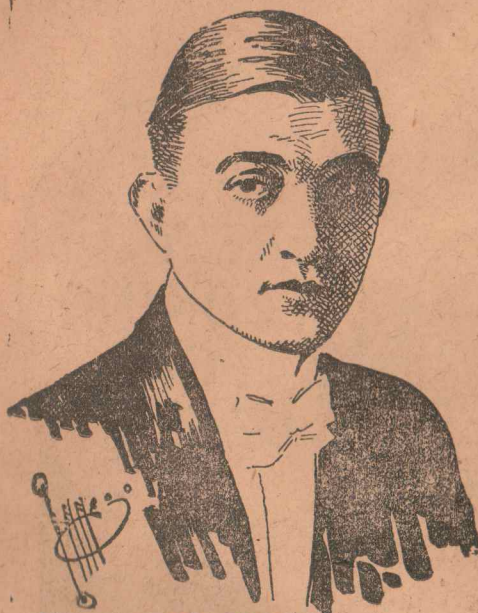


# Tales from Dixie Land As Told in Vaudeville by George Austin Moore



MR. MOORE.

THERE was a negro down South who was being sentenced to be hanged. The old white-haired judge was pronouncing the sentence and the crowded courtroom was so still that you could hear a pin drop.

"Gawge Etherton Jackson," the judge was saying in the most solemn tones, "you have been found guilty of the crime of murder by a jury of yo' peers, and it is the sentence of this co't that on the first day of June

you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, *dead*, DEAD."

George Etherton Jackson listened to this doleful speech and then arose and said:

"Ah beg yo' pahdon, jedge, er—d-d-d-do you mean this heah comin' June?"

THERE was an old colored pastor who was continually promising his congregation a religious treat of some kind, and one Sunday after the box had been passed around and the contents duly noted, the old parson arose and began:

"Brudders and sistahs, Ah done promise you all many times to show dis heah congregation a me'ical. Well, on next Sunday mawnin', jes' aftuh th' contribution box had been passed, Ah am goin' to show de brudders and sistahs a real me'ical. Ah am goin' to call on de Great Maker to sen' de dove of peace down to dis heah congregation."

After church that morning the parson hunted out one of his smartest old deacons and said:

"Look heah, Deacon Jones, Ah wants you to bring one ob dose white pigeons from yo' place, an' on nex' Sunday, when Ah calls on de Lawd to sen' down de dove of peace Ah want yo' all to be up in de loft ob de church, an' when I say, 'Oh Lawd, sen' down de dove ob peace,' why yo' all jes' let dat white pigeon loose. Doan' forgit."

The deacon was on hand bright and early Sunday morning, and secreted himself up

in the loft and left the trap door over the heads of the congregation open just enough to allow the pigeon to be thrust through. After the collection had been taken up—and it was a big one this day, in view of the promised treat—the congregation sat back and waited eagerly. After a brief sermon, the old pastor began:

"Brudders and sistahs, on las' Sunday Ah promised to call on de Lawd to sen' de dove of peace to dis heah congregation. Ah am goin' to keep mah word. Oh, Lawd, Ah hab promised dis gatherin' ob yo' children dat yo' will dis day send down de dove ob peace. Ah now call on you, Lawd, to send down de dove ob peace."

No dove—a long, anxious moment of wild-eyed expectancy on the part of the congregation and a great deal of concern on the part of the parson as to what had happened to Deacon Jones.

Again in a deep voice he began: "Oa, good Lawd, fo' de secon' time Ah call on yo' to sen' down de dove ob peace to dis heah congregation ob yo' faithful followers."

(No dove, and another painful moment of suspense.)

"Oh, Lawd, fo' de third time Ah call on yo' to sen' down to yo' most faithful followers de dove ob peace."

(No dove.)

The parson had begun to turn white when the head of Deacon Jones was suddenly seen to appear through the trap in

the loft, as he called:

"Er—pahsun, de ole black cat up heah done ketch an' gobble de white pigeon. Will Ah throw down de cat?"

AN old planter left his plantation and went North for his health. He stayed away for several months, and meeting an old friend, a doctor, one day, he was reminded that he had been away for some time and looked homesick.

"Better go back South, colonel," said the doctor. "You look as though you were longing for a peek at the old familiar faces."

"Deed I do. I reckon I'll go back," said the planter.

He sends word home, and when he arrives at the depot his colored man is there with the team to meet him. The colonel is startled when he sees the horses his man is driving. They are the scrawniest pair he ever looked at.

"See here, Alonzo, what do you mean by driving to town with a team like this?" says the colonel, madder than a hatter.

"Dat's de bes' we hab, suh."

"Best we have—what do you mean?"

"Jes' mean dat dis is de bes' we hab."

"Well, where's my dog? Why didn't you bring him down to the station to meet me? Where is he, and what's the news?"

"No dawg an' no news, boss."

"Mean to tell me that there isn't any thing new since I left?"

"Dawg's dead; dat's all—no news, though".

"You mean to tell me that my beautiful bench dog is DEAD—my dog that I paid five thousand dollars for is DEAD—and there's no news? What happened to my dog?"

"Dey say he died ob eatin' burnt hoss flesh. But dey ain't no news."

"Burnt horse flesh! Died eating burnt horse flesh! What are you driving at, Alonzo?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, when de stable burned down all de hosses were burned, too, and de dawg eat some ob dat burned hoss flesh an' he took a fit an' died. But dere ain't no news, boss."

"My fine stable gone, my great horses burned, my beautiful dog dead, and you sit there and tell me there is no news. Great heavens, man, how did my stable burn?"

"Well, it was laik dis, boss. De curtain flapped agains' de candle an' de curtain took fire, an' den de house kotched and burned, too. No news, boss."

"Candles, CANDLES? Why, WE never used candles in MY home!"

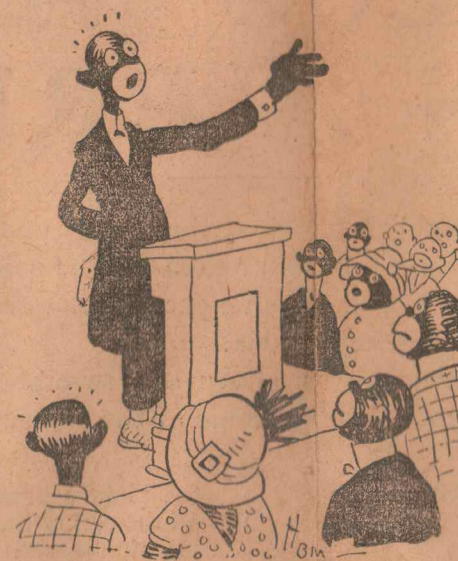
"Well, boss, we used de candles at de wake—dat's how de curtain blowed against de candles an' set de house on fire. No news, though."

"WAKE!! For the love of heaven, Alonzo, who's dead at my home?"

"Yo' mother-in-law."

"My poor, dear old mother-in-law dead, and yet you say there is no news. How did she die?"

"Well, you see, boss, de deah ol' lady took it so much to haht. When yo' wife ran away wid de coachman, de ole lady she jes' pine away an' died. It was de candles 'at we had placed around her dat set de curtains afire. Dat's all boss—dere's no news."



"Ah now call on you, Lawd, to send down de dove ob peace."