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# THE *UNCLE REMUS* BOOK

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

*FROM* JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



*RETOLD BY*  
MIRIAM BLANTON HUBER







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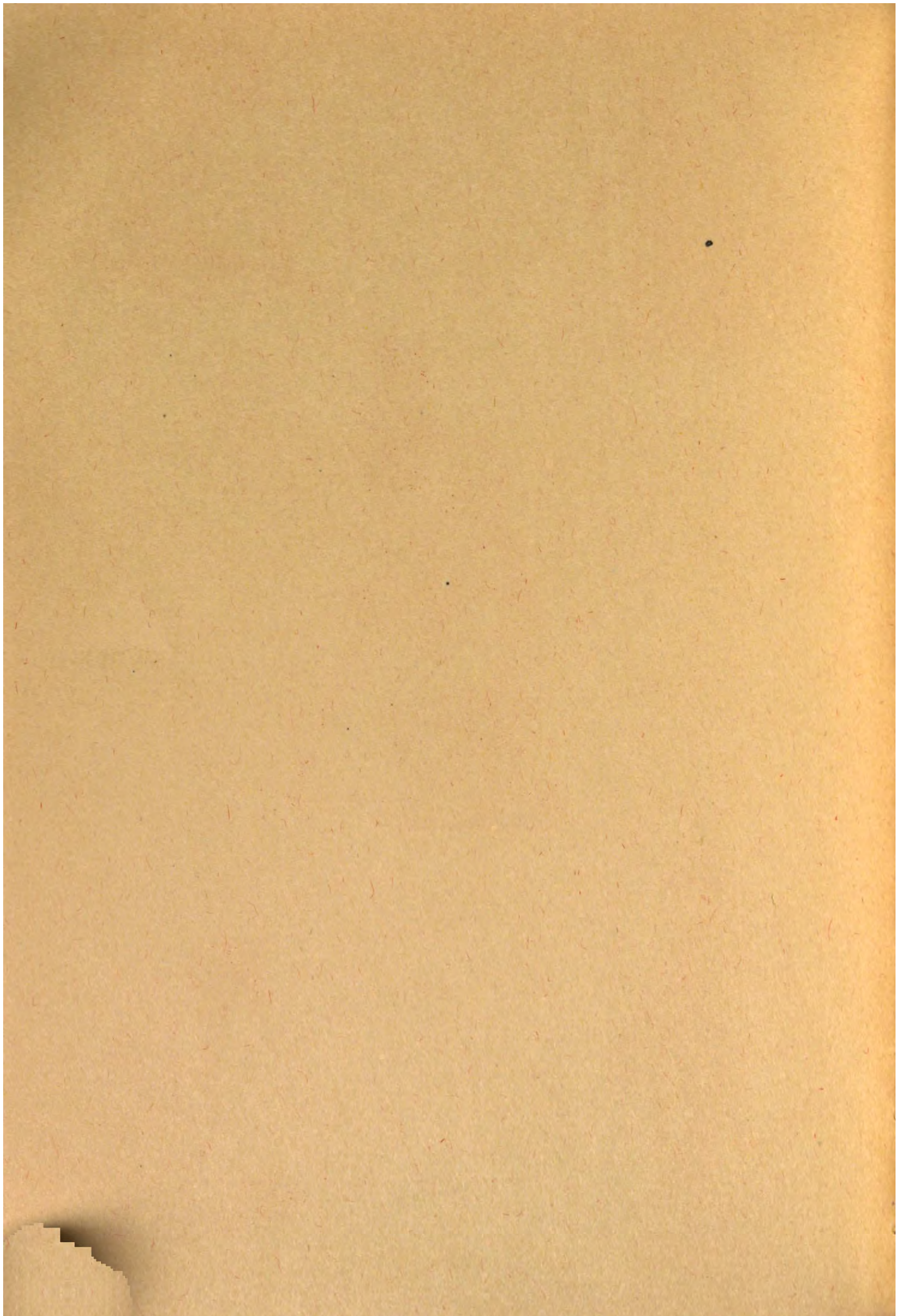
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THE  
Uncle Remus  
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
BOOK







BRER RABBIT AND THE TAR BABY



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FROM

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*ILLUSTRATIONS BY*

A. B. FROST

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INCORPORATED

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## PREFACE

A half century ago Joel Chandler Harris gave to the American public the first Uncle Remus book. It is from that volume that these stories are taken.

I have had two purposes in adapting these stories: to contribute to preserving pictures of plantation life of which Uncle Remus was a part, and to make the animal tales that Uncle Remus told more accessible to children by presenting them in simpler dialect.

Perhaps it is true that plantation life with its charms may be more legend than reality, but it is with the hope of continuing the tradition through making it a part of the reading of a larger number of boys and girls that I offer this book. By tradition in this sense is not meant the animal stories, which are undoubtedly folk lore, but the picture of plantation life itself, the régime epitomized in the character of Uncle Remus.

It is my hope that throughout all sections of the United States Uncle Remus may become a well-defined myth, deep-seated in the consciousness of boys and girls, and take his dusky place with Robin Hood, Paul Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe in the caravan of imaginary heroes; that they may see him not as one who slew dragons or overcame obstacles but as a humble exponent of a life of devotion and service, who has added to the varying strains of American development one of humor and quaint philosophy.

Mr. Harris claimed no originality for the tales of the rabbit, the fox, and the other animals. He collected them from the plantations. Scholars have identified these

stories in many other languages and analyzed their ethnological aspects. Through the humble slave storyteller they have found their place as genuine American folk lore.

To change the perfect phonetic dialect used by Mr. Harris may seem to many a sacrilege. They must admit, however, that a great number of American children are deprived of the pleasure of knowing these stories because of the difficulty of the dialect. Undoubtedly the number of children losing this pleasure will increase as the plantation dialect becomes farther and farther removed from American speech. For this reason it has seemed permissible to change much of the phonetic detail of Uncle Remus's language into the forms children are accustomed to, leaving its fuller development to their creative imagination. The dialectal words which are retained have been verified as archaic survivals of old English forms. No doubt all of the dialect employed by Mr. Harris could be identified in the same way.

Inclusion of dialect in the reading of children is defensible for its literary value. Dialect is one of the mainstays of American humorous writing, adding vividness, color, and warmth that are very satisfying to children. Studies of children's interests have shown their overwhelming preferences for dialect literature. Without the dialect, the high exploits of the fox and the rabbit and Uncle Remus's sly observations on human nature would lose much of their charm and genuineness. Let Uncle Remus tell you in his own words about the Little Boy, Miss Sally, the Tar Baby, and how Brer Rabbit outsmarted Brer Fox.

My thanks are due Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris, whose coöperation has made this book possible.

M. B. H.





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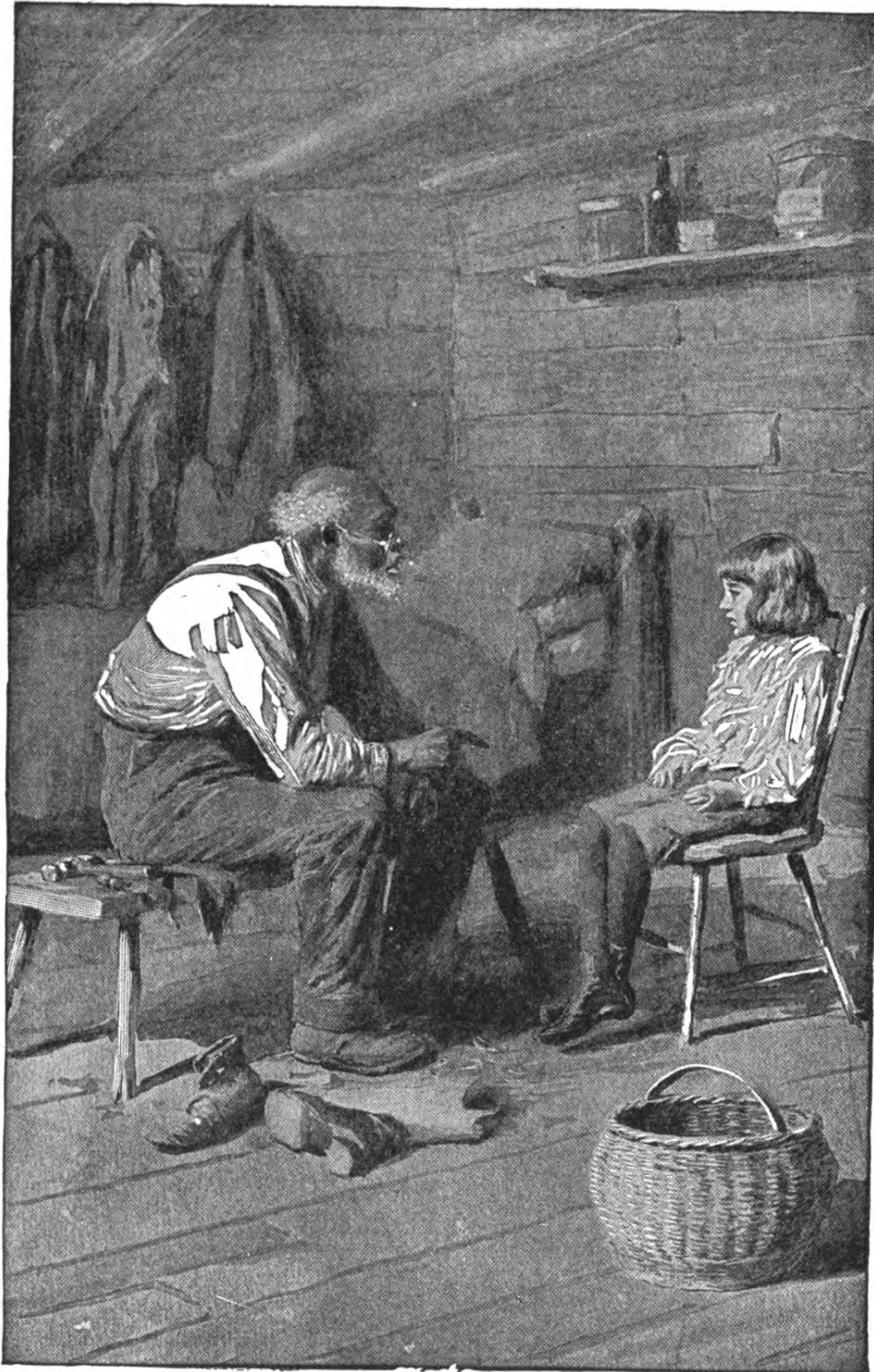
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THE  
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UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY

## I

### UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY

“Who dat at my door?” Uncle Remus peered out.

“De old nigger’s eyes gittin’ dim, but I sees you hiding behind dat morning-glory vine. ’Deed I does. Come in de old nigger’s cabin, little master.”

The Little Boy stepped in the door holding something carefully behind him.

“What dat you got, honey?” Uncle Remus watched the Little Boy closely, but he made his voice sound as if he didn’t care at all what the Little Boy might be hiding.

“Guess, Uncle Remus.”

“I done been gittin’ too old for to guess no children’s foolishments. Don’t you come along bothering me with no guessing.” Uncle Remus sat down on his bench and took up the shoe he was half-soling.

“But, Uncle Remus, my mother sent it to you.” The Little Boy stepped up and put a



huge piece of mince pie on the bench beside him.

“Sho’ now, did Miss Sally send dat to old Remus? You done brought it from de Big House? Marse John and Miss Sally ain’t got nothing dat’s too good for me and dat’s a fact. I am monstrous fond of mince pie what has bars ’cross de top.”

Uncle Remus opened his mouth and took a big bite, then closed his eyes and began to chew, mumbling a tune at the same time. The Little Boy sat down in a chair and watched him.

The Little Boy’s father and mother had told him that before the Civil War Uncle Remus had been a slave and belonged to the Little Boy’s grandmother. All the slaves had been freed before the Little Boy was born, but Uncle Remus refused to leave his “white folks.” When Miss Sally was married and came to live in the outskirts of Atlanta, Uncle Remus came with her.

The Little Boy’s grandmother had told him that when Uncle Remus was young he could do more work than any two men on the plantation. Now that his big shoulders were stooped

and he was old, Uncle Remus sat on his bench most of the day, mending shoes and harness. Miss Sally's little seven-year-old son and he were great friends. When she missed the Little Boy, she knew she would find him in Uncle Remus's cabin, listening to the tales Uncle Remus told him.

"This here pie," said Uncle Remus, holding up the remainder of the mince pie, "will gimme strength for to pursue after Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and de other creeturs what they roped in along with 'em."

The old man paused and finished the pie in short order. He wiped the crumbs from his beard and taking up his knife, whetted it slowly and thoughtfully on the palm of his hand. The Little Boy gazed with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough, weather-beaten face. Uncle Remus looked up and beamed kindly upon the Little Boy.

"Uncle Remus, tell me the tale you promised."

There was nothing Uncle Remus liked better. This is the tale the Little Boy heard as they sat in the old man's cabin.

## II

### BRER RABBIT AND BRER FOX

One day, after Brer Fox been doing all he could for to catch Brer Rabbit, and Brer Rabbit been doing all he could to keep him from it, Brer Fox say to himself dat he gwine to put up a game on Brer Rabbit. He ain't more than got de words out of his mouth, till here come Brer Rabbit loping up de big road, looking jest as fat and sassy as a horse in a barley patch.

“Hold on there, Brer Rabbit,” says Brer Fox.

“I ain't got time, Brer Fox,” says Brer Rabbit.

“I want to have some confab with you, Brer Rabbit.”

“All right, Brer Fox, but you better holler from where you stand. I tell you I'm monstrous full of fleas this morning,” says Brer Rabbit.

“I see Brer Bear yesterday,” says Brer



## BRER RABBIT AND BRER FOX 7

Fox, “and he rake me over de coals ’cause you and me ain’t friends and live neighborly, and I told him dat I would see you.”



Then Brer Rabbit scratch one ear with his hind foot and says:

“All right, Brer Fox. Suppose you drop around ’tomorrow and take dinner with me. We ain’t got no great doings at our house, but I expect de old woman and de children can

scramble around and git up something for to stay your stomach.”

“I’m agreeable, Brer Rabbit.”

“Then I’ll depend on you, Brer Fox.”

Next day Brer Rabbit and Mrs. Rabbit got up soon, before day, and raided a garden like Miss Sally’s out there. They got some cabbages and some roasting ears and some sparrer-grass \* and fix up a smashing good dinner.

By and by, one of de little Rabbits, playing out in de back yard, come running in holler-ing: “Oh, ma! oh, ma! I see Brer Fox coming!” Then Brer Rabbit he took de children by their ears and make ’em sit down. He and Mrs. Rabbit dally round waiting for Brer Fox. They kept on waiting, but Brer Fox ain’t come.

After while Brer Rabbit goes to de door, easy like, and peeps out; and there sticking from behind de corner of de house, was de tip end of Brer Fox’s tail! Brer Rabbit shut de door and sit down and put his paws behind his ears and begin to sing:

\* Uncle Remus used some very queer words sometimes. Try to guess what they mean, and then look them up in the little dictionary at the back of your book to see if you guessed right.

## BRER RABBIT AND BRER FOX 9

“De place whereabouts you spill de grease,  
Right there you’re bound to slide;  
And where you find a bunch of hair,  
You’ll sho’ly find de hide.”

Next morning Brer Fox sent word by Mr. Mink and excuse himself and say he was too sick to come. He ask Brer Rabbit to come take



dinner with him, and Brer Rabbit say he was agreeable.

Dat same day when de shadows was at their shortest, Brer Rabbit brush up and go down to Brer Fox’s house. When he got there, he heard somebody groaning. He look in de door and there sits Brer Fox all wrapped up in a blanket like he sick.



Brer Rabbit look all around, and he ain't see no dinner. But what he do see is de dish pan on de table, a kettle of biling water on de fire, and a shiny carving knife alongside de dish pan. Dat's all he see, but dat's enough.

"Look like you gwine to have chicken for dinner today, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit.

"Yes, Brer Rabbit, and they are nice, and fresh, and tender," says Brer Fox.

Then Brer Rabbit pull his mustache and say: "You ain't got no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so now I can't eat no chicken except she seasoned with calamus root."

At dat Brer Rabbit leaped out of de door and dodge among de bushes and sit there, watching for Brer Fox. He ain't watch long neither. Brer Fox flung off de blanket and creep out of de house and try to close in on Brer Rabbit.

