

THE O'BRIEN COAT OF ARMS

NOEL
AND THE GENEALOGY OF THE
O'BRIENS



Being a History of the
Town of Noel, Nova
Scotia, Its Inhabitants
and Descendants



PART I
*A CENTURY AGO AND SINCE
THE SETTLEMENT OF NOEL, HANTS COUNTY

IN the early history of the British Isles we find a strange contrast to that of the present time. In the fifth and sixth centuries, Celt and Saxon were stubbornly fighting on many a battle field throughout unhappy England. The very rivers ran blood and the plains were covered with thousands of slain. Fierce contention, breeding bitter hatreds and shedding of blood, stifled all desire for cultivating the peaceful arts. Commerce and manufactures were scarcely in their infancy, and religion was grossly sensual, superstitious and idolatrous.

Ireland too was one great battlefield; but there the invader was repelled by the Celt, and the famous Brian and redoubtable Malachi were themselves a name in song. Peace and prosperity followed the rule of the valiant Brian. Irish ships carried Irish linens and Irish agricultural produce to the seaports of Europe, and the monks of a purer religion than that introduced by Rome founded their monasteries and schools, so that Ireland was famous for its learned men and its well-endowed seats of learning.

It was about the year 546 A. D. that Columba came to the banks of the Foyle, with probably some of the clan of Brian, and founded a monastery on an oval hill above the river. In after days the land was cultivated and a little town sprang up under the protection of the holy monks. Derry Calgach, as it was called, was pillaged

*As written and spoken before the Sons of Temperance, on the Christmas season of 1855.

by the Danes and the neighbouring, warlike, Irish chieftains, in spite of monkish protection, until a new enemy appeared in the shape of DeCourcy, a Norman knight. Repeatedly taken by Normans and unfriendly Irish, ill-fated Derry was finally parcelled out among immigrants from London and those of the inhabitants who were Protestants and loyal to the Stuart James, among whom were the ancestors of the O'Briens in Noel and Windsor. The name of the town was changed to Londonderry, a name to become more famous than Derry nearly a century later, when a second James Stuart retired discomfited from before its walls. We may be sure the descendants of Brian's clan, the O'Briens, shared in all the vicissitudes of their native town.

But Ireland, unhappy Ireland, has come to be a byword for civil discord, and unseemly broils. Peace and contentment long ago fled from the land in affright. The wretched people, despairing of ever finding repose and affluence in the land of their birth, have poured westward in a steady stream for nearly three centuries. In Irish harbours more emigrant ships may be seen than in the ports of her sister island, and could we have been in Londonderry one fine spring morning of the year 1768, we would have seen below the bridge that spans the Foyle the good ship "Snow" riding at anchor not far from shore, with the sailors lounging about the deck, and the captain eagerly scanning the eastern sky for signs of a favourable breeze to waft the living freight to other homes in an unknown land. It was a motley crowd. Many in rags and tatters, others with little better to boast of than the clothes upon their backs; many with troops of children and the inevitable pig, others with a few scraps of furniture, the scanty remains of a jealously

guarded respectability; some, the better class, decently dressed and hopefully jingling the hard earned guineas in their trouser-pockets—if it was there they kept them—and looking forward to a home in a happier and more prosperous country, where the hated landlord demands no rents, and the land is the property of the peasant proprietor.

The morning promised well to these adventurous spirits, for the rippling waters sparkled in the morning sun, the breeze was beginning to sigh through the taut rigging, and the ships to gently sway on the swell of the rising tide. The rumble of the countryman's cart was heard on the bridge as he urged his scraggy nag to the early market with vegetables and meat. The great R. C. cathedral chimes pealed out their call to early mass and throngs of devout were climbing the hill to hear the chanted psalm and get the priestly benediction. The clink of the chain as the anchor was weighed seemed to some to be severing them slowly but surely from the land that had owned them until now, but perhaps might know them no more forever. The last farewells had been said when yesterday's sun had set behind the western hills, and now as the sails were spread to the freshening breeze, some white-fringed caps appeared at the doors of some humble dwellings, and hands were waved towards the parting ship that tipped so proudly her slender masts, burdened to the top with the swelling canvas. The parting salute was fired from the three little cannon in the stern of the ship, and away they sailed on the bosom of the Foyle, with fresh hopes in their hearts as fresh scenes appeared on the banks of the historic stream, till at last the broad, rough swell of the ocean rolled to meet the advancing ship, to bear her out on its boundless

waste, to toy with the little black speck that, ere long, it may treacherously swallow in its hungry maw. How proudly the good ship rides on the crest of the wave and dips to the trough with a joyous plunge. "It is the freshest, the gladdest life, she seems to say, to sport with the billows and dance o'er the foam. To bound through the waters of the restless tide and to skim the crest of the highest wave is the rarest of sports, I say, for me; and the seething swell that lifts my keel and surges around my tightened seams is sweetest music to the ship at sea, though death may ride on every breeze."—(Hieber).

