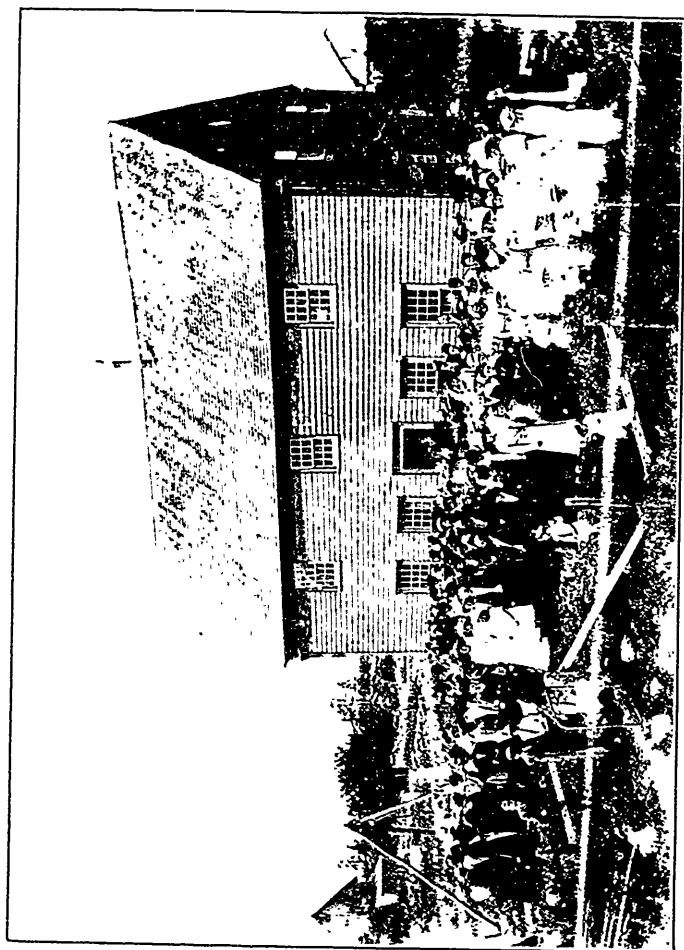


***Doane  
Reunion***

***Barrington  
Nova Scotia***

***18th July, 1912***



The Old Meeting House and Group at Memorial Service.

# Doane Reunion

At Barrington Head, Nova Scotia  
Canada



## MEMORIAL SERVICE

At Old Meeting House, Thursday, 18th July, 1912



## UNVEILING HISTORIC TABLET

To Edmund Doane and Elizabeth Osborn  
Myrick Paine, his wife



## REUNION BANQUET

Friday, 19th July, 1912



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## CIRCULAR.

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The following Circular was sent out to all of the parties interested whose names and addresses could be obtained: To the Descendants of Edmund and Elizabeth Osborn Doane in Canada and elsewhere.

*Greeting:*—These our ancestors, lie buried in unmarked graves in the graveyard by the venerable "Old Meeting House" at Barrington Head, Nova Scotia.

Edmund Doane, born at Eastham, Massachusetts, April 20, 1718, a great grandson of Deacon John Doane, was one of the Pioneers of Barrington and bore a leading part in the affairs of the early settlement. Elizabeth Osborn, his wife, the Grandmother of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a woman of superior ability, character and charm.

Their descendants are very numerous and widely scattered, many of them now bearing the names Coffin, Sargent, Wilson, Harding, Homer, Crowell, Knowles, Nicker-son, and many others of the early settlers of the township.

A number of their descendants have felt it a duty to make some move to mark, in an appropriate manner, the last resting place of Edmund and Elizabeth Doane. Accordingly a Committee of four has been appointed to have charge of the work, and this Committee proposes to erect in the old graveyard at the Head, a memorial stone, with bronze tablet bearing a suitable inscription. If satisfactory arrangements can be completed, the Memorial will be unveiled, with some public ceremony, in the summer of 1912.

Your contribution to the Memorial Fund and your co-operation in the work, are now necessary to make this undertaking a grand success.

If sufficient money be provided a pamphlet will be issued containing a report of the proceedings of the dedication, the names of all contributors to the fund, a cut of the stone and tablet and of the "Old Meeting House."

Any contribution, however small, will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged.

Kindly let us hear from you at an early date with such assistance or suggestions as you think proper.

Please send your money and pledges to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Herbert L. Doane, Truro, Nova Scotia.

*Committee:*

ALFRED ALDER DOANE,  
53 Cleveland Ave., Everett, Mass.

F. W. W. DOANE,  
City Engineer, Halifax, N. S.

M. H. NICKERSON,  
Editor Coast Guard, Clark's Harbor, N. S.

HERBERT L. DOANE,  
Secy.- Treasurer, Truro, N. S.

September, 1911.



## DOANE REUNION AT BARRINGTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

To Dedicate Edmund-Elizabeth Doane Monument,  
18th July, 1912.

Following the issuance of a general circular to a large number of the family connexion, the Committee formed for the Doane Reunion, being encouraged by the response thereto, proceeded with their work, arranged with the Trustees of St. John Church, Barrington Head, for the use of that building, issued invitations, and the Memorial Service to dedicate the monument to Edmund Doane and his wife, Elizabeth Osborn Myrick Paine, was therefore most appropriately held on the 18th July, 1912, in that venerable and historic old Meeting House.

The day was a perfect one, in fact the only fine, clear day out of a week of fog and rain.

Representatives of the family were present from different States of the Union, and from various parts of this Province with a goodly number of residents of Barrington and vicinity who filled the house to overflowing.

Among those who came to this gathering from abroad were the following: Rev. and Mrs. Joseph S. Coffin, Petite Riviere; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, their daughters, Miss Rosalie Smith and Mrs. Eugene Mosher, and Mr. Mosher, of Truro; Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Doane and daughter, Yonkers, N. Y.; Miss Minnie Doane, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Doane and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doane, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Doane, Truro, Miss Sophia J. Coffin, who has been five years at mission work in South Africa; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sargent, Amherst; Mr. Benj. Doane and family, New York; Mrs. James Lewis and daughter, Miss Florence Lewis, Yarmouth; Mr. Geo. H. Doane, Swampscott, Mass; Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Doane and daughter, Jersey City; Mrs. William Dexter, of Shelburne; and Mr. George A. Crowell and daughter, Miss Edna Crowell, of Port La Tour.

The oldest member of the family present was Mrs. Irene Kendrick, of Barrington Passage, who celebrated her 94th birthday the previous day.

Among those present there were great grand children of Edmund and Elizabeth, and also descendants of the fifth, sixth and seventh generation, the latter being in the tenth generation from the earliest New England ancestor, Deacon John Doane, and in the twelfth generation from their Pilgrim ancestor, Elder William Brewster, who came in "The Mayflower" in 1620.





## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

### Order of Exercises.

Opening remarks by Herbert L. Doane, Truro, N. S.

Remarks by Chairman, Rev. J. S. Coffin, Petite Riviere,  
N. S.

Doxology.

Scripture Reading: Selections from Hebrews XI, Rev.  
F. Friggens, Barrington.

Prayer—Rev. F. Friggens.

Music—"Land of Our Fathers."

Paper—"Edmund and Elizabeth Doane." Prepared by  
Alfred Alder Doane, author of the "Doane Genealogy,"  
Everett, Mass. Read by Walter M. Doane, of Jersey  
City, N. J.

Music—"Our Hardy Ancestors of Yore."

Address—"All Brothers—Both Sides of the Line," Ben-  
jamin Hervey Doane, of New York.

Music—"Home, Sweet Home."

Paper—"The Old Meeting House at Barrington Head."'  
Prepared by Herbert L. Doane and Frank A. Doane  
of Truro, N. S. Read by the latter.

Poetry—"Settlement of Barrington," by Thomas W. Wat-  
son, of Barrington.

Resolutions and Announcements.

God Save the King.

Benediction, Rev. F. Friggens.

### At the Boulder.

Tablet unveiled by Capt. Seth Coffin Doane.

Prayer—Rev. J. S. Coffin.

Organist—Miss Florence Rosalie Smith.

All the above papers and addresses will be found in full in the  
following pages.

## OPENING REMARKS.

Herbert L. Doane.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—We have no apology to offer for having called you together to this place to-day, but probably a few words in explanation of the causes which have led up to this meeting may not be out of place.

About two years ago, in conversation with a friend who takes an interest in the history of Shelburne County, my attention was drawn to a statement in one of our Provincial Histories, "that Elizabeth Osborn Doane—the Grandmother of John Howard Payne—author of "Home Sweet Home," was buried in an unmarked grave in the burying ground adjoining this Old Meeting House at Barrington." He suggested that a spot of such general interest should be marked, and the fact made known. I felt it my duty to see what could be done. Acting upon this idea, the suggestion was passed along to a few members of the family whom I thought would be interested, with such encouraging results that I decided to go ahead, and start a fund for the purpose.

This gathering to-day is the outcome, our object being to unveil the monument in the adjoining grounds, erected to the memory of our ancestor and ancestress Edmund and Elizabeth Doane, the latter being the grandmother of John Howard Payne.

The boulder for this memorial was taken from the old homestead where Edmund Doane first settled, and where he lived for a number of years, and now the beautiful home of Mr. Robert D. Doane, a descendant of the fifth generation.

We believe it is right thus to honor our dead. We believe it is wise thus to preserve our local historical records, because it is only by studying the history of the past that we can learn to live aright in the present.

To add to the interest of the occasion we have here to-day a number of interesting relics: First, this ancient and well worn Bible, which belonged to our Edmund, on the fly leaf of which is written, "Edmund Doane, his book. Bought in New England whilst he lived there 1757;" and this old Pestle with which Elizabeth Doane compounded her herbs and prepared her remedies when attending to the sick in this community. These were kindly loaned for

this occasion by Mrs. Lydia Shaw, of Sydney, C. B., a great grand daughter of Edmund and Elizabeth. Here, too, are the old Tongs with which they stirred the fire and adjusted the back log in the old-fashioned fireplace. These were kindly loaned by Mrs. Thomas Powell, another great grand daughter; and through the courtesy of Mrs. Capt. Murray Doane, we have this neatly executed and beautiful copy of the Doane Coat of Arms. My thanks are due to many of you here for your assistance and words of encouragement. Our thanks are due to many others who have helped us and who through business pressure and for other reasons are unable to be with us. Our thanks are also due to some who were interested in this work but who without seeing its completion have gone on before to join the great majority.

My dear friend and my father's friend, the late Prof. Arnold Doane, so well known as the authority on matters of local history, wrote me kind words of encouragement, endorsing the plan, but suggesting that many others of the Pioneers of equal worth should be equally honored, a suggestion which I hope some one may carry to completion later on.

Mrs. Sarah Smith was another who took a deep interest in the work, and who contributed to our fund, hoping to greet us here this summer. I think my letter of acknowledgement had hardly reached her when she, too, passed over to the great beyond.

