

are very shy about telling these stories to a white man; they always declare that they "done furgot em," and too, it is only the old ones who remember them. When I have approached some of the old aunties in the most tactful way I knew, I have been told "O I done furgot em now Miss Sale, I'd jus hafter study 'bout dem long time 'fore I end member" Or, "O yes honey, de *ole* niggars jus tell lots ob dem stories 'fore de war, but I dis'member dem now." Mr. Harris says:—"In the tumult and confusion incident to their changed condition the younger Negroes have had few opportunities to become acquainted with that wonderful collection of tales which their ancestors told in the kitchens and cabins of the old plantations. The older Negroes are as fond of the legends as ever, but the occasion or the excuse for telling them becomes less frequent year by year."

It has been discovered that these tales did not originate with the plantation slaves; many of them date back hundreds and thousands of years and are traced to Egypt, Siam, Africa and other eastern lands. I asked Mr. Harris if he thought a number of the tales might not have been evolved from the vivid imagination of the Negro himself. He answered with an emphatic negative. They have been changed somewhat to suit the locality: different animals figure as heroes to suit the knowledge of the story-teller, but the same story bearing the same general form is found in places widely separated.

Prof. Hartt and Mr. Herbert Smith, who collected folk-lore tales from the Amazonian Indians, find many which are the same in general character as those told by Uncle Remus. In the May number of Harper's Magazine in Mr. Poulteney Bigelow's article on "White Man's Africa," is found the "Romance of Mr. Rabbit." He says, "The stories were taken word for word from the lips of a native on the African East coast, near the Zambesi river." The incidents in the tale close with the Tar Baby story, which is also told by Uncle Remus. In one instance it is the Tar Baby, in the other a Tar Woman. This story came from India originally; how it drifted to the East African is not definitely known. But by some of the chances of war or slavery, it was, no doubt, carried across land and sea to this country. We have a native in our College who came from Africa a year ago, 17 years of age. From his lips I have taken down in his