

# THE KIT-BAG.

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## RIDING SONG.

Let us ride together,  
(Blowing mane and hair)  
Careless of the weather,  
Miles ahead of care:  
Ring of hoof and snaffle—  
Swing of waist and hip—  
Trotting down the twisted road,  
With the world let slip.

Let us laugh together,  
(Merry as of old)  
To the creak of leather  
And the morning's gold.  
Break into a canter!  
Shout to bank and tree!  
Rocking down the waking trail—  
Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities!  
Here's the life for me,  
'Twere a thousand pities  
Not to gallop free.  
So we'll ride together  
Comrade, you and I,  
Careless of the weather,  
Letting care go by.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

## Notes.

### AMERINDIANA.

Columbia University,  
New York City,  
Jan. 14th, 1903.

To the Editor of THE KIT-BAG,  
SIR,—I have just read in your periodical

the review signed by Edith Nares on Mr. Leland's and my book "Kuloskap the Master" and I beg that you will permit me to write a few words in reply to this highly interesting criticism.

I fully recognize the fact that many modern Indian traditions are "encrusted with a somewhat opaque deposit of European origin;" indeed this was pointed out to me some time ago by Mr. Andrew Lang, who suspects the genuine Amerindian nature of many of the Kuloskap legends as we give them. I am inclined to believe that French and other European influences may be traced in a number of these stories. On the other hand, I am convinced—and here I may add that Mr. Lang is with me—that the Wabanaki lyrics given in Kuloskap are a real Amerindian echo, showing no discernible traces of European thought.

As to the implication that Mr. Leland and I are "mealy-mouthed," I believe that my aged coadjutor, dying man as he is, would rise from his bed in indignation at the very idea. It is quite evident that Miss (or Mrs.) Nares knows nothing of the former works of the "Dean of American Literature," as Mr. Leland has been aptly called. He has certainly never hesitated to call a spade a spade, and sometimes even a shovel. I should add that Bowdlerism has never had any part in my oral or written work, nor is it any longer the fashion in American society, either in New England or elsewhere, except perhaps among elderly maiden ladies. The days when the legs of the grand piano were modestly veiled out of regard for the "young person" are long past. In fact, I may state that quite the reverse situation prevails at present. We have presented the tales exactly as they came to us, so that if there is any "Podsnappery," it comes from Amerindian and not from Americo-European Bowdlers. I have never heard the tale cited by your critic of the origin of the Indian Devil's retromingency. If it is as religiously instructive as the well known Arab account explaining how the camel was made retromingent by Allah in order to pro-