

Story of Edus Family's Emigration to America

Decision to Leave France Made after Letter was received From Son Stephen, Who Left native land for New World—Mother at first Hesitant About Leaving France.

Mrs. Mary Bourcey Wagner 83, resides with her daughter between the villages of St. Lawrence and Rosiere. She is very active and tends a large garden with thrifty care. Mrs. Wagners Mother and Grandparents came to America from Nancy France in 1829. They were three months on the way. The Grandparents were Peter and Elizabeth Edus. Their Son Stephen was the first to leave France coming to escape the unrest in that country. The family had many strange experiences and hardships in the new world and the story of their entry and early years in America is told herewith.

Just look here, just look here, we have a letter from Stephen. Stephen is alive and well in America. Look this letter has come all the way from America.

Peter Edus, the father could hardly contain himself for joy and rushed about calling all the members of the family so they could see this wonderful letter that had come all the way from America and from their Stephen who had been gone so many weeks. In Fact they had hardly expected to hear from him ever again. But here was the letter. Peter Edus was getting it open so he could read it to all the family. And the family was equally excited. It was a great event and Joseph the older boy was the most interested of any.

Oh boy, said the father, just look here what Stephen says. He tells that he is in a very rich country where the land is very fertile. And just look at the name he says they call the place where he is living, Rosiere. Now don't that sound like home. Yes sir just like France. And Stephen says here that there are mostly French people living right around them so he feels right at home. And it is just as he said before he left, this Mr. LeRay that people thought so much of here, has vast land holdings over in America and is good to the people that come from France, My but this sounds good.

It took some time to read the letter, their were so many comments made by Peter Edus and members of his family as he excitedly read. But the great excitement came towards the close of the letter. Peter waved his hand as he read that Stephen expected the family to join him in America where they could easily obtain a home and become rich. It was rather plain to be seen that Peter Edus was converted to the plan of going to America. He says we will soon be rich said Peter and don't that sound good for us all to be rich?

But the mother shook her head, She was opposed to going to America and said so all along. Suddenly Peter, reading the letter, broke out in a most triumphant tone. He says Stephen does in his letter, that he is eating from off silver dishes. Yes sir eating off silver dishes, and here is where it says so in the letter. And peter passed the letter around so that all could see the place.

It looked as if the whole family were in a holiday of rejoicing as they poured over the letter again and again and commented on what Stephen had to say. Each member of the family had a different viewpoint and the chattered on in French until the mother brought order out of the wild rejoicing by saying, Peter better get to the work of grape picking. We cant make any money standing around laughing, and we will need every cent we can get in these hard times of heavy taxing.

This is not a fanciful picture, for all this actually happened long ago in France when America seemed as far away as the moon and the stories told about it made it a land of wealth, freedom and opportunity.

Peter Edus was a thrifty, frugal French Farmer up in the northeastern part of France, near the city of Nancy. The farmers in Lorraine and about the city of Nancy had little time for holidays. France had been passing through turbulent times. There had been all sorts of changes in the government. Revolutions had come and the people hardly knew what to expect next. But one thing they seemed to be sure of and that was taxes. Peter Edus had his little grape farm for the making of wine. He had been hard working and most thrifty. By frugal living he had paid for his little vineyard and had a little money saved away against the day of need.

Peter had twice married. By his first wife he had two sons, Stephen and Joseph. The second wife Elizabeth had borne him three more children, Margaret, Frances, and Peter Jr. The five children lived happily in the household and working as best they could to help in the vineyard and get a larger living for the family.

But the troublesome times had come upon France. It looked sometimes like France would be swept off her foundations and people were getting very uneasy. As taxes increased and military duties became more exacting the youth of France began to look for other lands. At about this time America loomed large in the thinking of the people. Stories, some of them unusual stories came from out of the misty unknown land across the sea and gave promise of great freedom in all things and an opportunity to acquire vast wealth. The stories made a great impression on Stephen Edus, the oldest of the Edus children. He began to talk of America when but a mere youth, but both his father and mother opposed such talk of his leaving them.

