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THE HISTORY
OF THE
KERMOTT FAMILY

Edward Kermott born July 9, 1793, in Kirk Marooh, Isle-of-man) married
Amelia Payson born Jan. 19 in Annapolis, Nova Scotia, Canada)

Edward Kermott to Amelia Payson July 20, 1817 by Sampson Busby, Methodist Preacher, Clements County of Annapolis, N. S.

Children of Edward & Amelia who grew to maturity:

John Weslie Kermott	Mar. 27, 1819	in	Wakefield Co,	Carlton,	New Brunswick
Leah Elizabeth "	Jan. 30, 1821	"	"	"	"
Edward Payson "	Apr. 1, 1823	"	"	"	"
Mary Scott "	Dec. 4, 1826	"	"	"	"
William Judson "	Feb. 17, 1833	"	"	"	"
Charles Holland "	May 1, 1836	"	"	"	"

Marriages of Edward and Amelia's Children:

Dr. John Weslie Kermott to Elvira Gurnsey, Feb. 12, 1839 in Queenstown Canada West by Rev. Mathew Whiting, Methodist preacher.

Leah Elizabeth Kermott to Rev. Ebenezer J. Scott, Monday, Jan. 23, 1837 In Lewistown, N. U. by Rev. R. Winchell, Baptist preacher.

Dr. Edward Payson Kermott to Elizabeth Pleus, Sept. 22, 1846 in Couburg West by Rev. Johnathan Scott, Methodist preacher.

Mary Scott Kermott to Dr. Bradford Patterson, Sept. 8, 1844 in New Market, Canada West by Rev. James Vincant, Congregationalist.

Rev. William Judson Kermott to Amanda Ronian, Yorkshire Centre, Cattanaugus, N. S. Nov. 22, 1855 by Rev. E. J. Scott, Baptist preacher.

Dr. Charles Holland Kermott to Hannah Dixon, Oct. 1, 1858 in New Market Canada West by Rev. Alexander Anderson, Baptist preacher.

Grandchildren of Edward and Amelia Kermott:

Children of:

Dr. John W. and Elvira Kermott:

Lydie Amerlia Kermott born Aug. 10, 1841, New Market, Canada. Married to Dr. James Glass June 21, 1865 in Detroit, Michigan by Rev. L. M. Buckley & F. A. Blades, Methodists.

Children of: Lydie Amelia and Dr. James Glass:

James Glass	1866	in	Detroit	Michigan	
Lillie "	1868	"	"	"	
Elvira "	1869	"	"	"	
Samual "	1872	"	"	"	
Mary "	1874	"	"	"	

Children of:
Dr. Edward Payson Kermott & Elizabeth Pleus Kermott:

Walter Kermott of Upland, California — two sons, James & Jack
Dr. Edward P. Kermott, Hollywood, California my grandfather

Children of:
Dr. Edward P. Kermott
Edward Kermott, Hollywood, California - My father
Roger " " "
Helen " wife of Dr. Wilder Penfield, who is the noted brain surgeon of Montreal, Canada, Rockefeller Hospital. She was from Hudson, Wis., and is a graduate of Milwaukee Downer College.

Emma Kermott, wife of Dr. Edwin L. Lewis of Minnesota, married Dec. 28, 1873. Their children:
Fred Lewis of Minnesota
Dr. Claud Lewis
Harry Sinclair Lewis (the author and winner of the Nobel Prize)

Children of:
William Judson Kermott and Amanda Ronian
Frank William Kermott born June 16, 1859 in Almond, Alleghany Co., N.Y.
Maud Scott Kermott born May 27, 1865 in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Marriages:
Frank William Kermott married Gertrude Iona Bond (born Jan. 14, 1864 on July 12, 1883, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Maud Scott Kermott married Edgar Warren Bond (born Oct. 27, 1861 in Milwaukee) on Jan. 6, 1885 in Milwaukee by Rev. William Judson Kermott.
(Second marriage of Maud Scott Bond - to Luther Almon Carr in North Hollywood, California, Jan. 3, 1933)

Children of Frank Wm. and Gertrude Bond Kermott:

