

## Vincent Bowerman Memoir 1870

Archives: Box 24 and Folder 5-8

This memoir is held by the Canadian Quaker Archives and Library in Newmarket, Ontario as a typescript in two places. The copy used in this transcription is in Box 24. There is also a copy in the Marion Cronk Fonds, Box 5, folder 8, item 2.

The Marion Cronk Fonds is a collection of Quaker documents and records of the Hughes, Cronk, Bowerman and Ogden families, primarily in Prince Edward County. The finding aid for the fonds is [available here on the web site](#) of the Canadian Yearly Meeting Archives.

Vincent Bowerman tells of his father Thomas Bowerman (b. 1761) coming to Canada. Vincent was born in 1791 and his mother died shortly after. His father remarried. There is much here about settling in the Wilderness of Upper Canada.

The transcription was coordinated by Jane Zavitz Bond, archivist for Canada Yearly Meeting, and fully transcribed by Sheila Havard with minor formatting changes for posting by Randy Saylor. The text was transcribed as written. Transcriber notes are in square brackets. The memoir has not been proof read.

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[See also Marion Cronk Fonds, folder 5-8, item 2.]

11 mo. 2 1870

by Vincent Bowerman

Some account of the events of my Father.

Some time in the latter part of the year 1809 my Father and my uncle Jonathan Bowerman took it into their heads to go into the Lumber business in the first place they hired some men and went away up on to the River Trent to make staves on Government Land, the people were doing so and they thought they might have some as well as other folks. Well they went on with 5 or 6 men and cut down a great parcel of timber and made 5 or 6 thousand staves, then on come old John Cummins from Kingston with authority

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from Government or someone else, they never really knew where he got his authority but he seized all their staves and timber. Well then they pulled up stakes and came away and lost all that Labor. Then Gore G out there where Wm. Foster now lives, Reynolds, Wm. Oser, was all wild land and it was Lease Land old Michael Stut, a man living down I think in the second Township had been entered for it at the Land Office at Toronto. I really do not recollect whether Father or Uncle Jonathan went and seen him and bought his right and then Father went to Toronto and got the Lease, went to work on it. There was a good deal of oak timber on it. It was principally in that Swail that comes down by Mat Arthurs and runs away up past John Lovels. They build a shanty and worked there all winter, made staves and drew them to the bay, the most of them was drawn out at Congers Mill and rafted there. In the latter part of the winter they went down in to the pine woods below where the Steam Saw mill now is and got their floats to raft their staves on. With what they made and what they bought I think they must have had as much as 30 or 40 thousand staves, they were worth \$100 per thousand delivered on the bank ready for rafting their staves were contracted (in part, not all) for 60 pounds per thousand delivered in Quebec, they must have had considerable many that was not contracted for, for what was not contracted was not sold in 2 years afterwards. I was in Quebec myself and two years afterwards and saw the same staves lying in piles in the cave, the reason of their not being sold in so long a time was the price of staves went down quite much between the time of their contracting and their delivering them in Quebec. The Raft left Picton about the first of 6 mo. 1810 and was perhaps six weeks before it arrived at Quebec then their cribs had to be unloaded and the staves culled, counted and piled. They were piled in the same manner as they pile boards at the Steam mills in square blocks. But Father did not stay there until all that was done, he took their boat, it was quite a large one and the hands that was coming back here, I think there was four of them, their names was David Cummins and Benjamin his brother, Abraham West and I do not recollect the other ones name, they took what they wanted to bring home with them and came on to a place called the Three Rivers about half way to Montreal and there they stopt and Father bought three stoves, two very large ones and one smaller one. I suppose the three did not weigh less than 10 or 12 hundred, took them aboard of their boat and came on to Montreal but before they got there Father was taken sick with the fever, they staid two or three days at Montreal in hopes that Father would get better but he did not get any better and he could not keep the men there so he sent them on with the boat and he staid there a few days, I have forgotten to say that Uncle Jonathan staid there to finish taking care of the Lumber and to sell what he could, Well we left Father sick at Montreal, as it happened Ebenezer Washburn, Paul Washburn's Grandfather was there and heard Father was acquainted and neighbours and he was coming home so he staid a day or two and took care of Father but he got no better and he was so anxious to get home that they took a passage in a Boat that was coming to Kingston and Washburn took what care of him he could, then came on, it took them probably 5 or 6 days to come to Kingston at that time the Boats had to be rowed and poled all the way. When they got to Kingston Washburn had considerable difficulty to find a house that would take in a sick man, however at length one Burley took him in, Washburn saw some one there coming right to Picton and he sent word by them to us, that Father was there and was very sick but we never got the word and that night he died. It happened that William Yerex was there with his boat just coming to Picton. Washburn got a ruff box made and he put the corpse into it and put it aboard Yerex's boat and he brought it to Picton. Robert Hubbs, the old man came up and let us know of it and soon after the corpse was brought home to us and a pretty sorry time it was. This Wm. Yerex was the Father of the present Wm. Yerex that lives beyond G Lean. At that time he sailed a boat and carried produce from Picton to Kingston. The men that came away with Father's Boat had arrived and told us where they left him sick and they thought he would soon be better and would come on. We were under the greatest obligation to Washburn for the care he took of him. Father had about \$250 in gold with him, Washburn brought that all safe to us; Uncle Jonathan sataid there until he go the staves all secured that was not sold

