

We got under way for Makinac at last with a goodly array of passengers. On board, I was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of a young Southerner of the name of Gray; he was like myself bound for Lake Superior.

An intimacy soon sprung up between us. By profession he was a land surveyor, but, besides that, he knew a good deal of geology and botany, and was employed either by the State of Michigan or the General Government of the United States to survey lands on the south side of Lake Superior, which have since become so valuable, and known as the Copper Regions. Gray was one of the pioneers of discovery in this remarkable country; for its great mineral value, even at that time, was more than suspected, from the huge masses of native copper found there, some weighing from 500 to 1000 lbs.

Gray, when he found that I was bound for the north shore of Lake Superior, immediately suspected that I was sent there on an errand somewhat similar to his own; but I immediately told him that I never had the honour of being an employee of the Government, and perhaps never would; and gave him just as much of my history as I thought it necessary to communicate.

Let me here bear testimony to the great sociality of the Americans on board their boats. I am describing what I saw myself in several voyages, at different times, on the great lakes. Every one, whom business or pleasure brought on board the boat, seemed determined to be pleased himself and to use his best endeavours to please every one else.

We at last got away from Detroit and steamed up to the St. Clair river to get into Lake Huron, and in the evening, as we were taking tea in the cabin, our steamer which was going probably at the rate of 7 or 8 knots an hour, suddenly came to a stand still, throwing the dishes on the table out of their equilibrium.

"We have stuck in the mud," says Gray, who was sitting beside me. "Better that," I replied, "than being on the rocks."

Our gallant Captain immediately rose from the table and went upon deck; but returned with the information that the steamer was aground on the St. Clair shoals, and would have to remain there until another steamer or tug were passing, to haul us off; which would probably be about noon, next day. If the Captain had looked well after his own business, the mistake would not have occurred; but we were in his hands and had to submit to circumstances.

Our friend got up a dance in the saloon in the evening; and if he was not at home any where else he certainly was there. Gray any myself