Mr. Alfred A. Doane, of Everett, Mass., the family historian, expected to be with us, but at the last moment circumstances arose which prevented. He has, however, prepared for us a valuable paper, which will be read here to-day.

We have with us to-day the Rev'd Joseph Shaw Coffin, a descendant of Thos. Doane, but also of Elizabeth Osborn Doane. He has kindly consented to take the chair and will now take charge of the proceedings.

## REMARKS BY CHAIRMAN.

Rev. J. S. Coffin, Petite Riviere, N. S.

While I appreciate very highly the courtesy which has placed me in the chair on this most interesting occasion, I must express my personal regret that my esteemed friend, who it was first hoped would conduct the exercises of the function upon which we enter, has desired a more quiet relation thereto. I refer to *Daniel Sargent, Esq.*, a gentleman whom we all delight to honor, not only because of the presence in him of every quality to be desired in a neighbor, a business man and a Christian citizen, but also because of the name he bears—a name which away back in the dreamy years of the childhood of the oldest of us here present and all adown the intervening time, is suggestive of memories ever to be revered and cherished.

The occasion which brings us together is, in its various conditions, marked by an intensity of interest rarely experienced, and that I may safely say has never been felt heretofore by any of us here present. When in old time, Joshua, the great captain of the Lord's host, had brought his people safely over the bed of the Jordan, by the word of the Lord he directed that twelve stones should be taken from the river's bed and solemnly placed upon the hither side, as a memorial of the good hand of the Lord that had in so marked a manner been upon them for good, and whose promise to them had never failed. It is under the inspiration of emotions not unlike to those which actuated him, that we gather here to-day to mark by word and deed the good and gracious providence of the God of our fathers, in the way by which He lead them through the varied and trying experiences through which they were called to pass; and let us hope—as Joshua's people did—to enter into solemn covenant with our fathers' God—"The Lord our God will *we* serve, and Him will we obey."

I am unable to enter into the discussion of the genealogical details naturally arising on such an occasion as this; and I must frankly confess that I have no especial taste or fitness for this line of investigation. Perhaps there is a degree of risk in gratifying one's family pride by pushing back one's family record to a remote period in history. The danger is, that one may unexpectedly come under the humiliating shadows of a *gallows*, or of some record not calculated to inspire gratulation of any special warmth.

I am informed that the family history which this celebration brings to the front, is not entirely destitute of such episodes, although they will be found to have originated from conditions which are our glory rather than our shame.

One fact is certain,—the race of men and women to whom we look as our forebears, is one of whom we have no need to be ashamed, rather may we reverently thank God for the record they have left for the emulation of us, their descendants. They toiled faithfully and well. They bore the burden and heat of the day, and they rest from their labors; and may we not believe that they smile lovingly upon us to-day from amidst the mists that skirt the unknown sea over which they have long since faded from our earthly ken. They rest from their labors; and God grant that their works shall follow them in the life and labors of faithful, Godfearing men and women, their descendants, until time shall be no more. For to be cold and motionless in the graves which shield their honored dust, is not the end of existence to such as they were. The graves where repose the ashes of many of these to whom we would devoutly pay our pious pilgrimage this day may long since have faded away from all earthly recognition; but even so, the lofty and heroic spirits which animated and sustained those who at last were laid away to sleep there, these can never die.

“These shall resist the empire of decay

“When time is o’er and worlds have passed away.

If I may be allowed a reference of a more personal character, before addressing myself to the duties indicated by this program that has been committed to my charge, I would say, that my return to this place, after an absence of so many years, has awakened within me emotions of a peculiarly tender character. Long continued separation from the home of one’s childhood, and the never ceasing pressure of the most important and solemn obligations that can come into a human life, may seem, even to one’s own consciousness, to have lessened the fervor with which, in the long-ago years, one sang of “Home, Sweet Home,” but it does not take many days of the renewal of association with old scenes, and the faces of the friends of long ago, to revive the precious memories of the past, and to set the old love of home tugging at one’s heart strings. Such are the emotions that stir in my soul this day, as I stand here amongst you in dear old Barrington. For here I was born. Here I was born again into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

In yonder pew of this venerated old church, fifty-five years ago, I reached my first real resolve to give my heart and life to Him who died to redeem me. Here it was that were made my first attempts to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. The dearest ties that can entwine around a human life have blessed me here; and to-day I could devoutly wish, that when my earthly pilgrimage ends—wherever that shall come—my dust might be brought back here and laid away to the last sleep, that therefrom, if it please God, there might spring, if only some simple wild flower, to adorn the bosom of the land I love so well.



## EDMUND AND ELIZABETH DOANE.

With Notes on Others of the Barrington Grantees.

Alfred Alder Doane, Everett, Mass.

Read by Walter Murray Doane, Jersey City, N. J.

The French were expelled from Nova Scotia in the autumn of 1755. Their lands, thus vacated, were thrown open to immigrant settlers—farms, whole townships were thus thrown on the market.

In 1757 Governor Lawrence writes of having received "application from a number of substantial persons in New England for lands to settle at or near Cape Sable," and the Governor's stirring Proclamation for settlers, the following year, found ready response in various parts of New England.

The Islands of Nantucket, the towns of Chatham, Eastham, Harwich, etc., in Massachusetts, were then inhabited by whalers, fishermen, farmers, coast-wise traders—all sturdy, fearless men who knew how to plough the sea as well as the land, men who knew how to win something from the sandy soil of Cape Cod, but better how to win from the fishing grounds of the Grand Banks. So on Governor Lawrence's invitation these men decided to make up a company and cross over to the Cape Sable District for a permanent settlement.

After several ineffectual attempts at settlement, a grant of a township was made Dec. 4, 1767, to 84 heads of families, mostly from Cape Cod and Nantucket.

I have not a copy of the old grant, but I might as well here give the names of all who appear in the division of the grant, according to our township "Record of First Division of Main Lands begun January 7, 1768:"

Samuel Hamilton, Thomas Lincoln, Nathan Kenney, Thomas Doane, Thomas Crowell, Elkanah Smith, Reuben Cohoon, Samuel Knowles, Anson Kendrick, David Smith, Simeon Crowell, Eldad Nickerson, Solomon Kendrick, Jr., Richard Nickerson, Henry Wilson, Elisha Hopkins, Thomas Crowell, Judah Crowell, Sr., Judah Crowell, Jr., Stephen Nickerson, Solomon Smith, Jr., heirs of Jonathan Crowell, Joshua Nickerson, Solomon Smith, Sr., Heman Kenney, Archelaus Smith, Samuel Wood, Isaac King, Nathaniel Smith, Sr., Jabez Walker, Theodore

Harding, Lemuel Crosby, Edmund Doane, Joshua Atwood, Solomon Kendrick, John Clements, John Porter, Joshua Snow, Jonathan Smith, Prince Nickerson, Robert Laskey, Wm. Laskey, Daniel Hibbard, Jonathan Clark, John Swaine, Benjamin Gardner. Jonathan Worth, John Coffin, Isaac Annable, Elijah Swaine, Shubael Folger, Jonathan Pinkham, Benjamin Folger, Solomon Gardner, James Bunker, Thomas West, Barnabas Baker, Thomas Smith, Nathan Snow, Chapman Swaine, Joseph Swaine, Nathaniel Smith, Jr., David Crowell, Jonathan Crowell, Jr., Enoch Barry, Samuel Osborn, George Fish, Jonathan Clark, Jr., Edmund Clark, Henry Tracy, Prince Freeman, Richard Worth, Zaccheus Gardner, John Davis, Simeon Bunker Phillip Brown, Peleg Coffin, Sacco Barnes, Timothy Bryant.

The great interest in Nova Scotia aroused in Massachusetts by the Proclamation of 1758 was no doubt largely due to the previous knowledge these people had of Nova Scotia lands and Nova Scotia waters. Many of those settlers had actually taken part in the tragedy of the expulsion of the "Neutrals," as the exiled Acadians were commonly called, and long before a permanent settlement was made here by English speaking people, these Cape Cod fishermen had discovered by cruises in their little Yankee crafts that fish abounded in these waters. Some of those settlers were here, perhaps as early as 1759 or 60. Haliburton in his history says: "In the years 1761-2-3 Barrington was settled by about 80 families from Nantucket and Cape Cod in Massachusetts. The former came here to carry on the whale fishery, but disappointed returned to Nantucket at the breaking out of the Revolution, and others settled in the District of Maine. The latter were drawn here by the cod fisheries and continued to reside here."

About one hundred and forty years before these settlers gained a permanent foothold in this district, the *Mayflower* had landed the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. Many of our settlers from Cape Cod were direct descendants of the historic Pilgrims. Elisha Hopkins and Nathan Snow were descendants of Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower*. Nathan and Heman Kenney were probably descended from Stephen Hopkins. Edmund Doane, was a descendant of Elder William Brewster, the "Chief of the Pilgrims." Archelaus Smith also descended from Stephen Hopkins. I have not yet closely examined the



whole list with a view to ascertain just how many of these families were descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, but, considering the places of their nativity and the intermarriages that occurred on Cape Cod during the first one hundred or more years, it must be that by far the greater number of our Barrington settlers were of that sturdy stock of notable men and women. I venture the statement that in no other township of equal population in America, can there be found to-day so many "Mayflower Descendants" as are right here in our township of Barrington.

Our settlers were, for the most part, a lot of intelligent, and so far as the times allowed, educated men. The handwriting of Benjamin Folger, John Coffin, John Porter, Archelaus Smith and others, as the records show, suggests that they were men of more than ordinary schooling and anything but illiterate. As historian More says of the settlers of Liverpool, it cannot be regarded as otherwise than fortunate that the settlers of this county were emigrants from a country advanced in civilization, and that they were generally distinguished for intelligence and enterprise.

I want to offer some genealogical and historical notes regarding some of our grantees—notes which may not be uninteresting to us and possibly will be of value to some future historian and genealogist of Barrington.

*Samuel Hamilton*, born 29 March, 1738, son of Daniel and Abigail— — —, of Chatham; married 18 Feb. 1761, Miriam Kenney, a sister of Sarah, the wife of Thomas Crowell, and of Heman and Nathan Kenney, first of Barrington.

*Nathan Kenney*, probably son of Nathan and Mercy (Smith), of Chatham. Wife is said to have been Sherah Nickerson. Was in Capt. Peter West's Company against the French. Removed from Barrington to Little River, and descendants now found in Yarmouth County.

*Heman Kenney*, brother of preceding; married at Chatham, 25 Aug., 1752, Mercy Nickerson, born 7 May, 1732, daughter of William and Sarah — — —. He was a Justice of the Peace and died here 1 Feb., 1775, aged 43 years.

*Thomas Crowell*, born Chatham, 27 Oct., 1739, son of Dea. Paul and Rebecca Paine. Paul, John, John.