and then he came home, I well remember his coming to our house the next day after he got home to sympathize with us. I had an other uncle, Gideon own brother to my Father engaged in the Lumber business at the same time and was down the same season, he had a raft of his own. That was a very sickly season, there was a great many in the cove at Quebec, several died there. Uncle Gideon staid there quite a while after Father and Uncle Jonathan did. It got to be quite late in the season when he got home, he kept well until he got almost home and then he was taken and came home sick. He had for some time made it his home at my Uncle Cornelius Blunt's. He was a single man, he never was married, well he was sick a long time and the family got the fever and my aunt died with it after the family got sick they brought Uncle Gideon over to our house and put him away into the northwest bedroom and there he was sick all winter and I slept in the room with him all the time and waited on him whenever he wanted any thing.

J.P. Williams, Picton

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Sometime the next spring, about the middle of the 5 mo. our folks took the fever Mother and two of the boys and two of the girls were all down at once, one of the girls died the next got about again after about 4 weeks, but before the fever got into our family they got it into Uncle Stephen Bowermans family, that was in the winter and there was three died out of that family, two young men and one young woman. They were not Uncle Stephen's children, it was before he was married, it was the Butts Family, Gershem and Jane Butts and a young man from the States, his name was Charles Allen. Aunt Hanah Butts was half sister to Uncle Stephen, they had moved in from the States two or three years before, the husband died the same year they moved in. Uncle Stephen being a single man and having a house they moved in with him, he was quite an old bachelor when he was married. Well now to return to Uncle Gideon, after our folks got sick he was taken to Uncle Stephen's, he lived if I remember only about three weeks and he died. There was an old bachelor by the name of Thomas Lanksford, he was a Tanner and Currier by trade and lived where Tripp the Blacksmith does there by the mill, he used to watch with the sick a great deal and take care of them and at length he took it and died, I think he was about the last one then it disappeared.

After Father died I was the eldest, then 19, I and mother managed the business as well as we could. There was no heavy debts to be settled, Uncle Stephen Bowerman was an executor and myself and Mother. We hired a man the first year and I think we hired some in the summertime, after that my brother Stephen and Joseph soon got large enough to do considerable. I staid with them nearly three years and by that time the boys had got so that they could manage with mother's help. About a year after that Mother got married to old Johnny but she did not leav the place for two years after that. I was married the 19 of 9 mo. 1813, Mother was married about a year after. I staid there one year after I was married, came out on my place in the fall and built a small log house and got moved into it I think a little before Christmas, it was a pretty cold house that winter but we had plenty of wood and we piled it on.