But after many months his father began to weaken in his opposition and half gave his consent for the boy to go. In fact as times became more troublesome and taxes more burdensome the father seemed inclined to look with favor upon America himself. But the mother never. She was a homebody and live or die it was her native France she wanted. And so the question continued to be discussed but always with same conclusions, the mother opposed, the father half converted, and the children in doubt. But there came a time when Stephen would soon have to leave. He was approaching the age of military duty. He could not escape it. His father dreaded the day when the soldiers would come and take Stephen away. At last Stephen made his great decision. He would go to America and go before the soldiers could stop him. He had rather be away from the family in free America than be taken from the family in war torn France and probably killed in the end. Life was too sweet and too full of possibilities to be given up in war to satisfy some ruler, was Stephens thought. He told his father he would go on ahead and when he had made a good home in America he would send for him to come with the family and enjoy it.

So one night Stephen slipped away and the neighborhood missed him the next day. He had faded from the picture and none seemed to know where he was. The time came when he was old enough to go into military training. The officer came to get him but Stephen wasn't to be found. In response to his question the parents said America. But the officer thought that was just a cover and Stephen was about. So a band of soldiers came to search the place. But Stephen was certainly not there. The family regarded Stephens going as they would if he was going to the cemetery. They never expected to see him again or even hear from him. It took weeks and weeks to cross the great sea and often it was said

that boats went down far away from help and the passengers were never seen again. So the family mourned Stephen as dead and he quite went out of their lives. However they had to think a little about him each day and wonder if he had actually reached America and if so how he was succeeding. Sometimes they wished he had remained even if he did have to go to the army. In such an event they would know about where he was and could hear from him. And now suddenly as if from the clear sky came this first letter from Stephen. It was not so bad after all. And do read how well Stephen was doing. Rich land, fertile fields, a land of the free and Stephen in a place called Rosiere, near a big river called the River St. Lawrence. It was in a county called Jefferson, and the State was New York. My that was a lot to remember. But Stephen said there were several other French Families about him and the Rich LeRay was good to them. That one could buy vineyards for only one dollar per acre, and best of all Stephen was eating off silver plates. Only Kings could do that in France. No wonder ~~Stephen~~^{Peter} Edus was wild with joy over the good news from Stephen and began to talk of going to America. But all this change when wife Elizabeth said, Peter don't dream such foolish dreams, Go and tend the vineyard.

II

Hard times seemed to settled with withering hands upon the grape growers up around Nancy in France. No country could be torn by revolutions and the constant changing of monarchs and still make it easy for the people. Besides there was great unrest and the future seemed to promise but little. The young men were leaving by the score and the old men though it best to find a home in America. Stories came back how LeRay was unusually kind to his countrymen in the new world.

As the Edus family faced problems after problems in there domestic life brought about by the stress of the political situation of France, young Joseph Edus would refer to his brother Stephen who was in America and say I suppose Stephen eating from his silver dishes knows nothing of these hard and uncertain times. The letter that Stephen wrote home from America made a great impression upon his younger brother Joseph. The story that he was eating from silver dishes made America seem like a land of golden streets to Joseph. This letter of Stephens also impressed the father, Peter Edus and time and again he wondered if he would not be better off to sell out, even at a loss and find a home in America. Only the decision of his wife to remain in France prevented him going.

One time there came a letter from America written by a former neighbor of the family who had left for the new world some months previous. This letter had more of a commonplace story. It told that the family was comfortable in new lands at a place called Rosiere near the River St. Lawrence. It was plain in saying that it was a land of the free and that there seemed to be a great future for the people. It also told of a land being sold at a dollar per acre, and that seemed very cheap. But this former neighbor had a little different story about the dishes used. He chance to mention in his letter that the people were just getting started in the new lands and expected better things. That his own household went without many things as of yet. They were satisfied to use wooden and tin dishes, trusting there would be better some day, but there were not others to be had as stores and shops were far apart in the new world where they had located.

Mrs. Edus jumped for that sentence which told of tin dishes. She quickly turned to her husband with "Silver dishes, Silver dishes. That is the kind of silver dishes they have in America."