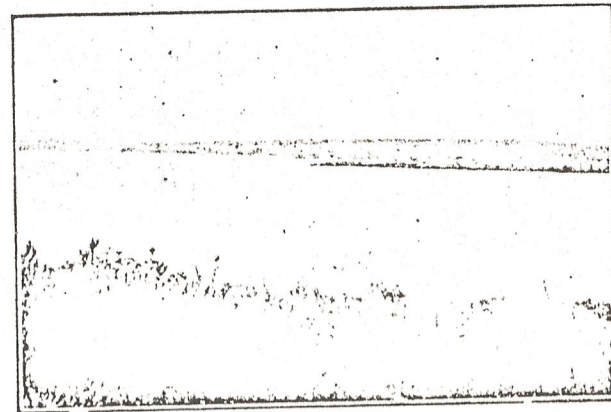
Away they sped, farther and farther south, through the choppy swell of Biscay Bay, through the serene and quiet waters of the Canary Isles, and, with a steady trade to fill the sail, to the land of greater promise beyond it. The little band who had risked their all might perhaps feel—

'Tis not in mortals to command success

But we'll do more, we'll deserve it.—(Addison).

and so each day seemed shorter than the last which brought them nearer the western shores.

A month, and now almost two, had passed since Londonderry had been left when, just as the sun began to streak the east with gray, there was a cry of "Land on the larboard bow." Soon all were on deck, looking off with eager eyes to the left. Not long had they to wait—but what a bleak and barren coast. Nothing but rocks heaped upon rocks and a white ridge of spummy water, with here and there a column of spray falling back in broken foam to the heaving sea below. For two days they sailed along the forbidding shore—land to the left, a trackless sea to the right—and then appeared a grey



A VIEW OF NOEL COVE FROM BIRCH POINT

William O'Brien b. 1695 - Ireland
md. 1721 Ester Linton

Their son:

Timothy O'Brien b. 1725 Ireland
md. 1746 Margaret Gilmore

Their daughter:

Eleanor O'Brien b. 1758 Ireland
md. James Johnson

Their daughter:

Eleanor Johnson b. 1775 Nova Scotia
md. 1815 Samuel Henry Lufkin

Their son:

George Washington Lufkin b. 1831 Vermont
md. 1853 Martha Ann Townsend.

Their daughter:

Kate Naomi Lufkin b. 1880 S. L. City Utah
md. 1901 Franklin R. Davenport

Their daughter:

Dorothy Lufkin Davenport b. 1904 Oregon
md. 1927 Theron Smith Hall

Their daughter:

Phyllis Hall b. 1932 - Utah
md. 1965 Paula Pitone Joane

old fort and high bare banks above their heads. A few miles farther on they entered a landlocked harbour bordered by wharves and warehouses, and again saw the faces, new faces of men. Everything seemed new—the white houses, the great fort on the hill, the long wharves, the wooden shops, the newly-laid-out streets—which indeed was the case, for Halifax had not yet reached her twentieth anniversary. A landing was soon made, for emigrants in those days could bring little with them, and the sea-weary voyagers were comfortably housed, the children fretful, the mothers anxious, but the fathers more hopeful than ever, for were they not on dry land once more? Had they not a new lease of life? They were young again and confident, for there was work to do among 3000 people.

Some days were spent in resting after their rough sea voyage and confined quarters on board the "Snow." But a home must be decided upon, and where to go was the first question to settle. Where they all went, and where all their descendants now live we cannot say, but this we know, that Timothy O'Brien, of the clan of Brian Boru as his name imports, with his wife, Margaret Gilmore, a Scotchwoman of Ayr, and their five sons, William, Robert, Isaac, Andrew, Jacob and two daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor, turned their faces towards the western part of the province, where some stout pioneers were cutting away the forest trees and building their homes in the wilderness of Piziquid, at the mouth of the Avon River. Here then they came but not for long. The settlers of Windsor were of another nation. The antipathy between the two races had been of too long standing to be easily overcome. The atmosphere of Windsor society was not congenial to these high-spirited

Irishmen and they looked about for a spot wherein to start anew, away, by themselves, that they might exercise their own tastes, and be free to live as they chose, no one hindering.