Myrtle Kermott	born	in	Milwaukee		Oct. 30, 1884
Percy Bond Kermott	"	"	"		Apr. 26, 1886
Gertrude "	"	"	"		Oct. 16, 1888

Children of Maud Scott K. and Edgar W. Bond

Jayson Kermott Bond	born	in	Milwaukee		Sept. 21, 1886
LeRoy Frank	"	"	"	"	Oct. 8, 1888
Marie Maud	"	"	"	"	July 31, 1890
Edgar Warren Jr.	"	"	"	"	Nov. 27, 1895
Addison Gordon	"	"	"	"	June 30, 1906

Marriages in the
Frank Kermott family:
Myrtle Kermott to Van Evra Baynard Martin
Child: Jane Baynard Martin
Percy Bond Kermott to Ruby Leigh
Children: Robert Leigh Kermott
William Joseph Kermott

Marriages in the
Maud Kermott Bond Family:
Jayson Kermott Bond to Gladys Eleanor Bowes in Jan. 1908
Child: Janet Lawrie Bond - married Joseph Husbsch
Husbsch children: Joan Holly
Lawrie Ann
Carol Eve

Marriages in the
Maud Kermott Bond Family (continued)

LeRoy to Pearl Mudoch in 1910 (Pearl died in Oct. 1921)
Child: John Murdoch Bond, born March 16, 1913
LeRoy to Dorothy Strathman in 1929
Child: Jane, born May 20, 1931
Marie to Ralph A. Kappen, June 18, 1920
Child: William Judson Kappen, born Feb. 29, 1928
Edgar Warren Jr. to Helen Valentine Clark, June 19, 1920
Children:
Carol Marie Bond, born Jan. 31, 1944 in San Gabriel, Calif.
Gordon Scott Bond born June 20, 1947 " " " "

Children of:
Dr. Charles Holland Kermott:

George Edward Kermott, druggist at San Diego, Calif.
Children: Florence, Della, Everett, and Ormiston
Louis Kermott, doctor at Minot, North Dakota
Children: Robert, Henry
Frank Kermott
Children: Jack, Holland, Donna
Ena Kermott
Ola Kermott
Annie Kermott
Elizabeth

Cousin George - Louis is obviously Marjorie's father in law - Henry her late husband and Charles Holland her husband's grandfather

Fort Totten, N. Dakota
February 12th, 1899

Dear Maud,

I promised to write you a letter in which I would give a slight history of my father, but my calling is of such a nature that I never know one minute what I may have to do the next. I have sat down to write a great many times to you and just so often have I been called from this work to attend to patients. I am now resolved when I am called again I will return and commence where I left off. We are all well at present, although we are just emerging from an especially cold period as the thermometer has been as low as 52 degrees below zero, but tonight it is up to zero, which is the highest it has been for several weeks.

Louis is the only one at home with us. He is studying medicine with me. I expect he will attend the Chicago University this fall. He has spent one year at the University in Minneapolis. He is attending band practice this evening. The Indian School Band, said to be the best band in the Dakotas or Minnesota. I wish you could hear it play. Two white boys play in it, one of which is Son. Hope you will be able to come and hear it this summer.

#1

HISTORY OF EDWARD KERMOTT

My father, Edward Kermott, was born in the city of Douglas on the Isle of Man, July 4th, 1794, the son of William Kermott of the same city, who was Professor of mathematics, surveying, navigation and astronomy.

My father, as I remember him when I was only eight years of age, was a man of vigor, strength, education and diligence, — a man who was never idle. He also was kind and indulgent, yet ever anxious to see his children improve every spare minute, and always encouraging us, either in our studies or labors, and sometimes sparing a few minutes to teach us how to play ball or some other game. He was a warm-hearted Christian man who was always ready to help the poor, to sympathize with them in a substantial way, either by providing them with food, clothing, shelter or labor, as the case might require. I never knew him to turn away any from his house without first satisfying their needs, and, although tender-hearted, yet he was man of firmness and decision of character. When he had made up his mind as to what was his duty, nothing would divert him from it. I was the youngest of nine children and consequently know how he was in his family. He loved us all, and loved us all alike. I never heard any one of the children intimate that either father or mother loved one child more than another.

