

# THE PINE KNOLL STORY

Compiled by Janet Nichols Derouin

from letters and diaries  
of family members

## INTRODUCTION

### PART I

#### ANDREW AND LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP YEARS

1856-1861

*NOTE: This segment of Janet Derouin's book draft, which she researched and wrote in the 1970's and 1980's, has been copied from her computer files and edited slightly in 2018 by her first cousin Sandy Nichols Ward. We are great grandchildren of Andrew and Lizzie.*

*This edited version contains 198 pages (reduced from 210 pages in Janet's original, mainly because of variations in font size and re-formatting of some footnotes and side stories).*

*Illustrations are not included. They will be compiled and shared separately. Part II and the beginning of Part III, up to 1883, will also be shared, eventually. See full table of contents, next page. Janet's files of transcribed letters in preparation for later parts (1884-1929) have been passed to me for safe keeping. – Sandy Ward*

# PINE KNOLL

As chronicled by its residents, their relations, friends and other participants in their lives  
As compiled by Janet Nichols Derouin

This is the true story of a New England family, centered around their homestead, during the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries; written by family members and their circle of friends and relations, as recorded in their diaries and letters.

## PART I

### ANDREW AND LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP YEARS

1856-1861

## PART II

### PINE KNOLL COTTAGE

1861-1880

## PART III

### A SWISS VILLA CALLED PINE KNOLL

1880-1900

## PART IV

### THE HOMESTEAD IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

1900-1929

## INTRODUCTION

The homestead of Andrew and Elizabeth Nichols, around which this story revolves, was no longer a working farm by the time I was born. I remember the house as being full of activity and hospitality, presided over by my great aunts. Friends and relations were frequent callers or house guests, and there were large family gatherings at Thanksgiving, Christmas and the Fourth of July.

At Thanksgiving, two senior gentlemen of the family carved large turkeys at either end of the massive dining room table, while assorted friends and relations sat elbow to elbow along its sides and at smaller tables around the generously proportioned room.

Any child who happened to visit during the Christmas season found his or her name on a gift tucked into or under the beautiful Pine Knoll tree in the family parlor.

Fourth of July brought everyone who could possibly be there for an elaborate picnic on the knoll. We sat among the pines on wooden chairs or great Deacon's benches that must have been ten feet long, and ate our lunch at plank table tops, laid across saw-horses that had been set up on the carpet of russet needles.

After a splendid meal, ending with homemade ice cream and watermelon cut in a special way by my great Uncle John, the youngest of the cousins played on the lawn under the delighted eyes of elderly ladies who rocked on the porch and chatted with the young mothers.

On the other side of the shady knoll the more athletic of the assemblage would be engaged in a spirited game of tennis. The cheers and jeers of the spectators ringing the side lines of the old clay court could be faintly heard by the ladies on the porch.

When the last of Andrew and Elizabeth's children had passed on, and the future of the property was being decided, the grand old house burned to the ground. In retrospect it may have been the kindest end.

Ten cousins inherited equally but over the years, since Pine Knoll's humble beginning, the land it stood on had become very valuable because of its prime location. We all felt great sadness at the thoughts of this unique old house that we loved being demolished, but none of the descendants were in a financial position to save it.

Several months before the fire I was in the cavernous attic helping my father, who was one of the heirs, choose a blanket chest as his part of the division of household goods. It was to be sent to my brother in California, and I felt sorry that he and his wife weren't with us to choose for themselves. As we started to leave, having made our selection, I noticed a cardboard candy box of undetermined age, with STANLEY neatly printed on the top in letters large enough to catch my eye.

Since Stanley was the middle name of my grandfather, William Stanley Nichols, as well as my California brother, William Stanley Nichols II, my father and I decided to look inside. I brushed years of dust off the top and untied the inevitable piece of string, only to discover it was full of folded letters in little packets, each one tied with a bit of ribbon. The light was fading fast so I took the box home with me.

After dinner I examined the various bundles and realized the letters were just as they had been originally put away, and I about to be the first, since that time, to slip off the ribbons and read them!