Married at Chatham, 19 March, 1759, Sarah Kenney, sister of the above Miriam Hamilton, and of Heman and Nathan Kenney. Abigail Crowell, who married Joseph Collins, first of Liverpool, was his father's sister, and Jonathan Crowell, who married Anna Collins and settled in Liverpool, was his father's brother.

*Thomas Doane*, born at Chatham, March, 1737, son of Thomas and Sarah (Barnes). (Thomas<sup>3</sup>, Ephraim<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>). Married first at Chatham, 4 Oct., 1759, Letitia Eldredge, who died here July 26, 1766, aged 30 years, according to her gravestone still standing in this old yard; married second at Eastham, 17 March, 1768, Elizabeth Lewis, widow of Solomon Lewis, of Eastnam, and the daughter of Mrs. Edmund Doane by her first marriage, to Capt. William Myrick. He died here 3 May, 1783, aged 46 years.

*David Smith*, probably son of David. (Thomas + Ralph<sup>1</sup>). His first wife was Sarah ———, who died at Chatham, 20 March, 1750, aged 28 years. Of their children, Mercy, born 13 May, 1747, married Benjamin Bearce, of Chatham, and later of Barrington. David married second Thankful (Godfrey) Reynolds, widow of John Reynolds, of Chatham and Barrington. He died here in 1795, and his widow 26th May, 1815.

*Judah Crowell, Sen.*, born 6 May, 1703, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Jones); married 16th Sept., 1733, Tabitha Nickerson. Of their children, Thomas and Judah, Jr., were grantees; Ansel married Jedidah Doane, daughter of Edmund first; Eleazer married Mercy Kenney, daughter of Heman first.

*Elisha Hopkins*, probably a son of Elisha, of Chatham, whose widow Experience became the second wife of our Samuel Osborn. Married (intention Chatham, 31 March, 1753) Hannah Wing, of Harwich.

*Henry Wilson*, said to have been a native of Scotland; wife was Sarah Chase.

*Samuel Wood* (Rev.), went from Oxford, Mass. to Union, Conn., where he bought land in 1745. Married at Union, 11 Jan., 1750, Lydia Ripley, born 20 Feb., 1724, daughter of David and Lydia (Carey). He sold his land in Union in 1761 and the same year was minister at the church at Chebogue, coming from there to Barrington about 1767. He returned to New England, was Chaplain in the Revolutionary Army and died in the British prison

ship *Asia*; so says Mrs. Annie Arnoux Haxtun in her *Signers of the Mayflower Compact*, Part III, p. 4. Union town records show the following children born to Samuel and Lydia Wood: Lydia, born 26 March, 1752; Irene, 7 June, 1754; Faith, 7 June, 1756; Samuel, 12 April, 1758. Besides these we know there was a son David who married at Barrington, 2 Nov., 1779, Mercy Hopkins, daughter of Elisha and Hannah, and became the ancestor of the Wood families of this township.

*Joshua Nickerson*, married at Chatham, 15 Dec., 1754, Esther Ryder. He was son of Caleb and Mary (Godfrey) Nickerson, and therefore a brother of Richard Nickerson, the Barrington grantee.

*Joshua Snow*, brother of Capt. Jabez Snow, who settled at Granville, Annapolis Co. His wife was Mary Doane, born at Eastham, 22nd Feb., 1735, daughter of Eleazer and Hannah (Mayo) Doane, first of Roseway, and a first cousin of Elizabeth Doane, the wife of his brother, Capt. Jabez, of Granville. Joshua died at Barrington. His widow is said to have returned to New England to live with her married daughter, Phoebe Hallet. They had children Jabez, Melinda, Phoebe, Mary. Joshua married ——— Snyder, and Gertrude, who married her cousin, William Doane, of Roseway, son of Nathan.

*Joshua Atwood*, of Eastham, born 27 Oct., 1722, son of Joseph and Bethia (Crowell). Bethia was sister of Elizabeth Crowell, who married Benjamin Homer, the father of our John Homer who came to Barrington from Boston in July 1775. Joshua married in 1746, Mary Knowles, born 20 Jan., 1726, daughter of Paul. Paul Knowles was son of Col. John and Mary (Sears). Mary Sears was probably a daughter of Paul and Deborah (Willard), and this would account for the name Willard as found in the Knowles and Atwood families of Cape Cod and Barrington.

*Isaac King*, son of John and Mary (Bangs), married (intention Harwich and Eastham, 26 October, 1751) Lydia Sparrow, born 26 Nov., 1731, daughter of Joseph and Hannah (Doane). Hannah Doane was the daughter of Joseph, Esq., and therefore a first cousin of our Edmund Doane, of Barrington. Isaac King died about 1784 and his widow removed to Salem, Mass., where she died 4 Jan., 1798, leaving one son in Cape Negro, three sons in Salem and one daughter in Eastham. He was Proprietors' clerk at Barrington and a Justice of the Peace.

*Archelaus Smith*, a half brother of Stephen Smith, one of the grantees at Liverpool, was baptized at Chatham 23rd April, 1734, the son of Stephen Smith and his second wife. Stephen was son of John Smith and Bethia Snow. John was son of Samuel Smith and Mary Hopkins, who was daughter of Gyles Hopkins, the son of Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower*. Archelaus married, at Chatham, 16th July, 1752, Elizabeth Nickerson, born 15 May, 1735, daughter of Wm. and Sarah. He died here 3rd April, 1821, and his widow the 2nd of April, 1828. He was a land surveyor and Justice of the Peace.

*Solomon Smith, Sen.*, of Chatham. Wife was Rebecca Hamilton, probably the one born the 21st Nov., 1720, daughter of Thomas<sup>2</sup>, (Daniel ) and therefore a first cousin of Samuel Hamilton our grantee.

*Jonathan Smith*, married at Chatham, 9th Nov., 1752, Jane Hamilton, born 19th April, 1728, daughter of Thomas<sup>2</sup>, (Daniel<sup>1</sup>). She died here 6th Jan., 1799. He died 28th Sept., 1807.

*Barnabas Baker*, married at Chatham, 3rd March, 1754, Mehetabel Smith, a sister of Thomas Smith, our grantee. All of these removed to Litchfield, Maine.

*Richard Nickerson*, born Chatham, 3rd Feb., 1741, son of Caleb and Mary (Godfrey). His wife was Sarah Nickerson, daughter of Absalom and Sarah ———. He died 15th Nov., 1774, probably at Barrington.

*Jonathan Crowell, Sen.*, died here before 20th Dec. 1768. His first wife, whom he married 13th July, 1738, was Anna Nickerson; second wife was Elizabeth ———. A division of his estate was made 18th March, 1769, to the widow, to David Crowell, Joanna Crowell, Deborah Crowell, Azubah Crowell, Mary, wife of Prince Nickerson Jonathan Crowell, Ruth Crowell, Sylvanus Crowell, Freeman Crowell. Of his children, Mary married Prince Nickerson, 12th March, 1761, and Jonathan married 28th April, 1769, Rhoda Nickerson, daughter of Elisha, Sen., of Liverpool and Argyle, and settled in Argyle.

Coming now to Edmund Doane and Elizabeth his wife, in whom we, or the most of us, have the greater interest by reason of direct descent, of them considerable information has been gleaned from various sources. He was born at Eastham, Cape Cod, 20th April, 1718, and died at Barrington, the 20th Nov., 1806; the son of Israel Doane

and his wife Ruth (Freeman), grandson of Deacon Daniel Doane and his first wife whose name is not known, a great grandson of Deacon John Doane and wife Lydia, who came over to the Plymouth Colony about 1630. His mother, Ruth Freeman, was the daughter of Lieut. Edmund Freeman, and Sarah (Mayo). Lieut. Edmund was the son of Major John Freeman and Mercy (Prince). Mercy Prince was daughter of Governor Thomas Prince and Patience (Brewster). Patience Brewster was daughter of Elder William Brewster, of the *Mayflower* company. Therefore all descendants of Edmund Doane are eligible to membership in the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

The father of our Edmund Doane, of Barrington, was a first cousin of the father of Eleazer Doane, first of Roseway; and his grandmother, Sarah (Mayo) Freeman, was a first cousin of Nathaniel Mayo, the father of Hannah Doane, wife of Eleazer of Roseway.

Edmund Doane was the youngest of a family of six children. Israel, the eldest, died probably unmarried, aged about 39. Prince, the second, removed with his family to Saybrook, Conn., and was the ancestor of the Doanes there. Abigail, the third, married Thomas Snow. Elnathan, the fourth, removed with his family to Southeast, Dutchess County, New York. Daniel, the fifth, married 4th Jan., 1738, Sarah Thatcher, and was probably lost at sea about 1740. His widow probably married second Christian Remick, the artist, of Boston.

Elizabeth Osborn was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Osborn, pastor of the First Church of Eastham, from 17th Sept., 1718, to 20 Nov., 1738, and his wife Jedidah Smith, of Nantucket. Samuel Osborn, born about 1685, "Came over to America in the latter end of October, 1707, bringing letters of Commendation from Ireland, subscribed by the Rev. Robert Rainey, pastor of a church in the Lordship of Newry, in the County of Down." At Edgartown he married Jan. 1, 1710, the Rev. Jonathan Dunham officiating. Jedidah Smith. She was the daughter of Benjamin Smith and Jedidah Mayhew, grand-daughter of Rev. Thomas Mayhew and Jane Paine a great grand-daughter of Thomas Mayhew, the grantee and governor of Martha's Vineyard and adjacent Islands.

Elizabeth Osborn was born in Massachusetts, probably at Sandwich where she was baptized, and died at Barrington, the 24th May, 1798. Her parents united

with the first Congregational church at Sandwich in 1713, where their son John was baptized in 1714 and their daughter, our Elizabeth, in 1715. Her brother, John Osborn, married Ann Doane, an aunt of Thomas Doane, our Barrington grantee, graduated at Harvard college and settled as a physician at Middletown, Conn., dying there 31st May, 1753, at the early age of 40 years. Her sister, Abigail Osborn, became the first wife of John Homer, who removed with his family to Barrington in July, 1775.

Elizabeth Osborn was married three times. When about nineteen years old, or on 23rd Jan., 1733-4, she married Captain William Myrick, who was lost at sea in 1742, leaving the widow and three children—a son William who lived and died at Eastham, a son Gideon who was lost at sea, and a daughter Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was called, who, as the widow of Solomon Lewis, of Eastham, became the second wife of Thomas Doane, our Barrington grantee.

On 14th Jan., 1744-5, the widow Myrick became the second wife of William Paine, a magistrate and merchant of Eastham. He was in the Louisburg expedition and died there in August or September, 1746, leaving the widow and a son William Paine, Jr., who became a noted teacher in Boston and New York, and was the father of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," as noted on your tablet to-day.