At this period, A.D. 1864, when father had reached his seventieth year, did he talk much about the past. His family were all separated, either by death, or had married and gone to distant parts, no two being within 500 miles of each other. Father had become too old for labor. Then his mind would wander back to the scenes of his youth, and in the twilight of the day he would sit and tell me the history of the past, about the way he and his brother William spent their boyish days. William was younger than he. I was now a married man and both he and mother came to live with me. They, in their advanced years, enjoyed each other's company as much as ever. Mother was the older by two years. The history he gave me was not connected, but I received a little here and a little there, so you must excuse me if I wander and do not give it in correct order, but I will as nearly as I can in a hastily written letter.

The Isle-of-Man, at the period in which my history commences, was under British control. For a long time it had a king of its own, but, at last being conquered, it was put in charge of one person who had to render account to the king of England for monies received by taxes and otherwise, and for monies expended on public works. All balances had to be forwarded to the English government. The "Primagenature Act" was then in force, so that the eldest sons received everything in the shape of property, position or title. The younger sons and the daughters received nothing but their education. Grandfather's father fell heir to the estate and position, consequently he had everything his own way.

His children were John and William. John was the elder, so he came to the estate. William, therefore, had nothing but his education, and became a teacher. William had two sons, Edward and William. Edward was the elder. He was my father, of whom I shall now attempt to give a short history.

Father was the son of the teacher and remembered going to school to him with his little brother William in the same city where they were born. They spoke Manx at home and English at school. He played with his brother and a few other boys at home in Manx. At school they were obliged to play and recite in English, so that unconsciously he was being educated in two languages, and not until his 18th year did he have much experience in anything but that of attending school. Father was at the fish market one day and heard an Irishman and a Scotchman trying to make a bargain. The former spoke in the Erse or Irish language, and the latter in the Galic which is sometimes called the Scotch language. Neither could understand the other. Father understood both and was their interpreter. Father saw by this event that the Galic, Manx and Erse were distinct dialects of the old Celtic language which his father had assisted him in learning. After this event he improved every opportunity of conversing either with the Scotch or Irish, and in this manner he learned the Erse and Galic. Thus he became master of four languages. Many an amusing anecdote he tells resulting from his knowledge of these languages and dialects.

An Englishman met an Irishman on the pier at Ramsey in the Isle-of-Man. The Englishman had a few Manx words and supposed that the Irishman was Manx. He asked him to direct him to a boarding-house. The Irishman thought he had challenged him to fight and squared up to the other who was also ready. Then father explained matters to them, and when they understood the cause of the mistake they had a good laugh, shook hands, and parted. The pupils in the school were few in number, as any who attended the school had to pay a heavy amount for instruction, and as there were but few wealthy families in the island, his school companions were necessarily few. At the age of thirteen, father's father died, therefore the family, mother and two sons, went to their Uncle's estate, to live on it. The estate was five miles out from Douglas.

Father, as he was a good penman, was put into his uncle's office, that is the office on the estate, as there was another in Douglas which was only open when his uncle chose to be there. His work was to copy forms, fill out blanks which were partly written (for there were no printed forms in these days) or write letters for his uncle. His mother had a sister living in Douglas where he was often sent, Uncle allowing him to take an ass to ride on whenever he desired to. The ass was full of tricks and had a great fashion of starting off at full speed, then suddenly stopping with its head between its front legs, would throw the rider off head first, but if that did not get him off, it would lie down and roll over. Father got acquainted with its tricks and would throw his arms around the ass's neck and thus save himself from falling, and when it would roll over, he would spring off and jump on again just as it was rising. He found out that by kindness and coaxing it, he could get along very well with it. When the ass was inclined to balk, he would put a carrot on a sharp stick and while on its back he would reach the carrot in front of the ass's nose, and it would run all the way into Douglas trying to catch the carrot, which father would give it when he got there.

