

IT WAS THEIR GALA DAY

How Sunday Was Regarded by Negroes

In the Slavery Days.

THEIR ONE WEEKLY HOLIDAY

The Plantation Folks Eagerly Looked Forward to the Day of Rest—They All Went to Meeting and Spent Rest of Time Quietly.

In the south before the war Sunday was looked forward to with anticipations of unalloyed happiness by the negroes on the plantations. With it came not alone the restful idleness of the day, but the additional pleasure afforded by opportunities to attend divine worship, writes Edward O'Han.

The negro, as a race, is a social being. The habit of extended family relations demands him of the possession of thoughtful meditation or the solace of reflection. His intuitive impulse is to loosen the cords that bind him to himself and to seek congenial companionship.

This innate characteristic of sociability was intensified in the plantation days, where master's family was usually the center around which a highly social merriment revolved. Sunday was the day above all the rest when he could give full play to this tendency, and he was never happier than when in the midst of a group hearing himself and others talk. "Give me a story," they would say, "and I'll give you a story," and the conversation would flow on from one to another, each in turn contributing his share to the general enjoyment, though occasionally there were venerable exceptions to this rule.

The darkeys from all the neighboring plantations were to be seen at "meetin'," and all the grotesque happenings of the week and the week-end were freely exchanged and recounted in the most innocent good nature abundant.

The ante-bellum negro was always picturesque in his attitudes, adjuncts and surroundings, and particularly so "olor Sunday." The negro of the right hand, who to and from the "meetin'" made a striking picture, with a touch of irresistible drollery about it. More than likely he proceeds stout, and if the day be pleasant he carefully removes his "Sunday shoes" and the thick cotton socks, draws off his coat, throws it over his left arm and changes the shoes from his right hand to his left. With his impedimenta thus adjusted he advances upon his way with a quick swaying, shuffling gait, a light heart, a playful hymn at the top of his tongue, or a cheery, rollicking whistle upon his lips.

If the roads be muddy, the distance unusually great, or if the day be rainy, the object of the "meetin'" or "olor Sunday" is a striking picture, with a touch of irresistible drollery about it. More than likely he proceeds stout, and if the day be pleasant he carefully removes his "Sunday shoes" and the thick cotton socks, draws off his coat, throws it over his left arm and changes the shoes from his right hand to his left.

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WHERE GAME IS PLENTIFUL

Some Famous Hunting Grounds Lie West of the Big Muddy.

HOW DE MORES KILLED BEAR

Rare Sport for the Adventurous Is to be Found in the Coteaus Hills and the Bad Lands—Feathered and Hairly Game Galore.

The most accessible and attractive hunting grounds in the United States are the famous Coteaus and Bad Lands. Duck and prairie chickens are found in the greatest numbers on the outer edge of civilization, where they can feed in comparative security in the wheat fields.

The Coteaus are a range of hills, or rather a region of hills, occupying a strip of country as large as the state of Massachusetts, and embracing the counties of Adams, Hancock, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, and Sagadahoc. The settlement there is scant, owing to the hilly nature of the territory. There are innumerable small lakes and meadows and patches of timber. It is a safe feeding ground for deer and the most desirable kind of resting place for duck and geese.

The big wheat fields, the meadows, the Kilders and Wells counties extend to the foot of the Coteaus and afford convenient food for the myriads of prairie chickens which fatten there.

When the Coteaus are first entered a scene of desolation forces itself upon the visitor, but this is soon relieved by a magnificent perspective of water and land. The mountains are singularly abrupt. Valleys which at the season are luxuriant with vegetation and fragrant with blooming flowers wind among the hills. Lovely fresh water, with surface smooth as glass, abounds in the sunlight. Myriads of birds awaken the echoes with melodious warbling. Small game of various kinds is abundant constantly in sight. The hunter can travel for miles without detecting the first sign of civilization. The name Coteau, or Coteaus, means the hills of the Dakotas, or of the Sioux (Methuins) Indians.

The antelope, coyotes, badgers and foxes disappear by degrees as the mountains take and offer excellent sport to nimble rovers who seek for it in that direction. There are still a great many beaver on the creeks which flow from the hills into the Missouri or the James. This is the prairie chicken season and hunting parties are sent from the cities to the mountains simply to limit to the game and the fun. After a month of duck and chicken shooting the sportsmen begin deer stalking in the Coteaus. There are no swamps or marshes to make tramping wearisome and slow. There is no timber to beguile and retard the hunter. A person gets over the hills and back into the prairie, and the opportunity to come upon the deer feeding in the big meadows is excellent.