And so the family settled down once more to abide in France. But Joseph was fast approaching the time when he must leave for military duty and the family could not spare him. And Joseph was not at all pleased with the fact that he must go in the army. He knew that his brother Stephen had slipped out of the country and was doing well in America. That quite a few of his neighbor boys had done the same thing. He told his folks there was not use in debating the matter any longer. That he would run away and seek to find Stephen at Rosiere in New York State.

The people in the home discouraged him in such an attempt but it was plain to the father that Joseph intended to go. So again there place at the table was vacant and the people in the home knew what had happened. Neighbors refrained from asking questions but were quite sure they knew the story.

Along came the officers to the home and demanded that Joseph present himself at once for military duty. The father replied that Joseph was not there any more. The officers were getting too many of these replies and decided that some people were tricking them by probably hiding the sons of military age. So on came the soldiers, a strong company of them, and they were none to kind in the way that they asked questions and went through the houses and other buildings. They seemed to feel that the families ought to be punished for aiding there sons to escape and were so rude and overbearing to Peter Edus that he decided that come what would he was going to America. And he began to make plans at once to start.

He would have nothing more to do with a land that was so uncertain as to its future, so limited in its financial returns and so ruthless with the sons in dragging them away from the homes to the army. Even the wife had reached a point where she was ready to go to America and the father looked with eagerness to the time when he would see his sons in the land of the free..

The little vineyard was sold. The prize obtained was far too low, to be sure, but what matter when they could go where land was only a dollar per acre. The savings hidden away during these years of thrifty planning, were brought forth and the family started for the seaport. It was some trip and the neighbors were ~~sick~~ at their departure. They had been good and helpful in the neighborhood. Some of the neighbors said they would be coming soon and others said they knew they could never get the means to pay their passage.

At last they were at seaport and Peter Edus paid for the passage of himself and wife and three children. The children where Margaret, aged eight; Frances, aged six; and Peter, four. The father learned that on board ship he must journey across. So he obtained a goodly amount, for there was not telling how long the voyage might be.

Greatly to their discomfort it was a long voyage and a rough one. Before they had hardly gotten sail, Elizabeth, the wife and mother, was taken ill and began to wish she had never attempted to make the trip. There were days when she could hardly leave her berth and it fell upon eight year old Margaret to do the cooking, aided by her father. But some of the time the father was also ill and Margaret had a hard and busy time tending to her two brothers and cooking food for them. And the boat was not equipped with stoves. It had a fireplace or grate. It was hard cooking on such an affair at best, but with the boat pitching during the storms, the work became doubly hard. And Margaret was such a little girl always small for her age, that she had long waits to get to the fireplace to cook.

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There were too many passengers for the cooking arrangements and the older larger ones pushed in and used the fire and coals and left the little eight year old to get the fire whenever she could get a chance.

And so the rough voyage dragged on. It seemed to the girl that it would never end. She could speak only French and the captain and crew spoke English. But she learned one English word on the boat that she never forgot. It was one day when the boat was pitching and her father and mother were ill in their bunks with sea sickness. Margaret was on deck looking after her brothers. They were uneasy and grew peevish under the restraint of the ship. They were quite near the side when the boat gave a lurch and on so young would not keep on surface long. But the captain saw the sister do the quick and brave thing. The girl made a plunge for the side of the ship. With her left hand she grasped the hair of her bother and hung on. Both were overboard and the ship was pitching but the small girl hung on. If her left hand breaks it grip both would be lost. The captain was at her side in a moment and drew her back in deck quite exhausted. The captain could not speak French but he petted the brave little girl over and over again he said Margaret always remembered the word, the first English word she learned. The captain was more kind to her the rest of the voyage and so she got along better with her cooking. After three long months the ship reached port and Peter Edus and his family went up the streets of New York City wondering where Stephen and Joseph were and how they were to find them. So this was America and they were in the land of the free at last.

III

It was no small task for Peter Edus to make the trip from New York city to Jefferson county 101 years ago. There were five of them in the party and the trip was a long one. After reaching the Mohawk district they had to go over land to the settlements in the north.