One day as the father and sons were out fishing, the tide carried them far up the basin, and a wind arising they were forced to draw in their nets and put for the shore. The next tide carried them still farther up, opposite a cleared field and a small log house, with white smoke soaring from its chimney. On landing they found it to be the homestead of James Fulton, surveyor, and grandfather of the present Mrs. Davison O'Brien, who, coming from Ireland in 1770, had settled there with his wife, and was cultivating the rich marsh land. Here then was a quiet spot for settlement, and here they resolved to come. On their return home the project was hailed with pleasure by all except William, the eldest, who was teaching the village school in Piziquid and contemplating at church, of a Sunday, a pair of dark eyes and dimpled cheeks over the top of his psalm book. Such attractions proving too strong for his susceptible heart he firmly refused to change his agreeable quarters for those of a more dubious nature. The rest of the family determined, when Spring came round, once more to tempt fortune. That winter's store was hoarded well and in the Spring boats were got ready for the new venture. A second time the family, in their little crafts, committed themselves to the tender mercies of a turbid, restless tide. One night spent on the bare mud flats, next day floated to the beach where the tide left a stretch of grass-covered marsh, brought them to the new homestead, and the work of building and clearing commenced anew.

Here two of the younger children, Elizabeth and

Eleanor, met their future husbands, the former a Joseph MacClelland, and the latter a James Johnson, who had come from Ireland when 18 years old in 1761, and who was one of the grantees of the town of Truro. Eleanor's marriage occurred in 1778 after the family had moved to Noel. She and her husband afterwards removed from Truro to Stewiacke and thence to DeBert, Londonderry, named from the O'Brien's native town in Ireland. Eleanor lived to be 89 years old, dying in July 1848. Elizabeth who married Joseph MacClelland became the ancestress of Charles, Robert and Gilmore MacClelland of Noel shore. We have mentioned these at this time that we may follow the fortunes of the rest of the family uninterruptedly.

The coming of the family to Noel was not later than the year 1774, for by the will of Timothy O'Brien, drawn up in the year 1775, his property in Noel is bequeathed to his four sons, then settled there. In all probability then the settlement was made in 1772 or '73 or thereabouts. We can fancy them landing, travelling up the beach, and over the fields, where we know they discovered the ashes and rotting timbers of Acadian dwellings, over which the grass was creeping to hide the unsightly remains. Less than twenty years before had these illfated Frenchmen lived in this secluded corner, leading their blameless, simple lives, when the brutal summons came that they must leave their homes at one short day's notice; must be scattered far and wide in an alien land, their barns be burned and their cattle killed; a happy peaceful life so full of the blessing that God best knows how to bestow must at one fell swoop be hurried away into the past, and a future, dark with ominous forebodings and present distress, loom up before them in all its

awful blackness.

"Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks
of Newfoundland;
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern
Savannahs;
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down
to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the Mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despair-
ing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
nor a fireside."

Evangeline—Longfellow.

Whether any thoughts of the banished Acadians filled any large place in the minds of these Irish settlers, or whether they only thought of the fields that were waiting to be turned by the plough we cannot know. Surely some feeling of pity must have flitted through their minds when the bones of the forsaken cattle were found in the open meadows, and when the familiar plough and great ox wain were seen in the furrow or the farm yard, as they were left on the day of the forced departure. The story is told that the bones of a yoke of oxen, bleached by the winter's frost and the summer's sun, were found by a plough in the furrow, the yoke decayed somewhat and the bolts rusty and eaten away. No one was left to hear their lowing at sunset while, deep in the soil, the ploughshare held them fast and the chain to the yolk was stronger than they. There they

lay down to die of hunger with the green grass around them, yet far from them, while the perfume of the herbage by the soft evening breezes was wafted in mockery to their distended nostrils. It is a sad, a cruel picture. God grant that such another deed, as that of '55, may not be repeated by Englishmen, whose name and blood we own.

What other legends there may be connected with these first settlers of Noel, we leave you, who are most interested, to ferret out yourselves, while we pass on to the end of our history. In 1777, a few years after the settlement in Noel, Mr. O'Brien went to Windsor (Piziquid) on horse back to have his deed recorded. The land he owned stretched a mile square along the shore from Robert Spencer's farm to that now occupied by Charles Crowe. On his way home on the 19th of November he was drowned in the Tennycap River. The body was never recovered. His wife, the sturdy old Scotchwoman, lived long years after to be the terror of her grandchildren, who were unmannerly enough to make a noise in her presence, or unfortunate enough to come within reach of her staff. She sat in her chimney corner with her red cape over her shoulders spreading terror around her, her chief mission in life. She died on the 25th of July, 1803.

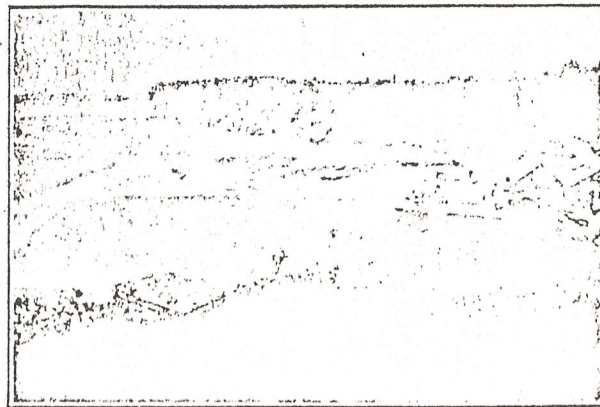
To the land purchased from the government there was added afterwards land bought from Highlanders belonging to the 84th British Regiment, who had settled where Mr. Crowe and Mrs. Hooper now live. This district was consequently known by the name of Highland Village, and the brook that runs by the old cemetery, crosses the road at the foot of the hill, and winds its way through the marsh, was known as the Highland Creek. These Highlanders were a Mr. Matheson, who removed

to Pictou town where his descendants still live, a Mr. MacDonald and a Mr. MacLeod, whose descendants also live in Pictou, one of them a little over a year ago being elected mayor of the town. He also represents his county in the House of Assembly.

