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The Riverside Press
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The
Favorite
U N C L E
R E M U S



by Joel Chandler Harris
illustrated by A. B. Frost

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NORWAY-VULCAN AREA SCHOOLS

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❧ *To the Reader* ❧

MISS MEADOWS and the gals cordially invite you to meet Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Tarrypin and their other friends to celebrate the centenary of Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908), the creator of Uncle Remus.

Among the guests will be Arthur Burdette Frost (1851-1928), whose pictures "breathed the breath of life into these amiable brethren of wood and field," and to whom Harris wrote of his book, it "was mine, but you have made it yours, both sap and pith."

Before the festivities begin, we should note what Harris says about some important figures: "The fox of the stories is the gray fox — not the red. The rabbit is the common American hare. The bear is the smaller species of black bear common in portions of Georgia."

As to Miss Meadows and the gals, even Uncle Remus, when questioned replies only: "dey were in de tale . . . en de tale I give you like hit were gun ter me"; but Mrs. Corra Harris comments shrewdly: "You do not question their existence, nor their natural relation to Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit . . . You cannot visualize them, yet you do not doubt them."

Except for the little boy who comes each evening from "the big house" to Uncle Remus's cabin to hear the old man's stories, all the characters use "the dialect of the cotton plantations of middle Georgia" before Emancipation. We must use our ears, not our eyes, to savor the melody of the talk.

In this lively company, Harris's characteristic shyness keeps him constantly in the background: "All I did was to write out and put in print the stories I had heard all my life . . . and out of a variety of versions, to select the version that seemed to be most characteristic of the Negro: so it may be said that each legend comes fresh and direct from the Negroes. My sole purpose was to preserve the stories dear to Southern children . . . as far as possible in the form in which I had heard them and to preserve the quaint humor of the Negro . . . not one of them is cooked, and not one nor any part of one is an invention of my own."

The
Favorite
UNCLE
REMUS

*Some Goes Up
and Some Goes Down*

ONE EVENING the lady whom Uncle Remus calls "Miss Sally" missed her little boy. Making a search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin and, looking through the window, saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus.

You done year me say dat de creeturs is got mos' ez much sense ez folks, aint you, honey? inquired the old man. (The youngster nodded assent.) Well, den I'm bleedz ter tell you dat sense don't stan fer goodness. De creeturs dunno nothin' 'tall 'bout dat dat's good en dat dat aint good. Dey dunno right fum wrong. Dey see w'at dey want, en dey git it ef dey kin, by hook er by crook. Dey don't ax who it b'longs ter, ner wharbouts it come fum. Dey dunno de diffunce 'twix' w'at's dern en w'at aint dern. I aint tellin' you dese tales on account er w'at de creeturs does, I'm a-tellin' um on account er de way de creeturs does.

Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns w'at I knows un. Bofe un um wuz allers atter wunner nudder, a prankin' en a pester'n roun', but Brer Rabbit did had some peace, kaze Brer Fox done got skittish 'bout puttin' de clamps on Brer Rabbit.

One day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon, en Brer B'ar, en a whole lot un um wuz cle'rin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n'year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he didn't let on, kaze he feared de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gotter briar in his han', en den he take'n slip off, en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. Atter w'ile he come 'crosst a well wid a bucket hangin' in it.



"He holler out dat he gotter briar in his han'"

"Dat look cool," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en cool I speck she is. I'll des 'bout git in dar en take a nap," en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he aint no sooner fix hisse'f dan de bucket 'gun ter go down.

Dey aint been no wusser skeered beas' sence de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He fa'rly had a ager. He know whar he come fum, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunner w'at minute gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he slip off fum de new groun', Brer Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projick er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come ter de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. Brer Fox wuz de mos' 'stonish fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no head ner tails ter dis kinder business. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

"Well, ef dis don't bang my times," sezee, "den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'taint dat, den he done gone en 'skivered a gole-mine, en ef 'taint dat, den I'm a gwineter see w'at's in dar," sezee.

Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en listen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gittin' nigher, en yit he don't year nothin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nothin' en

he don't year nothin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeered outen his skin, en he feared fer ter move kaze de bucket might keel over en spill 'im out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'rs over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Brer Fox holler out:

"Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' down dar?" sezee.

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a fishin', Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so yer I is, en dar's de fishes. I'm a fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Lots un um, Brer Fox; scoze en scoze un um. De water is natally 'live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

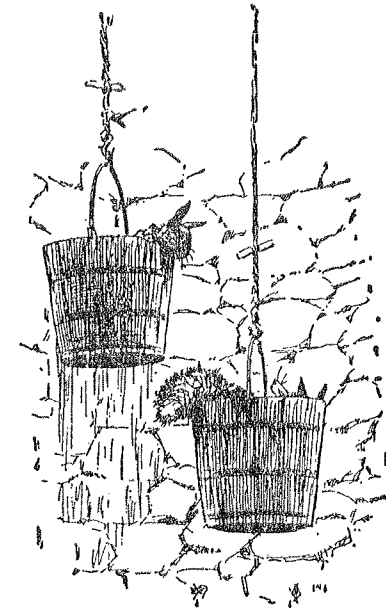
"How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?"

"Jump inter de bucket, Brer Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'."

Brer Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat Brer Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en, ez he went down, co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. W'en dey pass wunner nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sing out:

"Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
Some goes up en some goes down,
You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'."

W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de folks w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddyin' up de drinkin' water, en den



"Some goes up"

he gallop back ter de well, en holler down ter Brer Fox:

"Yer come a man wid a great big gun —
W'en he haul you up, you jump en run."

What then, Uncle Remus? asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin' des like dey never heerd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bust out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins.