expedition since its organization in 1881 to the time of the discovery of the survivors by the ships Thetis and Bear, and their rescue, with a full report as made to Hon. W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy. This newsy paper also gives us a very detailed account of the manner of life of the Prisoner of the Vatican, his holiness, Pope Leo XIII. He has a garden of 400 acres—pretty good sized farm—where he promenades, and then gives his time to reading, writing and religious devotions. He is said to lead a very abstemious and pious life. All that may be so, but I prefer a real travelling Methodist bishop.

In our country, the two great political parties are straining every nerve and using all their resources for their respective candidates. It is said of one that he has no record, and of the other that he has too much, and the people must take their choice between too much and too little. But really, if we were to believe the half that is said of either, no christian man ought to vote at all.

The Prohibition Party will meet at Pittsburg this week, and it is thought they will put out another ticket, which, I believe, will make five. Certainly enough to furnish plenty of names to select from. But, in all seriousness, we do hope our prohibition friends will be guilty of no such folly.

The cholera is still on the increase, and at last our government is trying to take steps to prevent its introduction to our country. The cities of Toulon and Marseilles are suffering dreadfully from the scourge, and it has now made its appearance in Paris.

Germany and France are having a little trouble to maintain their Spanish relatives; France has cholera at home, and threatened war with China, and even Pape Leo XIII has no confidence in the land of the Bonapart.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet though, in their action, they cure constipations, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

## State News.

Hon. J. H. Rogers has returned to his home in Fort Smith.

Rains pretty general over the state, and the crops are rapidly improving.

Booneville has had a district conference, and our friends had a great time.

Rev. T. M. Keith writes us from Hamburg, that he had been sick, but was better.

Hon. W. M. Fishback, of Sebastian county, is stumping the state in favor of the Fishback amendment.

Rev. Jno. H. Dye held quarterly meetings at West Point and Searcy this week, and is now in the office at work. He is a moving man.

Rev. M. D. Early, of Morrilton, has been to Arkadelphia, I suppose, to meet Dr. Graves, who dedicated their new church in the latter city a few Sabbaths since.

Hon. Sterling R. Cockerill, jr., of this city, was honored by the convention of Chicago by being put on the National Committee. It was an honor well bestowed.

In looking over the papers from our own and other states, I am glad to find there is less crime in Arkansas than in any place we wot of, where there are as many people. We are rejoiced to publish this.

The Hempstead Telegraph, published at Hope, Ark., is now edited and published by our young friends R. B. Withers and Claude McCorkle. Both of them are gifted, and will, no doubt, make a first-class paper.

The Little Rock Browns were badly used up in Memphis. They won the game but still they were badly beaten; and it is now given out that Hon. Grover Cleveland was a great base ball player, but the papers don't state whether he played on Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Graves, of Iron Wheel notoriety, has been to Arkadelphia, and, as usual, misrepresented other denominations. Brother Houson, of the Presbyterian church, is after him. Better let that alone, Bro. Houson, it won't pay, and you can't afford it.

Our commissioner, Dr. C. M. Taylor, is doing a great work in trying to prepare our people to make a fine exhibit at the Great Exposition at New Orleans. Our state was in the first rank at Louisville, and we must not fall behind at New Orleans. Let every one lend a helping hand.

Rural and Workman and Little Rock Ladies Journal is the name of a newsy agricultural, horticultural, floral and highly literary journal issued every week from our good City of Roses. How tame ARKANSAS METHODIST by all that name, but then some poet asks, "What's in a name," and says "that a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet." May be so; still there is much in a name, and I am glad I am not named John Smith.

As an item of state news, we may mention that in Pulaski county, where our State Capitol is situated, we have a strange medley of political affairs. Our dailies are well filled with the opinions of our citizens, from the beardless boy to that most wonderful personage known as the "oldest inhabitant" of this great city, as to whether they are in favor of a compromise, that is to say, are they in favor of the radicals dividing the offices of the county; and let them say what they will take and what they will be willing to leave for the radicals themselves. Well, believing that each party can and will take care of itself in that line, this editor will not express an opinion, and for three reasons: First, he has nothing to do with state politics. Secondly, nobody has interviewed the preacher. Thirdly, I never compromise, for I never vote for any but sober men for office.

## Personal.

Rev. S. Cornelius, D. D., of the First Baptist church, called and did not leave without substantial evidence of his kindly feelings. Read his article in this number on "That Blessed Hope." It is a perfect gem, and we are very much obliged to him.