On these lands settled the sons of Timothy O'Brien with the exception of William. Robert, the second son, grandfather of Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Charles MacClelland, Mrs. John M. Crowe (Selma), and Milton O'Brien, lived where Israel McAllum now does. The third son, Isaac, father of James O'Brien, and consequently grandfather of William and of Beveridge O'Brien, lived on the farm where Rev. Mr. Campbell now resides. The fourth son, Andrew, father of William O'Brien, Sr. (alias "Uncle Billy"), and grandfather of Gilmore, Johnson, Davison, Hugh, John Brown O'Brien, lived on the Asa Hamilton farm. Jacob, the fifth son but seventh child, and grandfather of Osmond, John William, Douglas Mitchell, Jacob, Rufus, Amos, Ambrose, Alexander, etc., etc., lived where now his grandson, Samuel, lives.

Here the family grew up and prospered, here they battled with the hardships of a settler's life, here their children became fathers and built them homes by the woodlands and here their descendants now live in the enjoyment of all good things that a farmer's life can bring. Here in this village of Noel may they long continue to thrive and welcome in their warm-hearted, hospitable way the stranger or the friendless. May they practice these and other virtues and live above the envy of detractors. But—

"Let these snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despite,



TENNYOAPE RIVER WHERE TIMOTHY O'BRIEN WAS DROWNED

Thou art above their malice; and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear
That their besotted souls thou shalt avenge
And make thy splendours to their shame appear.

—*Wither.*

As Noel increases in size may it increase in hospital-
ity, if that be possible; and may those who are the fellow
townsmen of the descendants of these first settlers long
live to extend a welcome, not a whit less friendly, not a
whit less cordial to those who may spend at their cheerful
fireside the pleasant winter evenings, whiling away the
hours with entertaining talk and the farmer's hearty
laugh, a laugh that fills the professional man with envy.

"Blest winter nights, when as the genial fire
Cheers the old house, his cordial family
With soft domestic art the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame
With wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity,
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes at eve
His neighbours lift the latch and bless unbid
His festal roof; while o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And through the maze of conversation trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.

—*Armstrong.*

Mingled with the brightness of the Christmas season
is the reminder of the flight of time. Only a brief while
ago, it seems to us, was Christmas with us; so the years
with their joys and their sorrows are rolling by, and
eternity is nearer; the old faces that used to be so famili-
ar at the Christmas board have disappeared and new
ones taken their place. A few links of the chain that

connects you with the past still remain unbroken, but day by day they are growing weaker. Soon their weary lives will be ended, soon the veil of the mysterious future will be raised, and the bent old forms, soulless but dear as ever, will be laid away to rest in their narrow home, to crumble to the dust from which they sprung. Their tasks have been bravely done, their worth perhaps but tardily acknowledged, mayhap the foibles of their weakened intellect were too thoughtlessly laughed at, or their querulous exactions too hastily reprov'd. Old age must come to all. Be kind then to the old and set an example to those yet young in years and rejoicing in all the health and strength of their sturdy forms, handsome perhaps, erect and graceful, quick and nervous in action, but in only a few short decades to be bent and withered with the weight of added years, in their turn to win the homage of a growing generation. To us there is a something in the grey old locks of a venerable octogenarian that strikes us with an indescribable awe; a subduing influence that quells all vulgar passions and lends a sweetness to the thoughts not felt at other times; a feeling that is more than respect and love—a sort of veneration that lifts us away from the present and carries the object of our reverence far off in fancy to a holier and happier region, more befitting the tranquil serenity of the kind old face, lit up with a spiritual light from the celestial gates at whose portals they stand ready to enter at their Master's summons.

Soon the place that knows them now will know them no more, but they are—

“Not neglected; for a hand unseen
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain

Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.”

—*Longfellow.*

“Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest, and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey.”

—*Longfellow.*

And the year is dying, slowly dying, in a few days it will have gone to swell the tide of eternity that's past, and the New Year will bring a gladness in its train unmixed with a sorrow for any of your homes. Have you not been kindly dealt with by an overruling Providence? Is there a household has lost a member? All are growing to manhood and womanhood rich with a promise of future usefulness. Exulting in a God-given health they see only the bright side of the shield, and God grant it may never be turned.

