



DOXTATER.

know, and we together waked melodious echoes in the neighboring cliffs. Lemm too was not always blowing about his gun; he now and then varied his tale by his exploits by land and water, near and far, and with a touch of plain history, accidentally dropped, concerning the earlier and later days on the island, made him, all in all, a very social, companionable man.

We were not favored with a breeze on our return to Grand Island, and having to paddle the whole way, Dox and I took to the canoe, leaving Lemm to bring F. W., Esq., with the other baggage.

At Mr. Williams's house we found a gentleman from Detroit in the last stages of consumption, so his friends kindly said, quite unable to enjoy himself or any body else. He seemed glad of the opportunity of getting to Marquette with us, and we counted him one with our party. Mr. Williams, among other interesting traits, possessed a firm belief in the curative powers of certain Spiritualist doctors. He gave us an account of his experience with several. He never was sick in his life—always been strong and hearty; but some of his children had been sickly, and one daughter had died lately of consumption. Some years since, when she began to fail and he felt alarmed for her, some one recommended her to visit a medicinal spring. Her letters from there during the first few weeks were encouraging, but afterward she failed so rapidly that he had to go and bring her home on a bed. Then a Spiritualist doctor was recommended, and as soon as she was able she went there. Again she improved for a few days, and then again rapidly declined. Another doctor, a trance medium, now discovered that all had gone wrong so far, and took charge of the case. Progress of patient up and down again as before. About this time he received letters from New York from a healing medium, who announced (as if it was a revelation) that he understood that a Mr. Williams, living, etc., etc., had a daughter most grievously afflicted, etc., and offered to restore her to

youth and health in a marvelously short time, either at her own home or at his, in the city—which latter would be much more desirable, being under his immediate and personal inspection. And so on, all this time paying very heavy bills unto the end. But why does Mr. Jones believe in Mr. Williams's spiritual doctors? Because he only succeeded in finding a real, true, faithful healing medium, just before his daughter died, who could have cured her if he had been called in the first place, but only knew of the case when it was too late; so into the hands of this last most merciful and kind trance and healing medium was Mr. J. anxious to place himself.

Mr. Williams's eldest son proposed to take us to Marquette in the large sail-boat, as he had a lot of white-fish and trout ready for market; and we therefore made up a party, including Jones and F. W., Lemm and Bully, Williams Junior, Dox, and I.

Bully was son-in-law of an old Chippewa Chief (who was said to be over a hundred years old), and had been a mail carrier during the winter, when navigation was closed, for several years; making the journey to Detroit from Marquette in about two weeks, sleeping on the snow, wading rapid streams—an exceeding perilous task. He dressed just as he could catch it, in clothes new or second-hand, in style or out, military or civil, fits or not; and was a good-hearted fellow at all times. What his other name was besides Bully we did not learn, nor what he was Bully for; but guessed he was considered bully for whisky, as he earned some such title on our way up.

Williams Junior said we had better land on a little island just outside the entrance on the east of Grand Island Harbor, and visit the cave there. He described it as a most curious place, full of columns, rooms, passages up and down, altogether a fairy-like and strange cave. The party seeming inclined to see the sights, we landed, and drank the health of whatever god was dwelling there at the time, and sailed away again. The wind played a fast-and-loose game with our sails, and teased us along a mile or so



"BULLY."