Brer Rabbit holler out: "Oh, Brer Fox, I'll jest put your calamus root on this here stump. Better come git it while it's fresh."

At dat Brer Rabbit gallop home. Brer Fox ain't never catch him yet, and what's more, he ain't gwine to.

### III

## UNCLE REMUS TELLS ABOUT THE TAR BABY

“Didn’t the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?” asked the Little Boy.

Uncle Remus did not answer, but began to hunt first in one pocket and then in another until he found enough crumbs of tobacco to fill his pipe. He stooped to the fire and picked up a live coal in his fingers, put it in the palm of his hand, and carried it to his clay pipe. The Little Boy sat perfectly quiet.

“Ain’t dat Miss Sally calling you, honey?” said Uncle Remus. “Leastways, you better run along to your mammy.”

“Is that all the story, Uncle Remus?” asked the Little Boy.

“Dat ain’t all, child, but it won’t do for to give out too much cloth for to cut one pair of pants,” said the old man.

The Little Boy knew better than to say anything more.

The next day when the Little Boy came down to the cabin, Uncle Remus began to chuckle.

“Honey, you was asking me if Brer Fox never catch Brer Rabbit. Once he come mighty nigh it, sho’ as you born—Brer Fox did.” Uncle Remus chuckled again.

The Little Boy slipped down on the bench beside him and rested his head against the old man’s arm. The tale went on.



#### IV

### THE TAR BABY

One day, after Brer Rabbit fool him about dat calamus root, Brer Fox went to work and got some tar, and mix it with some turpentine, and fix up a contraption what he call a Tar Baby. He took this here Tar Baby and set her in de big road. Then he lay off in de bushes for to see what de news gwine to be.

He didn't have to wait long neither. By and



by, here come Brer Rabbit pacing down de road—

lippity-clippity,  
clippity-lippity—

jest as sassy as a jay bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancing along till he spy de Tar Baby, and then he sat up on his behind legs like he was astonished. De Tar Baby she sat there she did, and Brer Fox he lay low.

“Morning,” says Brer Rabbit.

Tar Baby ain’t say nothing, and Brer Fox he lay low.

“Nice weather this morning,” says Brer Rabbit.

Brer Fox he wink his eye slow and lay low, and de Tar Baby she ain’t say nothing.

“How you come on, then? Is you deaf?” says Brer Rabbit. “Because if you is, I can holler louder.”

Tar Baby stay still, and Brer Fox he lay low.

“You’re stuck up, dat’s what you is,” says Brer Rabbit, “and I’m gwine to cure you, dat’s what I’m gwine to do.”

Brer Fox, off in de bushes, sort of chuckle in

his stomach, but Tar Baby ain't say nothing.

"I'm gwine to learn you how to talk to respectable folks if it's de last act I ever do," says Brer Rabbit. "If you don't take off dat hat and tell me howdy, I'm gwine to bust you wide open."



Tar Baby stay still, and Brer Fox he lay low.

Brer Rabbit keep on asking him, and de Tar Baby she keep on saying nothing. Presently Brer Rabbit draw back with his fist, and blip! he took her side of de head. Right there is where he broke his molasses jug! His fist

stuck and he can't pull it loose. De tar held him. But Tar Baby she stay still, and Brer Fox he lay low.

"If you don't let me loose, I'll knock you again," says Brer Rabbit. With dat he give her a wipe with de other hand, and dat stuck. Tar Baby she ain't say nothing, and Brer Fox he lay low.

"Turn me loose, before I kick de stuffing out of you," says Brer Rabbit, but de Tar Baby she ain't say nothing. She jest held on. Then Brer Rabbit lose de use of his feet in de same way.

Brer Fox he lay low.

Then Brer Rabbit squall out dat if de Tar Baby don't turn him loose, he gwine to butt her. He butted, and his head stuck. About dat time Brer Fox walk out, looking jest as innocent as one of your mammy's mocking birds.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," says Brer Fox. "You look sort of stuck up this morning." Then he rolled on de ground, and laughed and laughed till he couldn't laugh no more.

"I expect you'll take dinner with me this time, Brer Rabbit, and I done laid in some calamus root. I expect I got you this time.



Maybe I ain't, but I expect I is. You been running around here, sassin' me a mighty long time, but I expect you done come to de end of de row.

“You been cutting up your capers and bouncing around in this neighborhood till you



come to believe yourself de boss of de whole gang. Then you're always somewhere you got no business. Who asked you to come and strike up an acquaintance with this here Tar Baby?

“Who stuck you up where you is? Nobody in the round world. You jest took and jam

yourself on dat Tar Baby! And there you is, and there you'll stay till I fixes up a brush pile and fires her up. I'm gwine to barbecue you this day, sho'," says Brer Fox.

Then Brer Rabbit talk mighty humble:

"I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox, so you don't fling me in dat brier patch.



Roast me, Brer Fox, but don't fling me in dat brier patch."

"It's so much trouble to kindle a fire," says Brer Fox, "dat I expect I'll have to hang you."

"Hang me jest as high as you please, Brer Fox, but for de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier patch."

“I ain’t got no string,” says Brer Fox. “I expect I’ll have to drown you.”

“Drown me jest as deep as you please, Brer Fox, but don’t fling me in dat brier patch.”

“There ain’t no water nigh,” says Brer Fox. “I expect I’ll have to skin you.”

“Skin me, Brer Fox, snatch out my eye-



balls, tear out my ears by de roots, and cut off my legs, but please, Brer Fox, don’t fling me in dat brier patch.”

Of course Brer Fox want to hurt Brer Rabbit jest as bad as he can, so he catch him by the behind legs and slung him right in de middle of de brier patch. There was a considerable

flutter where Brer Rabbit hit de bushes, and Brer Fox hang around to see what gwine to happen.

By and by, he hear somebody call him. Away up de hill he see Brer Rabbit sitting cross legged on a log combing de pitch out of his hair with a chip. Then Brer Fox know he been swop off mighty cheap.

Brer Rabbit was obliged to fling back some of his sass, and he holler out:

“Bred and born in a brier patch, Brer Fox—bred and born in a brier patch!”

With dat he skip out jest as lively as a cricket in de embers.



V

MISS MEADOWS AND THE GALS

One evening when the Little Boy had finished supper he hurried out to see Uncle Remus. Uncle Remus was in great glee. Indeed, he was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the Little Boy was afraid he had company. The truth was Uncle Remus had heard the Little Boy coming and when the rosy-cheeked little chap put his head in at the door, Uncle Remus was singing a rhyme:

“Old Molly Hare,  
What you doing there,  
Sitting in de corner  
Combing your hair?”

Of course this reminded the Little Boy that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he asked:

“Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go away when he got loose from the Tar Baby?”

“Bless gracious, honey, dat he didn’t! Who? Him? You don’t know nothing at all about

Brer Rabbit if dat's de way you put him down. What he gwine away for? He might have stayed sort of close till de tar rub off his hair, but before long he was running around de neighborhood as sassy as ever.

“To tell de truth, Brer Rabbit was more sassier than before, 'cause de neighbors done heard how he got mixed up with de Tar Baby and they was laughing at him. Miss Meadows and de gals got wind of it, and de next time Brer Rabbit paid 'em a visit, they set up a monstrous gigglement.”

“Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?” inquired the Little Boy.

“Don't ask me, honey. She was in de tale, Miss Meadows was, and de gals they was in it, too; and I give you de tale jest like it was give to me.”

The Little Boy seemed satisfied to have Miss Meadows and the girls in the tale, and so Uncle Remus went on.

## VI

### BRER FOX AS A RIDING HORSE

Brer Rabbit don't seem to mind being laughed at, not even when Miss Meadows tackle him about de Tar Baby. He jest sat there cool as a cucumber, he did, and let 'em run on. By and by, he cross his legs and wink his eye slow and say:

“Ladies, I ain't bothered about none of Brer Fox's doings. You sho'ly know Brer Fox was de riding horse for our family? Why, Brer Fox was my daddy's riding horse for thirty years—maybe more than thirty years, but dat long I knows on.” Then he wished 'em good day and tipped his beaver hat and marched off as stiff and stuck up as you please.

Next day Brer Fox come a-calling, and he began to laugh about Brer Rabbit. Then Miss Meadows and de gals, they up and tell him what Brer Rabbit say about him being a riding horse. Brer Fox grit his teeth and he says:

“Ladies, I ain’t disputing what you say, but I’ll make Brer Rabbit chew up his words and spit ’em out right where you can see him.” At dat Brer Fox left.

When he got in de big road, he shook de dew off his tail, and made a straight shoot for Brer Rabbit’s house. But Brer Rabbit was expecting him and had de door shut fast.

Brer Fox knock. Nobody answer. Brer Fox knock. Nobody answer. He knock again—blam! blam! Then Brer Rabbit answer back mighty weak:

“Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you to run for de doctor. Dat parsley I et this morning is making me mighty sick. Do please, Brer Fox, run quick.”

“I come after you, Brer Rabbit,” says Brer Fox. “There’s gwine to be a party up at Miss Meadows’s. All de gals will be there and I promised dat I fetch you. De gals say dat it won’t be no party unless I fetch you.”

Brer Rabbit say he too sick, and Brer Fox say he ain’t. They had it up and down, disputing with each other. Brer Rabbit say he can’t walk. Brer Fox say he tote him. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms.



BRER FOX AS A RIDING HORSE 25

Brer Rabbit say he drop him. Brer Fox say he won't.

By and by, Brer Rabbit say he go if Brer



Fox tote him on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride without a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer

Rabbit say he can't sit in saddle unless he have bridle to hold by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle.

Then Brer Rabbit say he can't ride without blind bridle, 'cause Brer Fox might get scared at stumps along de road and fling him off. Brer Fox say he git de blind bridle. Then Brer Rabbit say he go.

They agreed dat Brer Rabbit ride till they git close to Miss Meadows's and then walk de balance of de way. Of course Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox fixing for to play and he determined to outdo him.

By de time Brer Rabbit comb his hair and twist his mustache, here come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, looking jest like a circus pony. He trot up to de door and stand there pawing de ground and champing de bit same like a sure enough horse. Brer Rabbit mount and they amble off. Brer Fox can't see behind with de blind bridle on, but he feel Brer Rabbit raise one of his fooks.

"What you doing, Brer Rabbit?"

"Oh, I is jest shortening de left stirrup, Brer Fox."

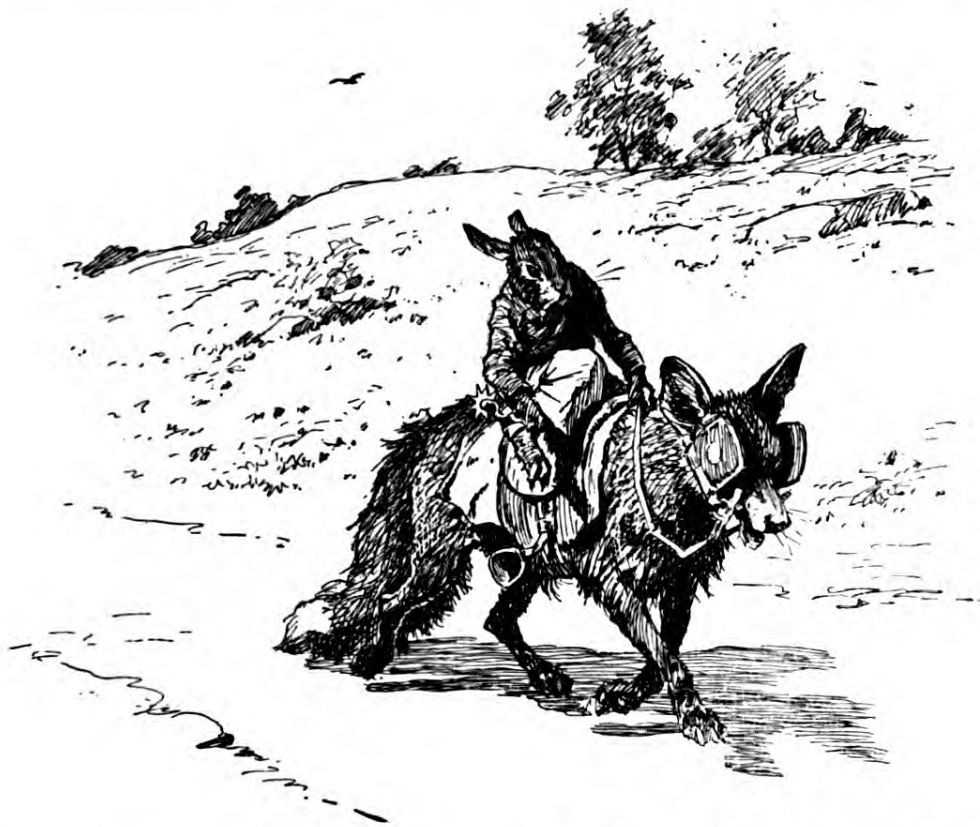
By and by, Brer Rabbit raise de other foot.

"What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?"

## BRER FOX AS A RIDING HORSE 27

“Jest pulling down my pants, Brer Fox.”

All de time, bless gracious, honey, Brer Rabbit was putting on spurs! When they got close to Miss Meadows’s and Brer Fox act like he gwine to stop, Brer Rabbit slap de spurs into his flanks. You better believe Brer Fox got



over ground then. Brer Rabbit rode him in a gallop up to de rack where they hitch de horses right out in front of Miss Meadows’s gate!

Then Brer Rabbit hitch old Brer Fox to de rack, and saunter up to de house where Miss Meadows and de gals was sitting on de porch.

He shake hands with 'em and sit down and smoke his cigar. By and by, he draw in a long puff and let it out in a cloud and say:

“Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox was de riding horse for our family?”

Brer Rabbit sort of grin and de gals giggle, and Miss Meadows she praise up de pony.



There was Brer Fox hitch fast to de rack and he couldn't help himself.

Honey, Brer Terrapin was at Miss Meadows's house dat day, too. You know Brer Terrapin is mighty low on de floor, he is so flat-footed. He ain't high enough for a chair scarcely, neither. So Brer Rabbit he jest pick him up and put him on de shelf where de



## BRER FOX AS A RIDING HORSE 29

water-bucket sat. Old Brer Terrapin he lay back up there mighty proud while de gals laugh and giggle at Brer Fox. Then Brer Rabbit says:

“I see my riding horse gittin’ sort of lame in de fore leg. I expect I have to swop him off.”

Brer Terrapin he up and say:

“Well, if you gwine to sell him, Brer Rabbit, sell him somewhere out of this neighborhood, ’cause he done been here too long now.”

All de time Brer Fox hitched to de horse rack. Brer Rabbit sit on de porch smoking his cigar with more proudness than you ’most ever see. They talk and they sing and de gals play on de piano. By and by, Brer Rabbit say he have to be gwine and he tell ’em all good-bye. Then he mount Brer Fox and ride off.

Brer Fox ain’t say nothing at all. He gallop off and keep his mouth shut, but Brer Rabbit knowed there was business cooking up for him. Soon as they got out of sight of Miss Meadows’s house, Brer Fox turn loose. He rip and he rear and he cuss and he swear; he snort and he cavort. He tried to throw Brer Rabbit off his back. But bless your soul! he might as well wrestle with his own shadow. Every time

he hump himself, Brer Rabbit clap de spurs in him. Brer Fox jump so high and jump so quick dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off.

Honey, I don't know how long they would have been gwine on dat way, but by and by Brer Fox lie down and roll over. This sort of unsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got back on his footses again, Brer Rabbit was gwine through de underbrush more samer than a race horse.



**BRER FOX AS BRER RABBIT'S RIDING HORSE**

## VII

### BRER FOX IS OUTDONE BY BRER BUZZARD

Honey, don't you never think Brer Fox gwine to let Brer Rabbit git off dat easy, if he can help it. No, sir-ree! Brer Fox he lit out after him, he did. He push Brer Rabbit so close dat it was about all Brer Rabbit could do to run into a hollow tree. In he went. The hole was too little for Brer Fox to git in, so he have to lie down and rest and gather his mind together.

About dat time Mr. Buzzard come flopping along. He see Brer Fox stretched out on de ground, and he shake his wing and put his head on one side and say to himself:

“Brer Fox dead and I so sorry!”

“No, I ain't dead neither,” says Brer Fox. “I got old man Rabbit pent up in here, and I'm gwine to git him this time if it takes till Christmas.”