On 10th Nov., 1749, the widow Paine again married, and this time our Edmund Doane, his uncle Joseph Doane, a Justice of some note, officiating, and about twelve years later, or in the autumn of 1761, they removed with their family of seven children to Nova Scotia.

It is understood that the place of their embarkation was at Nathaniel Mayo's Landing. The late Jonathan Higgins, Esq., an authority on the history of Cape Cod, informed the writer many years ago that the Mayo's Landing of ancient Eastham was a cove or creek a little south of the present Congregational church in Orleans.

Unfavorable winds drove them off their proposed course and carried them to Liverpool, where they spent the first winter. The following spring they resumed the journey, settling here in the Cape Sable District.

Edmund Doane's name appears on Eastham records as a juryman in 1750 and in 1760, and several times in some of the divisions of lands.

During his early years in Barrington, from about 1762 to 1767, he kept a store of general supplies for the settlement—a store such as would be required by the circumstances of the beginning of the settlement. The chief articles of trade, as evidenced by his old account book still in existence, were rum, flour by the pound, salt by the hogshead, molasses, sugar, medicine, dry goods, hardware, etc.

It is understood that he received his supplies from his brother-in-law, John Homer, then a merchant in Boston. John Homer removed with his family to Barrington in July 1775, and a little more than one year later or on 17th, Oct. 1776, he purchased Edmund Doane's property at Barrington, the consideration being £132 6s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. It is understood that Mr. Doane intended to return to New England. Through his wife, however, a new location was provided in Barrington for his family. On her petition and the petition of a number of the townspeople, a grant of land at Johnson's point was made to the wife Elizabeth, in consideration of her valuable medical services. On this grant they settled and spent their remaining days.

Of our ancestor, Edmund Doane, it can be said that he was a man of some means, from the fact that he brought over with him some farm stock and household furniture, with other things, sufficient it would appear for the charter of a vessel for the purpose. He does not seem to have taken any leading part in the public affairs of the early settlement. The second, third, fourth and fifth meetings of the Proprietors, 1764, to 1767, were held at his house, and in December 1766, he was appointed a member of the committee to assist the surveyor in laying out the lots.

Mrs. Elizabeth Doane, we have reason to believe, was a woman, not only of more than ordinary personal attractions but of natural ability and with some considerable cultivation. Whatever, if any, superiority may distinguish Edmund Doane's descendants, possibly is derived from the infusion of Osborn blood, through this daughter of the talented minister of old Eastham.

From the Boston Port arrivals I find she came up from Cape Sable to Boston the 28th of July, 1763, on the sloop *Sherborn*, Capt. Jonathan Clark—Jonathan Worth, a farmer, Elisha Coffin, a fisherman, being the other two passengers. Again on the 25th of Sept., 1767, she was one of two passengers who came up to Boston on the sloop *Dove*, Capt. Joseph Chapman—Mr. John Chapman, a

merchant, being the other passenger. In this record she is styled "Mrs. Eliz. Doane, wife to a farmer at Nova Scotia."

Our first settlers, I believe, had no regularly organized church. Previous to the Revolution they were visited periodically by ministers from New England—Congregationalists doubtless, with which church Edmund Doane and his wife were, at least nominally, connected. When the Methodists came here, however, in 1784, Mrs. Doane joined them, though her husband, it is understood, held himself quite aloof.

The old pestle, with which she pounded her roots and herbs, is still in possession of one of her descendants, as well as Edmund's old Bible, on the fly leaf of which is written: "Edmund Doane, his book, bought in New England whilst he lived there."

*Dear Friends, descendants of a common ancestor:* We would honor the memory of Father Edmund and Elizabeth, his faithful wife. A century and a half ago they came to these rocky shores, and by self denial and suffering, helped to produce the conditions which make it possible for you, their descendants, to surround yourselves with the blessings you now enjoy. They labored, and we have entered into their labors. We all ought to rejoice that in this year of grace 1912, we have been moved to honor them, and ourselves by the doing, by yonder permanent memorial. Long may it stand to perpetuate their memory in the minds and hearts of your children and children's children, for countless generations to come.





## REMARKS BY B. H. DOANE, PREFATORY TO HIS ADDRESS.

*Dear Kinsmen and Friends.*—If I were not here to-day with a prepared address, I should certainly be moved to attempt one extempore. The allusion to the “scaffold” has stirred strong heart emotions in everyone by whom the allusion was understood. For, just as

“By the light of burning heretics, Christ’s bleeding feet we track,  
Climbing up new Calvaries ever, with the cross that turns not back.”

so by the swinging forms of gibbeted “traitors” may we trace the progress of human liberty. And therein is the significance of the allusion to the “scaffold” that has been made here. It has reference to two episodes in our family history. One to a family of brothers in what is now the State of Pennsylvania, during the war of the Revolution. Their peace principles forbade them taking either side. They conceived that God was opposed to war and pillage, and refused to associate either with the Royalist or the Continental cause; thereby incurring the enmity of both sides, which finally resulted in three of them being hanged.

The other incident relates to what is known as the Papineau and MacKenzie Rebellion in Canada, in 1837, by which the “Family Compact” was broken up and Responsible Government established in the English possessions in North America. In that struggle, one of our family, Joshua \*Gillam Doane, yielded up his rare spirit upon the scaffold for a cause, the benefits of which all Canada reaps to-day.

I have felt, since the subject was mentioned, that an explanation was due to be made; and so I have trespassed upon the time allotted to me in order that you might understand why our friend (Herbert L. Doane) should have exclaimed, “We are not ashamed of it,” when the fact was stated that investigation into our family history led in some directions to the scaffold.

Now to my assigned subject: (See following article).

\*Hanged at London, Ont., 6th Feby., 1837.

**Address:—"ALL BROTHERS," (Both Sides  
of the Line.)**

**Benjamin H. Doane, New York.**

*Dear Kinsmen and Friends:*—It is a great privilege that I share with you, to meet this day within these ancient walls to do honor to the memory of two pioneers of English civilization in this province. That they happen to be our ancestors adds to the propriety of our conducting this celebration, and to the interest we take in it; but the sufficient fitness of our proceedings to-day is found in the lives of the man and woman who, children of America's first English pioneers, themselves went on pilgrimage to widen the borders of the English colonists and to hold the farthest boundaries of the Great Patent of New England firmly for an Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Consider how they link us with a remote past. Coming here with their seven young children in 1761, they lived on to advanced age, so that many whom we have known knew them in the flesh. And yet, no doubt, their eyes in childhood looked upon some venerable survivor of the first pilgrim band; to their young ears the tale of the *Mayflower's* voyage came from those to whom the voice and features of Governor Bradford, the saintly Brewster, sagacious old Stephen Hopkins, and the other worthies of the beginnings of English occupation in the New World, were as familiar as to the elder among ourselves are the personalities of, say, Captain Solomon Kendrick, or Mr. John Sargent, or Squire Coffin. Not merely the position they held in point of time, however, midway between the *Mayflower* and our present day, but, as I have said, it is their lives that justify us in doing them honor. The historical account to which we have listened with so much pleasure tells us who and what they were, and I shall not assume to speak, after such authority, to any particular extent in that line. I wish, briefly, however, to direct our attention to the family of Elizabeth Doane on her mother's side.

Her mother's name was Jedidah Smith. As you are aware, it is a Hebrew name, and it means "beloved." The affection in which the person who bore it was held is illustrated by the number of times the name, plain as it sounds to us, was bestowed upon successive generations of girls in the family. Elizabeth Doane named one of her own

daughters Jedidah; and the Jedidah Crowells and Nicker-  
sons and Kenneys that thereafter orbed themselves upon  
our horizon attest the strong influence of love that radiated  
from the central source. So to return to Jedidah Smith,  
the mother of Elizabeth Osborn Doane—she married the  
Rev. Samuel Osborn, at Edgartown, on Martha's Vinyard,  
of which Island she was native. Her mother's name was  
Jedidah Mayhew, daughter of a very distinguished man.  
He was the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, only son of Governor  
Thomas Mayhew, who, born in England in 1588—the year  
of the destruction of the Armada—came to the Massachus-  
etts Bay Colony in 1630, bringing with him his only son  
Thomas, then about ten years of age. The elder Mayhew  
in 1641 obtained a grant of Martha's Vinyard and the ad-  
jacent Islands and, removing there in the same year, estab-  
lished an English settlement there of which he was the  
governor.

I cherish among my possessions a quaint old volume  
nearly 200 years old, which once belonged to Robert  
Southey, Poet Laureate of England, whose autograph it  
bears, and afterwards for many years preserved in the  
British Museum. It was printed in London in 1727, when  
Elizabeth Osborn Doane was twelve years of age. In  
it, Thomas Mayhew, the younger, the grandfather of  
Mrs. Samuel Osborn, is spoken of as

. . . “a young gentleman of liberal education and of such  
repute for piety as well as natural and acquired gifts, having no  
small degree of knowledge in the Latin and Greek languages, and  
being not wholly stranger to the Hebrew, that soon after their set-  
tlement on the Island, the new plantation called him to the minist-  
ry among them. But his English flock being then but small, the  
sphere was not large enough for so bright a star to move in. With  
great compassion, he beheld the wretched natives, who then were  
several thousands on these Islands, perishing in utter ignorance of  
the true God and eternal life, laboring under strange delusions, en-  
chantments and panic fears of devils, whom they most passionately  
worshipped. \* \* \* But God, who had ordained him as evangelist  
for the conversion of these Indian Gentiles stirred him up with a  
holy zeal and resolution to labor their illumination and deliverance.”

In 1657, after sixteen years of service, in the thirty-  
seventh year of his age, accompanied by his wife's brother  
and an Indian preacher, he took passage in a ship bound  
for England, there to pursue measures for the further ad-  
vancement of religion among his Indians; but neither the  
ship nor any of the passengers were ever heard of more.

The historian already quoted thus comments upon this melancholy event:

“Thus came to an immature death, Mr. Mayhew, junior, who was so affectionately beloved and esteemed of the Indians that they could not easily bear his absence so far as Boston before they longed for his return; and for many years after his departure, he was seldom named without tears.”

From his contemporary, that famous apostle to the Indians, Mr. John Eliot, at this time was wrung the expression of affectionate grief:

“The Lord has given us this amazing blow, to take away my brother Mayhew. His aged father does his endeavor to uphold the work among the poor Indians, whom by letters I have encouraged what I can.”

Thomas Mayhew, the elder, during his son's life time favored and forwarded the work among the Indians, by whom he was greatly revered. He taught them how to govern themselves according to the English manner, and helped them organize their councils and courts for trial by jury, and to keep records of all acts passed and actions tried. Such was their confidence in him that, when almost all the Indian nations on the main were at war with the English, they remained attached to him and to the English interest, so that the settlers on those Islands took no care of their own defence, but left it wholly to these Christian Indians, who outnumbered them twenty to one.