PART II

Many years have passed since the landing of Timothy O'Brien and his stalwart sons and daughters on the shores of Noel; and here their descendants still live on in the quiet tenor of their way, living useful and Christian lives.

Some have become shipmasters and sailed the seven seas; some became ministers and missionaries and many are now filling professions in all walks of life in many lands.

Good hardy sons of good hardy forefathers, sturdy as the oak were these early generations of the clan of Brian with a faith founded firm on the Rock of Ages.

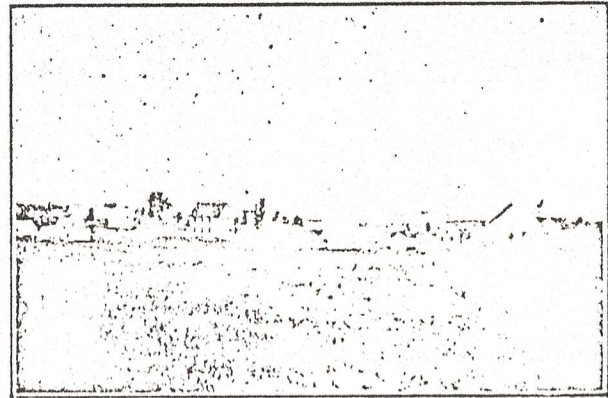
A good illustration of the faith of these earlier fathers, is an anecdote which has been handed down:

Some of the young men were teasing one of their young friends about a girl he was supposed to be courting in the presence of one of their grandfathers, and he was listening with a sorrowful look and a shake of the head, when one of the boys noticing the look of deep concern on his face asked him: 'How did you court your wife, grandfather?' 'Ah my boy', he replied, 'I courted her prayerfully.' "

We cannot help but think that if there were more prayerful courtships at the present day, there might be fewer divorces.

Some other memories of by-gone days are given here also:

As regards the strictness of our fore-fathers; a sea captain was known to remark to his mother-in-law that



A VIEW OF NOEL

the O'Briens used to be so strict that they even locked the rooster up on Sunday.

Some of the O'Briens had large families, one a baker's dozen. But one of seven had a little girl returning from school, and was asked if she had told them at school that she had a new baby sister. "No indeed, I did not, I was so ashamed of so many children and only one father", she replied.

Among the O'Briens was a ventriloquist, who while going to school would throw his voice under the school building so that the school would be aroused and sent out to hunt out the cats that were fighting beneath them.

Four or five children bent on pleasure one day wandered down to the beach and the tide being out decided to walk across the harbor on the mud flats, alas before they had gone far they found they were in the quick sands, or pot-holes as they are called. They were some time pulling one another out, but kind Providence favored their steps and they got back on solid ground and went home a wiser but muddier lot of children. Two crawled thro' an open window and slipped upstairs and changed their clothes. But Noel mud cannot be covered up, and all were duly punished.

In the history of Noel we have an account of Timothy O'Brien removing from Windsor to Noel; also a reference to his eldest son William making eyes over the top of his hymn book at church to a fair brown-eyed damsel, by which we infer was the cause of his refusal to leave Windsor. And in looking up the records we find this charming damsel to be Lydia Harris, and, who, Wil-

liam eventually married. It seems he followed the vocation of school teaching and was also Parish Clerk.

James O'Brien of the Canadian Customs Excise Dept. of Windsor has in his possession, some of the old account books and records of William, who was his great grandfather, and has been approached by agents of the Dominion Government to have these books placed in the archives at Ottawa, but needless to say, he would not part with them.

The following are a few extracts copied from one of these old account books to show comparison with the present day.

1777	DAVID HUNTER		Dr.
	To one years day and night schooling, from May 1777 to May 1778	£ 4 10s	
	And to schooling his sons, David, Lodwick and James in the summer, 1778	£ 1 10s	
	And to schooling David and Lodwick last winter at day and night school	£ 2 6s	
	And to 2, sometimes 3 and sometimes 4 scholars, from May, 1780 until November, 1781, being 1½ years at 6—total	£27	

1777	DAVID HUNTER		Cr.
	By a small quarter lamb	£2 6s	
	" a shoulder veal	£2	
	" 65 lbs. beef @ 4d	£1 1s 8d	
	" Three bus. potatoes	6s	
	" 8 quarts peas	2s	
	" 3 bus. oats	9s	

" 6 cut hay	£1 9s	
" 11½ lbs. veal @ 6d	5s 9d	
" A yoke of oxen and a man for a day	7s 6d	
" 2 tuns hay @ 3 5s	£6 10s	
" A chord of wood	15s	

(Another account, dated 1774)

1774	SOME ONE ELSE		Cr.
	By a pair of shoes for Mrs. O'Brien	4s 6d	
	" a pair of shoes for Tim.	1s 8d	
	" Hind quarter veal @ 4d		
	" Fore quarter veal @ 3½		
	" 3 bus. barley @ 3s 6d.		
	" ½ gal. mollasses, 1s 6d		
	" 1 bus. potatoes, 2s		

1778	An Account with Rev. Jas. Bennett		Dr.
	To Subscription	£1	
	To Services as assistant	£7	
	By order for 3 gals. West India Rum	12s	Cr.