The tenth part of all the products of the fields, and the tenth part of the increase of animals of all kinds, had to be given to the priests, and father would often be sent to keep account of the loads that went into the farmers' granery, and that which went into the priests. There was about one priest to every four hundred families, hence for every load the farmer received, the priest would receive forty loads. The people murmured at this, but still the priests were penurius and would exact all that they could get. On one occasion, a priest called on one of his parishioners and saw that he had a number of new beehives, and calling the farmer, asked him, "How many swarms of bees have you had this year?" "Ten, your reverence." "Then you must bring me one." "Your reverence does not tithe bees, do you?" "Oh yes, don't you know that are nature's production?" The farmer promised to bring him a swarm, but inwardly made up his mind to be revenged. Next morning he started to the priests' with his bees, took them into the room where the priest was, and said, "Your Reverence, I have brought you the bees. You are welcome to them, but I paid four pence for the hive. You cannot have that." So saying, he overturned the hive, struck

it on the table, ran off with the hive, leaving the priest to be well stung by the bees. Such petty warfare was continuing constantly between the priests and their parishioners.

Father himself was a strict attendant at church, and was well posted in the prayerbook, ten commandments, creed and catechism. He tells a story of two boys, Willie Simpson and John Storm, who on their way to church one Sunday morning, called on the priest's wife who lived in an orchard not far from the church, and asked for some apples. Here reply was "No!" "Oh, but" said Simpson, "we will pay you for them." As she was an avaricious woman, she took the money and they the apples, and went onto church, but concluded between themselves that there were only nine commandments now, as the priest's wife had broken one of them. In the catechism class the two boys stood side by side, and it so happened when the priest asked, "How many commandments are there?", it was John Storm's turn to answer, and he replied, "Nine, your reverence." "Ah, you are a block head, John Storm, but Willie Simpson can answer. Willie Simpson, how many commandments are there?" "Nine, your reverence." "Ah, Willie, how is it you have one less than usual?" "Please, your reverence, your wife broke it in selling apples to us on our way to church this morning." The priest upbraided the boys for offering money for anything on the Sabbath day, compared them to the serpent that tempted Eve, but justified his wife, saying, "Seeing you were so desirous to have the apples, my wife was justifiable in taking the money from you, for it would not be right for such boys as you are to get them for nothing, even if it was the Sabbath day." Father here thought that he saw a slight inconsistency. The Church of England was established by law, father was made a member of it when he was an unconscious babe, by being sprinkled by the priest, and having his name recorded in the church books, and he was preparing to pass his examination for confirmation, as the bishop from London was soon to arrive to examine all who were fit to be confirmed. He had been taught that his godfather and godmother were responsible for his sins, and was informed that as soon as he was confirmed he would be responsible for his own sins. Therefore he looked forward to that event with a degree of solemnity. The bishop arrived and over 300 boys and about as many girls having passed their catechetical examinations were stood in ranks for the bishop to lay his hands on them. One boy withdrew. The priest asked him why he had left the ranks, and the reply was "My godfather and my godmother are now responsible for my sins, and I do not want to take them upon myself." Another boy thought, "I would like to do the same," but upon a second thought, he said to himself, "Would it not be mean not to take the responsibility upon myself, as my godfather and my godmother have been so kind as to be responsible for me up to the present time." Therefore he was confirmed. That boy was father. After the bishop had laid his hands on each, he gave them a short address, closing with the remarks, "May you ever after be as holy as you were on the day that the bishop laid his hands on you." Half of the boys were from Douglas, and the other half from the country. The city boys began to pick on the country boys, until it resulted in a pitched battle. The country boys were victorious. The priest and bishop watched the strife through the church windows. Still, father adhered closely to the church in which he was born, and in which he had been confirmed. He knew of no other church. He returned to his uncle's office, busied himself in writing, which, when completed, he would invariably turn to peruse the few books that were on his uncle's bookshelves. Father's uncle was one of those overbearing men who must be implicity obeyed, and one who took an unintentional slight as an offence. On One occasion, however, father was walking along in deep meditation, and neglected the usual politeness of removing his hat. His uncle became outraged at this, and threatened him with a horsewhipping should the offence be repeated. Father apologised, saying it was by accident. His uncle would not accept the apology. This raised father's anger, and he determined to keep his hat on the next time, expecting, however, to receive the punishment designated. The next day they passed each the other, both carrying themselves erect.