This missionary concern for the Indians continued hereditary in the family of our ancestress on Martha's Vineyard, and in such an environment was Jedidah Osborn reared and her daughter Elizabeth born. Generations of her ancestors, governors, judges, ministers, were all missionaries, lodging in smoky wigwams, enduring cold and wet and fatigue, in sustained and painful, yet cheerful labor for wretched souls unable so much as to offer recompense.

I love to dwell on this aspect of our family history, because you will, with equal regret, recall with me that the early English voyagers were kindly received by the Indians, with whom they exchanged gifts, and that not many days later, without justifiable cause, there were new Indian graves, their tenants slain by the white man's bullet, while those who lived were made captives and sold as slaves to the Spaniards. Yet soon after when our Pilgrim Fathers first met the Indians they were greeted with the words

"Welcome, Englishmen," and for twenty-four years an unbroken peace continued between them. In spite, however, of such examples of Christian good will by our Pilgrim forefathers, and of equally Christian forbearance by their Indian neighbors, from that early day to the present, our relation as a people to the aboriginal race has been something to blush for and of which to repent even now, if indeed by seeking there may be found any place for repentance. It is, therefore, pleasant to recall that, at a critical time in the first winter that any New England family ever spent on these shores, down there on old Fish Point, the stalwart form of an Indian suddenly filled their doorway; and as mother and children shrank apprehensive of the next thing that would happen, their fears were banished and their hearts softened with the salutation in English, "All brothers, all brothers!"—a greeting one in spirit with the words from Heaven heard one night on the hills of Judea, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And that spirit, announced by a rude man of the woods to a helpless white woman, I am thankful to say, has been ever reciprocated to the Indians of this neighborhood, so far as our family is concerned. Naturally it would be so among the descendants of Elizabeth Doane. Possessed of the same philanthropic zeal in the midst of which she had been bred, her medical skill, which was recognized as considerable and so invaluable in the primitive community settled here, was equally at the service of the suffering Indians, in whose wigwams she ministered to mothers in their supreme hour, and to child and man according to their need.

It is to be regretted that the latter days of this revered couple were shadowed by a war, which isolated them from the land of their birth, to which land Edmund Doane, and especially his wife Elizabeth, were bound by the strongest ties. He left home and kindred behind, but his parents were dead and his brothers and sisters made alliances which absorbed their interests. On the other hand, she left behind her three children of her former marriage in Massachusetts. One, a daughter, Elizabeth Myrick, rejoined her here as the wife of my great grandfather, Thomas Doane, whose headstone over there still tells to the world that he was born and that he died—all that the world for the most part knows of many others of its noblest and mightiest. Her two sons, so far as known, she never saw again, though letters still extant from them show with what love they followed her in memory.

Here, in common with their neighbors, Edmund Doane and his wife suffered much through the dark days of the American Revolution. This is not an opportunity for discussion of the questions involved in that struggle. Suffice it now for me to say, I am glad, as a native of that Republic within whose limits they were born, and where their fathers' sepulchres for repeated generations are with us unto this day, that the records of that time abundantly show that the Barrington settlers were true-hearted to their brothers and fathers who remained in or went back to the Old Colony. Surely their descendants on both sides of the imaginary line created and maintained by tariff laws will unite in commendation of their spirit of first allegiance to the ties of blood and of common social aims and ideals.

Of Elizabeth Doane's two sons by her former marriage, William Myrick had eleven children, and his descendants are numerous. The Myrick family is large and influential. To William Paine, the only child of her second marriage, a romantic interest attaches as the father of a son of genius, John Howard Payne, whose song "Home, Sweet Home," the world will never willingly let die. Of William Paine's nine children, six were daughters, only one of whom married. Her husband was her own cousin, Dr. John C. Osborn, son of Elizabeth Doane's brother, Dr. John Osborn. I believe she has no living descendants. Of the three sons, only the youngest, Thatcher Taylor Payne, has any living descendants, through his daughter Eloise, who married an Episcopal clergyman named Luqueer, residing in Bedford, N. Y. With one of her grandchildren, Thatcher Taylor Payne Luqueer, I have the pleasure of an acquaintance and occasional interesting association. He is a civil engineer, but, alas! a confirmed bachelor. His brother, however, is a professor at Columbia University, New York, is married and has young children, in whom are centered the hopes of posterity from this interesting branch of our family.

Having now been favored to speak at this reunion for those native to the land of our common ancestors' birth, permit me in closing to express the conviction that the lesson of this reunion will be largely missed unless we recognize that the family bond is but typical of that larger brotherhood which is as wide as humanity: that unless we are able, with loving hearts, as did the immediate progenitors of Elizabeth Doane, to recognize as brothers the

most wretched of mankind, we but balk the faith of the Man of Nazareth in the human soil wherein he with such confidence sowed the seeds of love. National boundaries can never separate families. Family lines cannot keep apart those who are one in spirit. And if that divine principle but take control of our lives, verily I say to you, there be some here who shall not taste death until that time shall come for which prophets longed and martyrs suffered, when not alone those who can reckon long lines of ancestors shall celebrate their reunions, but when He that rideth upon the heavens shall confirm His inheritance and shall set even the solitary in families.



### Home, Sweet Home!

Following the valuable and interesting paper, "All Brothers on Both Sides of the Line" the whole assembly led by the choir, joined in singing, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, "Home, Sweet Home," a song that has touched the hearts of the people in all lands and that has brought undying fame to its author, John Howard Payne, whose memory, as a grandson of Elizabeth Osborn by a former marriage, is also honored by this memorial service. It is a singular fact that the author had never a home during the last forty years of his life, and died in a foreign land.

## THE OLD MEETING HOUSE AT BARRINGTON HEAD, N. S.

Herbert L. Doane and Frank A. Doane, Truro, N. S.

Read by Frank A. Doane.

It seems quite appropriate to present at this stage of the proceedings a short sketch, imperfect though it may be, of this historic old church building, known to most of us from our earliest recollections as the Old Meeting House at Barrington Head. In this place our fathers and fore-fathers both taught and worshipped. Seven generations of the descendants of Deacon John Doane, our New England ancestor, have praised God within its sacred precincts.

Squire Samuel Osborne Doane, Senior, the son of the Edmund and Elizabeth Doane to whose memory to-day we erect a tablet on these grounds, has conducted services here, taking charge in the absence of the minister and also maintaining the week day services.

Father Albert Swim, great grandson of Elizabeth Osborn Myrick Paine Doane, also officiated here in the years gone by.

The Pioneers of Barrington, sons of the New England Puritans, soon felt the need of a place of worship, and early in their new life, laid the foundations for this house of God.

While log cabins were deemed good enough for them to *live* in when the necessities of those early days required it, they felt that a more worthy structure must be erected for the purposes of religious worship. Hence they cut a frame from the sturdy oaks of Sheroe's (Chereau's) Island and sent over to New England for boards and clapboards. They began its construction in 1763 and had it ready for service in 1765. Originally built by Congregationalists and Quakers, this Old House knows no creed. Numerous sects have worshipped here and preachers of all denominations have freely occupied its lofty pulpit. Many distinguished and eloquent divines have delivered the Gospel message within these walls. Bishop Inglis, with Episcopalian dignity and grace; Henry Alline, in a furore of religious fervor, enthusiasm and excitement; Bishop William Black and Freeborn Garrettsen, shining lights of



early Methodism, have spoken here with eloquence and power. 'Twas here, also, that Rev. Theodore Seth Harding, a Barrington boy who achieved considerable fame throughout the Province, delivered his first sermon when a mere youth of twenty; and here in 1791 that celebrated Baptist Father, Rev. Harris Harding, known later all over Nova Scotia as "Father Harding," held revival services for a week with great success.

It is not in our power to give in full a detailed history of this church, nor to name all the different denominational ministers or faithful laymen, who have labored in this Vineyard, or have been actively concerned in connection with this church, but, omitting those of more recent years, some other names may be mentioned, such as Revds. Ashleys (father and son), Byers, Crandall, Cromwell, Jas. and John Mann, McGray, Jacob Norton, Martin, McKeown, Reynolds, Downey, and William H. Richan; and among the laymen the Atwoods, Crowells, Coffins, Pinkhams, Geddes, Hogg, Homers, Sargents and many others. But time would fail me to tell of all the Gideons and Baraks, Joshuas and Elishas, Miriams and Deborahs, Marys and Marthas, who down through the long years have rallied around this religious centre.

From one of the old saints of Barrington now passed to her heavenly rest, Mrs. Martha Elvira Doane Pinkham, better known as "Aunt Patsy," the writer learned when a lad that the Rev'd Jacob Norton, above mentioned, was something of a poet, or rather a versifyer, for Webster's dictionary says "not every versifyer is a poet." A line or so from one or two of his poems or hymns will perhaps recall old memories to some of the older persons present.

"I, Jacob Norton, born and bred, in Massachusetts, where 'tis said  
"The light of Gospel Grace was shed,"—

and again:

"I preached the Gospel then and when, just wherever I was sent."

And from another,—

"As I lay dead by *the* wayside,  
All kivered with *ice* and snow,  
The good Samaritan pass-ed by;  
He know'd well what to do."

But we must make mention now of the first pastor to officiate in this meeting house shortly after it was put up—the Rev. Samuel Wood, who came here from Chebogue, Yar-

mouth County, but had removed there from New England. Mr. Wood was known to have been here in 1767 and 1768, but at the outbreak of the American Revolution, he returned to New England and joined the Continental Army as Chaplain, was taken prisoner and died in New York on board the British Prison Ship, "Asia." Many of his descendants are living in Barrington to day but none, however bearing the name of Wood.

Among those who have assembled at this time to do honor to our ancestors—Edmund Doane, one of the first, if not the first, of the name of Doane to settle in Nova Scotia, and Elizabeth Osborn Myrick Paine Doane, his illustrious wife, grandmother of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home,"—and also among the present residents of Barrington, there are quite a few who have the unique distinction of being not only great great grandchildren, and great great great grandchildren of Edmund and Elizabeth, but who also bear that same relation to the first pastor of this venerable and historic old meeting house, the Rev. Samuel Wood. The original grant of the township provided for a lot of land for use of church and minister and this lot on part of which this building now stands extended down to the brink of the river. Part of the ground was used for a military parade for in those days the defence of the country was quite as much to be considered as the observance of religious ceremonies. Then, too, church buildings in Nova Scotia were used for both secular and religious purposes. The township or proprietors' meetings and civic elections were held in this church up to about 1817, about which time the Congregationalists ceased to exist as a separate organization, and the Methodists then moved to their own new Chapel, built in 1816, which we of this generation remember as the Old Chapel, now no longer in evidence. (The two old Gothic windows, occupying a position of honor in the front of your post office building, until a very recent date, belonged to that Chapel). Thus this Old Meeting House was practically left to the Free Baptists and a few Presbyterians. They formed a plan to repair the house on a joint stock basis with shares of two pounds each, and having done so they refused to allow town meetings to be held in it.

