

## GABLE ENDS.

### LITTLE KOSH-SHE-SHE-BOG-A-MOG.

Several times in the autumn of 1868, in our trips in the enchanting Muskoka region around Trading Lake, and in the neighboring rivers, we had seen in the distance a canoe containing an old Indian, and what appeared to be a little boy in the bow. We noticed, however, that as we approached, the old man would paddle away in a different direction, and in order to elude observation would hide himself behind some point of rocks in a bend in the river, or behind a clump of trees on the shore. His disinclination to come into contact with any member of our hunting party was so marked that we thought it right to respect it, and though now and again we observed him in the distance, we never got a near approach to him. Some of the guides surmised that he was the old chief of the remnant of the once famous tribe then dwindling into nothingness at Rama, on the banks of Lake Simcoe, and if this were so, doubtless the child with him was his great grandson, his lineal descendant, and named Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog. We were told that there was a great mystery attached to the birth and existence of this child, because rival factions and families in the tribe were from selfish ends interested in his being put out of the way, so that the large reservations of timber lands, granted to the tribe, might be sold, and that the Government bounties should be diverted from the rightful owners to pretenders or usurpers of the real chieftain's birth-right.

The story attracted and added interest to the old man's movements, and especially to an incident that occurred one stormy evening just as darkness was setting over the lake. In the distance, across the water from the point on which we were encamped, we could see the old man bending vigorously at the paddle, shoving his canoe before the wind down the lake as fast as he could go. So late at night, in weather so threatening, and waves likely at any moment to submerge his frail craft, with wasted strength and a helpless child in

the canoe—these were conditions that startled even the reckless guides; and the conjecture that something unusual had happened to justify such a journey by the old chieftain seemed well founded. He was soon lost to view in the distance, attempting to cross the lake to our side several miles below us. As we turned toward our great camp fire, which illumined the interior of the tent with a warm glow, and we imbibed the delicious odors of the sizzling bacon and trout that was being cooked for supper, we thought of the lonely old man, probably without food, and the hungry little boy that accompanied him.

"Some one has said that 'Comparison is the bottom of all philosophy'" remarked our sage President, "and surely the comparison between the lot of that old man and the young chief to-night, and the comforts we enjoy, ought to bring to us the philosophy of content."

It was a sententious remark, and set us all thinking, as we sat down to our bountifully spread table, in front of the tent and before the camp-fire. Soon we forgot the old Indian and his young ward in the comfort and satisfaction of our meal, and the incident of the day passed away, as in idle talk, song and story, we were grouped around the glowing embers, smoking the pipe of peace. It was nearly nine o'clock, and we had already begun to feel a delicious tendency to stretch on our hemlock beds, when suddenly one of the party exclaimed :--

"Hist boys, don't move 'till I get my rifle. There's a panther or a wild cat right in the trees above us. Don't move or you'll drive him away; and I can draw a bead on him, if I can get out my rifle."

Looking upward among the leaves illuminated by our camp-fire, sure enough a dark object could be discerned in the big maple tree. It was animate, for we could see it slowly moving, and our hearts were in our mouths for fear it would make a spring upon some of our party. While we were trying to make out its shape and size, our friend who had first discerned it, put his rifle to his shoulder and was about