Leray had an office in New York city and so it was not so great a task to get the location of the place where he wanted to go. The land office was pleased to aid him in every possible in preparing for his trip and giving him exact directions as to reaching the French settlement at Rosiere. But it was very evident that Peter Edus was fast forming a new con- of wilderness lands in the new world. To him, living all his life in time amid the vineyards of cultivated France, the great stretches of wilderness landside in the new world were almost unbelievable. And this wilderness country seemed to grow more and more dense as he went north.

The family found the LeRay land office in the north unusually friendly. The agents wanted to get the land settled and sold and made good offers to all new comers. But in the case of Peter Edus and others from France the case was a little different. Peter and his family would be more like brothers to Mr. LeRay. In is said that Mr. LeRay did take a personal interest in the family when he met them and this was especially true with the little girl, Margaret. She was so quick, so handy, so bright and only a little miss, that †he great LeRay was won to her and told the parents this girl might find a place in this household as soon as she wanted to and the parents were willing that she should go. Margaret assured Mr. LeRay she would remember with pleasure his kind offer.

When it came to selecting land for their home in Rosiere Peter Edus showed his conception of French thrift by saying that he did not want a large farm. His plan was to

work a small farm well rather than a large farm half well. He was told that his countrymen 25 acre farms. In other parts of the country the English were taking up 100 acre farms and even bigger. But out where the French were locating 25 acres was the size desired. And even this was more than Peter Edus wanted. He asked if the vineyards were thrifty and the agent looked blankly as the question was asked and told Peter he could best tell when he reached the lands.

And this was the first great disappointment that Peter had. Going out to Rosiere with great expectation as to fine fields with thrifty crops, he found instead that his farm he had purchased for \$25 – it was \$1 per acre – was just a wilderness of giant trees. Not a foot of land was being cultivated. There was not even a house. And Peter had hardly cut down a tree in this life.

As he stood gazing in blank amazement at his farm, his future home, and saw all the work that must be done to get it in shape to produce a crop, he was very nearly inclined to run away from the place and search out lands where at least shelter had been built. And to add to his discomfort his wife came up to add her comment. She had never been eager to come to America. The silver dishes did not appeal to her. She had always said when she heard any adverse comment about the new country. “Put that in your jaw and chew it Peter” And now as Peter stood looking at the almost insurmountable task of clearing the land, his wife came up with her always ready comment: Put that in your jaw and chew it Peter.”

Peter was somewhat along in years but this remark fired him to go at his great task. He had never swung an axe in the forest but he purchased one and set about it. Neighbors were good to help. Stephen – and they had found Stephen and Joseph in the new lands at Rosiere – they gave aid as they could in the work. To the surprise of all Peter had a clearing made and a small house erected almost before they knew it.

With the house up to shelter them Peter continued his work of clearing the land. He worked in among the stumps and soon had patches of land that were ready to be sown. The family had reached Rosiere about the last of March, it is stated, so they were in excellent time to get a crop started. Hand labor did not bother the French farmers. They were used to that in France.

Peter Thriftily began to make ready for the winter ahead and proposed to sow all the wheat he could on his land. With heavy hoe he worked the seed into the soil and rejoiced to see how well the crop grew. He noted that it was soil of unusual fertility and seemed to be adapted to wheat and such crops. Neighbors declared that Peter had one of the best wheat crops about. Not so large but long and full heads on every stalk. It grew in little patches here and there amid the stumps. When it came fall Peter got a sickle and went at the harvest just as they would in France and just as his other French neighbors were doing. The wheat was cut handfuls at a time and put into bundles. Later it was threshed by hand and Peter found it had yield well. He was beginning to feel quite well satisfied with his labors and saw that in another year he could more than double his crop. The future looked good.

But wheat is not flour and there was no mill at hand to grind his crop into flour. He asked his neighbors what they did in this case and was informed that there was a mill in the vicinity of Sackets Harbor that would turn his wheat into flour. That was good news to Peter and the next day he put a bushel of wheat in a bag and made ready to go to the mill. He learned the direction to take and the path to follow to reach the mill. The

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next morning bright and early Peter had his bushel of wheat upon his back and was starting out a foot in the crisp October air for the long journey. It would be late into the evening before he could ever expect to see his home again and he would have to hurry to do that. He was anxious to be back before it got too late for wild animals were about and he did not want to have any controversy with them.