Now to go back to my boyhood, I cannot say much about it. I know I was pretty bad boy in some things, I was frequently in company with bad boys, there was one boy by the name of Isaac Huff, he was just about my age and lived not far from our house and we was together a good deal. He would lie and steal, there was another family by the name of Appleby, they had some very wild, ruff boys, as to their lying or

stealing I do not know as they were much addicted to it, they used bad language frequently, I was often in their company. I learned no good from them yet I never was in the practice of using bad language, I cannot say I never told a lie but I do not remember of more than twice or three times in my life and that was when I was but a boy. I prayed to God to forgive them and the rest of by transgressions as I grew older I saw more and more the iniquity and sinfulness of bad conduct and I always felt condemned whenever I don amiss. I may thank my parents for their care and watching over me. Father was very careful to have me go to meeting especially on first days, I used to go to school when there was school until I got able to work some. I being the eldest, Father having no other help I was put to it pretty young. I do not think I ploughed any until 13 or 14. Father built the new house in the year 1806 and I was 15 that summer. The winter before I helped cut and load saw logs. Father had a man to help him, his name was Samuel Clapp, he was a member among Friends, he used to own the farm that Farrington Bedal now lives on. Clapp sold it to Elias Bedal, him and I cut and helped load about 100. Father drew them to the mill, Uncle Ichabod had a sawmill then at away up quite a ways back of Philip Clark's barn. Noxes mill was not built until many years after that. The next summer I drew stone to stone the cellar and burn lime and tend mason, I was 15 that spring I do not think I went to school any except a little in the winter after I was 12 year old after I was 16 Father generally kept a hired man and I worked with him most of the time in the summer of 1809. I helped chop and clear 18 acres of new land and it was all sowed with wheat that Fall. 6 acres of it was cleared on the land that is now owned by Farrington Bedal, the rest of it was along the concession road in front of where Van Cleaf lives. After the sowing was done that fall they sent the men away to the River Trent and that was the beginning of the Lumber scrape. Father never went to the Trent himself but hired men and sent them there, he had some one for a foreman. Father managed to get his spring crop in before the raft went away, then I was left home with a young man that had worked for Father 2 or 3 year to work the farm and take care of the hay and harvest, altho he agreed with another man to help us and I think we hired some more, we got the hay and wheat all in in good season and in good condition, summer followed and sowed I think about 20 acres with wheat we never sow anything but fall wheat them times after the wheat was sowed the hired man left us. Soon after that Josiah Bull stepmother's brother came in from the States and we hired him for a year. In 1812 or 1811 we harvested the wheat that Vanweckler sowed the year before. I do not remember how many bushels there was of it but we sold fifty barrels of flour the next spring. Uncle Jonathan owned the mill then and the wheat all had to be ground, he made a good deal of flour from his tote and what he raised on his farm. I suppose he made two hundred [illegible] of flour that year. Well he made a contract with a man in Montreal to deliver 500 barrels of [illegible] Montreal for seven dollars per barrel. the neighbours turned in enough with his own and our 50 and made out the compliment then he got a great scow made, fifty feet long and I suppose 20 feet wide, 4 feet high.

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It was large enough to carry all the flour, it was built at Picton. That was the way the flour was all carried to Montreal at that time. The great unwile thing was finished and ready to load about the first of 6<sup>th</sup> mo. 1812, then it was hurra all hands get their flour down and put it aboard. Well then he had not hands enough to go with it and he had business that called him to Quebec to see about some of this lumber and he wanted someone to go all the way with him. So I took a notion that I would go with him and started right off and went. We had three other men five of us altogether, we was a week getting to Kingston. Uncle wanted to stop at Kingston but the day we crossed the gaps we had a fare wind and pretty heavy and

