



CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE SOUTH.—“Merry Christmas and Christmas gift, ole massa.”

**A Bogus Return.**

[Atlanta Herald.]

Old Si laid down the morning paper and remarked:

“Dat nigger Pete do bang all dat I ebber heered about, sho!”

“What’s de trubble wid Pete now?” asked one of de darkies.

“Jess a relaps’ ob de same ole misery—you kno’ what dat is?”

“Bustid inter de jale-house agin?”

“Dat’s hit, jess like yer read hit yerself!”

“I thought that he’d done refaum’d an’ all dat?”

“Dat’s what he done, an’ de returnin’ board ob de Mount Zine chu’ch countid ob him in an’ nauguratid him high up in de amen corner!”

“What yer ’spec made him go back on his stiffycate, den?”

“Sho! dat Pete wuz jess practisen a big fraud on de congergashun all de time—I know’d dat!”

“Yer reckon?”

“I’ve bin ter camp-meetin’s in my day, nigger, an’ when I sees a man prancin’ up an’ down de pews shoutin’ like a loonytic, an’ splashin’ ’bout ez if he wuz neck deep an’ freddin’ water in de ribber ob glory, I puts one eye on dat feiler—I wants ter see him when he turns ’round!”

“You’re right, too!”

“Ob koarse I is, fer ’sperience settles de sack dat big ’monstrashuns at de altar is de kiver fer a moughty small dose ob grace in de heart, an’ when yer sees one ob dem sort ob mo’ners de nex’ place yer’ll heah him shoutin’ ll be through de bars ob a jale-house!”

The other darkies, in chorus, assented:

“Dat’s good preachin’, hitself!”

**RUN, NIGGER, RUN.**

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Do please, marster, don’t ketch me,  
Ketch dat nigger behime dat tree;  
He stole money en I stole none,  
Put him in de calaboss der for fun!  
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch you—  
Run, nigger, run! Hit’s almos’ day!

Some folks say dat nigger won’t steal,  
But I kotch one in my corn fiel’;  
He run ter de Eas’, he run ter de Wes’,  
He run he head in a hornet’s nes’.  
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch you—  
Run, nigger, run! Hit’s almos’ day!

My ole miss, she prommus me  
Dat w’en she die, she set me free;  
But she done dead dis many year ago.  
En yer I’m a-ho’in’ de same ole row!  
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch you—  
Run, nigger, run! Hit’s almos’ day!

I’m a-ho’in’ across, I’m a-ho’in’ aroun’,  
I’m a cleanin’ up some mo’ new groun’,  
Whar I lif’ so hard, I lif’ so free,  
Dat my sins rises up in fronter me!  
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch you—  
Run, nigger, run! Hit’s almos’ day!

But some er dese days my time will come,  
I’ll year dat bugle, I’ll year dat drum,  
I’ll see dem armies a-marchin’ along,  
I’ll lif’ my head en fine der song—  
I’ll hide no mo’ behime dat tree,  
W’en de angels flock ter wait on me!  
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch you—  
Run, nigger, run! Hit’s almos’ day!