The early furnishings of this building were very primitive. Rude benches for seats, and in common with all the early churches in this then new country there was no provision made for heating, it being before the days of stoves,

and long after stoves were used in private houses they were not introduced into the churches as such an innovation was hardly considered consistent with Puritan ideas. Indeed, we think we are right in saying that it was regarded that a person's religion was at a very low ebb if he could not keep warm through a gospel service without the aid of a stove or even a foot-warmer or warming pan.

When in April, 1786, Freeborn Garrettson preached his first sermon here, having walked around the shore from Shelburne via Cape Negro, and from thence wading through slush and mud to Barrington, there were neither doors nor windows. Those were days when not only was our modern and brilliant electric lighting system unknown, but the luxury of the paraffine oil lamp was undreamed of; it was customary to announce services to take place at "early candle light," or when the season would admit it was a decided saving of candles to call the service as did Mr. Garrettson on this occasion for "an hour before sunset." At the close of his service he, having no place to lay his head and not being invited to the house of any of the people, prepared to make his bed on the rough benches with which this room was then furnished. But one good woman, who was then a young married woman of about 23 or 24, now long remembered by several generations as "Old Grandma Homer," from whom many of us here are descended, this good woman after reaching home, remembered that the preacher was a stranger, went back and brought Mr. Garrettson to her home. Through a long life of nearly a century her home was ever after an abiding place for itinerant preachers and missionaries.

We might add that this good lady's daughter, Abigail, (herself a grandniece of Elizabeth Osborn) who was married to James Doane, the grandson of our first Edmund (the couple being known as "Uncle Jim" and "Aunt Nabby") also made her home a place of welcome for all the passing ministers for over half a century.

Not until 1840 was a final effort made and money raised to finish and repair the building, and only then after seventy-five years, was the old Meeting House really completed. The pews were put in, this high pulpit, fearfully and wonderfully made, was finished, and the doors and windows repaired.

At a proprietor's meeting in 1841, it was resolved that "the Presbyterian Meeting House be henceforth called and

known by name of "St. John Church," but "strangely enough" according to an article by Rev. Wm. H. Richan in the Yarmouth Herald, July 17, 1893, "of the twenty-five proprietors at that time only three were Presbyterians and the first ministers chosen to occupy the house after its completion were Revds. Albert Swim and Samuel McKeown, both Free Baptists." Apparently the explanation is in a confusion of terms Presbyterian and Congregational.

Along in the fifties, the Free Baptists built their own Bethel at Brasse's Hill and the Presbyterians their Kirk at the Passage and the Old Meeting House was almost deserted for a number of years with the exception of occasional services.

During the winter of 1877 and 1878 a singing class was conducted in it by Mr. Arthur W. Doane and in March 1880, Rev. Wm. H. Richan, whose wife was another great great granddaughter of Edmund and Elizabeth, began a series of Evangelistic services here and aroused an interest which, spreading to the other churches in the neighborhood, led a goodly number to unite with the people of God. In 1889, neglected and abandoned, it became so dilapidated that a Provincial Act was passed to demolish the structure as being fit neither for use nor ornament, but owing to the sickness of Mr. J. K. Knowles, clerk to the Trustees, the necessary notices were neglected and this time honored building and ancient landmark was fortunately spared to take on a new lease of life.

In 1893 the Presbyterians rallied to the rescue, raised a fund, made repairs and have continued to make use of it since, the privilege being also shared with the Anglicans. At the time when this church was first established, there were seven Congregational Meeting Houses in Nova Scotia, namely: one each at Halifax, Chester, Liverpool, Barrington, Chebogue, Cornwallis and Cumberland. The only one of the seven now remaining is this one in which we are here assembled. There are, however, three church buildings in Nova Scotia of greater antiquity than this. Old St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Halifax, 1750; St. John's Episcopal at Lunenburg, 1754; and the little old Dutch church at Halifax, 1755. As far as can be learned these three, together with this Old Meeting House at Barrington Head are the four oldest church buildings in the Dominion of Canada to-day. In this connection it may not be out of place to remind our friends that Barrington itself is one of the very oldest European Settlements on

the whole continent of America north of Florida and Mexico, it having been settled by the French very soon after 1612, the older places being Annapolis or Port Royal, 1604, Jamestown, Virginia, 1607, and Quebec, 1608.

Now while the life of this building about spans the years of the English settlement of Barrington it was not the first Church edifice in this place as the French settlers, are said to have had a stone church, at a site now unknown, many years before, and probably a chapel also, not far from this spot in the field of Asa Doane Crowell or that of Edward Kendrick. These edifices were undoubtedly destroyed by an expedition sent out in 1756 from Halifax under Major or Captain Preble of New England who acted under orders to burn and destroy everything that could not be carried off, following out the plan of general destruction incident to the removal of the Acadians from this country. It would seem certain, therefore, that the French houses of worship were standing here only seven years previous to the commencement of work on this English built structure.

When this old House was new, churches of any denomination in Nova Scotia were few and far between. There was one at Liverpool, and another at Chebogue, Yarmouth County, but none nearer. Therefore the people from the whole township of Barrington came to the Head to worship. Now it is not to be supposed that they travelled by train, neither by auto, as some of us do and more of us would like to do, nor even in carriages drawn by horses, there being no carriages and only two horses in the whole of Barrington Township at the time that this church was new, and only about eight or nine oxen in all of that territory. As to roads suitable for wagons and carriages, there were of course in those earliest times absolutely none except paths in which the travellers must walk in Indian or single file. Many came in boats, while others on foot walked many a weary mile through the silent forests, or around the rocky shores, wading the streams or crossing the muddy creeks on stepping stones, or, in the winter on the ice. They carried their boots and stockings in their hands (presumably not in the winter time) to keep them clean and to save wear, until near the church, when they put them on. We have heard our grandmother, "Aunt Rosanna Doane" tell of going to meeting in this way, boots in hand, and also of riding behind an older member of the family on a pillion or on the bare back of

the horse. On one occasion at least, we know of one good woman going to "Meeting," as it was called, on an ox-sled. When the morning dawned on the day the preacher was expected, the fields were white with snow and the roads, such as they were, were filled level with the tops of the stone walls, and "missus" could not venture out. But old Cudjoe, the faithful negro servant, said, "all right, missus, I will yoke up the ox-sled and take you to meeting." So they got all ready, put the ironing board on the sled for a seat and started off. Old Cudjoe leading, looking ahead oblivious to everything behind, marched along, proud and happy, until at length, glancing back, he discovered an empty sled and his "missus" sitting in a snow bank some distance behind. For in passing over a hillock in the snow, the ironing board had slid off and carried "Missus" with it.

There were three good women who filled a large place in the religious life of these early days and who spent many happy hours in this old house,—Mary Atwood, wife of Joseph Homer, the "Grandma Homer," already referred to; Margaret Barnard, wife of John Sargent, heroine of the above related ox-sled incident; and Sarah Harding, wife of Samuel Osborne Doane, senior, and sister of the Revd. Theodore Seth Harding.

At least two of those early fathers who preached the Gospel in this Meeting House lie buried in the adjoining graveyard. One was Rev. Edward Reynolds,—“Daddy Reynolds”—an ex-soldier and Waterloo veteran, who died 10th April, 1855, aged 72 years; the other was Rev. Thomas Crowell, a man universally loved and venerated and familiarly known as “Uncle Tommy.” He died in 1841, aged 72. The inscription on the marble slab on his grave bears eloquent testimony to the high respect in which he was held by the people. He began his religious life in this church during the revival services, previously mentioned, conducted by Rev. Harris Harding. Mr. Crowell married Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Doane, by his second wife, Elizabeth or Betty Myrick, then the widow Lewis, the daughter of our Elizabeth Osborn Myrick Paine Doane. Mrs. Crowell being therefore the granddaughter of Mrs. Edmund Doane.

This brings us to mention the oldest gravestone in the nearby burial ground whose inscription is decipherable, that of Mrs. Lettice (Eldridge) Doane, who was the first wife of said Thomas Doane, and died 26 July, 1766, aged

30 years. On May 3rd, 1783, this Thomas Doane died, and he, too, was buried in this graveyard where the stone may still be seen. It is related that on the day of his burial his son Nehemiah, then a lad of seven years, as he stood with the friends by the open grave, saw down the Bay the fleet of British transports pass the headlands of Barrington Harbor with the refugee settlers from New York for Shelburne.

While some in this audience may perhaps have come into this building for the first time, to others it awakens long forgotten memories of the happy days and associations of Auld Lang Syne.

Some of us may never again have the privilege of visiting the Old Meeting House at Barrington Head, venerable with age and hallowed by many sacred memories. It stands to-day a monument to the earnestness and zeal of our forefathers and their associates, who built with scanty resources but with abundant faith.

For near a century and a half the Gospel message has been delivered here; the songs of Zion have made these rafters ring; and from this altar and these pews the prayers of many mighty men of God have ascended to the Heavenly Throne.



# THE SETTLEMENT OF BARRINGTON, N. S. BY THE ENGLISH.

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T. W. Watson, Barrington, N. S.

'Twas in the old Colonial days,  
A nation building time!  
When New World men sought out new ways,  
In this new North land clime;  
Before the famous *Stamp Act*,  
In the reign of George the Third,  
Or battle gun at Lexington,  
Or Bunker Hill, was heard.

Nantucket whalers came there then,  
In those far days of yore;  
From different towns came fishermen,  
Upon the Cape Cod Shore.  
From River Clyde to Fundy,  
Toward the setting sun,  
This hardy band, bought all the land,  
And called it,—Barrington!

'Tho peace and plenty smiled around,  
And fair the scene that lay,  
'Tho rough and stony was the ground,  
Yet would their toil repay.  
No bridge spanned o'er the streamlet,  
Or road, or sheltering dome,  
Or friendly feet, or faces sweet,  
To greet their coming home.

These men had iron in their blood,  
Brave sons of Saxon mould!  
Their strength was in the mighty Lord!  
To Him their wants they told;  
Staunch Puritan and Quaker,  
For faith they bore the palm!  
In want or fear, whenever near,  
They faced it with a psalm.

To judge of men by what they do,  
Is reason, just and fair;  
These settlers found the country new,  
And forest, everywhere;  
They left it as you find it—



Or as the saying goes,—  
By stroke and thud they made it bud  
And blossom as the rose!

Boston's tempest in a *tea-pot*,  
That long had gathered fast,  
Had now with fury broken out,  
The die for war was cast .  
Some gentle folk, called—*Refugees*,  
Away from Boston ran,  
Their leave they took, and all forsook,  
And came to Barrington.

An acquisition rare, were these;  
Some managed several sail  
In export of the fisheries,  
On an extensive scale;  
Others were leading public men—  
Persons of wide renown!  
To be correct, by men elect,  
To represent the town.