After some more talk, Brer Fox make a



bargain dat Mr. Buzzard was to watch de hole and keep Brer Rabbit in there while Brer Fox went after his axe. Brer Fox gallop off and



Mr. Buzzard took his stand at de hole. By and by, Brer Rabbit holler out:

“Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox!”

Nobody ain’t say nothing. Then Brer Rabbit squall out like he was mad:

“You needn’t talk unless you want to. I know you’re there and I ain’t care. I jest wanted to tell you dat I wish mighty bad dat Brer Turkey Buzzard was here.”

Then Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

“What you want with Mr. Buzzard?”

“Oh, nothing in particular, except there is the fattest gray squirrel in here dat you ever see. If Brer Turkey Buzzard was around he would be mighty glad to git him.”

“How Mr. Buzzard gwine to git him?”

“Well, there’s a little hole around on de other side of de tree,” says Brer Rabbit, “and if Brer Turkey Buzzard was here so he could take up his stand there, I’d drive dat squirrel out.”

“Drive him out, then,” says Mr. Buzzard, “and I’ll see dat Brer Turkey Buzzard gits him.

Brer Rabbit kick up a racket like he was

driving something out. Mr. Buzzard rushed around to de other side of de tree to catch de squirrel, and Brer Rabbit dash out of de hole, he did, and jest fly for home, laughing to himself.

Honey, what you reckon Brer Buzzard



gwine to do now? Well, he feel mighty lonesome, but he promised Brer Fox he would stay and he determined to hang around and join in de joke. It ain't long before Brer Fox come galloping through de woods with his axe on his shoulder.

“How you expect Brer Rabbit gittin’ on, Brer Buzzard?”

“Oh, he in there,” says Brer Buzzard. “He mighty still though. I expect he taking a nap.”

“Then I’m jest in time to wake him up,” says Brer Fox. At dat he fling off his coat, spit on his hands, and grab de axe. He draw back and come down on de tree—pow! Mr. Buzzard step high and holler out:

“Oh, he in there, Brer Fox. He in there, sho’.”

Every time a chip would fly off, Mr. Buzzard would jump and hold his head sideways, he would, and holler:

“He in there, Brer Fox. He in there, sho’.”

Brer Fox worked away at dat hollow tree. After he done got it ’most cut through, he stopped for to catch his breath and he saw Mr. Buzzard laughing behind his back. Right then and there he smelled a rat. Then Brer Fox make like he peeping up de hollow in de tree, and he say:

“Run here, Brer Buzzard, and see if this ain’t Brer Rabbit’s foot hanging down here.”

Mr. Buzzard came stepping up same as if he was treading on burrs, and stuck his head in



de hole. Brer Fox grab him and he hold him, too.

“What you fool me for?” says he.

Then Mr. Buzzard up and tell Brer Fox how it was.



“Now, Brer Buzzard,” says Brer Fox, “I left you to watch de hole and I left Brer Rabbit in there. I comes back and I finds you at de hole and Brer Rabbit ain’t in there. I’m gwine to make you pay for it. I’m gwine to fling you in a brush heap and burn you up.”

“If you fling me on de fire, Brer Fox, I’ll fly away.”

“Well, then, I’ll settle your hash right now,” says Brer Fox. At dat, he grab Mr. Buzzard



by de tail and make for to dash him on de ground. Jest about dat time his tail feathers come out, and Mr. Buzzard sail off like one of these here balloons. As he rise he holler back:

“You gimme good start, Brer Fox.”

BRER FOX IS OUTDONE 39

Brer Fox sit there and watch him fly out of sight. He know old Brer Rabbit done beat him again, but he say he gwine git him de next time sho'.

## VIII

### UNCLE REMUS AND THE WATERMELON

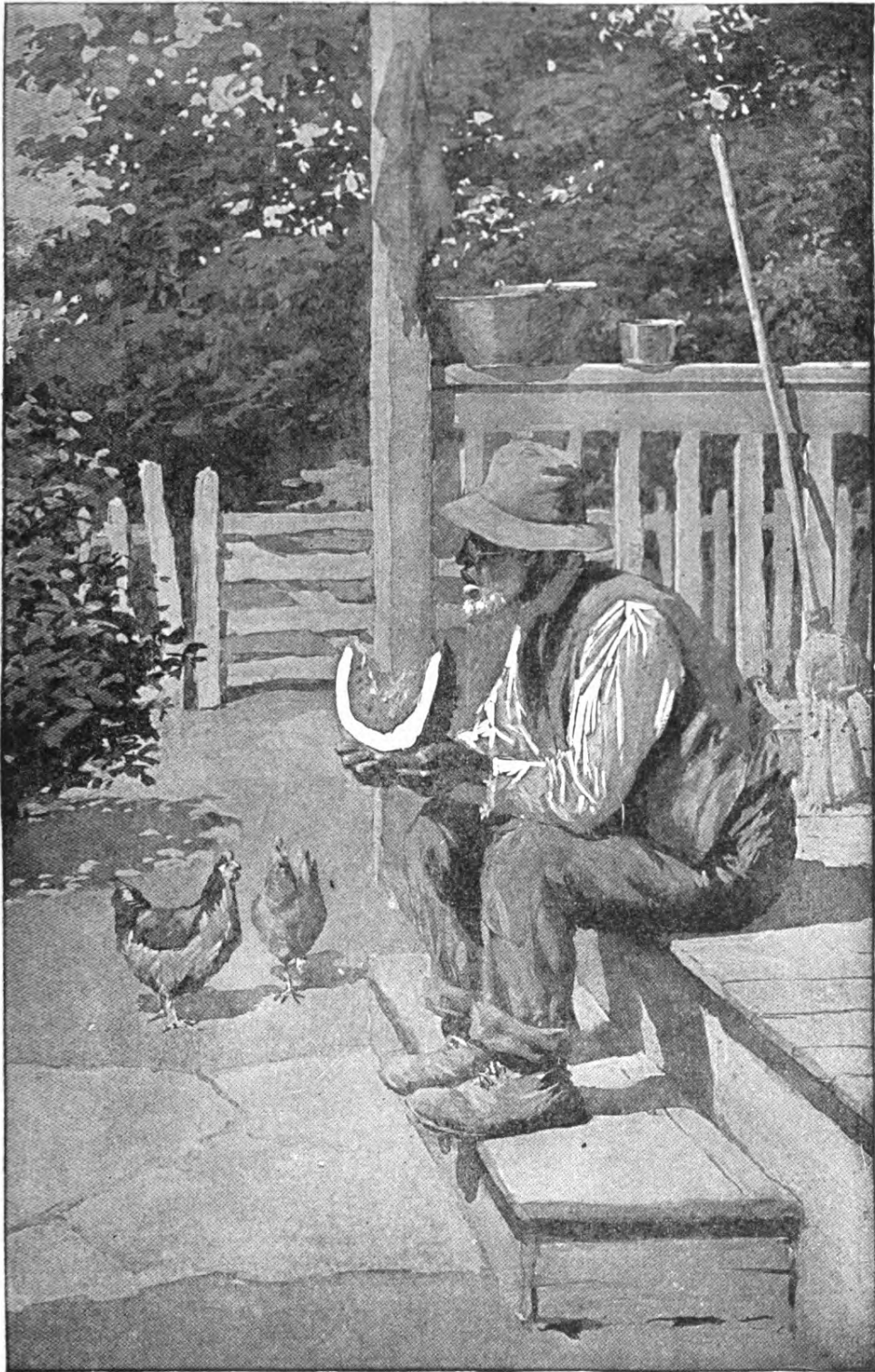
When summer time came, Uncle Remus appeared to be always busy. When the Little Boy went to his cabin, he seemed always to be starting out to feed the pigs or look after the cow. The Little Boy began to think he was never going to hear another story about Brer Rabbit.

One morning the Little Boy saw his chance. His Uncle James, Miss Sally's brother, came up from his grandmother's plantation in Putnam County. He brought with him some fine watermelons. Miss Sally stepped out on the back porch to call Uncle Remus to come and have a piece. The Little Boy begged to go after Uncle Remus himself.

When they came Miss Sally handed Uncle Remus such a big piece that he said:

“Lawsy, Miss Sally! dat's a ongodly slice of watermillion to be sho'! It's big as my hat!





UNCLE REMUS AND THE WATERMELON

I'll jest sit down here on de steps and wrap myself around de whole blessed chunk, except de rind."

By the time Uncle Remus had finished, the Little Boy came out, slipped his hand in that of the old man and trotted happily by his side back to the cabin. Uncle Remus sat down in a worn splint-bottomed chair in the doorway and took the Little Boy on his knee.

"I expects maybe this here boy would like to hear another tale about them creeturs and their carryings on. Is I ever tell you about how Brer Rabbit turn fisherman?"

## IX

### THE WELL STORY

One day Brer Rabbit, and Brer Fox, and Brer Coon, and Brer Bear, and a whole lot of 'em was clearing up a new ground to plant a roasting-ear patch. De sun begun to git sort of hot, and Brer Rabbit got tired; but he didn't let on, 'cause he feared de balance of 'em would call him lazy. He kept on toting off trash and piling up brush. By and by, he hollered out dat he got a brier in his hand. Then he take and slip off and hunt for a cool place to rest.

After a while, he come across a well with a bucket hanging in it. It was one of them wells like dat one down on your grandmammy's plantation, with a bucket on this end of de rope and another bucket on de other end of de rope, what works with a pulley at de top. You remembers about dat well, don't you, honey?

Brer Rabbit come along and he see dat bucket hanging there, and he say:

“Dat looks like a cool place to rest, and cool I expect she is. I’ll jest about git in there and take a nap.”

In he jump, he did, and he ain’t no sooner fix himself than de bucket begun to go down!



There ain’t been no worse scared beast since de world begin than this here same Brer Rabbit. He know where he come from, but he don’t know where he gwine.

Directly de bucket hit de water and there she sit. Brer Rabbit keep mighty still, ’cause he don’t know what minute gwine to be de



next. He jest lay there and shook and shiver.

Brer Fox always got one eye on Brer Rabbit, and when he see him slip off from de new ground, he sneak after him. He know Brer Rabbit up to something or other, and he take and creep off and watch him. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well and stop, and he see him jump in de bucket. Then, lo and behold, he see him go down out of sight!

Brer Fox was de most astonished Fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sit off there in de bushes and study and study, but he don't make heads nor tails to this kind of business. He says to himself, says he:

“Well, if this don't bang my times, then Joe's dead and Sal's a widow! Right down there in dat well Brer Rabbit keeps his money hid. If it ain't dat, then he gone and discovered a gold mine. If it ain't dat—well, I gwine to see what's in there.”

Brer Fox creep up a little nigher and listen. He don't hear no fuss. He keep on gittin' nigher, but he don't hear nothing. By and by, he git up close and peep down, but he don't see nothing and he don't hear nothing.

All this time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh

scared out of his skin. He feared to move 'cause de bucket might keel over and spill him out in de water. While he was saying his prayers over like a train of cars running, old Brer Fox holler out:

“Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you visiting down there?”

“Who? Me? Oh, I’m jest a-fishing, Brer Fox,” says Brer Rabbit. “I jest say to myself dat I sort of surprise you all with a mess of fishes for dinner, I says. So here I is, and there’s de fishes. I’m fishing for suckers, Brer Fox.”

“Is there many of ’em down there, Brer Rabbit?”

“Scores and scores of ’em. Come on down and help me haul ’em in, Brer Fox,” says Brer Rabbit.

“How I gwine to git down, Brer Rabbit?”

“Jump into de bucket, Brer Fox. It will fetch you down all safe and sound.”

Brer Rabbit talk so happy and talk so sweet dat Brer Fox jump in de bucket, and as he went down of course his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. When they pass one another on de half-way ground, Brer Rabbit sing out:

“Good-bye, Brer Fox, take care your clothes,  
For this is de way de wor-rild goes;  
Some goes up and some goes down,  
You’ll git to de bottom all safe and sound.”



When Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off and told de folks what de well belong to, dat Brer Fox was down in there muddying up de drinking water. Then he gallop back to de well and holler down to Brer Fox:

“Here come a man with a great big gun—  
When he haul you up, you jump and run.”

In jest about half an hour, honey, both of 'em was back in de new ground working jest like they never heard tell of no well. Every now and then Brer Rabbit would bust out in a big laugh, and old Brer Fox, he would git a spell of de dry grins.

X

IN UNCLE REMUS'S CABIN

During the warm summer days Uncle Remus said his "remembrance done give out," and the Little Boy heard only a few tales of the adventures of his animal friends. With the coming of fall they spent many happy evenings together.

It was in the winter time that Uncle Remus and the Little Boy had the most fun. The old man had no light in the cabin but that from the big fireplace. Here the Little Boy loved to sit and watch the flickering shadows on the wall. Sometimes they roasted sweet potatoes in the ashes or popped corn.

Here are some of the tales Uncle Remus told the Little Boy.



## XI

### BRER FOX PLAYS DEAD

One day Brer Fox git to studying how Brer Rabbit beat him out, and he git so mad he don't know what to do. By and by, while he was gwine along de road Brer Wolf come up with him.

When they done howdying and asking after one another's family, Brer Wolf say there is something wrong with Brer Fox. Brer Fox say there ain't. Then he laugh and make a great to-do because Brer Wolf look like he suspicion something. But Brer Wolf, he got mighty long head. He start to talk about Brer Rabbit's carrying on, 'cause de way dat Brer Rabbit deceive Brer Fox done got to be de talk of de neighborhood.

Brer Fox and Brer Wolf talked on, till Brer Wolf up and say he done got a plan fixed to trap Brer Rabbit. Brer Fox say how. Brer Wolf say dat de way to git de drop on Brer Rabbit was to git him in Brer Fox's house.

Brer Fox know dat game done wore to a frazzle, so he say:

“How you gwine to git him there?”

“Fool him there,” says Brer Wolf.



“Who gwine do de fooling?”

“I’ll do de fooling,” says Brer Wolf. “You run along home and make like you dead. Don’t say nothing till Brer Rabbit come and put his hands on you. If we don’t git him for supper, Joe’s dead and Sal’s a widow!”

Brer Fox amble off home and Brer Wolf march off to Brer Rabbit's house. When he git there, it look like nobody home. Brer Wolf walk up and knock on de door—blam! blam! Nobody come. He let loose and knock again—blim! blim!

“Who there?” says Brer Rabbit.

“Friend,” says Brer Wolf.

“Too many friends spiles de dinner,” says Brer Rabbit. “Which one's this?”

By this time Brer Rabbit come to de door with his head tied up in a red handkerchief.

“I fetch bad news, Brer Rabbit,” says Brer Wolf. “Brer Fox died this morning.”

“Where's your mourning gown, Brer Wolf?”

“I'm gwine after it now. I jest call by to bring de news. I went down to Brer Fox's house a little bit ago and I found him stiff.”

Then Brer Wolf lope off. Brer Rabbit sit down and scratch his head. By and by, he say to himself he believe he drop around by Brer Fox's house to see how de land lie. No sooner said than done. Up he jump and out he went.

When Brer Rabbit git close to Brer Fox's house, all look lonesome. Nobody stirring. He

look in and there lay Brer Fox stretched out on de bed. Brer Rabbit make like he talking to himself:

“Nobody around for to look after Brer Fox. Not even Brer Turkey Buzzard ain’t come to de funeral. I hope Brer Fox ain’t dead, but I



expect he is. Even down to Brer Wolf done gone and left him. It’s de busy season with me, but I’ll sit up with him. He seem like he dead, but maybe he ain’t. When a man go to see dead folks, dead folks always raises up their behind leg and hollers, *wahoo!*”

Brer Fox he stay still. Then Brer Rabbit talk a little louder:

“Mighty funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, but he don’t act like he dead. Dead folks raises their behind leg and hollers, *wahoo!* when a man come to see ’em.”

Sho’ ’nough, Brer Fox lift up his foot and holler, *wahoo!* Then Brer Rabbit he tear out of de house like de dogs was after him.

Brer Wolf mighty smart, but de next time you hear from him, honey, he’ll be in trouble. You jest hold your breath and wait.



## XII

### SIS COW

One day Brer Rabbit was gwine along de big road, and he feel mighty tired, and he was mighty nigh dead for something to drink. By and by, when he got 'most home, he spied old Miss Cow feeding around in a field. He so thirsty he determined to try his hand with her.

Brer Rabbit know mighty well dat Miss Cow won't give him no milk. She done refuse him more than once, and when his old woman was sick, at dat. But never mind dat. Brer Rabbit dance alongside de fence and holler out:

“Howdy, Sis Cow.”

