

## Ezekiel Barnes

Birth: Jun. 7, 1770  
Death: Apr. 11, 1860

Born in Brookfield, MA. Son of Nathan Barnes & Martha Hayward. Married Fanny Johnson on 28 May 1795. She was the daughter of Reynolds Johnson & Mary.

Ezekiel is a descendant of Thomas Barnes 1635-1679 and Abigail Goodnow 1642-Aft 1679.

"Ezekiel Barnes was a native of Massachusetts, born in 1770 in Worcester, whence in 1817 he came to Lorain county, Ohio, settling on Lot 48, Amherst township, where he died in 1860.

Grandfather [Ezekiel] Barnes was a farmer by occupation, and was well known in political circles, first as a Whig, and in later years as a Republican"

Biographical Record of the counties of Huron and Lorain, Ohio - [sketch of Sardis N Barnes, grandson of Ezekiel and Fanny]

Spouse:  
Fanny *Johnson* Barnes (1776 - 1860)

Children:  
Perlina *Barnes* Crocker (1796 - 1880)  
Ezekiel C Barnes (1799 - 1881)  
Fanny *Barnes* Smith (1802 - 1888)  
Amanda Melissa *Barnes* Smith (1809 - 1886)

Burial:  
Middle Ridge Cemetery  
Amherst  
Lorain County  
Ohio, USA

Maintained by: Nancy  
Originally Created by: Joyce  
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Find A Grave Memorial# 9518554

**DEATH OF A LORAIN PIONEER.**—Mr. Ezekiel Barnes, aged 90 years, died in Amherst on the 5th inst. Forty-six years ago, says the *Elyria Democrat*, Mr. Barnes came to Ohio from Massachusetts on foot, and located in the wilderness of Amherst. He served his country as a soldier in 1812, and for 69 successive years exercised the rights of an elector. He had been a husband 65 years, and had never been married but once. Fanny Barnes, his widow, is only four years his junior, in whose companionship the venerable subject of this notice had seen three generations pass away. He lived to see his great great grand-children, and by reason of "superior strength," temperate habits, and active vocations, had lived on his four score years and ten without ever knowing a sick day. He was a man of remarkable physical activity, and for seventy successive years labored in the hay field as a mower. He lived a true life; his last years were like an oasis beyond the desert, where the storms of life broke not, or were felt but in gentle undulations—a rest profound and blissful as a soldier's return forever from the wars. He drained the cup of life and found no dregs at the bottom. He lived out all his days, and "like an old clock worn out by fleeting time, the weary wheels of life stood still."

Added by: Msmith



Added by: Joyce