To my great surprise I discovered they must have been put in the box over one hundred years before, the bulk of them written by my great-grandfather to his future wife, Elizabeth Perkins Stanley, during their courtship days. She was his beloved Lizzie for whom he had built the cottage he named "Pine Knoll" where I had found them. The last one was written on the eve of his wedding day.

As I read her precious old letters I found that Andrew made frequent references to things Lizzie had written in her letters to him, which I then had a consuming desire to find.

During the months that followed, my aunt, Janet Cutler Nichols, and I moved hundreds of old papers and letters from the Pine Knoll library to her home nearby, for safe keeping and sorting. During the long hours that we read and sorted materials to be donated to the Essex Institute, and other suitable repositories, I constantly hoped to find the other half of my treasure. There was no doubt in my mind that her letters had been saved, but where? All hope reluctantly died away when every paper and letter had been roughly sorted and the house itself was gone, whatever treasures remaining inside its walls, now nothing but ashes.

In the year after the fire, Janet and I continued to work at least one day a week, getting the letters and documents into proper order for donation. It was a tedious, exacting job and at the end of one of those days I was tidying up when a leather folder slipped from my hands, spilling a number of ancient deeds all over the floor. When the folder landed it came to rest inside out. As I gingerly picked it up, lamenting my "butter fingers", I saw that it had a pocket on either side, and they met in such a way as to be invisible, unless the folder was turned back on itself, as it had become in the fall.

I reached into one of the pockets and pulled out a copy book. It was filled with copies of Andrew's courting letters in Lizzie's candy box. They were written in pencil by the same hand and numbered in the order they were sent. Stunned by this discovery, I reached into the other pocket, afraid to hope for what I wanted to find. It contained Lizzie's letters to him! I had had them all the time!

At that moment came my determination to sort and type the letters and diaries still in existence that tell the story of Pine Knoll so it might be enjoyed by the generations to come. In this gargantuan task my father was a tremendous help, doing hours of deciphering and typing.

Because I only have access to the letters and diaries preserved in the homestead, they are not a complete account, but still a daunting number of documents by any standard. To make the story they tell more complete, and in some cases more understandable, I have added written reminiscences by various descendants, as well as pertinent facts unearthed by the reading of old public records.

From the time Andrew and Lizzie met in 1856, until Andrew's death in 1922, their devotion to each other never wavered. Despite Andrew's family's resistance to the match, and through sixty-one years of marriage and eight children, their love survived and grew. Pine Knoll Cottage weathered times of trouble and great sorrow, while periodically teetering on the brink of financial disaster, but the unflappable, practical Lizzie and her gentle, impractical Andrew made their homestead a house so full of love and laughter it warmed all who entered their family circle.

Through the wealth of material that has been preserved emerges a story, written by the participants, of a close New England family in more innocent times who, incidentally, never threw anything away.

The material has been copied exactly as written, including the dashes the authors made in their letters with their pens. I have left spaces where punctuation was missing to make the letters more easily readable.

## PART I

### ANDREW and LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP YEARS 1856 - 1861

#### SALEM 1856

When the Salem Cadets and their snappy Brass Band went out to drill on the old training field in the heart of the city, the War Between the States was yet to come and little more than a rumor.

By 1856 the city of Salem, second in Massachusetts after Boston to have that designation, had been settled for well over two-hundred years. It is most widely known for its infamous witch trials and "The House of Seven Gables," made famous by Hawthorne. The author had changed his name from Hathorne to Hawthorne in an attempt to disassociate himself from his ancestor of witch trial infamy and a subject that overshadows the less sensational but rich non-fictional history of the city.

During the seventeenth century Salem was of such great importance it was visited by Presidents Washington, Monroe and Adams, as well as the great Frenchman, Lafayette. During that era, the ships laden with all manner of goods crowded the waterfront and over two-hundred of those vessels were of Salem registry. They sailed away to trade in places with exotic names like Arabia, St. Petersburg, Canton, Calcutta, Zanzibar, Sumatra, Bombay, Batavia, and Madagascar with ports that bring to mind fantastic tales of mystery and adventure.

