

The sugar-gum, or wax, is also made separately. Large wooden bowls, or birch-bark *casseaus*, are filled with snow, and when the syrup is of the right consistence it is poured upon the snow in thin sheets. When cooled it is put into thin birch-bark, made into a neat package, and tied with bast. The syrup made for table use is boiled very thick, which prevents its souring. For summer use, it is put into jugs and buried in the ground two or three feet deep, where it will keep a year, more or less.

The trip to Bois Blanc I made in my dog-sled. François Lacroix (the son of a slave), whom my grandmother reared, was my companion. The ride over the ice, across the lake, was a delightful one; and the drive through the woods (which were notably clear of underbrush), to the camp, about a mile from the shore, was equally charming.

The pleasures of the camp were varied. In out-of-door amusement, I found delight in playing about great trees that had been uprooted in some wind storm. Frequently, each season, near the close of sugar-making, parties of ladies and gentlemen would come over from Mackinac, bent on a merry time, which they never failed to secure.

One time, a party of five ladies and five gentlemen were invited to the camp. Each lady brought a frying-pan in which to cook and turn *les crêpes* or pancakes, which was to be the special feature and fun of the occasion. All due preparation was made for using the frying-pan. We were notified that no girl was fitted to be married until she could turn a *crêpe*. Naturally, all were desirous to try their skill in that direction, whether matrimonially inclined or not. The gentlemen of the party tried their hand at it, as well as the ladies. It may not be amiss here to explain what to turn the *crêpe* meant; when the cake was cooked on one side, it was dexterously tossed in the air and expected to land, the other side up, back in the pan. Never did I see objects miss so widely the mark aimed at. It seemed indeed that the *crêpes* were influenced by the glee of the party; they turned and flew everywhere, but where wanted. Many fell into the fire, as if the turner had so intended.

Some went to the ground, and one even found its way to the platform, over the head of the turner. One gentleman (Henry S. Baird) came up to Mrs. John Dousman, and holding out his nice fur cap, said, "Now turn your cake, and I will catch it." Mrs. Dousman was an adept at turning, and before the challenger had time to withdraw his cap, with a toss she deftly turned the cake and landed it fairly into the cap. You may imagine the sport all this afforded. In due time, a nice dinner was prepared. We had partridges roasted on sticks before the fire; rabbit and stuffed squirrel, cooked French fashion; and finally had as many *crêpes*, with syrup, as we desired. Every one departed with a bark of wax, and sugar cakes.

The year before, I was weather-bound at the camp. The sugar-making was ended, and the camp broken up. All the utensils were placed in the house; the kettles were set upside down on the platform; the *casseaus* had the two stitches that held them in place as a dish taken out, leaving them as square pieces of bark; all these squares were tied in packages of a hundred each, and laid on the other platform; the barrels were placed between the fireplace and the platform; the remaining fuel was taken in, under shelter. Then some cedar bark was placed over the opening in the roof, and doors made fast by logs rolled before them. I do not remember that our premises were ever molested. In this fashion, was the camp left through every winter. Occasionally during the season that followed, it was the habit of François Lacroix to cross over and see that all was safe, returning with a goodly load of pigeons or ducks.

This time, we were waiting for them to come from the island, for us and our goods. It was a difficult thing to achieve, this particular season, as the ice had broken up in the lakes before the sugar-making was ended, and we had to wait until the ice had drifted off. When all was supposed to be safe, a birch-bark canoe, with a small crew, came to Bois Blanc to take us home. Reports were fair,