A British Man-of-War lay at the wharf in Douglas, and the seamen were beating up recruits for the navy. That evening Father, having finished the work left in the office for him to do, returned home, threw himself down on the dias in his mother's house, and felt that his uncle was designing greater mischief against him then the punishment he had been promised. Father's mother entered the hall where he was and said, "Edward, I wish you

to take a message to my sister in Douglas. You may stay there all night and return in the morning in time for your office duties." Father brought the ass to the door, bade his mother goodnight, and gave her a parting kiss, sprang on the ass's back, and was soon safely ensconced in his aunt's house in Douglas.

That night a dozen marines suddenly burst into his mother's house, one standing at each door. The leader demanded her eldest son. In vain she told them he was not at home, but when asked "Where is he then?", she made no reply. An instant search was begun. Every nook and corner of the house was examined, and when they found him not, they removed many of the boards from the dias, and finally gave up the search. They then left and went to his uncle's house. In the darkness she followed them. She saw the Father's uncle give them a cordial reception. A feast was prepared for them, and by the music from the rostrum she knew they were preparing for a dance. She returned home, took her son, William, who was only twelve years of age, and started in the cover of the night for Douglas. She told Father not to return, as the pressgan were after him to put him aboard the Man-of-War, but to flee from the island, if possible. No one was allowed to leave the island without his uncle's consent. Father had written passes daily, and his uncle had signed them. Father determined to write one more and sign his uncle's name to it. This he declared was the only piece of forgery he ever comitted in his life, and under the circumstances, he felt that the act was justifiable. A small but fleet trading vessel lay at the wharf, that was to set said for London by daybreak. He bade his mother, brother and aunt a long farewell, went down to the dock, presented his pass to the sentry that was on duty. It was accepted, and at the age of fourteen, with only enough money to pay his passage to London, he started forth to combat with the world. He made a vow to his mother before parting from her to avoid bad company, to read his Bible she had brought to him, every Sabbath day if possible, to avoid bad language, to speak the truth, and never deceive a young woman. All of which promises he adhered to to the end of his life.

Out on St. George's Channel, with a brisk breeze, the vessel started south. The share of his native Island fast receded from view. Very sadly he parted from his mother and brother, but with a strong hope that God would guide him arright. The wind proved favorable. The vessel soon reached the Land's End, doubled the Lizard, sailed through the English Channel, the Straits of Dover and up the Thames to London. With no guide but the guiding hand of God, he entered the Lloyd Company's office, which was the greatest ship building company in the world, and asked, "Do you want a boy, Sir?" An elderly man with bald head and soft blue eyes and rosy cheeks, a pure type of the Anglo Saxon race, looked down upon him from his desk and said, "Well, my boy, and what can you do?" "I will try and do anything you want me to," was the reply. "That is right," said the man, "the try boys are just the kind we want." "Can you read?" "Yes sir", was father's reply. "Here, read this," said Mr. Lloyd, Sr., for it was he with whom Father was conversing. Father took the book and read a paragraph. "Yes," said Mr. Lloyd, "that is read well." Then, taking down a book on coast surveying in which there were many hard words and difficult sentences which only appear in scientific works, he said, "Read this." Again Father read. It happened to be a copy of the work in which his father had drilled him. "Where did you get your education, my boy?" "In Douglas in the Isle-of-man" was the answer. "Who was your teacher?" "My father was my teacher." "What was his name?" "William Kermott." "Why did you not stay with him and finish your education?" "Because he has been dead nearly two years." "Oh, that is it!" "Yes sir," replied Father. "Here, sit up at the desk and write me your name." Father wrote, "Edward Kermott, Douglas, Isle-of-Man." "Why did you leave home?" "At my mother's request, for my uncle desired to put me on board a man-of-war." "Were you afraid to go on it?" "No Sir, but I did not wish to be forced to go on in." So, at Mr. Lloyd's request, Father narrated briefly the circumstances which lead him to leave the island. "Now, my boy, " said Mr. Lloyd, "a vessel of Marque is a trading vessel which is well armed and is prepared to fight as well as trade. Are you willing to be bound to said on board such a vessel under instructions until you are twenty-one years of age, and you will be advanced step by step just as soon as you are capable of filling advanced situations, and as vacancies occur until you become Captain of one of our vessels?" "I am willing and glad of the opportunity," said Father.