Captain Jacob Crowninshield sailed his ship "America" to India and returned with the first elephant ever exhibited in this country, undoubtedly Salem's largest single import. It weighed 3000 pounds and cost the captain four-hundred and fifty dollars. He charged the local citizenry 24 cents per adult and 12 ½ cents per child to view it, after unloading it onto his wharf.

The Salem vessels also returned with all sorts of delectable edible luxuries unavailable in America. They brought demijohns of Madeira, olives packed in pottery jars with rounded bottoms, great purple Malaga raisins, sweet Smyrna figs, and ceramic jars from Canton encased in bamboo nests and filled with hot amber-colored ginger. The fiery curry powders, Bengal chutneys, guava paste and exotic spices were used to enhance the dishes served at the tables of Sea Captains and Merchant Princes.

While the upper-crust of Salem were developing sophisticated palates the most humble, affordable and generally popular edible import was rock candy. Old Salem must have had a giant sweet tooth because the candy came in enormous jars from the port at Calcutta, one ship alone carrying 10,767 pounds!

Crates and bales were filled with fine china, silver, silks, and ivory and shipped to the city. The Canton ware, so coveted today, came as ballast and, at fifty cents a plate, considered far too common to grace a "gentleman's" table. Their tables were set with fine porcelain, also made in the Orient but in a design of the purchaser's choice.

A less glamorous import in the holds was gum copal, a necessity in making of the finest marine varnish, and a thriving Salem industry.

The days of exotic cargo had come to an end before the birth of Andrew and Lizzie, when the newer, faster clipper ships drew too much water to reach the Salem wharves and docked in Boston instead. Any boxes of imports the Nichols and Stanleys received, in Andrew and Lizzie's time, no longer came directly to Salem but were transported from the Boston wharves by wagon or rail.

Their only first-hand experience of those earlier times would have been when they had a chance to go inside an old warehouse near the wharves. Once inside these structures, Andrew and Lizzie could inhale the heady aromas of spices and sandalwood that lingered on from when they were stored there during the heydays of Salem shipping.

Some of the warehouses were changing as well, made over into tenements to house the Canadian French and the Irish who were coming in droves to work in the mills.

By 1856 the waterfront had greatly changed but was busier than ever. Salem was still involved in the building and refurbishing of ships and a tremendous number of small sailing vessels continued to use the old wharves to unload their cargo from up and down the coast. Boat loads of hides, bound for the local tanneries, and thousands of tons of coal transported on filthy barges, came to Salem to fuel the city's Naumkeag Mills and the mills of Lowell and Lawrence.

The city had gas light and a private water system that supplied water by subscription from Wenham Lake to the various homes and commercial establishments. There was a turnpike connecting Salem to Boston, the self-appointed "Hub of the Universe," as well as a train which departed from a monstrous castle-like depot built in 1840.

A state normal school was in operation, where any female who qualified attended free of charge, and a young lady's attire was much as portrayed in "Gone with the Wind" or "Little Women". Skirts were hooped and bonnets were small, requiring a lady's hair to be done in the back in a chignon, a waterfall or encased in a snood; the front worn in a frizette, or dressed in a coronet plait.

1856 Salem, a city of importance and the seat of Essex County, continued to grow, with a business district that gradually took over the streets where Andrew and Lizzie's ancestors had lived in colonial times; but in spite of all these changes Salem was destined to remain a small town, socially speaking, into the next century.

## ANDREW and LIZZIE

When Andrew Nichols met Elizabeth Perkins Stanley in August of 1856, he was nineteen and she was twenty. Lizzie had lived in Salem all of her life, unlike Andrew who had come from the country to live there only two years before.

Some of their descendents say they met at the Salem Willows, a public park and popular place for outdoor parties at that time. "The Willows" is on a peninsula that juts out from the city, just to the north of the docks, separating the harbors of Salem and Beverly.

The name of the park refers to the forty European white willows, long since gone, planted to provide a shaded path for the ambulatory convalescents of an early city hospital.

The only written reference, on the subject of how Andrew and Lizzie met, comes from their son, William Stanley Nichols, in his account of the history of his family.