“Why, howdy, Brer Rabbit,” say Miss Cow.

“How you find yourself these days, Sis Cow?”

“I'm tolerable, Brer Rabbit; how you come on?”

“Oh, I'm jest tolerable myself, Sis Cow; sort

of lingering between a balk and a breakdown,” says Brer Rabbit.

“How’s your folks, Brer Rabbit?”

“They are middling, Sis Cow; how Brer Bull gittin’ on?”



“Sort of so-so,” says Miss Cow.

“There is some mighty nice persimmons up dis tree, Sis Cow, and I’d like mighty well for to have some of ’em.”

“How you gwine to git ’em, Brer Rabbit?”

“I allowed maybe I might ask you to butt

agin de tree and shake some down, Sis Cow," says Brer Rabbit.

Of course Miss Cow don't want to diskommerdate Brer Rabbit, so she march up to de 'simmon tree and hit it a rap with her horns—blam! Now, them 'simmons was as green as grass and nary one dropped. Miss Cow butt de



tree another time—blim! Nary 'simmon dropped.

Then Miss Cow back off and put her tail up over her back and come agin de tree—kerblam! She come so fast and she come so hard, one of her horns went clear through de tree! There she was; she can't go forwards, and she can't go backwards. This was exactly what Brer Rabbit waiting for, and he up and cut de pigeon wing.

"Come help me out, Brer Rabbit," says Miss Cow.

“I can’t climb, Sis Cow, but I’ll run tell Brer Bull.”

At dat Brer Rabbit put out for home. Before long, here he come with his old woman and all his children, and de last one of de



family was totin’ a pail. De big ones had big pails and de little ones had little pails. They surrounded old Miss Cow they did, and, you hear me, they milked her dry! De old ones milked and de young ones milked, and then Brer Rabbit says:

“I wish you mighty well, Sis Cow. I allowed

being as how dat you'd have to camp out all night dat I'd better come and assuage your bag."

You know, honey, *assuage* her bag. When cows don't git milked, it hurts 'em; you can hear 'em moaning and bellowing. Dat's what Brer Rabbit done. He got his family, he did, and assuaged old Miss Cow's bag.

Miss Cow study and study and try to git her horn loose. It was away long toward day in de morning before she loose it. Then she sort of graze around awhile and she lay a trap for Brer Rabbit.

Jest about sunrise what did old Miss Cow do but march up to de 'simmon tree and stick her horn back in de hole! But, bless your soul, honey, while she was cropping de grass she took one mouthful too many. When she hitch on to de 'simmon tree, Brer Rabbit was sitting in de fence corner a-watching her. He say to himself:

"Heyo, what's gwine on here now? Hold your horses, Sis Cow, till you hear me coming."

Then he creep off down de fence and into de big road. By and by, here he come back a-sailing, jest like he fresh from home—

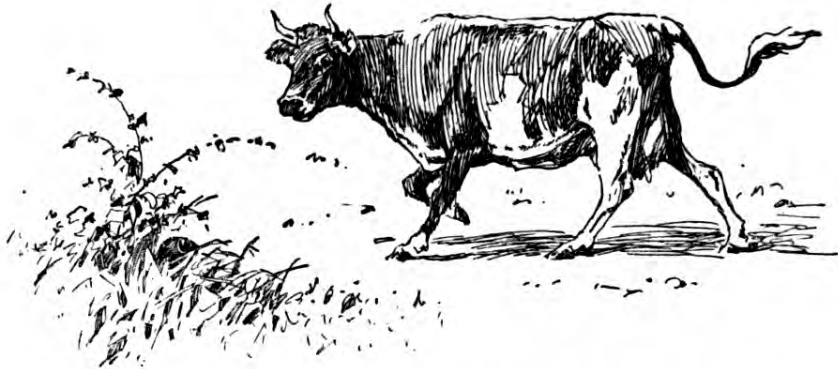


lippity-clippity,  
clippity-lippity.

“Morning, Sis Cow,” he says. “How you come on this morning?”

“Porely, Brer Rabbit, porely. I ain’t had no rest all night. I can’t pull loose. But I reckon if you’ll come and catch hold of my tail, maybe I can fetch my horn out.”

Brer Rabbit come up a little closer, but he ain’t gittin’ too close.



“I expect I’m close enough, Sis Cow. I’m a mighty puny man and I might git trampled. You do de pulling, Sis Cow, and I’ll do de grunting,” says Brer Rabbit.

Then Miss Cow she pull out her horn and take after Brer Rabbit. Down de big road they had it, Brer Rabbit with his ears laid back and Miss Cow with her tail curled. Brer Rabbit kept on gaining, till by and by he dart

into a brier patch. By de time Miss Cow come along he had his head sticking out and his eyes look big as Miss Sally's china saucers.

"Heyo, Sis Cow! Where you gwine?" he says.

"Howdy, Brer Big-Eyes. Is you see Brer Rabbit go by?"

"He jest this minute pass, Sis Cow, and he look mighty sick," says Brer Rabbit.

At dat, Miss Cow took down de road like de dogs was after her. Brer Rabbit he lay there in de brier patch and roll and laugh till his sides hurt. He obliged to laugh. Fox after him, Buzzard after him, Wolf after him, and Cow after him—and they ain't got him yet.

### XIII

## THE RACE BETWEEN BRER RABBIT AND BRER TERRAPIN

One day when Brer Rabbit was gwine lippity-clippity down de road, he run up with old Brer Terrapin. Brer Rabbit stop, he did, and rap on de roof of Brer Terrapin's house.

Of course you knows, honey, dat Brer Terrapin carry his house with him. Rain or shine, hot or cold, strike up with old Brer Terrapin where you will, you'll find his shanty with him.

Brer Rabbit rap on de roof of Brer Terrapin's house and ask was he in. Brer Terrapin allow dat he was. Then Brer Rabbit ask him howdy, and Brer Terrapin he say howdy.

They walk on down de road together and they keep on talking. By and by they git to disputing about which was de swiftest. Brer Rabbit say he can out-run Brer Terrapin. Brer Terrapin say dat he can out-run Brer Rabbit. Up and down they had it.

The first news you know, Brer Terrapin say

he got a fifty-dollar bill in de chink of his chimney and dat bill done told him dat he could beat Brer Rabbit in a fair race. Brer Rabbit say he got a fifty-dollar bill too, and his bill say he can leave Brer Terrapin so far behind that he could sow barley as he went



along and it would be ripe enough to cut by de time Brer Terrapin pass dat way!

Anyhow they make de bet and put up de money. Old Brer Turkey Buzzard was sent for to be de judge and stakeholder. It wasn't long before all de plans was made and de day was set. Miss Meadows, and de gals, and most

all de neighbors git wind of de fun and say they gwine to be on hand.

De race was to be a five-mile heat. De ground was measured off, and at de end of every mile a post was stuck up. Brer Rabbit was to run down de big road and Brer Terrapin say he would gallop through de woods.



Folks told him he could git along faster in de road, but old Brer Terrapin he know what he doing.

Brer Rabbit train himself every day till he can skip over de ground like a cricket. Old Brer Terrapin lay low in de swamp.

Old Brer Terrapin had a wife and four children and they was all de very image of de old man. If you looked at de old woman you



thought she was old Brer Terrapin himself. Even with a spy-glass you couldn't tell nary one of them children from their ma or their pa. Dat whole family look jest exactly 'like, same size and all, Brer Terrapin's family did.

When de day come for de race, old Brer Terrapin and his old woman, and his four children git up before sunup and went to de place. De old woman took her stand in de edge of de woods close to de starting point. De children went and took their stands nigh every one of de mile posts except de last. Old Brer Terrapin he hid himself in de woods close by de finish at de five-mile post.

By and by, here come de folks. Judge Buzzard he come. Miss Meadows and de gals they come. Then here come Brer Rabbit with ribbons tied around his neck and streaming from his ears. De folks went to de far end of de track to see how de race come out.

When de time come to start, Judge Buzzard walk around mighty proud and pull out his watch and holler out:

“Gents, is you ready?”

Brer Rabbit say, “yes,” and old Mrs. Terrapin holler, “go” from de edge of de woods.

Brer Rabbit lit out running fast as he can, but old Mrs. Terrapin she jest put out for home. Judge Buzzard rose up and skimmed along in de air to see dat de race was run fair.

When Brer Rabbit git to de first mile post one of de Terrapin children crawl out of de



woods and make for de place. Brer Rabbit holler out:

“Where is you, Brer Terrapin?”

“Here I come a-bulging,” says de Terrapin.

Brer Rabbit so glad he’s ahead dat he put out harder than ever, and the Terrapin he make for home. When Brer Rabbit come to de next post, another Terrapin crawl out of de woods.

“Where is you, Brer Terrapin?” says Brer Rabbit.

“Here I come a-biling,” says de Terrapin.

Brer Rabbit lit out, he did, and come to de next post, and there was de Terrapin. Then he come to the next, and there was de Terrapin. Now Brer Rabbit had one more mile to run, and he feel like he gittin’ short of breath.

By and by, old Brer Terrapin look away down de road and he see Judge Buzzard sailing along. He know it’s time for him to be up. He scramble out of de woods, roll across de ditch, shuffle through de crowd of folks, and git to de mile post and crawl behind it.

The first news you know, here come Brer Rabbit. He look around and he don’t see Brer Terrapin and he squall out:

“Gimme de money, Brer Buzzard! Gimme de money!”

Miss Meadows and de gals holler and laugh fit to kill themselves. Then old Brer Terrapin git up from behind de post and says:

“If you’ll gimme time to catch my breath, gents and ladies one and all, I expect I’ll finger dat money myself.”

Sho’ ’nough, Brer Terrapin tie de purse

with de two fifty dollar bills in it around his neck and skedaddle off.



“But, Uncle Remus,” said the Little Boy when the story was finished, “that was cheating.”

“To be sho’, honey, to be sho’. De creeturs begun to cheat, and then folks took it up, and it keep on spreading. It’s mighty catching, and you mind your eye, honey, dat somebody don’t cheat you before your hair git gray as mine is.”

#### XIV

### BRER TERRAPIN AND BRER BEAR HAVE A PULLING MATCH

One night Miss Meadows and de gals give a candy pulling. So many of de neighbors come they have to put de 'lasses in de wash pot and build a fire under it out in de yard.

Brer Bear he helped Miss Meadows bring de wood. Brer Fox he look after de fire. Brer Wolf he keep de dogs off. Brer Rabbit he grease de bottom of de plates to keep de candy from sticking. Brer Terrapin he climb up in a chair and say he watch and see dat de 'lasses didn't bile over.

Well, while they was sitting there and de 'lasses was a-biling and a-blubbering, they got to running on and talking mighty biggity. Brer Rabbit say he de swiftest; but Brer Terrapin he rock along in de chair and watch de 'lasses. Brer Fox say he de sharpest; but Brer Terrapin he rock along. Brer Bear say he de strongest; but Brer Terrapin he rock and he



keep on rocking. By and by, he sort of shut one eye and say:

“It look like de old hardshell ain’t nowhere alongside of this crowd. Yet here I is, and I’m de same man what showed Brer Rabbit dat he



ain’t de swiftest; and I’m de same man what can show Brer Bear he ain’t de strongest.”

They all laugh and holler, ’cause it look like Brer Bear stronger than a steer. By and by Miss Meadows up and ask him how he gwine to do it.

“Gimme a good strong rope,” says Brer

Terrapin, "and let me git in a puddle of water, and then let Brer Bear see if he can pull me out."

They all laugh again, and Brer Bear says: "We ain't got no rope."

"No," says Brer Terrapin, "and neither is you got de strength." Brer Terrapin rock along and watch de 'lasses a-biling and a-blubbering.

After a while Miss Meadows say dat she would loan de young men her bed-cord. Miss Meadows's bed-cord, honey, you knows what dat is—her long cord what go back and forth from de sides of her bedstead and hold up de straw tick. Dat straw tick hold up her big, soft feather-bed what she sleep on. Underneath both of 'em was de bed-cord laced back and forth, what she tighten up when it stretch.

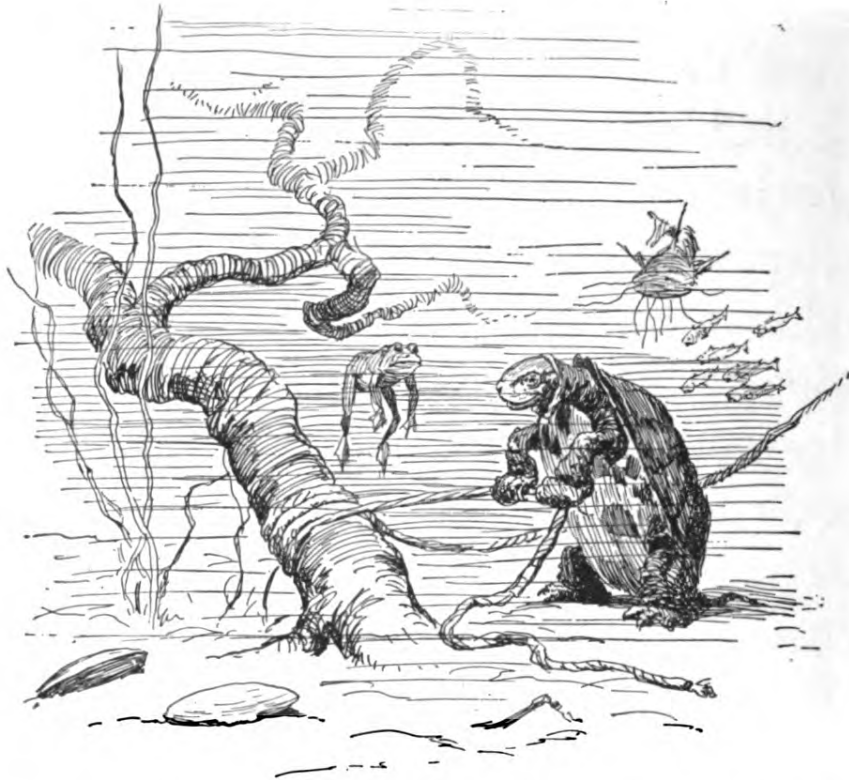
In them days, honey, Miss Meadows's bed-cord would hold a mule. She say they can slip it out of her bed and use it for de pulling match.

While de candy was cooling in de plates, they all went down to de branch of de creek to see de match.

Brer Terrapin wasn't much bigger than de

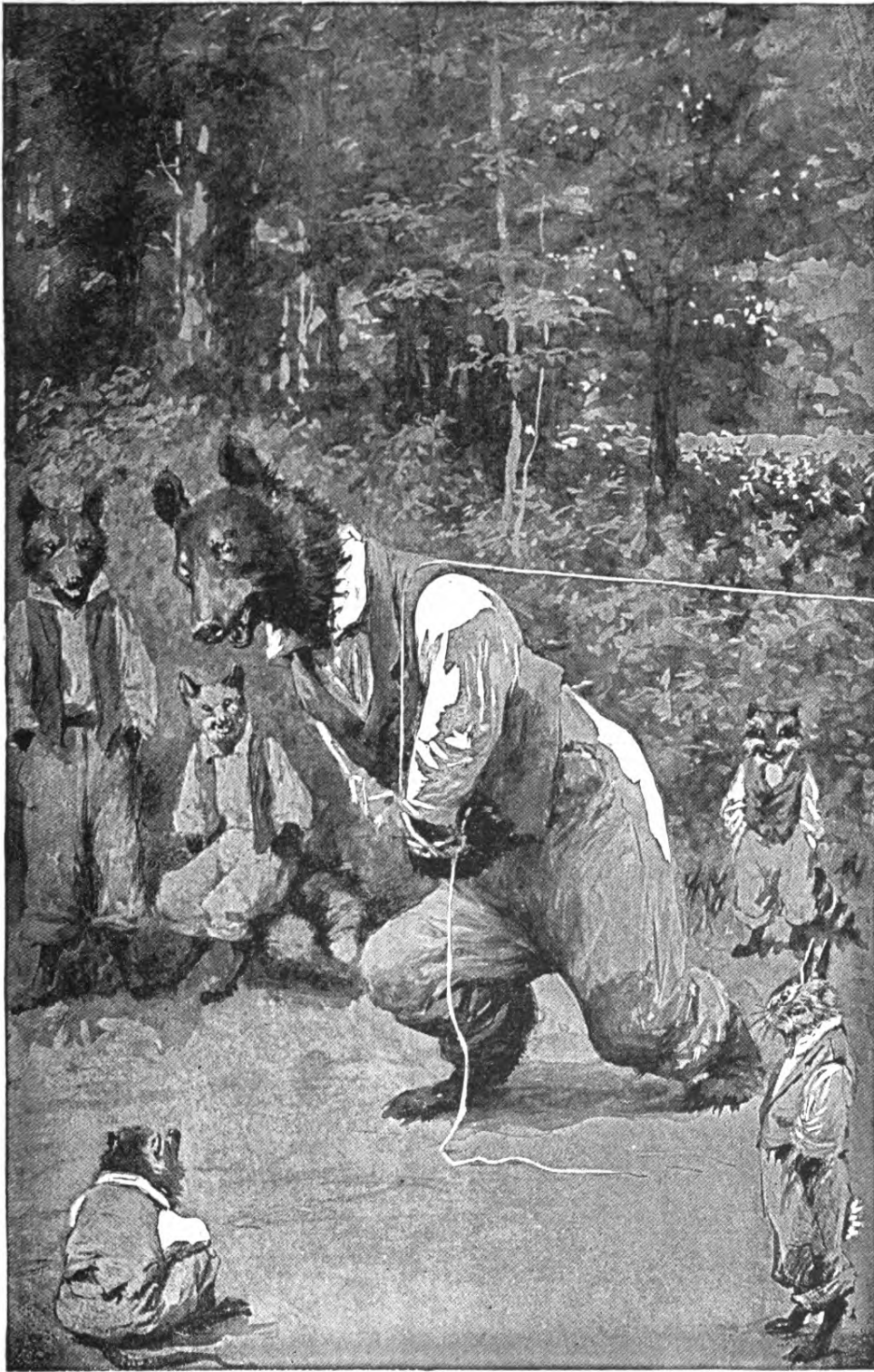
palm of my hand, and it look mighty funny to hear him bragging about how he can out-pull Brer Bear. They got de bed-cord and Brer Terrapin find de place he want.