The indentures were soon made and signed, and Father thus bound himself to become a naviagator. A boy then entered the office about Father's age. Mr. Lloyd said, "Henry Boyd, this is Edward Kermott who is an apprentice and will probably said on the same boat with you. As there are ten days yet before the vessel sails, you will have time to see London. You will, however, be required to be in your quarters at meal time and at bed time." Then, turning to Father, he said, "Edward, your wages begin today. You may call on me for anything you need. You are both now excused." Boyd and Father continued fast friends through all their journays on the ocean. They visited all the most noted places in London and enjoyed themselves well. It was now A.D. 1808. In 1805 the power of Napoleon was diminished on the sea by the battle of Trafalgar which was won by Admiral Lord Nelson. All the powers of Europe were combined to wage war with Great Britain. Hence, as soon as the "Swift" (the name of the vessel on which they sailed) left the mouth of the Thames, a watch was constantly kept for the enemie's vessels. The Swift carried three of the best cannons then built, one in front and two in the stern. A few days out, a man-of-war bore down on them. Every inch of sail was immediately spread and all speed made possible. A cannon ball shot over the bow of the Swift and was immediately answered by the stern guns with such effect that the man-of-war gave up the pursuit. The destiny of the Swift was the island of Jamaica for a cargo of rum sugar and tropical fruits.

Both England and France forbade the United States to trade with the other under penalty of losing both cargos and vessels, but the English made a still greater demand on the United States that was to search their vessels for seamen, and if they found any who could not show their indentures they would press them to serve Britain. Several trips were made in safety. Each time Father drew but little money but left it in the care of the company. He had now become first mate, and the full care of navigation on his shoulders, except when the captain would relieve him of those duties. On the fourth trip they met with a violent storm. The ship became wrecked. A raft was made, but they were unable to save any provisions. Without food or water they spent three days upon the ocean when they were sighted by a vessel carrying the Stars and Stripes, which bore down on them, picked them out of the jaws of death, and divided their rations with them. The United States vessel had encountered a severe storm and had been driven out to sea and was returning when they picked up the crew. They were then on short allowance of bread and water. The Americans had warm hearts, helped them all they could, so that Father's sympathies henceforth were with and for America. On the fifth day they were picked up by a homeward-bound trading English vessel, and carried back to London. Father never forgot the kindness of the American crew, and he resolved never to fight against such sailors whose only fault was that they wished to be free from English oppression.

I must skip a lot, or otherwise write a book. His last trip on the ocean was to New Brunswick. This time he had put both his money and books on board, although he intended to go back, as in a few months more he would be made a Sea Captain. A violent storm arose. Father was at the helm. Everyone was working to save not only the ship but their lives.

At this juncture the Captain came along and gave Father a blow with a rope's end. This was the first and only blow that Father received on the ocean. He therefore inwardly resolved to desert the ship if they ever reached land. They soon reached St. John's upon the St. John's River, discharged their cargo loaded with lumber, and he and Boyd volunteered to take the night watches place for the first part of the night.

When everything was still, about midnight, they lowered a boat, having first put all their worldly possessions in it, and started up the St. John's River. They rowed up the river until daylight, put their trunks ashore in a secluded place, and left the boat to float down the river. The captain made a fruitless search for them. The ship set sail for London but never reached there. All hands perished. Father always after that believed that that blow saved his life.

February 28th. I have just completed this short sketch of Father's life on the ocean. This has been a very busy month with me, having only a few evenings to spend at the work, and as I read it over I see that there are many things of interest that I have omitted, and yet the last part of Father's life is the most interesting. His life in New Brunswick, his acquaintance with mother, their conversion, baptism, and their gradual acceptation of Baptist principles are all of interest to me, and probably would be so to you, but at present I have not time to write more. Should you be able to make us a visit it would be pleasant to be here in June. I have engaged, by the year, a ticket so that my visitors and I may go to and from our place to the Chautauqua which is nine miles by water. We had a tent there, and probably will have on this year. Remember us kindly to your brother. Our regards to your husband, and love to yourself and children.