"How the romance began I do not know. Andrew and Elizabeth were not in the same social circles. In 1856 in Salem that could not pass without some disturbing questions and feelings. The Nichols family lived in the Chestnut Street area. They attended and were prominent in the Unitarian church. They were extremely proud of eminent family ancestry and they were connected with professional society. They had some, although not great wealth. The Stanley family lived on a side street near the common at the other end of the city. They were members of the Congregational church. They were an equally proud family, but were socially in the mercantile, and especially the shipping and importing circles. They were poor, as the father had died at sea, at an early age. The widowed mother and her five children could have had very little of their own to live on. Through help from relatives and by their own good management they made their living."

Having read their courtship letters, I have a decided advantage over William, who apparently never heard his parents refer to where they met. I do believe they probably did meet at "The Willows", but agree that it would have not been through the usual social channels.

In those days "to meet" someone meant a formal introduction, and the most likely person to have introduced them was Lizzie's brother, John. There was a link between Andrew and John, in that they were volunteer firemen in the same engine company called Rapid 2.

The following note was in Andrew's papers:

*Salem Dec 2nd 1856*

*Friend Andrew*

*I have this evening written notes to all the mebers of our committee except yourself and Thorndike Chase who were present at the meeting and of course did not need to be notified that you were chosen on the committee. As there is going to be a meeting on Friday night . I also notified them of that and wrote this to let you know of that fact*

*I remain*

*Yours Truly*

*Edu. P. Perkins*

*To Andrew Nichols*

At the time they met, Lizzie's brother, John, ran a tailor shop on Washington Street in the city's commercial center, and Andrew walked by it every day on his way to the court house, where he was employed.

As a committee "meber" of "Rapid 2" Andrew would have stopped in on occasion with a message for John. It's likely that it was in John's shop that he had his first glimpse of John's dark-eyed sister, and she of him.

Perhaps "Rapid 2" had an outing at the Willows for members and guests, or Lizzie asked John to bring his fire house member to a party she gave with her friends.

It was through a willing John they communicated, Andrew dropping off his notes to Lizzie, John then bringing them home and returning to the shop with her answer. This is where Andrew picked it up and if Andrew was observed going in or out of the establishment of a fellow member of Rapid 2, it would not have been questioned. This was important, as he would not have relished the news of how he was spending his free time reaching the ears of anyone at home, unlike Lizzie whose family always made him welcome.

To better understand the difference in their situations I will next explore the backgrounds of Andrew and Lizzie.

## THE FAMILY of ANDREW

### MARY HOLYOKE WARD

Andrew's mother, Mary Holyoke Ward, was the eldest of Susanna and Joshua Ward's five children. The marriage of Susanna Holyoke to Joshua Ward united two prominent Salem families.

On the Ward side a great deal of wealth had been realized from Joshua's father's ships that sailed the world. Captain Joshua Ward's new mansion was selected by the city fathers as the place where President Washington would stay when he came to visit Salem and the slippers Captain Ward's wife wore when she danced with "the Father of our Country" at a ball the city gave in his honor are still in the family. It was considered the finest house in the city at the time and was also where Joshua and Susanna Ward were living when Andrew's mother, Mary, was born in 1800 and her sister, Mehitable, in 1802. They lived with Captain Ward while their house on Central Street, a gift from Susanna's father, Dr. Holyoke, was being prepared for their occupancy.

After their move to 11 Central Street house in the heart of the city three more children were born; a daughter, Elizabeth Holyoke, in 1804, a son, Joshua Holyoke in 1808, and lastly a daughter, Susanna Holyoke, in 1813.

Their only son, Joshua Holyoke, had an all too short but illustrious career. After his graduation from Harvard he studied law under Leverett Saltonstall and by the time he died, at the age of forty-four, he was a judge in the court of common pleas. In spite of being the youngest judge at the time, he had served with such distinction he was elected president of the Common Council from 1842 to 1844.

Mary's mother's ancestry went back to early Colonial times and her father was Salem's beloved Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke. I'm sure he also attended Washington's ball because he was very social and fond of dancing.

To this day the essence of Edward Augustus remains alive through all that has been written about him. He was an undersized, frail, precocious child and his death considered imminent on more than one occasion during his formative years. Affectionately known to his family as Neddy, he was his father's favorite child; no doubt partially due to his precarious health, but I think more for his wonderful mind and great interest, from early childhood, in weather and astronomy. This greatly appealed to his father's mathematical way of thinking. He received the first medical degree ever given at Harvard, awarded during his father's presidency, and he practiced medicine in Salem into his one hundredth year.