Mrs. Edus wanted to tell her husband when he started out with his bushel of wheat upon his back – a task he would not thought possible in France – to put that in his jaw and chew it, but knew her husband was making a splendid fight in getting them a home and was actually succeeding far above her dreams. She knew, also, that in a year or two as they had been going the first year they would have a comfortable home on rich lands and with every prospect that their situation would improve each year. The land was increasing in value. The neighbors were helpful and kind. More were coming from France all the time. In fact, on their very road, it was just like France with the many small farms. French people for their home lands so that they could meet and discuss old times and paint fine pictures for the future. The French language was used all the time and now there was a prospect that in another year there would be a church started right in their settlement.

And there family was all with them and there was no danger that a military escort would drop down upon them and take the boys away to war. That was a great satisfaction. And it was a great delight to welcome the new comers from France who were settling in the neighborhood all the time. Many of these they knew in France and were brought to the new world by the fine letters sent them by the pioneers in America. One day the Bourcy family came in to take up a home. Mr. Bourcy was from Lorraine where he conducted a little harness shop. He proposed to make harnesses in the new world and opened a little shop right in the heart of the settlement. He thought he would farm it also, thus being assured of a living from the land if the shop did not prove successful. And best of all to the Edus family, Mr. LeRay used to visit and asked when Margaret and join herself to his at LeRayville. That certainly be fine for Margaret.

IV

“Peter, Peter, come to the house quickly. Hurry, lose no time as you have a very distinguished visitor.” Elizabeth Edus called not only once but several times in an excited manner from the back of their modest home on their little farm located at Rosiere. Peter was out in the field and Elizabeth wanted him to come at once. As Peter hurried to the house in answer to such an excited summons, he found his wife thrilled with the greatness of the moment and could hardly wait to pour into his ears the reason why he was so hurriedly summoned to the house.

“The great LeRay is here Peter” she said and he waits to see you. Yes Sir, Mr. LeRay himself is here and I have been visiting with him. He has come to see about our Margaret going to live in his home and helping with his household. He says he has not forgotten his telling you when you came to America from France that he would find a place for our Margaret in our home and he see if we are willing that she can go now, and I think she is willing, she is this moment in there talking with this man who has been so good to us.

And that was the errand that Mr. Leray had at the Edus home. He had remembered about Margaret, the pretty little French miss who was so quick and charming and so capable in work. When Peter Edus met Mr. LeRay there followed a half hour of animated conversation in French. It ended with the decision that Margaret was to go with Mr. LeRay. The parents were told by Mr. LeRay that she would not be given hard duties to perform, but be more like one of the household. She would be taught certain things and if she was as quick with the needle as her mother said she was she would be given sewing to do and be taught the art of making garments. She could be a tailoress if so desired.

Margaret Edus never forgot the kindness of Mr. LeRay to her and his helpful suggestions and kindly aid. To live in the home was in itself an education. She saw important personages come and go and often times won great favor with the guests. She was small of stature and quick to do. Elegant and genteel living were a very part of the everyday life. She seemed to win the favor of Mr. LeRay who set great store by her. In time she became the worker who did much of the helping on the family sewing. Before leaving the home she was a skilled tailoress and made pants for Mr. LeRay as well as other clothing.

Of course this was getting to the time when Mr. LeRay was reaching when he was getting out of the active swing of life and was somewhat limited in his means, according to record. But according to Margaret she never saw much scrimping while she was in the household. It is told she was with the LeRay family some seven years. Their house was a regular home to her and she found much to take up her time in work, guests, as well as books, and delightful walks about the place. There was just one thing that kept her mind on the Rosiere home, That is one thing besides her parents. That was the acquaintance with a young man by the name of Frances Bourcy.