we could not stop, we went right on down the River, we lay two or three days under the lee of one of those little Islands that lies just at the upper side of the lower gap, waiting for a wind when it came we had a good one, we went from the little Island away down among the thousand Islands, we got then where the current of the River carried us right along and in about a week more we arrived at Montreal, all safe and sound. Then the hands were discharged, we were there three or four days, got the flour inspected and delivered and Uncle and I started for Quebec. Went by land, we rode in the stages and calash, a kind of cart the Frenchmen had, they carried us very well, the body was set on springs. We were two days and one night going from Montreal to Quebec, we rode pretty much all night, got there early in the morning. There had been a difficulty existing between the United States and England for several years and it amounted to a war at last. War was declared between the time of our leaving home and arriving at Quebec and when we got there they were all up in arms. There was great times, there was many lumbermen there from the States and they were settling their business and getting away as fast as they could. The soldiers were parading around and there was great times; then it was that I saw the staves lying in the cove, the man in whose care the staves had been left had sold two or three thousand and we got the money for them and came away. We were in Quebec two days and two nights and then trudged it all the way back to Montreal in the same way as we went. The first Steam Boat that ever was on the Canada waters was then on the River between Montreal and Quebec but we could not get a passage on it. On our way home we stayed a day or two at Montreal and settled up for the flour and started for home. We had to hire carriages as well as we could, when we could not get a carriage to suit us we would go right on on foot and hire the first man we could get. We had but little to carry, nothing but an old Portmanto, there was some 8 or 10 pounds weight of gold and silver in it, we used to lay it under our heads at night. On our way we fell in company with another man coming from Montreal and he was trudging it along the same as we was. We got to Gananoque and then we borrowed a boat and came to Kingston, the man we overtook came no further. We footed it up to Ferrises, stayed all night and hired the old man to fetch us up to the stone mill ferry with his wagon and horses, then we took it on foot again. I must here mention a circumstance that happened us while on our way from Kingston, the old men enjoyed themselves so well in the morning before we set off that they thought nothing of the old portmanto and it was left at Ferrises, we went on as far as the old Field tavern 6 or 7 miles, there they stopped to water the horses and behold the old portmanto was left behind, so then they got an old grey mare and put me onto her and sent me back after it. The old mare was pretty good on foot, I was not long gone then we put on again, we crossed the Ferry if I remember right about sundown, trudged on as far as where Robert Hubbs lived, David Hills place, there we stopped and got a little something to eat then on we came again, when we got as far as William Cunningham we overtook Abraham Hyatt and Benjamin Leavens coming from Picton on horseback, they got off and let us have their horses and they went on foot. So we rode up to Uncle's, then he was home and I trudged on until I got home, by that time it had got to be 12 o'clock at night. I rapped at the door and mother got up and let me in and there was two glad fellows. This was in 1812. While I was from home Mother hired a man and he helped us through the haying and harvest and I think he stayed until we were done sowing, then I think we were alone through the winter, the boys went to school and helped do the work. They were not large enough to do much yet, then the next summer I think the boys and I got along pretty much alone. We done what we could and the rest went undone. The crop we put in produced enough so that I got about 100 bushels of wheat, this was in 1813, that fall I was married, I brought my wife home and we lived all together that winter until near spring, then we fixed up a little back bedroom that had a fireplace in it and there we lived through summer and there Sarah was born the 21 of 8 mo. 1814.



Well we lived until the summer's work was pretty much done and then we went down to Father Southards and I helped his boys log off and sow three acres of new land, I had a share of the wheat. After we got that done it got to be pretty late in the fall, Father S. had a hired man by name Sam Williams, him and me took our axes and some bread and meat and came out here and went to work and put up a small log house, 16 by 18, got it done so that we moved into it about Christmas but it was a pretty cold house that winter, The man left me, I think he helped me a half a month; I chopped what I could that winter it was not much, with what I chopped that winter and the next season I got about nine acres, but I did not [illegible] it all sowed that fall, only about 6 acres, the rest I cleared off the next spring and planted with corn; so much for the beginning. Then we tug along as well as we could the next season I got in a bout eight acres more, the first crop was pretty good [illegible] the second crop was struck with [the] rust and shrunk so that it was so that it was not more than half a crop.