He was blessed with good health all his adult life but his lack of height was brought home to me as a child when I tried his walking stick and found it just the right size for me!

During the last three years of his life his granddaughter, Mary Holyoke Ward, the daughter of Susanna and Joshua Ward, and mother of Andrew and Mary, lived with him. He made his home on Washington Street, in a house built by Captain Bowditch, which the doctor purchased in 1763.

At the time Mary took up residence in his home, she was twenty six, an accomplished artist and a budding naturalist. Her grandfather was very partial to her, sharing her interests and enjoying her bright, quick mind. He must have found her a delightful hostess when he entertained his many distinguished guests.

It is evident, from her diaries during that time, the arrangement was of mutual pleasure. The following are excerpts pertaining to him from Mary's diaries kept from 1827 to 1829. It is also obvious that the doctor and his granddaughter quite doted on one another, and why not, the doctor was still remarkably young in mind and heart. He died on March 31, 1829, his mind unimpaired.

MARY HOLYOKE WARD 1827 DIARY

April 1 G. P. \* went to see the Caravan of Animals that was exhibited here he was very much pleased with the Camel thinks the collection the best he has ever seen.

April 10 Father and Mother spent the eve here we had a delightful eve. G. P. & all of us have been trying to write with our left hand the girls \*\* have been here too

April 11 Dr. Prince, Mr. Upham & Dr. Drake from Cincinnati call'd, spoke of the rapid increase of the population of that place, which at this present time contains 16,000 inhabitants the principal exports are pork, lard, whiskey, eggs & chickens the mean temperature is 50. G. P. told him that the mean heat of summer and winter and the spring and autumn were precisely the same from an accurate observation of 33 yrs. the state of Ohio contains 18,000 inhabitants.

August 12 Grandpapa's birthday he has entered his 100th year.

August 22 Sunday G.P. went to Marblehead & went over the house where he was born. \*\*\* his father who was a minister of that town it was built in 1719 it is 90 yrs since they moved to Cambridge \*\*\*\* every part of it looked just as it used to & he thinks that he could find his way over it in the dark he took tea at Mr. Devereaux's Farm which formerly belonged to the celebrated Hugh Peters. \*\*\*\*\*

(On September 27 there is a curious omission from the diary on this date, unless Mary was away from home. According to "Chronicles of Old Salem" President John Quincy Adams called on the doctor that day, as a personal friend, and not in an official capacity.)

December 30 Sunday Grandpapa went to meeting he is in his 100th year & in the full use of all of his faculties but his hearing he reads most of the time.

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\* Grandpapa.

\*\* Mary's sisters.

\*\*\* It was on the corner of Washington and Pleasant Streets and is no longer standing.

\*\*\*\* When his father, Edward Holyoke, became president of Harvard.

\*\*\*\*\* Rev. Hugh Peter was very important in the early development of Salem and minister of the First Church but he returned to England to help in Cromwell's "Great Rebellion." After Cromwell's death Peters was executed, along with a number of other Cromwell followers in 1660.

MARY HOLYOKE WARD DIARY 1828

May 2 Mama & family here went out with G.P. to see him plant some Horse chestnuts & prune stones.

May 18 Sunday Mr. Upham preached all day this afternoon his sermon was on spring I told G. P. who said he was glad of it he likes these occasional notices of the seasons He then repeated parts of the I.IV psalm from Tate & Brundy with which he is much pleased & prefers to any of the recent Collections.

July 3 Sunday Grandpapa went to meeting in the morn. & stood all sermon time.

July 8 G. P. has been up in the upper chamber to see the picture I am taking of his Father. \*

July 9 Dr. Andrews of N. P., Hedge & L. Pierce called. G. P. has been telling him about the disturbance at Yale College which he has seen in the papers.

July 29 G. P. Went out to look at our Horse chestnut tree & brought in a white Catapillar which is eating the leaves.