Also an account of someone being credited with so many thousand feet of lumber surveyed aboard the Schooner Rising Sun; Capt. Woodworth, Master. And many other similar accounts.

The following is a copy of an interesting old will found in an old desk which formerly belonged to William O'Brien, Esq., M. P. P. It being now in the possession of Selwyn O'Brien, his great grandson.

THE LAST WILL OF P—— K——.

DATED 1831.

In the name of God, Amen—I, P—— K——,
of Noel, in the County of Hants and Province of Nova
Scotia, being of sound mind and memory, but weak and
sickly, and being sensible of the shortness of natural life,
in the prospect of death, do make this my last will and
testament in manner and form following. In the shure
and certain hope of eternal life through Christ Jesus I
will that my body be decently buried in the ground,
there to remain till resurrection. 2nd. I will that all my
just debts be paid out of the property I possess and also
my funeral expenses. 3rd. I will that the sum of money
due me from James Donavon be put out to interest by my
executor to be hereinafter named for my son Thomas K.
and to be paid to him when he comes to the age of twenty-
one years with its interest. 4th. I will that my be-
loved wife, Margaret K—— and my said son Thomas
do have each an equal share of all the remainder of my
personal property not herein before disposed of for to
pay debts, funeral expenses and the money before willed
to my Thomas, his share to be placed in the hands of my
executor for the express purpose of being a means of
having him decently educated, especially in manners and
morals, that he may be useful in society. 5th. I will
that my land be solely given to my said son, Thomas K.
——, to be his and his heirs and assigns forever. 6th.
I hereby nominate and appoint William O'Brien, Esq., my
executor to execute this, my last will and testament.
And I do hereby utterly revoke all or any other will by
me at any time made, and I do declare this to be my last
will and testament.

(His mark) P—— X K——.

Signed and sealed, delivered and published and de-
clared in the presence of us,

THOMAS FAULKNER
WILLIAM FAULKNER
ROBERT FAULKNER

RELIGION OF THE O'BRIENS

The question has often been asked, as to whether
the O'Briens were Catholic or not. By way of answer to
this oft-asked question, we can only say that Jotham
O'Brien while on a tour in the Old Country took advan-
tage of the occasion to visit the land of his fore-fathers;
and the records showed them to be Protestants, and they
were buried in Protestant cemeteries, in a suburb of
Londonderry, as far back as the seventeenth century.

At the present time about all, to the best of our
knowledge, are still Protestants, and it is claimed that
these are the only Protestant O'Briens in America.

DEED GIVEN TO TIMOTHY O'BRIEN

by

GOVERNOR GENERAL LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL

Nova Scotia, William Campbell.

To all whom these presents shall come—

Greeting:

Know ye that I, Lord William Campbell, Captain
General, and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majes-
ty's Province of Nova Scotia or Acadie and its dependen-

cies, Vice Admiral of the same, yea, yea, yea. By virtue of the power and authority to me given by his present Majesty, King George the Third, under the great Seal of Great Britain have given, granted and confirmed and do by these Presents, by and with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council of said Province, give, grant and confirm unto Timothy O'Brien, his heirs and assigns, a tract of land situate lying and being, beginning at the north-western bound of land granted unto William Read, and Charles Morris Junior, Esquires, at Village Noel. Thence to run south eighty-two chains of four rods each on said land. Thence west eighty chains on ungranted land. Thence north on ungranted land to the water's edge on Cobequid Bay. Thence to be bounded by the several courses of the said Bay to the bound first mentioned, containing in the whole by estimation, six hundred and fifty acres more or less with allowance for roads. Yea being all wilderness land with all and all manner of mines unopened, excepting mines of gold, silver, lead, copper and coals. To have and to hold the said granted premises with all privileges, profits, commodities and appurtenances thereunto belonging unto the said Timothy O'Brien, his heirs and assigns forever. Yielding and paying by the said grantee, his heirs and assigns which by the acceptance hereof he binds and obliges himself, his heirs, executors and assigns to pay to His Majesty, King George the Third, his heirs and successors, or to any person lawfully authorized to receive the same for his Majesty's use, a free yearly quit rent of one farthing per acre for every acre so granted the first payment of the quit rent to arise from and after the expiration of two years from the date hereof and so to continue payable yearly thereafter forever on default