Equal, if not the very best,  
Of all that ever came:—  
The United Empire Loyalist,  
Of ever endless fame!  
There is no town or city  
In Canada to-day,  
A thousand fold, his weight in gold,  
His services would pay!

Good night, fair Barrington, Good night!  
'Tis time to drop the pen;  
If I forget thee may my night  
Be never light again!  
We will dismount the *Beastie*,  
And rest its sweatened hide,  
Lest you should say, some other day,—  
I rue this hasty ride.

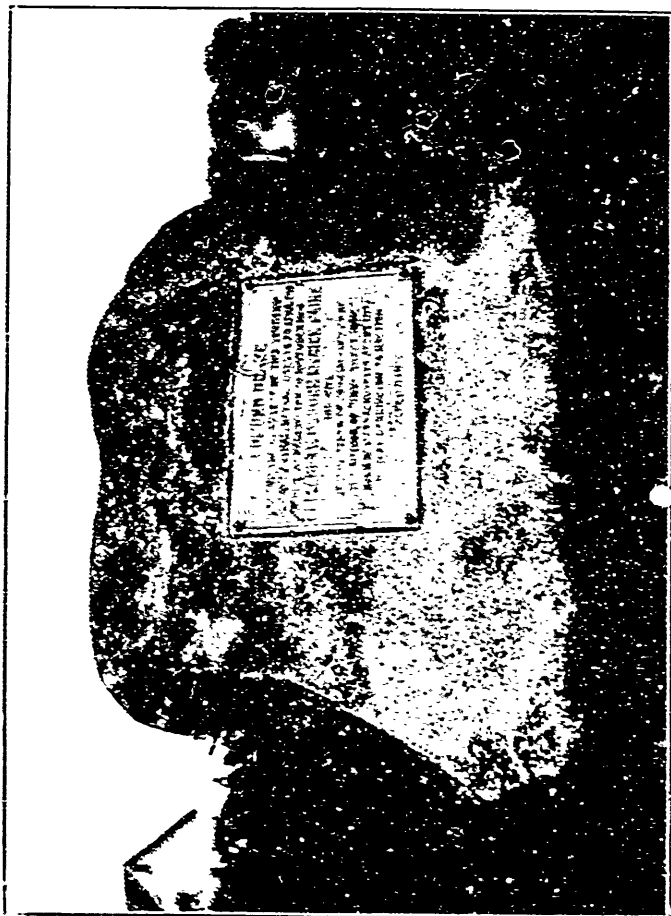
## MEMORIAL BOULDER AND TABLET.

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A huge granite boulder, weighing some three and a half tons, obtained from the field of the original site of the Edmund Doane homestead of one hundred and fifty years ago, where Robert D. Doane's pretty residence now stands, had been placed in position near the old unmarked graves of these two pioneers in the old burying ground adjoining the church, which now for nearly a century and a half has been one of the landmarks of Barrington and is one of the oldest Churches in Canada to-day.

The work of removing the boulder to its location, preparing concrete foundation down to bedrock, setting the stone and affixing tablet was very efficiently done by Samuel Watt, of Barrington. From its commanding position and size this big rough boulder, with the handsome bronze tablet, 18½ inches by 29½ inches, can easily be seen from the street and in passing into the meeting house. The tablet is as fine a piece of work in that line as could be desired. It was cast by T. McAvity & Sons, St. John, N. B., from a wooden pattern made by The Downer Pattern Works, Toronto, the original design being the handiwork of Alfred Alder Doane, the family historian, the lettering in plain Gothic characters of good size standing out in bold relief, clear and legible. The tablet, laid in cement, was securely bolted on by four heavy brass screwbolts with large polished heads, each bolt being set into lead-filled holes drilled into the rock. The boulder stands four feet high by five feet wide and is two feet thick.

After the two-hour service in the church, the tablet, covered by the British flag, was unveiled by Captain Seth Coffin Doane, the oldest male representative of the family present, to whom this honor was very appropriately assigned.



THE MEMORIAL BOULDER. Sec Page 43

The inscription on the Tablet is as follows:

EDMUND DOANE

ONE OF THE GRANTEES OF THIS TOWNSHIP  
BORN AT EASTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, 20 APRIL, 1718  
DIED AT BARRINGTON, 20 NOVEMBER, 1806

ELIZABETH OSBORN MYRICK PAINE

HIS WIFE

GRANDMOTHER OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE  
THE AUTHOR OF "HOME SWEET HOME"  
BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS ABOUT 1715  
DIED IN BARRINGTON, 24 MAY, 1795

---

ERECTED 1912.

Before dispersing, photos of the group and Meeting House were taken by Theodore Kenney, from which the engraving was made for illustrating this pamphlet.



## RESOLUTION.

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On motion of Thos. W. Watson, a resident of Barrington, who though not a member of the Doane family, took a very deep interest in all the proceedings, the following resolution of thanks, seconded by Rev. Mr. Friggens, was tendered the promoters of this movement:—

*Resolved.*—That on behalf of the people of Barrington their thanks be given to the managers and all others who have aided in these Doane Reunion Memorial services, for their successful undertaking, and for the great pleasure and increasing interest given the general public, and they wish here to express their feelings by a vote of this meeting.



## REUNION BANQUET.

On Friday evening, 19th July, a Reunion Banquet was held in E. C. Hogg's Hall, attended by about one hundred. After a characteristic and bountiful supper, served by the ladies of "The Good Will Club," (a local society founded ten years ago for village improvement), the following toasts were proposed and responded to in happy vein, affording an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable evening:

1. The King . . . . . "God save the King"
2. The Ladies . . . . . Thomas W. Watson
3. Our Barrington Friends . . . . . Rev. F. Friggens
4. Old Questions and New Answers . . . . . Benj. H. Doane
5. The Young Doanes—Original Poetry by Miss Florence Lewis,  
read by Geo. H. Doane; music and the Doane Yell by the  
young folks.
6. Our Ancestors . . . . . Herbert L. Doane
7. The Truro Friends—Arthur H. Smith, with "The Laughing  
Song;" and "Old Irish Gentleman." in costume.
8. The 'Dones,' (Old Chronicle) . . . . . "Miss Muffett"
9. Our Yankee Brothers . . . . . Rev. J. S. Coffin
10. American National Anthem . . . . "My Country 'Tis of Thee."  
"GOD SAVE THE KING."

(Music after each number furnished by the young folks).

FRANK A. DOANE, Toast Master.

Souvenir Napkins, printed as follows:—"Doane Reunion, Barrington, July 19, 1912," were kindly supplied by Frank Homer Sargent, of Barrington.



## OLD QUESTIONS AND NEW ANSWERS.

*Dear Friends:*—When, yesterday morning, I had delivered my message at the gathering in the old Meeting House, I felt discharged of all further burden of a public nature, and would gladly have remained silent during the remainder of my stay in Barrington. It seems good to be in this quiet place again, as if in response to that sweet invitation, "Come ye apart and rest awhile," out of the vortex of things in which most of my life is spent, and where often indeed there is "no leisure so much as to eat."

But here we have had somewhat to eat, and the opportunity of eating it in pleasantest association; and our energetic friend, Herbert L. Doane, who has so successfully projected and managed this whole affair, informed me this afternoon that I would be asked, after being fed, to say a few words,—nothing serious of course, but something in lighter vein than was attempted yesterday. Therefore the funeral baked meats of the day before will not do to be served cold at this evening banquet.

I confess that my subject, which sounds so serious, sits but lightly upon my mind to-night, and I shall trouble you but little with a consideration of it. Were I to discuss it seriously, I should feel an embarrassment in doing so before a group like this, who would find any question that I could propound, new or old, quite simple; so that the nearer I get to the subject the less intent I am on speaking to it. My present situation reminds me of the minister preaching his first sermon, who suddenly realized that he had forgotten everything he had intended to say. His theme was the story of Zaccheus, and as he felt all his ideas leaving him, he exclaimed, "My brethren, Zaccheus was a little man—and so am I! Zaccheus was up a tree—and so am I! Zaccheus made haste to come down—and so shall I!"

But before I do climb down, just permit me to say a word on the subject assigned. This is a part of the celebration of the Doane Reunion. We are gathered here as descendants of common ancestors, whom we venerate because they were worthy representatives of their day and generation. To the people of their time questions of life were presented, strange, difficult, perplexing, to the solution of which they applied the best that was in themselves of mind and character and principle: and treated upon that high plane, the perplexities and difficulties vanished,

and the questions of those days were settled rightly. If these new times are better than the old, it is because of the faithfulness with which the generations of the past served us in dealing with the problems before them. Should we revere them if, through indifference, or incapacity, or defect of character, they had failed? Probably we should be ready with excuse and palliation, but our regard would hardly take the shape of banquet and dedication of monuments.

But we too have problems of our own to solve, as strange and difficult as ever confronted those of any past age. For

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ;  
Each age, each nation, adds its verse to it."

And to each generation the Sphinx eternally is putting her riddle, which each must answer for itself anew, nor hope to pass safely on except by correctly answering her challenge.

Are we so addressing ourselves to the questions of our time that, if those blest spirits of the past were permitted again to visit the pale glimpses of the moon and witness the affairs of men, they would be proud of their posterity? In a land where opportunity for ownership of the soil was denied to the vast majority of the people, and every man below the rank of king must acknowledge someone his master, they resisted the aggressions of hereditary privilege and wrested from the hands of kings the rights of man. They came to a country where land was abundant, where all that should be made of it must be produced by their voluntary hardest labor, and equal opportunity was the portion of all. To-day, the free land is gone; the swarms of arriving immigrants must continue landless toilers for others; instead of dwelling in the sweet open country, they crowd the city slums. The labor market is glutted, the working man when best employed feels that his labor is deprived of its fair portion, while an increasing number year by year are forced into idleness.

The questions presented by these conditions must receive attention and a speedy answer, or our boasted civilization, built up for us at such great price by the men of the past, will totter to its fall.

I would not end in any hopeless strain, though no simple word of mine will furnish the touchstone for the solution of the great problems of our day. The wisdom to



deal with them will come to the generation that waits patiently for it. The old bounty of our fathers' God is not exhausted or restrained. The light which they in faith followed out of desert places can lead their children into a larger liberty, which shall be to those who come after us "as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds."

BENJAMIN H. DOANE.

Barrington, N. S., July 19, 1912.



## DOANE REUNION, 1912.

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Miss Florence Lewis, Yarmouth, N. S.

Of all the favored people in Barrington to-day,  
The Doanes are first and foremost, most anyone would say.  
We're searching family records with all our might and  
main,  
To see if some connections with the Doanes we cannot  
claim.

For if you can't, I'll tell you, you're missing lots of fun,  
For Barrington, at present, with the Doanes is over-run;  
From other parts of Canada and United States they've  
come  
To hold a grand reunion in this favored Barrington.

The benefits we've got from this it would be hard to name,  
And if we're lacking interest we ought to blush with shame;  
For much of family history we were ignorant of, we've  
learned,  
And to the memories of the past, our wayward thoughts  
have turned.