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Well after that we got along better, the third piece I cleared was the field East of the barn, I hired a man for six months, gave him \$16 per month, it was soon after the war of 1812, wages were very high. Him and me chopped and cleared it off and sowed with wheat, had it done in pretty good season and in good order about 8 acres that crop was pretty good. Wheat was fetching about \$1 per bu. The latter part of the same season, old Solomon Dewy, an old Yanky jeber came along and wanted a job so I agreed with him to clear 12 acres, I was to board him, find him team and give him \$16 per acre, he was to clear it all off but the pine and oak and put a good rail fence around it. I was not bound to pay him anything until the crop came off and I could make the money out of it. The woods was all standing north of the north side of the afore said East field, well I wanted the 12 acres clean on the west side, next to the Beaver meadow, when we came to measure out the 12 acres it left a narrow strip on the East side adjoining Terwilleger, very liable to be blown down with the wind. My object was save the sap bush, Dewey set in and persuaded me that it was best to cut it all down at once and finally I let him take it all. He went to work that fall, he had one man with him, chopped what they could before winter, the next spring he got three men with him and they chopped it all down. The man that worked for him in the fall did not work for him the next summer but took 15 acres to clear off for Terwilleger, right joining on the same conditions, it was all burned at one and the same time. It was a very dry time and it made a most wonderful fire as I ever saw from a follow. Well they both got their jobs done in good season to be sown. I sowed all of mine and dragged it in myself alone with one span of horses. Now for the pay, in the first place I had to buy a yoke of oxen for Dewy to do the logging with, he took a liking to them and I sold them to him and his men wanted clothes and shoes and what not and I gave him orders on the storekeepers and shoemakers. He allowed me a great price for what I let him have, he got fifty dollars worth of leather of old Asa Werden on my account. Well when we came to measure the land there was nineteen and a half acres, when we came to settle I owed him five dollars, I do not remember how I paid that but I do not remember ever paying him one dollar in money. Of course the debts that I had contracted for him I had to pay in money or something just as good but I had time to make it out of the crop I had from that land six hundred bushels of good wheat. For several years before that it had not been less than a dollar a bushel but that year it went down to three shillings and half a dollar and yet I made the wheat nearly pay this debt and I had the land cleared to good. If the barn could have all been reckoned in it is likely it would have come something short but it paid nearly all where I had run in debt for him. In the fore part of the same summer that Dewy cleared the follow I built the barn so thee may see I had plenty of business that summer. The

carpenters at that time were asking \$100 for building a barn. I hired an Englishman that had been a soldier, by the month and worked with him some and mine cost me about thirty five. So thee may see by this a little how I got along in the beginning of times.

Then harvest time came I had no one to help me nor could I get anyone until the people around got done then I got some help. I worked a number of days in that field of wheat entirely alone. It happened to be a very dry harvest time, grain could stand out a long time without taking damage. I got it all in in good order, I put 4 loads of hay in the bottom of the bay and the wheat filled the barn and I had to stack seven hundred sheaves out. After that I worked pretty much alone, I had got cleared land sufficient to sow what summer grain I wanted, sometimes I hired a man and sometimes I done without. I always had to have help in haying and harvest and I soon found it was better to hire for the season than to depend on hiring by the day and sometimes it was difficult getting hands by the day just when I wanted them.

In the year 1829 the Hixite separation took place here at the yearly meeting. In New York that year they separated there, old James Noxon and Jacob Cronk, two of the most influential members in our monthly meeting were at New York and went with the Hixites. they came home and Nox from that until our half year meeting in the fall used all his influence by preaching and talking to prepare the minds of Friends for the separation. At the monthly meeting before the half year meeting the business passed off very smoothly until it came to appointing the representatives to attend the half year meeting, they appointed a double number. The meeting was at Young Street when they were there neither party would do any business until the other withdrew. Each party had its instructions from their yearly meeting. They couldn't both act together so after sitting and parlying a long time the Hixite party withdrew and left the other party in possession of the house, then they went at it and transacted their business but that did not make a final separation here at West Lake. We all met in the same house and at the same hour, we got along pretty well until it came to preparative and monthly meetings then our party waited until the others done their business and went away. Well it went on until in the winter at our next half year meeting we all met as usual, our party would not do their business while they were present so our party sat there all day while the Hixites done their business, that took all day. At the close of their meeting, Nicholas Brown got up and appointed a meeting for worship the next day at eleven o'clock then adjourned and put off to their lodgings. After they left our party adjourned their meeting to the next day at ten o'clock. So at ten the next day we were all there, at the time we just got nicely at work on came the other [party to] hold their publick meeting, they were for pushing right in amongst us but we kept the doors shut and kept them out.