“Now then, ladies and gents,” says Brer



Terrapin, “you all go with Brer Bear up there in de woods and I’ll stay here. When you hear me holler, dat’s de time for Brer Bear to see if he can haul in de slack of de rope. You all take care of dat end of de rope, and I’ll take care of this here end.”

They all put out and left Brer Terrapin at de branch. When they all good and gone, he



BRER BEAR IN THE PULLING MATCH



dive down into de water and tie de bed-cord hard and fast around a big root what's down there. Then he come to de top of de water and give a big whoop.

Brer Bear wrap de bed-cord around his hand. He wink at de gals and give a big jerk, but Brer Terrapin ain't budge. He take both hands and give a big pull, but Brer Terrapin ain't budge. Then he turn around and put de rope across his shoulders and try to walk off with Brer Terrapin, but Brer Terrapin look like he don't feel like walking.

Brer Wolf put in and help Brer Bear pull, but it ain't do no good. Then they all help him pull, but it ain't do no good.

Bless gracious! while they was all a-pulling, Brer Terrapin holler and ask 'em why they don't take up de slack of de rope.

When Brer Terrapin feel 'em quit pulling, he dive down and untie de rope. By de time they got to de branch, Brer Terrapin was sitting in de edge of de water jest as natural as de next one. He up and say, says he:

“Dat last pull was a mighty stiff one. A little more and you'd have had me, sho'. You're monstrous stout, Brer Bear, and you pulls like



a yoke of steers, but I sort of had de hold on you.”

Brer Bear he ain't got much to say. He start thinking about dat candy and his mouth begin to water. Brer Bear up and holler:

“I expect de candy jest about ripe now.”

Off they all put, back to Miss Meadows's house, after dat 'lasses candy.

XV

UNCLE REMUS EXPLAINS SOME  
THINGS ABOUT BRER POSSUM

One evening Uncle Remus began his story by saying:

“Old man Possum was gwine down de road shaking his big bushy tail and feeling mighty biggity.”

“Why, Uncle Remus!” exclaimed the Little Boy in open-eyed wonder, “everybody knows that ’possums haven’t got big bushy tails.”

“Hear dat now! What I tell you?” Uncle Remus leaned over as if he were talking to somebody hidden under the bed. “Ain’t I done told you so? Bless gracious! if children ain’t gittin’ so they knows more than old folks. They disputes with old folks, too, ’cepting when their ma calls ’em, which I expect it won’t be long before she will. Then I’ll sit here by de chimney corner and git some peace of mind. Why, you know,” Uncle Remus still addressed some imaginary person under the bed, “Ole

Miss, she used never to let any of her children come disputing with what I says. Marse John will tell you dat any day you ask him, so'll Marse Jeems."

"Well, Uncle Remus, you said the 'possum had a big bushy tail. You know 'possums haven't any hair on their tails."

The old man pretended not to hear. He searched among some scraps of leather under his chair and after a while drew out a nicely braided whip with a red snapper all waxed and knotted.

"I was fixing up this here whip for a little chap," said Uncle Remus with a sigh, "but bless gracious! before I can git it done, de little chap done growed up till he knows more than I does. I reckon there ain't no use to give him this whip now."

The Little Boy's eyes filled with tears and his lip quivered, but he said nothing. This was too much for Uncle Remus and he melted.

"I declare to goodness," he said, reaching out and taking the little boy tenderly by the hand, "if you ain't the very image of Ole Miss when I bring her de last news of de war. You looks so much like she did dat day, it's like see-

ing a ghost. It's just like scaring up a ghost you ain't afraid of."

Then there was a pause and Uncle Remus patted the Little Boy's hand.

"You ain't mad, is you, honey?" Uncle Remus asked finally. "Here's your whip what I done made for you."

The Little Boy took the whip proudly. But Uncle Remus had to be coaxed to go on with the story. At last he settled himself back in the chair and began.

## XVI

### WHY BRER POSSUM HAS NO HAIR ON HIS TAIL

One day Brer Possum was gwine down de road shaking his big bushy tail and feeling mighty biggity.

By and by, Brer Possum say to himself dat he wished he had some persimmons to eat. Honey, you know Brer Possum was monstrous fond of 'simmons. But Brer Possum he mighty lazy man, and he 'most starve before he hunt for any victuals.

Brer Possum was gwine along dat day switching his tail, when who should he run up with but Brer Rabbit. They was good friends. Brer Possum ain't been bothering Brer Rabbit like them other creeturs.

They sat down by de side of de road. There they jabber and confab with one another. By and by, Brer Possum take and tell Brer Rabbit he 'most perished for some 'simmons. Brer Rabbit leap up in de air, he did, and smack his



hands together and say he know right where Brer Possum can git a bait of 'simmons.

Brer Possum say: "Where?"

Brer Rabbit say: "Over at Brer Bear's 'simmon orchard."



Honey, in them days Brer Bear was a bee hunter. He make his living finding bee trees. De way he find 'em was he plant some 'simmon trees. De bees come to suck de 'simmons, and old Brer Bear would watch where they go and follow 'em. He'd be mighty apt to come up with 'em, and then he'd have all de honey he could

hold. Yes, sir! Brer Bear was a mighty fine bee hunter because of his 'simmon patch.

Brer Possum's mouth begun to water soon as he hear Brer Rabbit talk about it. Before Brer Rabbit done telling him de news, Brer Possum put out. It wasn't long before he was perched up in de highest tree in Brer Bear's 'simmon patch.

Brer Possum et and et them 'simmons. Every now and then he'd think about Brer Bear and what he'd do if Brer Bear catch him. He think he hear Brer Bear coming, but he keep on saying:

"I'll jest git one 'simmon more and then I'll go; one 'simmon more and then I'll go."

At last he hear Brer Bear coming sho' 'nough. But it was de same old tune—"One 'simmon more and then I'll go."

Jest about dat time Brer Bear busted into de patch. He give de tree a shake. Brer Possum dropped out along with the other ripe 'simmons. By de time Brer Possum touch de ground, he got his foots together and lit out for de fence same as a race horse.

Brer Bear start out after Brer Possum. Across dat patch they had it. Brer Bear gain

every jump till by de time Brer Possum make de fence, Brer Bear grab him by de tail!

Brer Possum went through dat fence, be-



tween de rails, with Brer Bear a-holding his tail. Brer Possum give a big jerk and pull his tail out between Brer Bear's tushes. Lo and behold! Brer Bear hold so tight and Brer Pos-

sum pull so hard dat all de hair come off in Brer Bear's mouth.

Brer Bear he 'most strangle to death, and which he would if Brer Rabbit hadn't happened up and fetched him a gourd full of water.

From dat day down till now, Brer Possum ain't had no hair on his tail. From dat day down till now, Brer Possum's children ain't never had no hair on their tail, neither.

## XVII

### BRER POSSUM LOVES PEACE

One night Brer Possum called by for Brer Coon to take a walk. Brer Possum gobbled up a dish of fried greens what Brer Coon set out for him. Then, smoking their cigars, they rambled forth to see how de balance of de settlement was gittin' along.

Brer Coon was one of these here natural pacers and he racked along same as Marse John's bay pony. Brer Possum went in a hand gallop. They got over a heap of ground, the two of 'em.

As they went along, Brer Possum fill himself full of 'simmons and Brer Coon scoop up a lot of frogs and tadpoles. They amble along, they did, jest as sociable as a basket of kittens. By and by, they hear Mr. Dog talking to himself away off in de woods.

"Supposing he runs up on us, Brer Possum, what you gwine to do?" says Brer Coon.

Brer Possum sort of laugh around de corners of his mouth.



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“Oh, if he come, Brer Coon, I’m gwine to stand by you,” says Brer Possum. “What you gwine to do?”

“Who? Me?” says Brer Coon. “If he run up on me, I lay I’ll give him one twist.”

Honey, Mr. Dog he come, and he come a-zoonin’! He ain’t wait for to say howdy, neither. He jest sail into the two of ’em. De very first pass he make, Brer Possum fetch a grin from ear to ear and keel over like he was dead. Then Mr. Dog he sail into Brer Coon. Right there is where he drop his money purse! Brer Coon was cut out for dat kind of business and he fairly wipe up de face of de earth with him. You better believe dat when Mr. Dog got a chance to make himself scarce he took it, and went skedaddling through the woods like he was shot out of a musket.

Brer Coon he sort of lick his clothes into shape and rack off. Brer Possum he lay there like he was dead. By and by, Brer Possum raise up sort of careful like. When he see de coast is clear, he scramble up and scamper off like something was after him.

De next time Brer Possum met Brer Coon, Brer Coon refuse to respond to his howdy. This

make Brer Possum feel mighty bad, seeing as how they used to make so many excursions together.



“Where you gwine, Brer Coon?” says Brer Possum.

“I’m gwine where I’m gwine; dat’s where I’m gwine,” says Brer Coon.

“What make you hold your head so high, Brer Coon?” says Brer Possum.

“I ain’t running with no cowards these

days," says Brer Coon. "When I wants you, I'll send for you."

Then Brer Possum git mighty mad.

"Who's any coward?" he says.

"You is," says Brer Coon, "dat's who. I ain't associating with them what lays down on de ground and plays dead when there's a free fight gwine on."

Brer Possum grin and then laugh fit to kill himself.

"Lawtsy, Brer Coon! you don't think I done dat because I was afraid, does you? Why, I wasn't no more afraid than you is this minute. What was there to be scared of? I knowed you'd get away with Mr. Dog if I didn't. I jest lay there watching you shake him, waiting to put in when de time come."

Brer Coon turn up his nose.

"Dat's a mighty likely tale," he says. "Mr. Dog ain't no more than touch you before you keel over and lay there stiff."

"Dat's jest what I'm gwine to tell you about, Brer Coon," says Brer Possum. "I wasn't no more scared than you is right now. I was fixing to give Mr. Dog a sample of my jaw, but I'm de most ticklish chap you ever laid eyes

on, Brer Coon. No sooner did Mr. Dog put his nose down here among my ribs than I got to laughing. I laughed till I lose de use of my limbs.

“It’s a mercy unto Mr. Dog dat I was



ticklish, 'cause a little more and I'd et him up. I don't mind fighting, Brer Coon, no more than you does. But I declare to gracious, I can't stand tickling. Git me in a row where they ain't no tickling allowed and I'm your man.”

Down to this day, Brer Possum's bound to surrender when you touch him in de short ribs, and he'll laugh if he knows he's gwine to be smashed for it.

## XVIII

### UNCLE REMUS HATES TATTLERS

“You’ll trample on dat bark till it won’t be fit to fling away, let alone make horse collars out of,” said Uncle Remus, as the Little Boy came running into the cabin out of the rain. All over the floor long strips of bark were spread. The old man was weaving them into horse collars.

“I’ll sit down, Uncle Remus,” said the Little Boy.

“Well, then, honey, you better. I despises for to have my bark trampled on. ’Deed I does.”

For a few minutes Uncle Remus went on with his work, but with a very solemn air. Once or twice he sighed deeply and the sighs ended in a long groan. The Little Boy knew he had done something Uncle Remus did not like, but he could not think what it was. He was uneasy.

After a while Uncle Remus looked at the



Little Boy in a sad and hopeless way and asked:

“What’s dat long rigmarole I hear you telling about Sis Crissy’s boy this morning?”

The Little Boy blushed guiltily. Aunt Crissy was Miss Sally’s cook, and her son and the Little Boy were nearly the same age. They played together every day. Sometimes Aunt Crissy let them come into the kitchen and gave them tea cakes to eat. The Little Boy pretended not to know what Uncle Remus’s question meant.

“What, Uncle Remus?” he said.

“Dat’s jest what I am asking you. I hear Sis Crissy say she gwine to stripe her boy’s jacket and I knowed you been telling on him.”

“Well, Uncle Remus, he was pulling up your onions, and he went and flung a rock at me,” said the Little Boy slowly.

Uncle Remus laid down the section of horse collar he was braiding and looked hard at the Little Boy. He said:

“Let me tell you this—there ain’t no way for to make tattlers and talebearers turn out good. No, there ain’t. I been mixing up with folks now gwine on eighty years, and I ain’t

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never see no tattler come to no good end. Dat I ain't. I expect if old man Methuselah was living till yet, he'd up and tell you de same. Sho' as you is sitting there! You remember what come to de bird what went tattling on Brer Rabbit?"

The Little Boy didn't know, but he was very anxious to find out. He also wanted to know what kind of bird it was that acted that way.

"It was one of these here uppity little Jack Sparrows, I expect," said Uncle Remus. "They is always bothering along of other folk's business—pecking here, and picking there, and scratching yonder. Here is what happen to him."

## XIX

### JACK SPARROW

One day Brer Rabbit was sitting down in de woods, studying how he gwine to get even with Brer Fox. He feel mighty lonesome and he feel mighty mad at de way Brer Fox always treat him.

There he sit and study and study. By and by, he jump up and holler out:

“Well, dog-gone my cats if I can’t get ahead of old Brer Fox! I’m gwine to do it, too. I’ll show Miss Meadows and de gals dat I’m de boss of Brer Fox.”

Jack Sparrow was sitting up in de tree and hear Brer Rabbit. He sing out:

“I’m gwine tell Brer Fox! I’m gwine tell Brer Fox!

“Chick-a-biddy,  
Wind-a-blowing,  
Acorns-falling!  
I gwine tell Brer Fox!”

This kind of scare Brer Rabbit and he don’t know what he gwine to do. By and by, he say



BRER RABBIT AND JACK SPARROW

to himself dat de man what see Brer Fox first is gwine to git ahead in this here kind of business. He go hopping off towards home, and he ain't git far, when who should he meet but Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit he open up and say:

“What's this between you and me, Brer Fox? I hear tell you is gwine to ruin me, dat you is gwine to nab my family and destroy my shanty.”

Brer Fox he git mighty mad.

“Who been telling you all this?”

Brer Rabbit make like he don't want to tell, but Brer Fox insist and insist. At last Brer Rabbit he up and tell Brer Fox dat he hear Jack Sparrow say all this.

“Of course,” says Brer Rabbit, “when Jack Sparrow tell me dat, I flew up and got mad. I expect I use some language which I am mighty glad there wasn't no ladies around to hear.”

Brer Fox he ain't say much, but he expect he have to be gwine on home. But, bless your soul! honey, Brer Fox ain't git far down de road before Jack Sparrow flip down on a persimmon bush nigh him and holler out:

“Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Brer Fox!”