Frances Bourcy was the son of a man who came from France just following the arrival of the Edus family. His father was the blacksmith in Rosiere just as he had been back in Lorraine, France. Not only had his father the little blacksmith shop near the center of the village, but he had also taken up land and was making an effort to farm it also. Feeling that to own a farm was to help provide a living in old age. The son was a hard working boy who gave every promise of being a strong man in the community in future years. He had played with Margaret in school days and had come under the spell of her beauty and witchery and charm. He began to grow restless for her to return to Rosiere and make ready for the day they could be married by the parish priest in the Rosiere church and get a farm of their own.

The beautiful Margaret told Mr. LeRay that the time was approaching when she would probably be married and go to a home of her own. And there were none who would say no to her for Frances Bourcy was a big strong youth with ambition to do. They made a rather strange looking couple, he was tall and strong, she was slight of build hardly reaching her head to his shoulders. And so there came the day for the wedding and soon there was a new home made on a new farm not far from Rosiere village. Everybody wished the young couple good luck and a happy future. It is said that Mr. LeRay came to visit them after they were married.

Maybe now we can let their daughter, Mary, who is now 83 and living quite near the old home tell the story. And if she fails in some incidents we will let her brother, Eugene Bourcy, who resides in Rosiere village, help out. They were the ones who gave

the background for the story thus far, recalling the events as told them by their mother in their younger days.

"My father and mother were thrifty, hard working people," said Mrs. Mary Wagner, the daughter as she told the story the other day. "I can remember when I was a little girl that my father was hard at work each day to make his little farm bring him an income. Talk about tractors or horses my father began farming with just a cow. It is a fact that he had the cow to get milk for the family and act as an ox in drawing the plow. I can remember him going out to plow with the old cow and we thought nothing of it. And the old cow did unusually well and was a most faithful animal. I can also remember the time when the entire family rejoiced in the fact that we were able to own an ox. It was mostly white, as I remember it. Father was very gentle with this good ox and got a double yolk so as to yoke in the cow with the ox. And when he did that we thought we had a real team and could make our farm work go with the best of them."

"Of course the farms were small but we certainly got some good crops from the land. Not a bit of the land went to waste. I have seen my father take his spade and spade up land where the plow could not go. We made use of every foot and set it producing crops. I don't think I ever saw better wheat produced than we did on that little farm. Such thrifty stalks with long heads and plump kernels. And the way we harvested the crop. People would laugh today to see how we did it. And I know how the harvesting was done for I used to help."

"When it came harvesting time father would take us children out in the field each with a sickle. We knew how to do it and I have worked many a day with the sickle. We would bend over and with the left hand grasp and handful of standing grain and with the right hand draw in the sickle and cut a handful off. It was slow, back breaking work but we knew no other way. And there was not a head of grain lost. Father would follow along and pick up the handful of grain we had cut and bind them up into bundles using wisps of the stalks of the grain for the bands. We had quite a family and so we children could do a lot to help. I don't remember when the grand cradle came into being, but don't think it did on our farm while I was a girl at home."

"Mother was a wonderful housekeeper and got along fine in the house. And now the rather unusual thing was the fact that right into our French settlement at Rosiere came a colony of Germans and located right beside us. We could not speak German and they could not speak French. Yet my mother used to visit a lot with them and they came to our place a lot to get help and the whole visiting would be carried on by signs. Several families of the Germans seemed to make our home their headquarters to learn about American ways. And they were good neighbors too and seemed to be just as thrifty as we. Maybe it was because we had German neighbors that I married a young German."

Mary Wagner, 83 of St. Lawrence says she can well remember the stories her mother and the other children when they were young. These stories had to do with their old home in France over 100 years ago and the customs over there compared with those in this country. And that long sea voyage of 3 months when their mother was a little girl was also fruitful of many incidents of interest about which the children used to love to hear. They never tired of hearing how she had to cook for her family over the grate and had to watch for her chance to get to the coals because older and larger people crowded in.

But it seems as if her best story of all was when her mother was in the LeRay household and the days of when she was a tailoress there. The stories of the Great and grand house: of the elegant company with their perfect manners: of their kindness of the great LeRay all these were of great interest to the children. And there could be no doubt that the great LeRay thought much of Margaret Edus for he did everything possible to make her stay in the family one of delight. And he took great interest in her coming marriage to Francis Bourcsey.