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My brother Stephen stood at one door and Samuel Casey stood at the other and kept them out. Jacob Cronk begged them to let him go in to see what was going to be done, they let him go in for five minutes, he came in, looked around. "Well Friends" he said "What is to be done here, there is a great number of women out in the cold." He was told there was plenty of houses nigh by where they could go and warm themselves, we cannot have them in here. The old man was soon ordered out by the door keepers, they were soon convinced they could not hold their meeting, so they gave out an appointment for the next day at the same hour and had their meeting all to themselves. That was the last quarterly meeting that was ever attempted to be held together. The Hixites soon altered their day of holding their meeting in the middle of the week and held their 1<sup>st</sup> day meetings at two o'clock in the afternoon. In the first place they

tried to lock us out of the house but their locks did not avail much neither party could lock it against the other, so we let it stand without any lock for some time each party had access to it until the Hixites found they could not drive us out and keep the house so they went at it and built one for themselves and that was the last of our troubling each other.

In 1831, I think it was, my wife was appointed a representative to the yearly meeting in New York and I did not like to let her go away there alone so I made up my mind to go with her. She was born and brought up on Long Island and she had quite a desire to go and see her old native place, so we started early and got there about a week before the yearly meeting came on so that we might go down on the Island before the meeting and be ready to come home when the rest of the friends did.

Well now I will tell a little about how we got there. We had the company of some people going to the same place, they were not Friends. It was Hannah Augustus, wife of James Augustus and her son, Edward and Frank Lane, her son-in-law, all from Hillier. We left home in the morning went to Picton took the boat to Kingston, then ferried over to the Island in front of Kingston. There they kept horses and carriages to carry people across the Island, 7 miles, to the American Channel, then another ferriage of a mile took us to Cape Vincent. There we stayed all night, our baggage was subjected to the inspection of the Custom house officer. There was a regular stage ran from there to Water Town 25 miles but it had so many passengers engaged before we got there that there was no chance for us so we hired a man to take his wagon and horses and take us 5 to Water Town. I do not remember what we gave him. There we stayed a part of the night for the stage left at one o'clock in the morning for Utica. We arrived at Water Town about one o'clock in the afternoon, got some dinner at the Tavern then Ed Augustus and I ran about the village all the afternoon to see what we could see. We went about two miles out of the village to see an old acquaintance of ours. Well as I said the stage left at one in the morning, we were routed up in time and bundled in and away we went, four horses to the stage, they changed horses about every 12 or 14 miles. We stopped and took breakfast and dinner, arrived at Utica 10 o'clock at night, they took us right to a Tavern, there we stayed all night then we got to the canal, then we went in the packet boat, three horses to it. Changed horses every 10 or 12 miles, from Utica to Albany I think is about 95 miles. We arrived at Albany the next day about noon. We left the boat at Schenectady, 16 miles from Albany and took the stage again. The boat went to Albany but it had to go a great ways around and pass a great many Locks. As I said we arrived at Albany about noon, I have said we took the stage, we did not for they had got the cars running from Schenectady to Albany, that was the beginning of the Rail road, then the steam boat left for New York about four o'clock in the afternoon, we went aboard of it. The next morning about six o'clock we were landed in New York, 160 miles I believe. I have given about as good a description of our journey to New York as I am capable of. I have described our journey there, I must tell you something about how we got home again.