August 1 Drs Brown & Channing called here & drank tea at our house & G. P. went over and drank tea \*\* with them. He mentioned in the course of conversation this Denque Fever that is to prevail & this new method of treating a fractured limb by covering it with plaster of Paris.

August 12 I finished painting my great G. Father's picture. Grandpapa came up into the upper chamber to see it & told me two faults in it. it was his birthday he completed his 100th year.

August 13 G. P. dined with the Physicians of Boston & Salem at a public dinner at the Lafayette Coffee House \*\*\* he enjoyed the day very highly & appear'd in his usual health & spirits.

August 14 Dr. Treadwell, Pierson, Hubbard, Dr. Jackson & son, Mr. Brown called

August 15 Dr. Gardner of Lynn & Mrs. Hubbard of Virginia called Mr. and Mrs. Abbott & Mary came.

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\* Mary was copying President Edward Holyoke's portrait from one painted by Copley that is now at Harvard. Mary's copy is still in the family.

\*\* Tea in those days was the evening meal, very informal. The formal dinner was served in the middle of the day.

\*\*\* A Salem tavern called the Essex Coffee House before Marquis de Lafayette dined there.

August 16 Mr. Tucker & Dr. Pierce of Brookline called. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and Mr. and Mrs. Pearson dined here all our family were here to tea.

August 17 Sunday G. P. at meeting in the morn.

August 18 Dr. Hubbard & Mr. Chase & Pro. Grisen call'd G.P. recollected reading his year in Europe & they conversed together on the Aurora & about his travels he prefers England for society & Switzerland for scenery, & Italy for the fine arts they spent an hour & G. P. was delighted with him. Grandpapa went over to our house to tea.

August 19 Grandpapa went to Mr. Ashton's to tea with us.

August 20 Grandpapa walked out, Judge White, Mr. King & Pro. Hoffman called.

August 21 Mr. Brazer \* came Grandpapa has been telling him that his birthday ought to have been celebrated on the 12th instead of the 13th that he has been reading Rhee's encyclopedia under the article Style & finds that at the beginning of the century the leap year was dropped instead of another year added.

August 22 G. P. has been reading aloud to me two hours on the Spanish Inquisition he thinks it a subject which every Protestant ought to be acquainted with he went to the Athenaeum for that & Leed's sermons with which he is very much pleased Father, Mother & Susan \*\* to tea.

September 1 Mr. Saltonstall \*\*\* called to ask G. P. to head the Subscription list for a Public dinner on the 18th.

September 18 The celebration of the two Hundreth Century, \*\*\*\* Grandpapa walked in the procession to the North Church where an address was delivered by Judge Story which is said to be the best ever delivered on any occasion he afterwards went in the procession to Hamilton Hall where he presided at the dinner & returned home about ½ 5 without any apparent fatigue he wished to see this day he saw it & was glad The town was crowded with strangers from a distance & the neighboring towns in the eve I attend'd a large ball at Mrs. Silsbee's given on the occasion.

September 23 G. P. walked down to long wharf alone, was rather fatigued

September 26 Mr. and Mrs. Abbott came We had an northern light G. P. had his compass out to observe what effect it made on the needles. the needles were considerably agitated.

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\* Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke's minister.

\*\* Mary's sister.

\*\*\* Leverett Saltonstall, who became the first mayor of the city of Salem in 1836.

\*\*\*\* 200th anniversary of the landing of Governor John Endicott.

September 27 G. P. read today in the Register a piece that recommended in high terms Brook's Daily Monitor he went directly in the Book store & bought it.

September 30 Grandpapa, Father & I went up to Boston in a hack. G.P. Bore the ride remarkably well we had not been at Dea. Merrill's more than half an hour before he walked out to see Mrs. Orne who lived at the corner of Avery Place he went that afternoon to see the new Market house. We had company to pass the eve he went to bed about 10.

October 2 He went to see the Statue of Washington from there to the Atheneum return'd & dined call'd on Mrs. Parkman went to Cambridge the next day he went to see the Colleges \* dined at Dr. Hedges with company returned to Boston & lodged. Went to see the General Hospital \*\* walk'd as far as Well's & Lilley's Book Store bought a Dictionary return'd to dine came back to Salem about ½ 5 appeared very little fatigued appeared very animated giving Dr. Oliver and Treadwell a discription of the General Hospital.