Brer Fox he canter along, he did, and make



like he don't hear him. Then Jack Sparrow up and sing out again:

“Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Hold on, Brer Fox, I got some news for you. Wait, Brer Fox! It'll astonish you.”

Brer Fox make like he don't see Jack Sparrow, nor neither do he hear him. But by and by, Brer Fox lie down by de road, and sort of



stretch himself like he fixing for a nap. De tattling Jack Sparrow he flew along and keep on calling Brer Fox. Brer Fox he ain't say nothing. Jack Sparrow hop down on de ground and flutter around in de dust. Brer Fox look at de tattling bird like he jest see him, and de bird keep on calling:

“I got something to tell you, Brer Fox.”

“Git on my tail, little Jack Sparrow,” says

Brer Fox. "I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear out of de other. Git on my tail," says he.

De little bird up and hop on Brer Fox's tail.

"Git on my back, little Jack Sparrow, 'cause I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear out of de other."

De little bird hop on his back.

"Hop on my head, little Jack Sparrow, 'cause I'm deaf in both ears."

Up hop de little bird.

"Hop on my tooth, little Jack Sparrow, 'cause I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear out of de other."

De tattling little bird hop on Brer Fox's tooth and then Brer Fox he had him for sho'. He et dat Jack Sparrow up! Ain't I done told you there ain't no way to make tattlers and talebearers turn out good? Mark my words, honey!

## THE END OF BRER WOLF

Folks what's always pestering people and bothering with business what ain't their own, don't never come to no good end.

There was Brer Wolf; instead of minding his own business, he have to go in partnership with Brer Fox. There wasn't scarcely a minute in de day dat Brer Wolf wasn't after Brer Rabbit. He kept on and kept on and kept on, till de first news you knowed he got caught up with monstrous bad.

Brer Rabbit ain't see no peace whatsoever. He can't leave home except Brer Wolf make a raid and tote off some of his family. Brer Rabbit built him a straw house and it was torn down. He made a house out of pine tops and dat went de same way. He made him a bark house and dat was raided on. Every time he lose a house, he lose one of his children.

At last Brer Rabbit got mad, he did. He went off and got some carpenters and they

built him a plank house with rock foundations. After that he could have some peace and quietness. He could go out and pass de time of day with his neighbors, and come back and sit by de fire and smoke his pipe and read de news-



papers, same like any man what got a family.

Brer Rabbit made a hole in de cellar where de little Rabbits could hide out when there was a racket in de neighborhood. De latch on his front door catch on de inside, too. Brer Wolf see how de land lay, he did, and he lay low. De little Rabbits was mighty skittish, but it got so dat cold chills ain't run up Brer Rabbit's

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back no more when he hear Brer Wolf go galloping by.

By and by, one day when Brer Rabbit was fixing up to go call on Miss Coon, he hear a monstrous fuss and clatter up de big road.



Almost before he could fix his ears to listen, Brer Wolf run in de door. De little Rabbits went in de hole in de cellar like blowing out a candle. Brer Wolf was covered with mud and mighty nigh out of breath.

“Oh, do pray save me, Brer Rabbit!” says Brer Wolf. “Do please, Brer Rabbit! De dogs



is after me and they'll tear me up. Oh, do please save me, Brer Rabbit! Hide me where de dogs won't git me."

No quicker said than done.

"Jump in dat big chest there, Brer Wolf," says Brer Rabbit. "Jump in there and make yourself at home."

In jump Brer Wolf and down come de lid. Brer Rabbit fastened de hook and there Brer Wolf was. Brer Rabbit went to de looking-glass and wink at himself. Then he draw de rocking-chair in front of de fire and took a big chew of tobacco. He sit there a long time, turning his mind over and working his thinking machine. By and by, he got up and stir around. Then Brer Wolf say:

"Is de dogs all gone, Brer Rabbit?"

"It seem like I hear one of 'em smelling around de chimney corner just now, Brer Wolf."

Then Brer Rabbit git de kettle and fill it full of water and put it on de fire.

"What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?"

"I'm fixing to make you a nice cup of tea, Brer Wolf."

Brer Rabbit went to de cupboard and git de

gimlet and commence to bore little holes in de lid of de chest.

“What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?”

“I’m boring little holes so you can get air, Brer Wolf.”

Brer Rabbit went out and git some more wood and fling it on de fire.

“What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?”



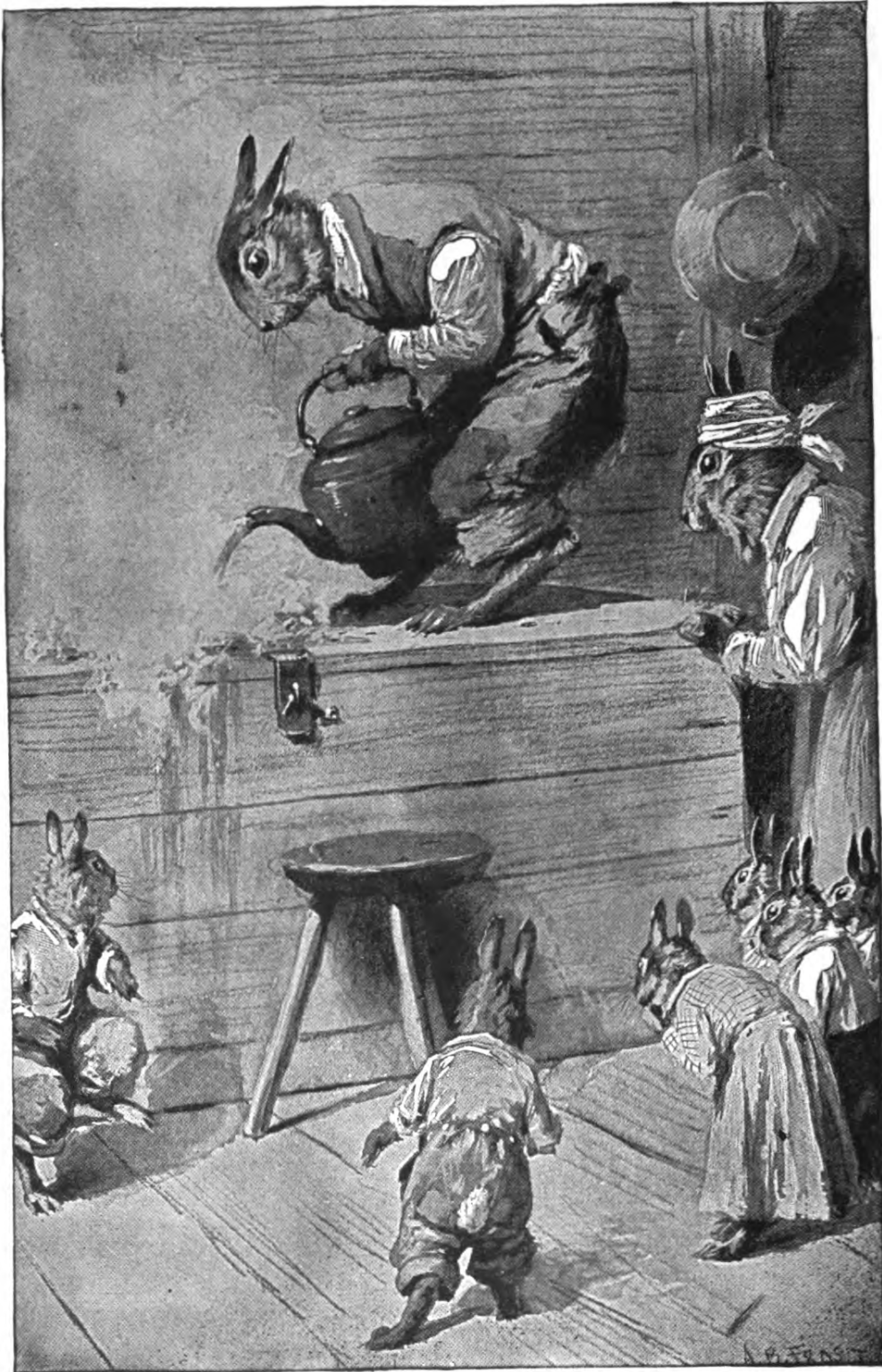
“I’m chunking up de fire so you won’t git cold, Brer Wolf.”

Then Brer Rabbit went down in de cellar and fetch out all his children.

“What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?”

“I’m telling my children what a nice man you is, Brer Wolf.”

De children had to put their hands on their mouths to keep from laughing. Then Brer Rabbit he git de kettle and commenced to pour de hot water on de lid of de chest.



THE END OF BRER WOLF

“What dat I hear, Brer Rabbit?”

“You hear de wind a-blowing, Brer Wolf.”

De water begin to sift through.

“What dat I feel, Brer Rabbit?”

“You feels de fleas a-biting, Brer Wolf.”

“They’re biting mighty hard, Brer Rabbit.”

“Turn over on de other side, Brer Wolf.”

“What dat I feel now, Brer Rabbit?”

“Still you feels de fleas, Brer Wolf.”

“They’re eating me up, Brer Rabbit.”

Them was de last words of Brer Wolf! De scalding water done de business.

Brer Rabbit call in his neighbors, he did, and they held a regular jubilee.

If you go to Brer Rabbit’s house right now, I don’t know but what you’ll find old Brer Wolf’s hide hanging in de back porch. All because he jest wouldn’t keep out of other folks’ business.

## THE LITTLE RABBITS

Find 'em where you will and when you may, good children always gits took care of.

There was Brer Rabbit's children; they minded their daddy and mammy from day's end to day's end. When old man Rabbit say "scoot" they scooted; and when old Miss Rabbit say "scat" they scatted. They did, sho'. They was good children.

If they hadn't been good children, there was one time when there wouldn't have been no little rabbits—nary one. Dat was de time when Brer Fox dropped in at Brer Rabbit's house and didn't found nobody there except de little Rabbits! Yes, sir, honey.

Old Brer Rabbit was off somewhere raiding a collard patch. Old Miss Rabbit was off at a quilting in de neighborhood. De little Rabbits was playing hide-de-switch. In dropped Brer Fox.

De little Rabbits was so fat they fairly make



his mouth water. But he remember about Brer Wolf, and he scared to gobble 'em up except he got some excuse. De little Rabbits they was mighty skittish, and they sort of huddle up together in de corner and watch Brer Fox's



motions. Brer Fox sit there and study what sort of excuse he gwine to make up. By and by, he see a great big stalk of sugar cane standing in de corner.

He clear up his throat and talk biggity:

“Here! you young Rabs there, sail around here and broke me a piece of dat sweetening-tree,” he says and then he cough.

De little Rabbits got out de sugar cane; and they wrestle with it and sweat over it, but it wasn't no use. They couldn't broke it. Brer

Fox made like he ain't watching, but he keep on hollering:

“Hurry up there, Rabs! I'm waiting on you.”

De little Rabbits hustle around and wrestle with it, but they couldn't broke it. By and by, they hear a little bird singing on top of de house. De song what de little bird sing was this here:

“Take your toothies and gnaw it,  
Take your toothies and saw it,  
Saw it and yoke it—  
And then you can broke it.”

De little Rabbits git mighty glad. They gnawed de sugar cane almost before old Brer Fox could get his legs uncrossed. When they carried him de cane, Brer Fox sit there and study how he gwine to make some more excuse for nabbing 'em. By and by, he git up and git down de sifter what was hanging on de wall and holler out:

“Come here, Rabs! Take this here sifter and run down to de spring and fetch me some fresh water.”

De little Rabbits run down to de spring and try to dip up de water with de sifter. Of course

it run out through de holes. It keep on running out till by and by de little Rabbits sit down and start to cry. Then de little bird sitting up in de tree begin to sing. This here's de song what he sing:

“Sifter hold water same as a tray,  
If you fill it with moss and daub it with clay;  
De Fox git madder de longer you stay—  
Fill it with moss and daub it with clay.”

Up de little Rabbits jump and fix de sifter so it won't leak. They carried de water to old



Brer Fox. Then Brer Fox he git mighty mad. He point out a great big stick of wood and tell de little Rabbits to put dat on de fire. De little chaps got around de wood, they did, and lift at it hard as ever they could. De wood ain't

budge. Then they hear de little bird singing, and this here's de song what he sing:

“Spit in your hands and tug it and toll it,  
And git behind it, and push it, and pole it;  
Spit in your hands and rear back and roll it.”

Jest about de time they git de wood on de fire, their daddy come skipping in. Then de little bird he flew away. Brer Fox he see his game was up. It wasn't long before he make his excuse and start to go.

“You better stay and eat a snack with me, Brer Fox,” says Brer Rabbit. “Since Brer Wolf done quit coming and sitting up with me, I'm gittin' so I feels right lonesome these long nights,” says he.

But Brer Fox, he button up his coat collar tight and jest put out for home.

## XXII

### THE LITTLE BOY HEARS MORE ABOUT BRER RABBIT

One day when the Little Boy went to the cabin, Uncle Remus was busy patching his coat. Even with his spectacles on, Uncle Remus had trouble threading the needle. So he took a hog's bristle and twisted it into the end of a piece of thread. Then he could put the bristle in the eye of the needle and pull the thread through. The Little Boy had often watched Uncle Remus do this, but it always seemed very strange to him.

"There was another man dat sort of play it sharp on Brer Rabbit," said Uncle Remus as he worked to twist the bristle in the thread.

"In them days," he said, "de creeturs carried on matters same as folks. They went into farming; and I expect if de truth was to come out, they kept store, and had their camp meetings and their barbecues when de weather was agreeable."



The Little Boy did not like to think the other animals could get ahead of Brer Rabbit so he said:

“Why, Uncle Remus, I thought the Terrapin was the only one that fooled the Rabbit.”

“It’s jest like I tell you, honey. There ain’t no smart man except there’s a smarter. If old Brer Rabbit hadn’t never been caught up with, de neighbors would have took him for a h’ant. Yes, sir, a h’ant. In dem days they burnt witches, too, before you could squint your eyeballs. They did sho’.”

“Who fooled the Rabbit this time, Uncle Remus?” asked the Little Boy.

Uncle Remus pulled the thread through the needle and began to sew the patch on his coat.

“Well, honey, it was Brer Turkey Buzzard, and this here’s de way they done told me de tale.”

### XXIII

## BRER BUZZARD GETS EVEN WITH BRER RABBIT

One time Brer Rabbit and old Brer Buzzard go shares and raise their crops together. It was a mighty good year and de truck turn out monstrous well. But by and by when de time come for dividing, it come to light dat old Brer Buzzard ain't got nothing. De crops was all gone and there wasn't nothing to show for it. Brer Rabbit he make like he in a worse fix than Brer Buzzard. He mope around, he did, jest like he feared the sheriff gwine to sell him out.

Brer Buzzard he ain't say nothing, but he keep up a monstrous thinking. One day he come along and holler and tell Brer Rabbit dat he done find a rich gold mine jest across de river.

“You come with me, Brer Rabbit,” says Brer Turkey Buzzard, “and we can go shares on dat gold mine. Between de two of us, we

can make short work of a gold mine to be sho'."

Brer Rabbit was high up for this kind of job, but he don't know how he gwine to git across de river. It look like every time he git



his foot wet, all de family catch cold. He study and he study. Then he up and ask Brer Buzzard how he gwine to do it. Brer Buzzard he up and say dat he'll carry Brer Rabbit across. At dat, old Brer Buzzard squat down and spread his wings, and Brer Rabbit mount, and up they rise.

## BRER BUZZARD GETS EVEN 113

Right there's where Brer Rabbit drop his watermillion!

They rise mighty swift, and away they go flying. But when Brer Buzzard git ready to land, it's in de top of de highest kind of pine tree. De pine tree was growing on an island. De island was in de middle of de river, and de deep water running all around.



They ain't more than hit de pine tree before Brer Rabbit know which way de wind was blowing. By de time Brer Buzzard got himself balanced on a limb, Brer Rabbit up and say:

“While we are resting here, Brer Buzzard, and being as you been so good, I got something to tell you. I got a gold mine of my own, one

what I make myself. I expect we better go back to mine before we bother about yours.”

Then old Brer Buzzard laugh and laugh. He laugh so hard he shake Brer Rabbit sitting up there, and scare him pretty nigh to death.

“Hold on, Brer Buzzard! Don’t flop your wings when you laugh. If you does, something gwine drop from up here. If something drop, my gold mine won’t never do you no good, and neither will yours never do me no good.”