Rev. Dr. Welch of the First Presbyterian church of this city, give us a call this week. Glad to see him in our sanctum. He is one of the old timemen—has helped to develop the state. We are rejoiced to see him in such improved health.

Rev. Jas. A. Heard, D. D., president of LaGrange Female College, LaGrange, Tenn., will be at Raineyville, the seat of the Pine Bluff District Conference, next week. We hope to meet him.

Dr. Allen, of Bradford, Ark., was married to Mrs. Sue Cole, of Independence county, last week. We heartily congratulate our old friends, and wish them a long and happy life.

Rev. B. G. Johnson sends us a gratifying note from his field, but brings the sad tidings that Dr. Hunter is sick. We hope he is well ere this, and at his loved employ.

Rev. S. A. Steele, pastor of the First Methodist church in Memphis, has had the degree of D. D. conferred on him by Emory College. He is in every way worthy.

Rev. J. M. Clark, P. E., of Helena District, has gone on a visit of a few weeks to his parents in Fulton county. We wish him a very pleasant time.

Rev. W. A. Steele will preach at Spring Street church, this city, next Sabbath morning and night. My people will be highly favored.

Bishop Hargrove goes this week to Butham's Chapel to the Fayetteville District Conference, and thence to the Holston District Conferences.

Rev. A. O. Evans was called to his old home last week by the sickness of his father. We hope and pray he will find him improving.

Col. Mitchell the able editor of the Democrat, and his accomplished daughter, Miss Mamie, spent last Sabbath in Searcy.

Dr. C. B. Galloway, of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, was in attendance on the district conference at Grenada last week.

Rev. Felix R. Hill has been dubbed a D. D., and no more worthy man has ever received it. I congratulate my old friend.

Mrs. Jeffries, my hostess of Clarendon, is on a visit to Memphis. We wish her a very pleasant visit to the old home.

Rev. N. B. Fizer has a protracted meeting in progress in his station, Forrest City. God grant him a great revival.

Bishop Keener was at the Sea Shore camp-meeting, and had over sixty preachers to help him.

Rev. W. C. Johnson, D. D., formerly editor of the Western Methodist, is a delegate to Baltimore.

Bishop Wiley has gone to Japan and China. Guess he won't find any kuklux over there.

Rev. H. Jewell returned on Saturday. First visit to his married daughter.

Rev. W. E. Rutledge, of Cypress Ridge circuit, has been visiting Clarendon.

Dr. E. R. Hendrix has gone to Montana to attend the conference.

Rev. C. C. Godden has gone to Benton quarterly meeting.

## Field Notes.

Bro. Hopkins sends us an elegant greeting, and will soon furnish us with some "Field Notes."

Rev. G. W. Logan writes from Emmet and says some splendid things of us and the paper. Thanks, George; but remember, my boy, we want subscribers now. Pile them in.

Bro. T. H. Ware writes that he is still sick, but hopes soon to be ready for active field service. He sends us a renewal of a good brother who has no idea of doing without this paper. Wise men. May their number greatly increase.

Rev. Thomas Vincent sends us a subscriber and reports a good time at the close of the Batesville District Conference. Four conversions up to Sunday night and the good work still going on. Uncle Tom will stir those pine hills for us and no mistake.

Rev. R. P. Harwood is at work, and the result is a good list of subscribers, and he talks good hard sense when he says the METHODIST can and must go. Of course it will go, and with rush too. The Dye will neither bleach nor wash out, and we will Win(the)field.

Rev. J. C. Ritter sends a subscriber and writes that some poor mortal without any fear of God before his eyes, had robbed him of his clothing and other articles. I wonder if there is anything too mean for a man to do who would rob a preacher? Well, hardly.

Rev. J. C. Rhodes sends a subscriber from Austin circuit, and hopes for more after awhile. He writes of a "large assessment," "stingy folks," "decks not cleared," and fears they won't be. Never mind, brother, God willing, we will move things at camp meeting. Sorry I could not reach your circuit; duty prevented.

Brother Sneed of Strawberry wants to know what we will charge to advertise an expelled minister who refuses to give up his credentials. We answer, nothing where the trial has been regular and the expulsion according to law, but as this is rather a bad case, send us five subscribers with the cash and we will call it square.

Rev. E. N. Evans sends the following cheering note:

"We are painting our new church and getting ready for dedication. We have plenty of rain and our young crops in the overflowed district are fine."

We are glad to hear so good a report from our brother, and hope he will write often; by the way, we see he was requested by the Monticello District Conference to furnish us with a copy of his sermon on "The Growth and Development of Christian Character," but he very gracefully declines.