Soon after landing we met a person in the street and we inquired for John Nald and it happened to be someone that knew him and told us right where to go. We found them directly, the woman was a first cousin of Nancy's, who she had once been acquainted with then we was at home. This was first day morning, we wanted to go to meeting so Jeanne went and showed us the way we went at 11 o'clock and their meeting was at 10 o'clock that made us very late. We told them how it was and they excused us, Solomon Griffin and wife took us home with them and gave us some dinner, we stayed there until 4 o'clock in the afternoon then we went to meeting again with them, after meeting we went to John Nald's and stayed all night and I think the next day and made our arrangements for going on Long Island. The next day we went there, we crossed the Fulton Ferry and took the Stage, Jeanne went with us. Well we



went down on the Island about 24 miles, the Stage took us right where we wanted to go to her aunt Betsy Raynor's, they lived close to the Salt marsh and there was a channel led from their place out to the ocean, I think it was about a mile and a half out to the beach. They had a boy living with them, 12 or 15 years old, him and me took the old man's boat and a keg of water and I believe we had some dinner with us, we followed the channel all the way out to the beach. The tide flowed quite up to their house, it was running out when we started, that helped us along the channel was fairly crooked and it took us some time to get out, it is a most beautiful beach. We ran along the beach I suppose a mile or more picking up curious shells until we got tired it was a beautiful sunshiny day, very still, the surf was rolling on the beach as heavy as ever I saw it on the big Lake shore in a heavy storm.

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We staid as long as we wanted to and took our boat and started for home picked up some clams before we got out to the beach there is a great many little channels running one way and another, that makes it difficult for a stranger to find the way back but we more by good luck than any thing else happened to get back with out much difficulty, that took pretty much all that day, the next day the old man let us have his horse and buggy and Aunt Betsy went with us around the country. Well thy mother went to see her old home where she was born and brought up then I had a pretty good look at the great plains, they extended as far as the eye could see, nothing to be seen but some small bushes and grass. They were just beginning to cultivate them I am told that they cultivate this now quite extensively the soil where I saw it had the appearance of old black leached ashes and yet they could raise nothing on it without being well manured and the difficulty of fencing, there being nothing on it to make fence of. We saw some of her old acquaintances and some of her playmates near her own age, took dinner with one of them. We spent, I think about four days there, on seventh day morning took the stage for New York and on second day the yearly meeting began, held five days then we took the boat for home. Came as far as Poughkeepsie, stopped there went 12 miles out into the country to the place where my Father was brought up, spent 4 or 5 days there amongst my cousins and left for home. One of my cousins brought us to Poughkeepsie and there we took the steamer to Albany, the stage to Schenectady, the canal boats from there to Syracuse and then down the Oswego River to Oswego on the Lakeshore. We were in hopes of finding a boat coming to Kingston but in that we were disappointed there was none. There was a schooner going to Sackets harbour the next day so we stayed that night and went with that boat to Sackets, a stage ran from there to Brownville, we arrived at Sackets a little after night, it is only about 50 miles from Oswego to Sackets but the wind was not fair, mostly a side wind, the boat rolled very much and we were both pretty sick, the stage did not leave for Brownville until late in the afternoon, I think they called it 9 miles to Brownville, there we stayed all night, the next morning about 10 o'clock we staged it again to the cape, 20 miles, arrived there perhaps about 2 o'clock. A man set us across there in a small skiff, the wind blew pretty hard but nearly fair, there was a man came in the stage with us from Water Town that made 3 of us and the Ferry man made four of us in the little boat, there was quite a heavy swells, do not know that I ever was more afraid on the water, however we got across safe and there was teams ready to take us across the Island and the next Ferry took us to Kingston and there we stayed all night very glad to get on our own shore, there we met William Suthard, he was down there bargaining with Cartwright for the Land he now lives on. The steam boat did not run then as it does now down one day and up the next, it came up the day we got there and down the next day then we had to stay in Kingston two nights and one day so now thee

may see the difference in travelling now and then. We reached our home the next day a little before night and found them all well and glad enough to see us and we to see them.