Then they held a confab. Before they got down from there, Brer Rabbit told all about de crops and he promise to divide fair and square. So Brer Buzzard carry him back. But, honey, Brer Rabbit walk weak in de knees for a month afterwards.



## BRER RABBIT IN A TRAP

It turn out one time dat Brer Rabbit make so free in Mr. Man's collard patch, dat Mr. Man take and set a trap for old Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit he so greedy dat he took and walk right into it before he know himself.

Well, it wasn't long before here come Mr. Man walking around. He ain't no sooner see Brer Rabbit in de trap than he smack his hands together and holler out:

“You're a nice fellow, you is! Here you been gobbling up my green truck, and now you are trying to tote off my trap. You're a mighty nice chap—dat's what you is! But now dat I got you, I'll jest about settle with you for de old and settle with you for de new.”

At dat, Mr. Man go down in de bushes, he did, after a handful of switches. Old Brer Rabbit he ain't say nothing, but he feel mighty lonesome. He sit there looking like every minute gwine to be de next.

While Mr. Man was off preparing his brush broom, who should come parading along but Brer Fox. Brer Fox make a great fuss about de fix he find Brer Rabbit in. Brer Rabbit make like he about to kill himself laughing.



Then Brer Rabbit up and tell Brer Fox dat Miss Meadows's folks wanted him to go down to their house and attend a wedding. He allowed he couldn't and they allowed he could, so they take and tie him while they goes after de preacher. Brer Rabbit tell Brer Fox they

done dat so they could find him there when they come back.

Dat wasn't all Brer Rabbit say. He tell Brer Fox dat his children mighty sick with a fever and he obliged to go after some pills for 'em. Then Brer Rabbit ask Brer Fox to take his place and go down to Miss Meadows's and have a nice time with de gals.

Brer Fox is right in for them kind of pranks. It wasn't no time before Brer Rabbit had old Brer Fox harnessed up in Mr. Man's trap. Then Brer Rabbit make like he got to hurry and git de pills for them sick children.

Brer Rabbit wasn't more than out of sight before here come Mr. Man with a handful of hickory switches. When he see Brer Fox tied up there, he look like he was astonished.

"Heyo!" says Mr. Man, "you done change color, you done got bigger, and your tail done grow out. What kind of creetur is you, anyhow?"

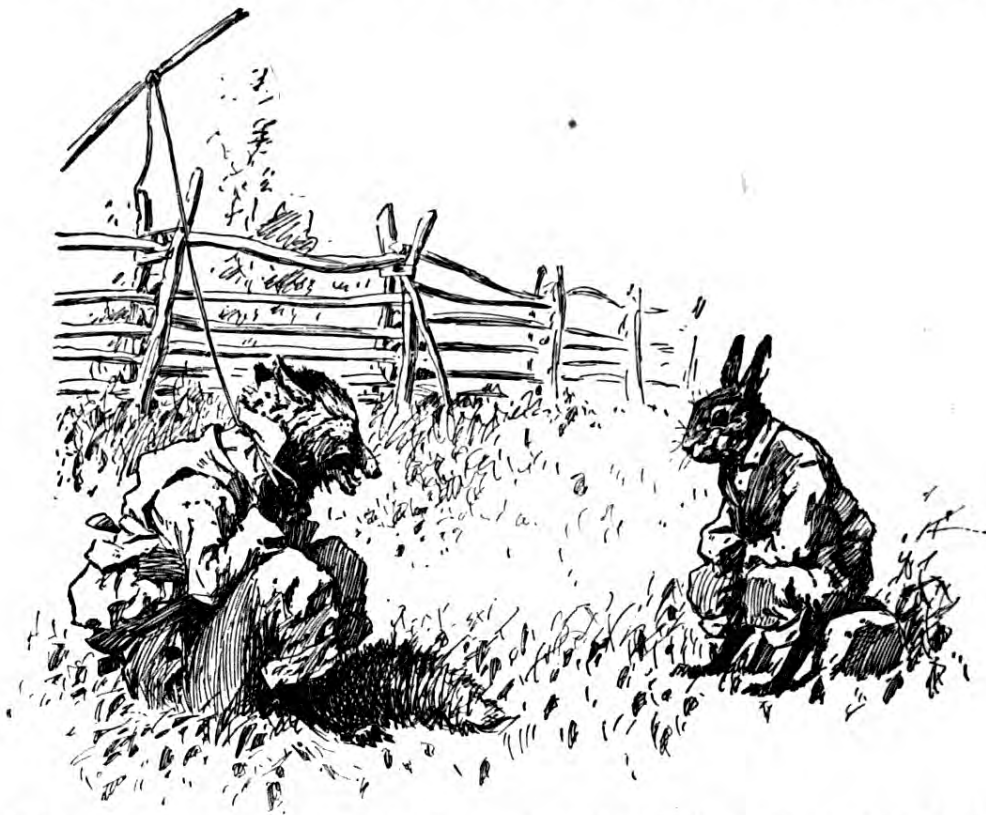
Brer Fox he stay still.

"It's mighty big luck," says Mr. Man. "I catch de chap what nibble my greens, and likewise I catch de fellow what gnaw my goose."

At dat, Mr. Man lit into Brer Fox with de

switches. De way he play rap-jacket was a caution to de neighborhood. Brer Fox he jerk and jump, and he squeal and he squall. But Mr. Man shower down on him like he was fighting a wasp nest.

By and by, de switches got frazzled out and



Mr. Man put out after more. When he git out of hearing, Brer Rabbit showed up. He'd been hiding out in de bushes listening to de racket. He say to Brer Fox dat it seem mighty funny Miss Meadows ain't come, 'cause he done been down to de doctor's house and dat's further than de preacher's. Brer Rabbit make like he

hurrying on home when Brer Fox up and say:

“I thank you for to turn me loose, Brer Rabbit, and I’ll be obliged to you. You done tie me up so tight dat it make my head swim. I don’t expect I’d last for to git to Miss Meadows’s.”

Brer Rabbit sit down sort of careless like and begin to scratch one ear like a man studying about something.

“Dat’s so, Brer Fox,” he says. “You does look sort of stove up. It look like something been uncombing your hairs.”

Brer Fox ain’t say nothing, but Brer Rabbit kept on talking:

“There ain’t no bad feelings between us, is there, Brer Fox? If there is, I ain’t got no time to be tarrying around here.”

Brer Fox say he don’t know no unfriendliness, and at dat Brer Rabbit cut Brer Fox loose. Jest about dat time they hear Mr. Man whistling up his dogs, and Brer Rabbit went one way and Brer Fox went de other.



After Uncle Remus finished the story there was a long pause. Finally he said to the Little Boy:

“It’s agin de rules for you to be noddin’ here, honey. By and by, you’ll drop off to sleep and I’ll have to tote you up to de Big House. I hear your baby brother crying, and by and by, Miss Sally will be hollerin’ after you.”

“Oh, I wasn’t asleep,” said the Little Boy. “I was just thinking.”

“Well, dat’s different,” said the old man. “If you’ll climb up on my back, I expect I ain’t too old to be your horse from here to de Big House. Many and many is de time dat I toted your Uncle Jeems dat way, and Marse Jeems was heavier set than what you is.”

## BRER RABBIT RAISES A DUST

In them times Brer Rabbit, and Brer Fox, and Brer Coon, and de other creeturs went courting. Yes, sir, they went courting same like folks. They didn't have to say: "Lend me a horse" or "Fetch me my buggy." They would jest up and tote themselves.

There was old Brer Fox, he'd jest wheel around and fetch his flank one swipe with his tongue and he'd be fixed up. Brer Rabbit he would jest spit on his hand and twist it around de roots of his ears and his hair would be combed.

They was dat lively dat Miss Meadows and de gals don't see no peace whatever. Tuesday was same as Sunday, and Friday was same as Tuesday. It come down to dat pass, dat when Miss Meadows would have chicken fixings for dinner, in would drop Brer Fox and Brer Possum; when she'd have fried greens, in would pop Brer Rabbit.

At last Miss Meadows told de gals she wasn't going to keep no tavern. So they fix it up among themselves, Miss Meadows and de gals did, dat de next time de gents call they would give 'em a game. De gents was a-courtin', but Miss Meadows don't want to marry none of 'em, neither does de gals.

One Tuesday, Miss Meadows tells de gents dat she want 'em all to come to her house next Saturday evening. She say they would all go down de road a piece where there was a big flint rock, and de man what could take a sledge hammer and knock de dust out of dat rock, he was de man what could git his pick of de gals. They all say they gwine to do it.

Old Brer Rabbit creep off where there was a cool place under some weeds, and there he sit working his mind how he gwine to git dust out of dat rock. By and by he jump up and crack his heels together and sing out:

“Make a bow to de Buzzard and then to de Crow,  
Takes a limber-toed gentleman for to jump Jim  
Crow.”

At dat he put out for Brer Coon's house and borrow Brer Coon's slippers.

When Saturday evening come they was all

## BRER RABBIT RAISES A DUST 123

there. Miss Meadows and de gals, they was there. Brer Coon, and Brer Fox, and Brer Possum, and Brer Terrapin, they was all there.

Brer Rabbit he shuffle up kind of late. Miss



Meadows and de balance of 'em done gone down to de big rock, and Brer Rabbit creep around to de ash-hopper in de back yard and fill Brer Coon's slippers full of ashes. Then he put de slippers on and march off.

Brer Rabbit git to de place after a while, and soon as Miss Meadows and de gals see him,

they up and giggle and make a big fuss 'cause he got on slippers. Brer Fox always so smart, he make de biggest fuss of all, laughing at Brer Rabbit's foots. Then Brer Rabbit he sort of shut one eye and say:

"I been so used to riding horseback, as these ladies knows, dat I'm gittin' sort of tender-footed."

They don't hear much more from Brer Fox dat day, 'cause he remember how Brer Rabbit done been and rode him for a riding horse. It was jest about as much as Miss Meadows and de gals could do to hide their snickers.

De program was this here: Every gent was to have three licks at de rock; de gent what fetch de dust was gwine to take de pick of de gals.

Old Brer Fox, he grab de sledge hammer and come down on de rock—blim! No dust ain't come. He draw back and come down again—blam! No dust ain't come. Then he spit in his hands and give her a big swing and down she come—ker-blap! Yet no dust ain't come.

Brer Possum he make trial, and Brer Coon, and all de balance of 'em except Brer Terra-



## BRER RABBIT RAISES A DUST 125

pin. Brer Terrapin he beg to be excused 'cause he say he got a crick in his neck. But no dust ain't come.

Then Brer Rabbit grab hold of de sledge



hammer. He leap up in de air and crack his heels together and come down on de rock all at de same time—pow! De ashes flew out of de slippers, they did, till Brer Fox had a sneezing spell and Miss Meadows and de gals up and cough. Three times Brer Rabbit jump up and

crack his heels together and come down with de sledge hammer—ker-blam! Every time he jump up he holler out:

“Stand further back, ladies! Here come de dust!”

Sho' 'nough, de dust come, and Miss Meadows had to say dat Brer Rabbit won. Leastways, Brer Rabbit got one of the gals and they had a big wedding.

“Which one of the girls did Brer Rabbit marry?” asked the Little Boy anxiously.

“I did hear tell her name,” said Uncle Remus thoughtfully, “but it look like I done forgit it off my mind. If I don't disremember, it was Miss Molly Cottontail; and I expect we better let it go at dat.

“And, honey, this here tale what I been a-telling you is de last row of stumps, sho'. I done told you de last tale what I knowed.”



XXVI

## THE VISITOR FROM VERMONT

Marse John, the Little Boy's father, was not a Southerner. He had been brought up in Vermont, and came to the South during the Civil War as a sharpshooter in the Union Army. Marse James, Miss Sally's brother, and all the men in their family were fighting in the Confederate Army. How do you suppose Miss Sally came to marry a Yankee?

That was a story Uncle Remus knew better than any one else, for he had a hand in it. When Marse John's sister came down from the North to visit them, Uncle Remus was persuaded to tell her about it.

It was in the fall of 1870 that Miss

Theodosia Huntingdon came from her home in Burlington, Vermont, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Huntingdon, the Little Boy's father and mother, in Atlanta.

When she left the train she looked through the crowd for her brother. Some one touched her on the arm and she heard a polite voice say:

“Ain't this here Miss Doshy?”

Miss Theodosia saw at her side a tall, gray-haired Negro. He stood towering above her, his hat in one hand, a carriage whip in the other, and an expectant smile lighting up his rugged face. She remembered a name her brother had often used in his letters, and held out her hand saying:

“Is this Uncle Remus?”

“Lawsy, Miss Doshy! you know de old nigger? I knowed you by de favor. Miss Sally she sick in bed and Marse John he obliged to go in de country, and they took and sent me. I knowed you de minute I laid eyes on you. Dat boy of Marse John's is de very image of you. When I see you I say to myself, ‘I lay there's Miss Doshy,’ and sho' 'nough there you was. You ain't give up your checks, is you?”

'Cause I'll git de trunk sent up by de express wagon.'

The next moment Uncle Remus was elbowing his way through the crowd, and in a very short time Miss Huntingdon was seated in the carriage. As they drove through the streets to her brother's home, she looked curiously at the old Negro, for she knew he had played a very important part in her brother's history.

One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks after her arrival, the family was sitting on the porch enjoying the mild weather. Mr. Huntingdon was reading a newspaper; his wife was crooning softly as she rocked the baby to sleep; and the Little Boy was showing his Aunt Dusia the outlines of Kennesaw Mountain through the purple haze that hung like a wonderfully fashioned curtain in the sky. Uncle Remus came around the corner of the house. Mr. Huntingdon called to him:

"Uncle Remus, I want you to come here and tell Sister how you went to war and fought for the Union. Remus was a famous warrior," he continued, turning to Miss Theodosia, "he volunteered for one day and commanded an



army of one. You know the story, but you have never heard Remus's version."

Uncle Remus shuffled around in an embarrassed way and scratched his head.

"Miss Doshy ain't got no time to sit there and hear de old nigger run on."

"Oh, yes, I have, Uncle Remus!" said the young lady, "plenty of time."

The upshot of it was that after many protests Uncle Remus sat down on the steps and told her his story of the war.

## XXVII

### UNCLE REMUS'S STORY OF THE WAR

Of course you ain't been to Putnam County, and you don't know where Harmony Grove is. Marse John and Miss Sally they been there a time or two, and they knows how de land lays. It was right in there where Marse Jeems lived and where he live now. When de war come along he was living there with Ole Miss and Miss Sally. Ole Miss was his ma, and Miss Sally there was his sister.

De war come, but matters sort of run on same as they always did. It didn't strike me there was any war gwine on. If I hadn't missed some of de neighbors and seen folks gwine out of de way to ask de news, I'd have believed de war was away off in some other country.

All de time Marse Jeems was itching to go. Ole Miss and Miss Sally took on so he didn't git off de first year. By and by, de news come dat times was gittin' pretty hot, and Marse Jeems he up and say he got to go, and go he

did. He got an overseer to come and look after de plantation, and he went off and joined de army, he did.

He was a fighter, too, Marse Jeems was. Ole Miss used to call me on Sunday and read what de papers say about Marse Jeems. I can see her jest like it was yesterday.

“Remus,” says she, “this here’s what de papers say about my baby.” Then she’d read till she couldn’t read for crying.

It went on this way for a long time; and them was lonesome times, sho’ as you born, mighty lonesome times. It got hotter and hotter in de war, and lonesomer and lonesomer at home. By and by, along came de conscript man and jest scoop up Marse Jeems’s overseer. When this happen Ole Miss sent for me and say:

“Remus, I ain’t got nobody to look after de place but you.”

Then I up and say:

“Mistiss, you can depend on de old nigger.”

I was old then, let alone what I is now; and you better believe I bossed them plantation niggers. I had ’em up and in de fields before day. If they didn’t earn their victuals dat sea-

son, then I ain't named Remus. But they was took care of. They had plenty of clothes and plenty of grub, and they was de fattest niggers in de county.

By and by, Ole Miss call me up and say de



Yankees done gone and took Atlanty, this here very town. Then presently I hear de Yankees was a-marching down towards Putnam County.

Lo and behold! one day de first news I knowed, Marse Jeems rode up with a whole gang of men. He jest stop long enough to

change horses and snatch a mouthful of something to eat. Before he rode off he call me up and say:

“Daddy”—all Ole Miss’s children call me daddy—“Daddy,” he say, “it looks like there’s gwine to be some mighty rough times around here. Sherman’s men is marching this way, and it won’t be many days before they git down here. It ain’t likely dat they’ll pester mother and sister. But, Daddy, if de worst comes to de worst, I expect you to take care of ’em.”