Your affectionate Uncle,
C. H. Kermott

Charles Holland Kermott

KERMOTT HISTORY

My dear Maude:

Was so pleased to receive copy of father's letter, although I notice several omissions as well as mistakes which I will try to fill in and correct.

As I was the only grandson he was ever permitted to be with, and being with him almost every day until I was between thirteen and fourteen at the time of his death, these stories naturally made a deep impression on my young mind. He was so anxious for me to receive the knowledge that he could give and so anxious that I should learn, that he often gave me instructions far beyond my young mind to grasp and retain.

My first lesson in astronomy was given before I was six years of age, when he taught me how to locate the north star.

After I was ten, he often would get me out of bed to explain to me some particular event in the starry heavens. Our love for each other was very strong, and although I often tired of his repeated instructions, I never did of his stories of himself or his travels. I always understood he was born at Lochemanor near Douglas. After the trouble with his uncle, he was bound out to a tailor. Being of a very quick temper and being unused to that life, it galled him.

One day when some injustice had been done him, he flew into a rage, and having a tailors-goose in his hand, let it fly at the tailor, just missing his head.

He fled from the place, arriving at the shipping docks, and secreted himself aboard a merchant vessel. The cook found him, and being desirious of a helper, kept him in hiding until the vessel set sail. After being out at sea, the captain was informed and called him to his cabin. After questioning, the captain learned of his qualifications in mathematics, writing, and astronomy, he was given charge of the Log Book, and was required each day to take the time, latitude and longitude of the ship.

It was during this first trip that he was taught to swim. One day in the Tropics when becalmed, the sailors were enjoying a swim when the first Mate came along, took hold of grandfather, and threw him overboard, throwing an oar after him. After that, he could swim, and became an expert at it.

During this first voyage while homeward bound, they were shipwrecked off the coast of Algiers, and that was when they were saved from a raft by a Vessel of Mark, finally landing at home after three years. It was then, his uncle learning of his return, and still holding his grudge, tried to have him taken aboard a Man of War. His escape was as father has told you, and that was when he met Mr. Lloyd and sailed on a Merchantman. His meeting with Henry Boyd was then founded, and their friendships and associations last for years. It was on this voyage that he was again shipwrecked, and after beings in a boat with six others for a week, they were rescued by an American vessel with a crew of seven sailors, who were on an allowance of one pound of bread and one pint of water daily, yet they divided gladly. They existed on a half pound of bread and a half pint of water for a week until they were rescued by a vessel, homeward bound.

His last voyage was on a vessel of which his cousin was first Mate. After discharging their cargo at St. Johns and reloading, were anchored in the harbor, awaiting the morning tides to sail for home. The Captain came aboard drunk, and for some reason struck grandfather with a rope's end, at which he said, "That's the last time you'll ever strike me." The captain ordered him put in irons, but by the earnest request of the cousin, the captain relented. He then made up his mind to desert the ship, and so informed his cousin, and wanted him to join him with Boyd.

But his cousin, having the promise of the Shipping Board that he would be given command of a new ship at the completion of this voyage, tried to dissuade him, and promised him that as soon as he was in command, he would name grandfather his First Mate, and Boyd his Second. Grandfather would not listen to him, and that night, he and Boyd deserted, just as father has told you.

They made their way into St. Johns and obtained work at odd jobs for some time. Then a contractor, who had the job of painting the largest church in town, engaged them to paint the steeple. The day they completed the work, they, with some other young men, congregated in one of the stores in the evening (which was a usual practice). While laughing and joking and having fun generally, a swell Englishman came in to make a purchase, and while waiting, listened to their talk. The proprietor was having some trouble with an example in fractions, and turned to grandfather and asked him about it. Grandfather gave him the example immediately, whereupon the Englishman turned to grandfather and said, "Ah, my young man, I perceive you know something of figures". "Yes sir", answered grandfather, "and I consider myself equal to answer any question that you can." "Ah, indeed, then perhaps you can tell me the difference between a half dozen dozen and a dozen dozen dozen." "I will", answered grandfather, "if you will agree to answer a like question for me." "Agreed", said the man. Grandfather asked for pencil and paper and in a very short time, gave the man the correct answer. "Correct, my lad. Now for yours". Then grandfather said, "If the hands of a clock are exactly over each other at twelve, when will they next be exactly over each other?" After working over it for some time, the boys began to guy him. Finally, he threw down the pencil and left the place in a rage. Then one of the boys called for a pint of rum and a pound of almonds, and they kept it up until all hands were drunk.