Rev. Josephus Loving, almost our life long friend, writes us a kind letter from which we take the following extract:

"Our third quarterly meeting for Springfield and Hill Creek stations was held on the 12th and 13th inst. It was a pleasant and profitable time, indeed. In the chair, our presiding elder, the Rev. T. J. Smith, was agreeable, instructive and firm; and in the pulpit he was earnest and truly edifying. The love feast was in fact a feast of love. God shed his love abroad in our hearts; and we were happy. Several who had been recently converted to God witnessed for Jesus, speaking with the composure and liberty that the spirit or the Lord only can give. The charge is, blessed be God, in good condition, and the outlook is indeed encouraging."

He sends us six subscribers, and adds the cheering words, that they were easy to get. "That is like a shower of rain to the mown grass." Repeat, brother.

## Agricultural.

We are glad our people are beginning to appreciate our interest in their behalf, and we know this column will be well filled, and we have good hope that it will become one of the very many interesting departments of a religious and useful paper that we are trying to make for the people of our great and growing state. Send us matter, friends, for all these interests.

Southern Farming—South Folly. ED. ARKANSAS METHODIST—I have been for years trying to solve this "all cotton" planting, and really, I am at a loss about it; every one that I talk to about it says that it is wrong; that it don't pay; still they go on increasing the crop every year, and each year becoming poorer, indeed.

From all I can see, the following are the reasons why the "all cotton plan" is followed in the South: First, there is the large land owner; he finds it difficult to have such labor as he can depend on, so he rents his land for money rent or part of the crop, being about \$7 per acre for bottom lands and less for upland. This is an easy, lazy way to farm. It don't pay anything, for the negro generally manages to beat the landlord out of all the rent and half the rations, but—there is left the glory of bossing the job—and if there is any one thing more than another that the average Southerner loves, 'tis "bossing a job." They are like a man I knew who contracted to furnish 100 cords of wood for one dollar per cord and paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per cord to have the wood cut, claiming that it was worth \$25 to boss the job.

Next is the renter or share cropper. He is short of rations, so has to mortgage his crop to get supplies, as the merchant will buy nothing else. 'Tis true the merchant will want the next year all the corn he can buy to supply his customers, but he prefers sending North for it to buying from his people. There is so much glory in sending off for what you need, it looks big.

'Tis true, if the merchant would buy all he could sell from the farmer, it would keep the money in the country, and by this means the people would get rich. But then he thinks if they got up in the world it would make them proud and they would lose their religion, so he keeps 'em poor, and they keep themselves humble. I know of neighborhoods that purchase each year 2,000 bushels of corn and meal, which cost the farmers about one dollar per bushel. In a conversation with a planter there, who is renting his land to negroes for seven dollars per acre, I asked him why he did not raise corn to sell to the merchants? He replied, because they will not buy from me; they will send up North for it before they will purchase from me even if I offer it for less money. Is this folly, or is it worse?

Now, rich river bottom land will raise forty bushels of corn per acre. A good hand with good team and tools can cultivate fifty acres of land, which is equal to 2,000 bushels of corn; besides, he can sow and save twenty acres of oats. Now, cotton is worth nett to planters, about eight and a third cents—he is paying one dollar per bushel for his corn. Suppose the man who makes corn could exchange his corn for cotton at these rates, he would receive 24,000 pounds of cotton for his labor. Or, in other words, the labor of one man making corn, receives the labor of eight men making cotton for his produce. Is this folly, or worse? Yet, my brother farmers, you are paying this to the corn planters of the North for your meal, corn, flour, meat, horses and mules. Is it any wonder you are poor and that your lands have no commercial value? But of all the folly in the South, the folly of the merchant is the greatest. He does not seem to know that every dollar kept in the country enriches the country, and that every dollar sent out makes them just that much poorer. If they would go to work and induce the farmer to raise all he needs and some to sell, then all the money that cotton brings would go to the merchant for dry goods, upon which he could make a good profit.

Brother farmers, think of these things, plant all the bread crops you need, don't buy any you can raise. I know it will require a little work and trouble. I know that by so doing you become farmers, and the glory of being a "cotton planter" passes away—but, bless your soul, that went long ago—a "cotton planter" is now the poorest thing on earth; there is more glory in being a peanut vender on a street corner. Subscribe for all the good agricultural papers in the South, read them well, study your business and try to make men of yourselves, fight for your farming interest, hit hard, the world will respect you the more for it. Yours,  
BARNEY LILLARD.