The mother used to tell of how children residing near the LeRay mansion would come with berries they had picked from the wild bushes there and nearby and offer them for sale. They would timidly approach the door and the French housekeeper hired by Mr. LeRay to look after the household would answer the knock and weary of so many calls from so many children would quite abruptly send them away with some sharp words in French. It would often happen that Mr. LeRay would note the approach of the children with their berries and would listen to the conversation of the housekeeper as she sent the children away. Mr. LeRay would then leave by another door and when the children turned away sorrowful because of the lack of sale and disappointed in not getting some money, he would stop them and quietly ask them what they had and what price they wanted for the berries. The price would always be so low that it would not be half their value and the good man would give them a worthwhile coin and take the berries back with him. Margaret thought that Mr. LeRay in order not to vex the housekeeper would throw the berries away or give them to some other party. But the act showed the bigheartedness of the man.

Mrs. Wagner remembers how when they were children and the German people began to locate nearby in the neighborhood her mother would be kind and gracious to them and make friends of them all. One spring day, one of the German neighbor women came in and asked for something speaking German. This of course, her mother, being French could not understand. But her mother always used the sign language with the German people and so led the German lady into the pantry, feeling it was something in the line of food she wanted to borrow or buy. The German lady's eyes lighted up as she went into the pantry and saw a basket of eggs sitting there for it was eggs she wanted. The German lady pointed to the eggs and Margaret made signs to help herself. The German lady took 6 and reached into her pocketbook to pay for the eggs, but the French lady shook her head and made signs she could return them when her hens began to lay. This pleased the neighbor greatly thus the 2 races lived side by side and had the best of times.

When Mary Bourcsey, the daughter, married, she married one of the German boys of the neighborhood. Not long after her marriage she too began to make a new home in the wilderness on the cross road leading east from the St. Lawrence cemetery. There she has lived all of these days and there she is now happy and active.

When I left the French Road district, said Mrs. Wagner as she told her story and came to this place it was all woods. My husband had come on ahead and built just a small part of the house. This room we are sitting in is the part built at that time. The day I came to live here the doors were not all on and the side door over here was hung the day I came. About every way I looked out I saw woods. We brought just one cow with us and we had to have a bell on her. If she got just a few rods from the house, only for the tingling of the bell. I have lived to see the place cleared of the timber. The house has been enlarged a couple of times, the upright being built on quite a few years after. It used to seem like a long ways to the Rosiere church, but now with a car we do not mind it at all.

Each spring I want my garden plowed and, as you notice, it is a large garden. I take great pleasure in working it and tending my plants. You see I have over half an acre and I have a good crop of garden stuff. I think it keeps me well and happy. I go to church each Sunday and I like to be busy about the house. Today I have canned 24 cans of prunes, and have made these pies you see out there in the pantry.

My father died in 1894 at the age of 81 years. Mother died in May 1916, age 95 years. She was active up to the last and could remember vividly her trip as a girl across the sea and her working for Mr. LeRay. My husband is dead and I am the last one left in this household who lived on the French Road when that neighborhood was like a colony of France.

My daughter here married Clark Swartot and now my granddaughter is married and lives in Watertown. I go to the city frequently, folks think I am spry for my age and I tell them it's because I exercise. I used to cut grain with a sickle when I was a young girl on my fathers farm and I have been active ever since. I just say I am well and must do so much work today and go ahead and do it. You don't see any weeds in my garden and that means I am busy.

We have quite a few things here that came down from pioneer days. We prize them highly. That clock you see up there with the quaint picture on the door is an old settler and has wooden works. But it keeps good time and we like it. If you open the door you will see that it was one that was made years ago in New England by Porter and Coats.

But I certainly have seen many changes in the method of doing farm work since I was a little girl on my fathers farm in the French Settlement near Rosiere. I thought those days were wonderful but I

MARGARET EDUS + PETER BOURCEY ARE ONE PAIR OF OUR
GGG GRANDPARENTS.
THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER MARY JANE BOURCEY MARRIED
STEPHEN LAWRENCE