thereof, this grant shall be null and void. And provided also that this grant shall have been registered at the Registrar's Office and a Docquet thereof entered at the Auditor's Office within six months from the date hereof, otherwise this grant shall become null and void. And the said grantee binds and obliges his heirs and assigns within three years from the date hereof to clear and work three acres of or for fifty acres in the tract hereby granted in that part of the tract which he or they shall judge most convenient and advantageous or clear and drain three acres of swampy or sunken grounds, or drain three acres of marsh if any such be within the bounds of this grant or put and keep on his lands within three years from the date hereof three neat cattle to be continued upon the lands until three acres for every fifty be fully cleared and improved. But if no part of said tract be fit for present cultivation without manuring and improving the same, then the said grantee, his heirs and assigns shall be obliged within three years from the date hereof to erect on some part of the said lands one dwelling house to contain twenty feet in length by sixteen feet in breadth, and to put on said land three neat cattle for every fifty acres. Or if the said grantee, his heirs or assigns, shall within three years after the passing of this grant begin to employ thereon and so to continue to work for three years then next ensuing in digging any stone quarry or other mine one good and able hand for every hundred acres of such tract, it shall be accounted a sufficient cultivation and improvement. And every three acres which shall be cleared and worked as aforesaid and every three acres which shall be cleared and drained as aforesaid shall be accounted a sufficient seating, planting, cultivation and improvement to save forever

from forfeiture fifty acres of land in any part of the tract hereby granted, and the said grantee be at liberty to withdraw his stock or to forbear working in any quarry or mine in proportion to such cultivation and improvement as shall be made on the plantable lands or upon the Swamps. Sunken grounds and marshes which are included in this grant. And the said grantee, his heirs and assigns having seated, planted, cultivated and improved the said land or any part thereof according to conditions above mentioned, may make proof of such seating, planting, cultivation and improvement in the General Court or in the Court of the County, District or precinct where such lands shall lye and have such proof certified to the Registrar's Office and there entered with a record of this grant, a copy of which shall be admitted on any trial to prove the seating and planting of such land in witness whereof I have signed these presents and caused the seal of the Province to be hereunto affixed at Halifax this sixth day of August in the eleventh year of reign of our sovereign Lord, George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland. King Defender of the Faith and so forth. And in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-one.

By His Excellency's Command with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Council.

Entered in the Book of Records, Vol. 242.

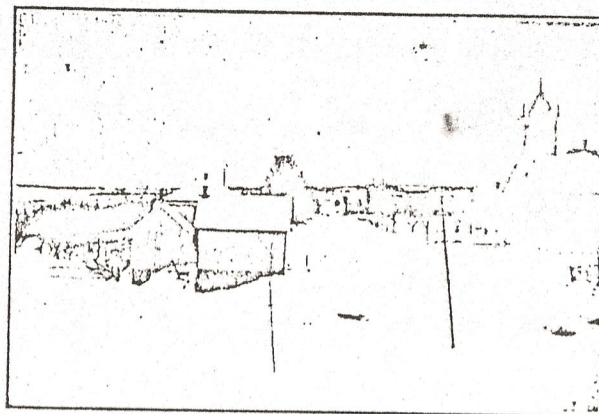
Halifax, August 20th, 1771.

Registered by Arthur Gould.

A. O. Bolkely.

Halifax, Aug. 7th, 1771.

Entered at the Auditor's Office,
M. W. Ripton, Deputy Auditor.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST, NOEL

THE WILL OF TIMOTHY O'BRIEN

Written in 1775

In the name of God, Amen. I, Timothy O'Brien, now residing at Petit River, so called, near the Basin of Minas, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Yeoman, being in health and of sound mind, memory and understanding, but considering the uncertainty of this transitory life do make, publish, and declare this my last Will and Testament, in manners and form following:

FIRST, I will that all my just debts be paid to my Executors hereinafter named.

And as to the other estate which it has pleased God to bless me, I dispose thereof in the manner following, that is to say, I give, devise, and bequeth, to my sons, Robert, Andrew, Isaac and Jacob, each one-quarter part of all and every my messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments situate and lying or being at the place known by the name of the village of Noel on the Cobequid River in the Province of aforesaid, consisting of 650 acres which were granted to me by the Government and 2,000 acres more adjoining thereto which were purchased by me of Charles Morris, Junior, Esquire:

To have and to hold, all and every the said messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments and Premissis, with their every of their rights members, and appurtenances, subject and charged and chargeable with the payments and conditions hereinafter mentioned to and to use of said Robert, Andrew, Isaac and Jacob, and the heirs of their Bodies lawfully begotten, and for default of such heirs then to the heirs of the survivors of them on this express condition, that they, the said Robert, Isaac, Andrew and Jacob do provide for and maintain

their mother during her life in a comfortable and proper manner.