For though we do not know of one who's climbed to  
heights of fame,  
There's many who have lived and died we're proud of just  
the same;  
And many who are living still, of whom we well can boast,  
Who at this happy gathering deserve a hearty toast.

A hearty vote of thanks we'd give to those who've gone  
ahead,  
And worked for this reunion, for thoughts that long were  
dead  
Once more have been awakened; our hearts have all been  
stirred.  
But I will end these verses with just another word.

For 1912 in Barrington, I'm sure we'll ne'er forget,  
And those who could not get here have much they should  
regret;  
And those not in the family of these *illustrious Doanes*,  
To get in quick as possible should leave no unturned  
stones.

## THE COURTSHIP OF EDMUND DOANE.

Herbert L. Doane.

Nearly two hundred years ago in the village of Eastham on the bleak shores of Cape Cod, lived Israel Doane and his good wife Ruth. Their family consisted of five sons and one daughter, the youngest being Edmund, who was born on the 20th April, 1718. A few months after this event the Rev. Samuel Osborn moved into the village to assume the pastorate of the Congregationalist Church, bringing with him his family among whom was Elizabeth, then a bright young miss of about three summers.

As the years rolled by little Edmund and Elizabeth, the parson's daughter, were playmates and schoolmates and came to be very good friends, until Elizabeth, getting too big to play with the boys, tied up her hair, put on long skirts and developed into a mature young lady of some sixteen or seventeen summers. Of course, even then, she probably found him handy sometimes, to see her safely home from Prayer meeting on dark nights and to help her over the bad places in the road or the stepping stones in the brook. We are told that she was a young lady possessing superior ability, beauty and character, the A B C of feminine charm, and doubtless she had many admirers. We are also told that Edmund's comradeship had ripened into love and that he hoped to make her his bride, a tradition which the sequel seems to confirm. We do not know how many suitors she had, but we do know there was at least one other beside our Edmund, and he, the gallant Capt. Myrick, won the prize, and they were married in January, 1733, the bride being about eighteen years of age. Our Edmund, thus crossed in hopeless love, went back to his work disappointed, but not discouraged. He was young, hope was strong, and time is a wonderful healer. The years rolled on; he worked away and gradually accumulated some means. Thus passed about nine years when one day Capt. Myrick sailed away, as so

many captains do, and never came back again, leaving our Elizabeth a lonely, but charming young widow of only twenty-seven summers.

It was not very long until suitors came again, how many we do not know, but certainly two, and one of them was our Edmund again; but a second time he was disappointed and Wm. Paine was the happy man on this occasion. He was one of the leading men of the place, a merchant, member of parliament, and an officer in the local militia, and though twenty years older, could offset his years with his influence, and so they were married. On this occasion the cannons from the warships in the harbor boomed out their salute, the flags were thrown to the breeze and all went merry as a marriage bell. Thus poor Edmund had to go back to his work again, and live down his disappointment a second time as best he could.

But these were stirring times. The war drums were beating and only a few months after their marriage, preparations were made for the first capture of Louisburg. The new groom, being an officer in the militia, was called upon to join his company, and in obedience to the call he too sailed away on that mission of conquest, destined to reflect such glory on the colonial arms, but destined too, as all such missions are, to bring sorrow to many hearts. Many of this gallant band died in the swamps of Gabarus. Capt. Paine was one of that number, and thus Elizabeth a second time saw her loved one sail forth never to return, and once more she was left a widow, still young and still charming. In course of time suitors came again. They married early and often in those days. The laws encouraged the marriage of widows. We know not how many came this time, but one there was—faithful to his first love—as our Edmund once more pressed his suit, this time with better success, for we are told that she said she believed the fates had decreed that she should marry Edmund Doane. So they were married, lived happily ever after, and became the progenitors of a large number of descendants, among whom we are proud to be counted.

This is not given as history but as a tradition handed down, and told to the writer many years ago, when a boy in Barrington. It is probably correct in the essential parts.



## THE DOANE YELL.

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Zip! Zah!! Zone!!!  
Doane! Doane!! Doane!!!  
We are the sons of Bar-ring-ton(e).  
    We are here  
    From far and near  
In this land of rock and stone;  
Zechariah! Jeremiah!! Hezekiah!!! Doane!!!!

## THE "DONES." (Old Manuscript).

*Prologue.*—

"Yet all the woes ye suffered,  
For love of ræce and king,  
Along the path of history  
Their spectral shadows fling."

—A. W. Eaton.

The Doanes are an old family, highly respectable,  
If at a love feast (cannibal) would be highly delectable,  
In short, the Doanes have always done it,  
And that is why I am attempting this sonnet.  
They do it, they did it, they've done it ("made good")  
This is the (original) solution of how they begun it—  
They've been doing you know since Noah unshipped them,  
(See tale of Ark, and Barrington Stores)

Falling out on the rocks must somewhat have shipped them.  
The place where they landed is always called Barrington,  
Had they landed up North it might have been Harrington  
(Harbor).

O, the sport on this day will be done with a vim,  
As the Dones and the seals play about on the rim  
Of Ocean, old Ocean, dear Ocean, Hurray!!  
How I wish we could have you in Truro to-day!

Some  
New  
England  
character-  
istics

They "forelay"  
They make hay  
and they pray  
In Barrington

The Doanes work  
And don't shirk  
They play hard  
As this bard  
In Barrington

—Miss Muffett

*Epilogue.*—

And now 'tis Done  
We take our Scone  
And bid you all Good Day.

## “OUR YANKEE BROTHERS.”

Rev. J. S. Coffin.

After some introductory remarks of a humorous character, bearing upon the difficulty of speaking to advantage on “after dinner” occasions, Mr. Coffin addressed the guests substantially as follows:

“I have been asked to narrate to you an episode connected with the capture and tragic death, in connection with the “War of 1812,” of an uncle of my own, solely because he would not swear allegiance to the United States. But while I may be pardoned for feeling a degree of pride in the loyalty to my nation which made this young man faithful even unto death, I do not feel as if this were a proper occasion on which to introduce any remarks that might foster any feeling in accord with conditions where the conflict is with ‘confused noise and with garments rolled in blood’. Rather may we strive here to anticipate the time when, as between Great Britain and the United States, and between all nations and peoples of the earth, “swords shall be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks,” and the glad era brought to pass, so beautifully forecast by Longfellow:

“Down the dark future through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear again the voice of Christ say *Peace!*”

“I am sure, however, that my sisters and brothers who, no doubt, wisely have accepted the conditions that have made them citizens of the United States, will think none the less of me, when I declare my personal devotion to the *Union Jack* and to the national institutions for which it stands. These are honest eyes which look into yours, and with an honest and earnest heart I declare that *I love the Union Jack!* I was born where it was and is supreme. I am thankful to God that my life-work has been ordered where it waves; and when I die, may God grant to me this further benediction, that I may breathe my last in

some land over which it flies, and among some people who look up to it and love it as I do this night.

“But at the same time I am not insensible to the great reasons which inspire devotion to “Old Glory,” on the part of those who range themselves under its folds. I would be sorry indeed to withhold from it the honor so justly due to its people and nation, and to the great principles for which it stands. And if I turn my warmer thought to-night towards the Union Jack, let me say that it is not because I love Caesar less, but because I love Rome more.”

The speaker here made some observations in deprecation of the claims sometimes made on the other side of the line, that the people of this country entertain any desire for political union with the United States. He declared his belief founded upon a long and intimate acquaintance with the Maritime Provinces especially,—that not one-twentieth of one per cent. of the voters of these parts would favor absorption into any other nation or Kingdom, than that of Great Britain, except the Kingdom of Heaven. He deprecated this “annexation” talk, chiefly because, while it has no warrant in present fact or in future probability, it tends to a marked degree to foster amongst the people of Canada, a feeling towards the United States, inimical to the spirit of friendliness which it is so desirable we should entertain. He then continued:

“Rising above all these less important conditions, and having regard to the relation of the United States and our own nation to each other and to the world at large,—whether we look at the great fundamental principles of law which lie at the base of all true political freedom, and at the absolute unity which marks the jurisprudence of these nations, and the administration of their laws; or at their genius for colonization, which carries into the darker places of the earth the leaven of true civilization and the great boon of constitutional government; or at the measures now happily being adopted for the amelioration of the social conditions which bear more heavily upon the less favored portions of their populations; or at the won-



derful commercial enterprise which is pushing everywhere the facilities for multiplying wealth; or consider the relations they sustain to the principles of true religion, and the spread of the Gospel of the Son of God—the supreme and only panacea for the sorrows of our sin-stricken race;—looking at all these great facts and issues, we may reverently venture the belief that to these two nations, as is true of no other nations of the world, has the Eternal God committed the responsibility and the glory, that they should be in a pre-eminent manner for Salvation in its sublimest sense to all peoples of the earth.”

The speaker here called attention to what he placed as interesting facts regarding the mission of the English language—that great bond of unity between the English speaking peoples of the world. He said that in the year 1800 our language occupied the fifth place in the world, being then spoken by about twenty millions of people. To-day it holds the *first* place, and is spoken by one hundred and twenty-five millions. Amongst other languages only the Russian and German are used by as many as in the year 1800, and these by no larger percentage of people than then—about 18 per cent.—while the English has risen from 15 per cent. in 1800 to 29 per cent. at the present time.

“In this connexion it may be stated, that more than one-half of all letters carried by the postal facilities of the world, are written in the English language. Our language to-day possesses the largest literature in every department of life and thought, so that all who desire to be in touch with the world’s life will be compelled to adopt it as the vehicle of their thoughts. Signs grow more and more evident that the English language is destined to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

“May God grant that, led by the unflagging devotion of the loyal sons and daughters of the English speaking race the world over, the priceless blessings of Christian civilization, and the Heaven-born principles of peace and good will to man, shall prevail throughout the earth; and

the time come—so long foretold by Psalmists' harp and prophets' page, when

“One song all nations shall employ,  
And all shall cry, Worthy the Lamb  
For He was slain for us. The dwellers in the vales  
And on the rocks shout to each other;  
And mountain top from distant mountain  
Catch the flying joy; 'till nation after nation  
Taught the strain, Earth rolls  
The rapturous hosanna round.”



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## TO OUR KINSMEN AND FRIENDS.

The whole celebration passed off most pleasantly. The reunion of friends and relatives from a distance with each other and with the home friends was in itself a happy feature, while a service of this nature and the preparations leading up to it formed together a unique event in the history of old Barrington that will long be remembered by the participants and by all the people of the vicinity, while this permanent monument will remain as a visible connecting link between the past and present, a silent reminder of our honored ancestors and a token of respect from the present generation.

Those who had the matter in hand feel greatly indebted to the many friends who by their interest, hearty co-operation, and financial assistance helped to bring about so happy a conclusion to this most interesting event.