“Marse Jeems,” I says, “how long you been knowing me?”

“Since I was a baby,” says he.

“Well, then, Marse Jeems, you been knowing me long enough to know you don’t have to ask me to take care of Ole Miss and Miss Sally.”

Then he took and squeeze my hand and jump on de horse I had ready for him. I’d been saving dat horse for him to ride in de war. It was a fine filly what I raise, and I been saving her for Marse Jeems. My! they look fine and handsome dat day when Marse Jeems mount her. As he rode off he turn around and look



like he want to say something, but he jest wave his hand—so—and gallop on.

I knowed dat trouble was brewing. So I took and fix up like de war was gwine to come right in at de front gate. I took and git all de cattle and horses together. Then I drove 'em to a pasture we had dat was about four miles off de big road with woods 'most all de way around it. I took all de corn and fodder and wheat and put 'em in a crib out there in de woods. Then I built a pen in de swamp and there I put de hogs.

When I git everything fixed, I put on my Sunday clothes and ground my axe. Two whole days I ground dat axe. De grindstone was in sight of de gate and close to de Big House, and there I took my stand.

By and by, one day here come de Yankees. Two of 'em come first, and soon de whole face of the earth swarmed with Yankee soldiers. De first glimpse I git of 'em, I took my axe and march into Ole Miss's sitting room.

Ole Miss done had de sideboard moved in de sitting room, and I wish I may drop if it wasn't fairly blazing with silver! Silver cups and silver saucers, silver plates and silver

dishes, silver mugs and silver pitchers! It looked like to me they was fixing for a wedding.

Ole Miss sat in dat sitting room jest as prim and proud as if she own de whole county. I



feel better when I see Ole Miss look dat way. I sat down by de fire with my axe between my knees. There we sat while de Yankees ransack de place. Miss Sally she git sort of restless, but Ole Miss didn't scarcely bat her eyes. We jest sat there.

By and by, we hear steps on de porch. Here

come a couple of young fellows with straps on their shoulders, and their swords a-dragging on de floor, and their spurs a-rattling. I won't say I was scared, 'cause I wasn't; but I was took with a mighty funny feeling in de neighborhood of de gizzard. They was mighty polite, them young chaps was. Ole Miss she never turn her head, and Miss Sally she look straight at de fire. By and by, one of 'em see me and he say:

“Hello, old man, what you doing in here?”

“Well, boss,” I says, “I been cutting some wood for Ole Miss, and I jest stop for to warm my hands a little.”

“It is cold, dat's a fact,” says he.

At dat, I git up and take my stand behind Ole Miss and Miss Sally. De man what speak he went up to de fire and warm his hands. De first thing you know he raise up sudden and say sharp, says he:

“What's dat on your axe?”

“Dat's de fire shining on it,” I say.

“Is it?” he say, and then he laughed.

Bless your soul! dat man wouldn't never laughed dat day if he'd knowed de workings of Remus's mind. But they didn't bother no-

body nor touch nothing, and by and by, they left.

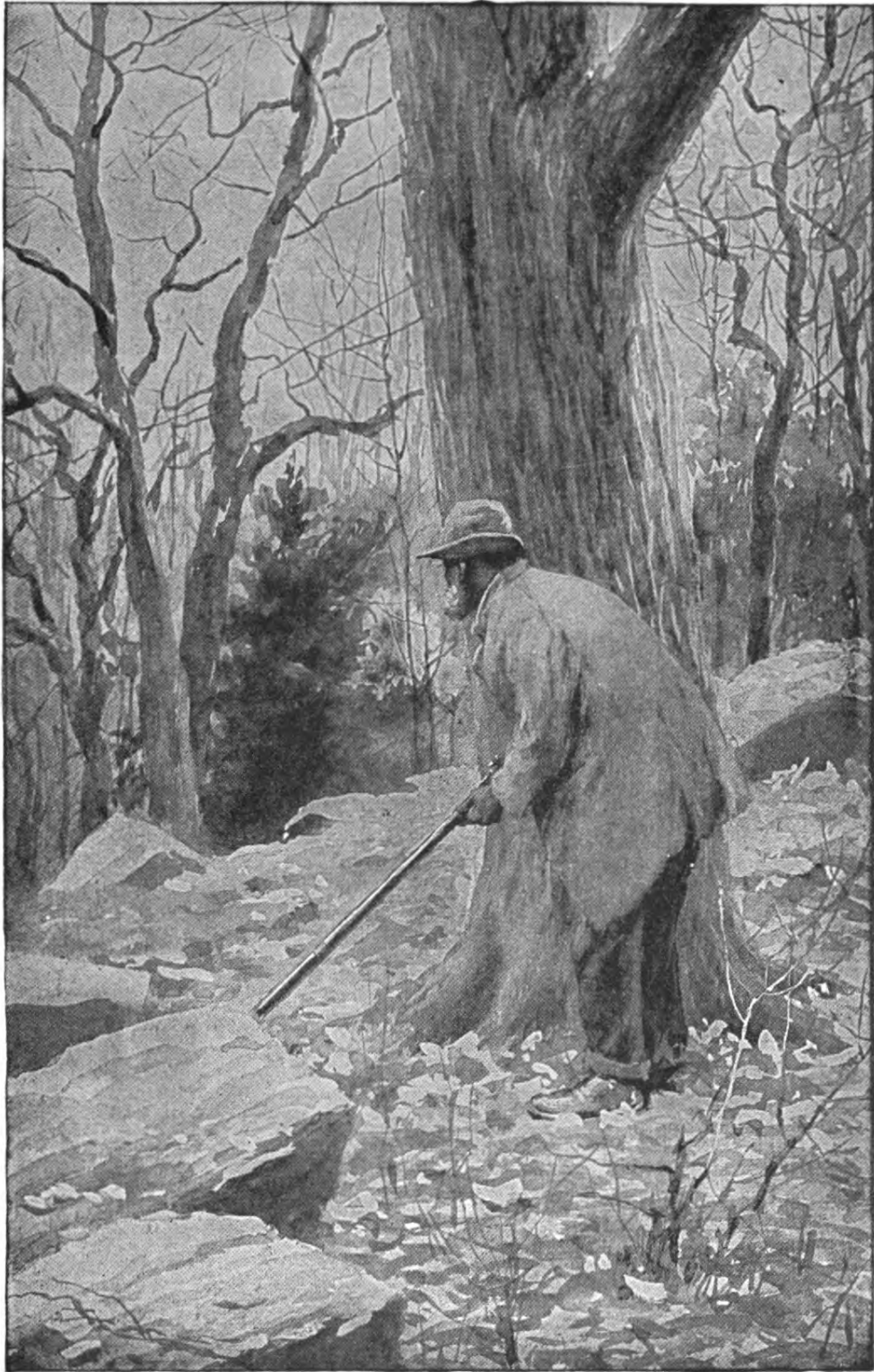
Well, all dat morning, de Yankee soldiers kept passing and passing, till it looked like to me there was a string of 'em ten miles long. Then they commence gittin' thinner and thinner. After a while we hear skirmishing over in de neighborhood of de ferry. Ole Miss say dat was Wheeler's men making pursuit of the Yankees.

Marse Jeems was with them Wheeler fellows. I knowed if they was dat close, I wasn't doing no good sitting around de fire. So I took Marse Jeems's rifle from behind de door and started out to look after de cattle and horses in de pasture in de woods.

It seems like I ain't never seen no raw day like dat, neither before nor since. There wasn't no rain, but de wet jest sifted down; mighty raw day. De leaves on de ground was so wet they don't make no fuss. Whenever I hear de Yankee soldiers gwine by, I jest stop in my tracks and let 'em pass.

I was standing in de edge of de woods looking out across a clearing, when—piff! out come a little bunch of blue smoke from de top





**UNCLE REMUS IN THE WAR**



of one of them big, lonesome-looking pine trees!

Says I to myself:

“Honey, you are right on my route. I’m gwine to see what kind of bird you got roosting in you.”

While I was looking, out bust some more smoke—piff! and then—bang!

At dat, I dropped back into de woods, and sort of skirted around so as to git de tree between me and de road. I slipped up pretty close, and what do you expect I see?

Jest as sho’ as you’re sitting there listening, there was a live Yankee up there in dat tree! He was loading his gun and shooting jest as cool as a cucumber in de morning dew. He had his horse hitched out in de bushes, ’cause I hear de creetur trampling around. He had a spyglass up there in dat tree, and while I was watching him, he raise it up and look through it. Then he lay it down and fix his gun for to shoot.

I had good eyes in them days, if I ain’t got ’em now. I looked away off up de big road and I see Marse Jeems a-coming! It was too far to see his face, but I knowed him by de filly he

was riding. I done raise dat filly and I see her coming, jest a-prancing like a school-gal, with Marse Jeems on her back.

I knowed dat man was gwine to shoot Marse Jeems if he could, and dat was more than I could stand. Many and many was de time I nursed dat boy, and held him in these old arms and toted him on this old back; and when I see dat Yankee lay dat gun across a limb and take aim at Marse Jeems, I up with my old rifle and shut my eyes and let de man have all dat rifle had. It sort of make cold chills run up my back; but when I see dat man take aim, and Marse Jeems going home to Ole Miss and Miss Sally, I jest lammed loose.

Well, then, after dat, me and Miss Sally we take and nurse dat man right along. He lost one arm in dat tree business. But me and Miss Sally we nurse him, and we nurse him till he done got well. Jest about dat time I quit nursing him, but Miss Sally she kept on. Miss Sally she kept on, and now there he is, dat Little Boy's pa!

“But you cost him an arm,” exclaimed Miss Theodosia when the story was ended.

“Yes’m,” said Uncle Remus. “I done dat. But I give him Miss Sally and dat boy, and I give him these two arms,” holding up his own brawny ones. “If dat ain’t enough for any man, then I done lost de way!”

## XXVIII

### JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

The person who knew Uncle Remus best was Joel Chandler Harris. Uncle Remus told Mr. Harris about Miss Sally and the Little Boy and told him the tales he used to tell the Little Boy, and Mr. Harris wrote them down in books. One of them is called *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings*. It has the tales you have in your book and some others.

When Joel Chandler Harris was a little boy he lived on a southern plantation where there were great fields of cotton and many cabins in which the slaves lived. That was before the Civil War. "The War" was the way he always spoke of it, for he died before the World War. When he was a little boy, there was nothing he liked so well as to go down to the slave quarters, when the day's work was over, and sit by the big fire and hear the Negroes sing and tell the stories they knew so well.

One time he helped to hide a run-away slave,

who was called Mink. Mink belonged to a nearby plantation and his master's overseer, who bossed the slaves, treated him badly, so he ran away. Joel gave him food and helped him to keep from getting caught. You can read this exciting story and other things about Mr. Harris's boyhood in another of his books, *On the Plantation*. The boy in that book called Joe Maxwell was Mr. Harris himself.

When he grew up, he became the editor of a famous newspaper, *The Atlanta Constitution*. For many years he lived in Atlanta in his home which he named the "Wren's Nest."

Joel Chandler Harris said the things he loved best in the world were "the little things—the little birds and the little children."



A DICTIONARY OF SOME OF UNCLE  
REMUS'S WORDS

Uncle Remus used many words that seem queer to us. When people talk differently from the language in which most of the books of their country are written, their speech is called dialect. Uncle Remus did not know much about books and he talked in plantation dialect. You notice most of his action words were not used the way people use them today. Many of his pronunciations were very odd. I have placed some of his words in the form of a little dictionary to help you if you cannot guess the ones he meant.

If you want to read the stories aloud and make them sound exactly like Uncle Remus talking, remember he said *prayers*, *sparrow*, *where*, *hare*, *bear*, any words with the sound of *air* in them, as if that sound rhymed with *car*. Uncle Remus said *de* for *the*, but he said it quickly and connected it with the next word

as we do when we say *the*. You notice he called most of the animals *Brer*, which meant *Brother*; he said it quickly so that it sounded like the first syllable of *Brother*. When Uncle Remus used words that ended in *ing*, he dropped the sound of *g* from all of them as he did in *gittin'*



## THE DICTIONARY

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word in this way: a ban don (ạ-ban'don). The letters and signs used have sounds as in the words shown below. The accented syllable is marked '.

a	at, can	e	prudent, towel
ā	came, face	ī	it, pin
â	all, ball	ī	line, mine
à	ask. This sound varies from a to ä	o	on, not
ã	care, dare	ō	more, open
ạ	alone, company	ö	move, to
ä	beggar, opera	ọ	actor, second
e	end, bend	ou	out, found
ē	equal, be	u	up, but
ë	her, certain	ū	use, pure
		ü	full, put

**agin** (ạ-gin'), against.

**ain't** (ānt), isn't; aren't.

**allowed** (ạ-loud'), thought; said.

**ash-hopper** (ash-hop'ér), a bin to hold ashes.

The lye from the ashes was used in making soap.

**balk** (bâk), to stop and refuse to go. Mules sometimes balk.

**biggity** (big'it-ē), proud.

**bile** (bīl), boil.

**branch** (brānch), a brook.

**Brer** (brer), brother.

**bust** (bust), burst.

**by and by** (bī and bī), after a while.

**calamus** (cal'ā-mus), the flag or iris. It has a fragrant root.

**'cause** (kâz), because.

**chink** (chingk), a crack.

**collard** (kol'lärd), kale; cabbage leaves.

**confab** (kon'fab), talk.

**conscript** (kon'skript), army draft.

**contraption** (kon-trap'shən), an invention; a device.

**creetur** (krē'ter), creature.

**dat** (dat), that.

**de** (dē), the.

**diskommerdate** (dis-kom'er-dāte), not help.

**disremember** (dis-rē-mem'bër), forget.

**'em** (em), them.

**et** (et), ate.

**favor** (fā'vər), family resemblance.

**fetch** (fech), bring.

**filly** (fil'ē), a young mare.

**flo'** (flō), floor.

**footses** (füt'sez), feet.

**gal** (gal), girl.

**gents** (jentz), gentlemen.

**gimme** (gi'mē), give me.

**git** (git), get.

**greens** (grēnz), spinach; turnip tops.

**grub** (grub), food.

**gwine** (gwīn), going.

**h'ant** (hānt), a ghost; a witch.

**heyo** (hā'yō), hello.

**holler** (hol'ēr), shout; call.

**howdy** (hou'dē), how do you do?

**Jeems** (Jēmz), James.

**jest** (jest), just.

**keel over** (kēl), fall.

**keer** (kēr), care.

**lammed loose** (lamd lös), knocked loose; let go.

**'lasses** (las'ez), molasses.

**leastways** (lēst-wāz), anyway.

**lit out** (lit out), started to go.

**Marse** (märs), master.

**Mistiss** (mist'is), mistress.

**monstrous** (mon'strus), very.

**'most** (mōst), almost.



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**nab** (nab), catch.

**nary** (nār-ē), not any.

**nigh** (nī), near.

**'nough** (nuf), enough.

**Ole Miss** (ōl mis), the old mistress; the master's wife.

**ongodly** (on-god'lē), ungodly; wickedly big.

**pent** (pent), shut up in a pen.

**pester** (pes'tér), to worry; to tease.

**pigeon wing** (pij'ɔn wing), a dance.

**pore** (pōr), poor.

**puny** (pū'nē), weak.

**reckon** (rek-n), think; guess.

**rigmarole** (rig'ma-rōl), foolish talk.

**roasting ear** (rōst-ing ēr), corn to be served at the table; corn on the cob.

**sass** (sas), sauciness; boldness.

**shanty** (shan'tē), cabin.

**sho'** (shō), sure.

**'simmon** (sim'ɔn), persimmon.

**skedaddle** (skē-da'dl), to run fast.

**skittish** (skit'ish), shy.

**snack** (snak), a small lunch.

**sparrer-grass** (spa'rér-gras), asparagus.

**spile** (spīle), spoil.

**stove** (stōv), broken.

**swop** (swop), exchange.

**tick** (tik), mattress.

**tolerable** (tol'ĕ-rə-bl), fairly well.

**toll** (tōl), drag.

**tote** (tōt), carry.

**tushes** (tush'ez), teeth.

**uppity** (up'i-tē), rude.

**watermillion** (wâ'tēr-mil-yon), watermelon.

**worrild** (wēr'ild), world.

**yoke** (yōk), to seize.

(1)