Some three or four years after that we went out again, this time we took the steam boat to Kingston and from there right across the lake to Oswego, we had Joseph Waring, Elizabeth Cronk and her son Jacob for company. I do not remember what time we left Kingston but we arrived at Oswego a little before sundown and there was what was called the old line boat and the new line boat and the stage all striving to get the passengers and such pulling and hauling I never see, one would take us for so much and the other for less and there we stood and parlayed about half an hour I do not remember what the boats offered to carry us for but the stage offered to carry us from Oswego to Rome for \$1.75 cents each, the boat man hung on and would not give us up until the stage driver told us to get into his stage and he would take us up to his house about half a mile and he would charge us nothing and we could stay all night at his house, it was a tavern so we bundled in and went up to his house and stayed all night and in the morning tho' we took supper and breakfast paid for our lodgings and stage fare, got in to the stage and off we went. Four horses to the stage changed about every 12 or 15 miles. We arrived at Rome I think about dark, stayed all night, in the morning took the stage again to Utica 16 miles. From Oswego to Rome we travelled through a very rough, barren, thinly settled country, about ten miles from Oswego out east the country looked pretty fair, after that it was hemlock and plenty of stones, some sandy plains. By this time they had got the cars running to Utica then we got into them, we was whirled along at a great rate to Albany. I remember but little about going from there to New York. We went on a steamer, we arrived at New York pretty early in the morning, went to the house where Jeanne [possibly Joanne] Nald, Mother's cousin lived and they were not up yet, her Aunt Betsy Dixon, Jeanne's Mother was there, they got up and got us some breakfast and we stayed there a while. The rest of our company left us as soon as we landed at New York. We attended the yearly meeting, Mother and Aunt Betsy ran about the city considerable between meetings, I was with them part of the time. Jacob Cronk and I ran about considerably together viewing the curiosities, this was soon after the great fire, I think it was in the year '38, we saw considerable of the ruins of the fire. They were very busy building up again, they were then just building what had been the Post Office the stones were brought from the State of Maine, a bluish grannite, a very beautiful stone. I think some of them would weigh 500 pounds, they were putting them on the second story. They raised them with tackles and gin poles, they had all been dressed at the quarry.

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Well after the meeting was over we put for home, found all well. Then in '48 I was out again, then Amy went with me that was the time I took Charles Gideon to Philadelphia. We met brother Joseph in New York, we went down on the Island and made a visit, Jeanne went with us that time to, on our way home we stopped at Poughkeepsie, went with Joseph to Dutchess County visited our cousins there, I think we spent 3 or 4 days there then Joseph got a horse and buggy from Gideon Vincent and took us to Poughkeepsie, saw us on board the steamer then we took leave of each other. We came to Albany, took the cars to Syracuse then a canal boat to Oswego, was detained one night and nearly all day, then got on a boat that run from Oswego to Wellington, brought us right across the Lake landed us at Wellington at 11 o'clock at night.

My Father, Thomas Bowerman, was born in Dutchess County, State of New York, 3 mo., 20, 1761. His parents were religiously inclined, he was a young man in the revolutionary struggle between England and the United States of America, altho' he took no part on either side, yet he came very near losing his life by the contending parties as I have been informed. After the peace was settled between the contending parties my father with many others emigrated to Canada and settled when it was a vast howling wilderness. and suffered all the privations incident to a new settled country, after he had been here about a year he returned to his native place and married my mother and moved here with her and I was born soon after their arrival here (27, 3 mo. 1791). My mother died soon after I was born and I was left a motherless infant to be taken care of by anyone that my father could get and as the inhabitants then were few the chance of getting nurses was poor, however I was favoured to get along after about one year struggling with these my father returned the 2<sup>nd</sup> time to his native place and married a young woman by the name of Maturah Bull, daughter of Josiah and Mary Bull and returned with her to Canada. I was then two years old my father and stepmother had ten children, five sons and 5 daughters, one of the sisters died in infancy another at 12 years old, the rest lived to men and women's estate. In those early times children had to labour as soon as they were old enough and I being the eldest the heaviest part fell on me.