And I do give and bequeth to my son, William O'Brien and to Timothy, the son of the said William, when he shall attain the age of twenty-one years £5 of the present currency of Nova Scotia. I give, devise and bequeth unto my daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor the sum of £20 of the currency aforesaid of each, to be paid to them respectively on their marriage or when they shall respectively attain the age of 21 years, provided, they behave well and marry at the approbation of their mother and after her decease to the approbation of my Executors hereinafter named, and I will that all those several sums of £5 to my son William £5, to his son Timothy and £20 to each of my daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor, to be paid to them free of all taxes or deductions whatsoever by my said sons, Robert, Isaac, Andrew and Jacob, by each of them an equal proportion out of all and every the said messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments and premisses aforesaid, on the said Timothy, Elizabeth and Eleanor respectively attaining their ages aforesaid, or the respective marriages of the said Elizabeth and Eleanor and my will also is that if the personal estate where with I shall be possessed at the time of my decease be not sufficient to pay my debts, that in such case my said sons Robert, Isaac, Andrew and Jacob do pay the same out of the said messuages, lands, tenements and hereditaments bequethed to them each their share or proportion of such deficiency.

And I hereby nominate, and appoint Isaac Deschamps, Winckworth Tong and James Fulton, Esquires, Executors of this, my last Will and Testament, desiring that they will please to see the same carried into exe-

cutiion and I do hereby impower and desire my said executors and the survivors of them, his executors or administrators from and after my decease and during the minority of such of my sons as shall not then have attained the age of 21 years to cause the share of my estate which I shall leave him or them to be managed and improved for his or their use and according to his or their direction.

And I do hereby revoke all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made declaring this to be my last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS thereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 22nd day of June in the year of our Lord 1775.

Signed, Sealed, Published and Declared by the said Timothy O'Brien.

TIM. T. O'BRIEN.

As for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witness thereto in the presence of the said testator and in the presence of each other.

ELISHA DEWOLF
JOHNSON WILLSON
JAMES CARD

GENEALOGY OF THE O'BRIENS

As far as obtainable; there being many now living in Ontario and New Brunswick that there is no trace of.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Born 1695. Married Ester Linton, August 8th, 1721, at Billy Kelley, County of Londonderry, Ireland.

Their family:

Timothy O'Brien, 1st, born January 2nd, 1725; John O'Brien, born December 10th, 1726; Robert O'Brien, born December 14th, 1728; William O'Brien, born May 12th, 1731; Jacob O'Brien, born December 8th, 1733; Ester O'Brien, born March 18th, 1736; Isaac and Joseph O'Brien, born July 21st, 1738. *2 bms*

William O'Brien, Senior, died March 2nd, 1793, ninety-eight years of age. Ester O'Brien, his wife, died March 18th, 1758. Both interred in the churchyard of Anglinlow.

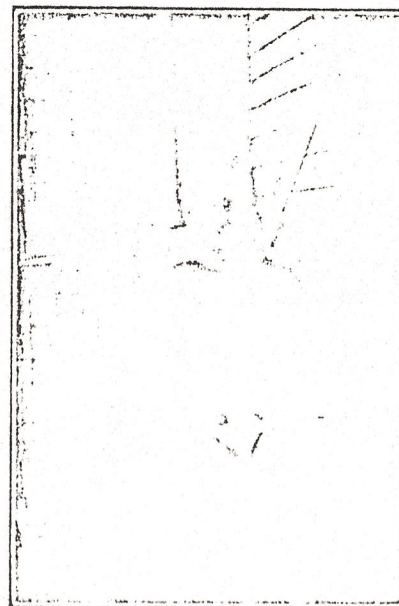
TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, 1st

Timothy O'Brien and Margaret Gilmore were married in the Shire of Ayr, Scotland by Rev. Mr. McLellan, April 17th, 1746. *3 bms*

Their family:

William, 2nd, born July 14th, 1747; Robert, 2nd, born March 23rd, 1749; Isaac, 2nd, born April 18th, 1752; Andrew, 1st, born October 8th, 1754; Elizabeth, born February 23rd, 1756; Eleanor, born April 20th, 1758; Jacob, 2nd, born June 15th, 1761.

Timothy O'Brien was lost November 19th, 1777, at Tenecape, Hants County and never found; believed to have been drowned in the river. His wife, Margaret, died at Noel, Hants County, July 25th, 1808.



MRS. MARGARET STERLING, nee O'BRIEN
The oldest O'Brien now living, 92 years of age, 1924

Here we have the Genealogy and Records of the
O'Briens, away back down the ages to 1695.

It is an honourable record of an upright and stalwart
race.

And now it remains for those who come after in the
future generations yet to come, to uphold the honour and
integrity of the race.

*"Life is a dream we oft have heard it said
Yet ne'er before could comprehend quite
But when we note how swiftly time has sped
Its meaning full presents itself to-night."

*(Written by Francis G. O'Brien in his book, "Pioneer Days in Minnesota.")

END