In the Missouri bottoms north of Bismarck there is big game, and the hunting there is carried on successfully in the winter months. There is less chance of getting lost in the winter than in the summer, and many deer are wintered, but hunters can do better along in October and November. Rattlesnakes are thick in the river bottoms during the warm weather, but after the sharp frosts of October have set in they are seldom seen and do little harm. A great advantage to sportsmen anywhere is provided. Lavatory accommodations are furnished, and a man servant is deputed to keep the place tidy and have the kettle boiling for the men when they return from the "yoke."

Lord Rosebery's Farm. The following particulars regarding Lord Rosebery's farm at Dalmeny, which lies in close proximity to the Forth bridge, are of special interest. On the home farm, which extends to about 1,400 acres, excellent cottages, to which substantial gardens are attached, have been provided for the married plovers, and a comfortable bothy has been erected for the unmarried men. It comprises a large dining room fitted up with cooking stove and hot and cold water, and for every occupant a separate bedroom is provided. Lavatory accommodations for the most approved description are also furnished, and a man servant is deputed to keep the place tidy and have the kettle boiling for the men when they return from the "yoke."

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In the Missouri bottoms north of Bismarck there is big game, and the hunting there is carried on successfully in the winter months. There is less chance of getting lost in the winter than in the summer, and many deer are wintered, but hunters can do better along in October and November. Rattlesnakes are thick in the river bottoms during the warm weather, but after the sharp frosts of October have set in they are seldom seen and do little harm. A great advantage to sportsmen anywhere is provided. Lavatory accommodations are furnished, and a man servant is deputed to keep the place tidy and have the kettle boiling for the men when they return from the "yoke."

Lord Rosebery's Farm. The following particulars regarding Lord Rosebery's farm at Dalmeny, which lies in close proximity to the Forth bridge, are of special interest. On the home farm, which extends to about 1,400 acres, excellent cottages, to which substantial gardens are attached, have been provided for the married plovers, and a comfortable bothy has been erected for the unmarried men. It comprises a large dining room fitted up with cooking stove and hot and cold water, and for every occupant a separate bedroom is provided. Lavatory accommodations for the most approved description are also furnished, and a man servant is deputed to keep the place tidy and have the kettle boiling for the men when they return from the "yoke."

Lord Rosebery provides his plovers with the daily and all the leading agricultural papers. The wages for good and efficient men on the Dalmeny farm are one pound per week. When a plover or other laborer has spent the best part of his life in service at Dalmeny and becomes unfit for the hard and steady work of driving a pair of horses an easier kind of work is found for him, and he is kept on the farm wages, nominally as a jobber, but practically as a pensioner. Even the widows of old and faithful servants are most kindly treated, and some comfortable billets are always found for any one who has just claim on his lordship's consideration. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Boulanger's Page. Those who came into contact with the late General Boulanger will remember his perky little page Joseph, and his astonishing repartees. He used to order visitors about with an insolence about his tender years, and accepted every form of homage as a matter of course, holding his head erect while prominent visitors stood with their hats off and bowing to the little imp. Visitors knew that to win his favor was almost winning that of his master, and he proceeded before him. This sort of life incapacitated Joseph for any domestic service after the general's death. He has now given up town life and has returned to live with his mother at Evreux. Joseph, who is now sixteen, remembers his connection with General Boulanger as a vision of glory already fading in the distance. —Paris Figaro.

A Possibility. That there is a mysterious association in some minds between the workings of the different perceptive faculties is not a new observation. In not a few instances the poet's eye has anticipated in its sweep the revelations of the lens of science. The coming man may yet be able to hear a September landscape, with all its changing tints of beauty, as plainly as the rudimentary man now on earth hears the thunder or the rushing of the autumn winds. In that age yet to be evolved the pioneer labors of Gruber will not fail to be treasured up and honored as contributions to the development and well being of humanity. —The Advance in Paper Making.

When Reptiles Ruled a World. There was a time "in the wide revolving shades of centuries past" when our globe was wholly in the possession of walking, swimming and flying reptiles. Being the dominant type they divided naturally into three great classes, in which came the sea-serpent, after which "young mistle" is escorted back to the carriage by some gallant beau, who, seeing her and perhaps the "old folks" comfortably seated within, bows himself away in a Chesterfieldian manner. The sable aristocrat with the big demeanor slams the door to the right and with becoming dignity enters his perch. Upon this grand and carefully ticks it around him. A moment later the reins are in his hands, and then with a crack of the whip the coach rolls away and is soon lost to sight in a cloud of dust.

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