In speaking of this, grandfather told me it was the only time in all his life that he was under the influence of liquor. He was so temperate in his habits, that the captain always placed the key to the liquor locker in his keeping, and especially in the tropics, to measure the allowances for each man daily.

He considered no one his superior except in knowledge or requirements, and when he met them, he was willing to learn from the, no matter how high or lowly their station.

Some time after this, he wrote his younger brother, William, to come there, which he did; William married and had one son John, who notified grandfather a short time before grandmother's death, of the death of his father.

After teaching school for a while (of which Dr. Fellows of compound hypophosphates fame was a pupil) he then learned the cabinet-making trade.

Going to Annapolis, he met Amelia Ann Payson (of Holland extraction)whom he married. I do not remember whether they had their family there or at St. John. I think it was a St. John.

When keeping company with grandmother, they went to church one Sunday evening, and as they were going into the building, the town bully stood in the doorway making slighting remarks about the young people as they entered. As grandfather was about to pass him, he pointed his finger and made some slurring remarks, at which grandfather struck him an unexpected blow under the chin which sent him sprawling backwards into the church. He passed on with grandmother and took his seat as though nothing had happened. (This I was told by grandmother.) Next day, however, he received a challenge to fight. Grandfather replied that he would not go one step out of his way to fight him; neither would he take a step to avoid him. (The bully never got in his way.)

With his cabinet making, he later combined carriage making, which he carried on successfully. I think all the children were born here except father.

About the year 1825 or '30, they moved to Ontario and settled at Lundys Lane, Niagara Falls. Father (Charles Holland) was born there May 3, 1837. Grandfather owned a large business there, and also a large amount of property. At this time, between 1837 and '38, the McKenzie rebellion broke out. Grandfather was in sympathy with him, but refused to take up arms against the government. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to prison, and his property confiscated. During this time grandmother went through trying times, of which I will not take time to write. They then moved to New Market, where he again started in business, and he prospered, meeting with reverses in later years, the account of which I will also skip.

I was born there 9-19-59, and my earliest recollections were of living in a large three-story house with a large two-story work shop nearby, and a large barn in the rear of it.

When I was five, we moved to Belle Ewart on Lake Simcoe, where I spent my early childhood, and received the knowledge he gave me.

When I was about eight years of age, grandfather was engaged to oversee the building of a ferry boat. The launching was a great event for the whole countryside, as it was the first ever built north of Toronto. It was a proud day for me while he took the wheel as I stood by his side on her Maiden Trip across the lake about a month later. Grandfather always stood for the right as he saw it, and always stood ready to help the needy or unfortunate.

The Scripture quotations which he often quoted were indelibly planted in my memory, and are today the first I think of when meditating on God and all His Wondrous Works. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom", is the first I remember. It would take me hours to write all I could tell of the happenings of both grandfather and grandmother. They never got over their lovers' stage, and were sweethearts until grandmother passed away.

There is one more story I must tell you before I stop. Two Englishmen came to New Market and started a bank. One day grandfather had occasion to go in on business, and as he was about to speak to one of them, the man said, "Take off your hat." Grandfather removed his hat and finished the business. Sometime after, the man came to the shop and started to give him instructions, when grandfather said, "Take off your hat, sir." The man hesitated and looked his surprise. When grandfather repeated the command, and picking up a stick said, "If you don't take it off, I will knock it off. If I have to take off my hat to do business with you, you have to take off yours to do business with me. The man took his hat off, and ever after was very friendly with grandfather. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong.

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