December 25 Christmas G.P. show'd me a plate of the transit of Venus that he took in 1769 and a book of Eclipses that his father calculated from 1700 to 1810 the one he calculated for 1809 G.P. observed it & it agreed to a minute with the calculation.

The entries in her last diary give an account of the last month of G.P.'s life and are truly remarkable.

#### MARY HOLYOKE WARD DIARY 1829

February 23 G.P. shaved himself for the last time.

February 24 at home spending the day with G.P. in a great deal pain Dr. & wife at our house to tea.

February 26 G.P. in great pain spoke of his death & wished that all the pictures in the front room might be labeled.

February 28 G. P. in great pain & very feeble spoke of going said he thought it was a great grievance that he was in such a state that he couldn't wait on him self he thought that every one ought to wait on them selves. he went into the shop & little room & kitchen several times in the forenoon.

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\* Harvard.

\*\* Massachusetts General Hospital.

March 1 Grandpapa quite sick came below at his usual time had prayers & breakfasted appeared in great pain & at 2 P. M. came upstairs to bed. I watch'd he had a very restless night. Monday no better wasn't up for the day Mama watched.

March 6 the Drs. watched

March 7 rather weaker said he wished everyone felt as willing to die as he did that he didn't wish to get well & thought he should not live 48 hours. Papa watched

March 8 Sunday he sat up at noon 3 hours slept all the morning saw Josh \* & took farewell of him. Had the family called up & the Dr. read a chapter & prayer he then gave the Dr. the bible & told him to set down when he died appeared quiet in the eve when Mr. Brazer came told him story about gout. Called for Sewall prayers & read in them.

March 9 was shaved the Dr. read prayers he talked with Epses \*\* & took farewell of him in the afternoon. Mr. Brazer came he was very low about 9 in great pain he talked with Papa & Dr. about his affairs—took but little nourishment—Mama watched.

March 10 he sat up in bed & read in his prayer book inquired about Abbot's \*\*\* letters & had one read to him shook hands with Susan \*\*\*\* asked her about her studies – called me & said he hoped that I & my sisters would live lives of Piety & Virtue E. watched.

March 11 G. P. rather better in the morn, sat up an hour - talked about his books I watched

March 12 Quite low but free from pain was up for the day Hitty \*\*\*\*\* watched

March 13 G.P. very low Dr. Prince came to see him & talked with him a great while G.P. told him that he felt assurances he had never felt before that he was resigned and submissive. a little before that he said "a little more & I shall be no more" he suffered great pain in the left head. He spoke to Papa about Charles \*\*\*\*\* wish that he would attend to him

This was the last entry until after his death on March 31st.

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\* The Dr.'s grandson and Mary's brother. He was in his senior year at Harvard.

\*\* The Dr.'s grandson Samuel Epes Turner.

\*\*\* The husband of Dr. Holyoke's niece, the Reverend Ephraim Abbot of Greenland,

New Hampshire

\*\*\*\* Dr. Holyoke's granddaughter and Mary's sister.

\*\*\*\*\* Dr. Holyoke's granddaughter and Mary's sister.

\*\*\*\*\* Charles Osgood, the artist who married the doctor's granddaughter, Susanna Ward. Apparently Charles wished to have Joshua Ward for his best man at his upcoming wedding to Joshua's sister, Susan.

Having become vicariously acquainted with G. P. through Mary's diaries I can't resist sharing one more thing about the amazing gentleman that I found in a charming little book by Marianne Silsbee entitled "A Half Century in Salem" and published in 1887. She writes:

"He did not like to be treated with too much of the respect due to venerable age, and quietly put aside bread and butter that a lady rather officiously spread for him at our table, where taking his tea, and helped himself to what he chose to eat; old folks dread being superannuated, and this should always be remembered by those who would be attentive to them. He was a worthy citizen, and a man of excellent sense; he lived to be nearly a hundred and one years old, and received the homage of a public dinner at the close of his century."

To digress still further on the fascinating subject of "tea", a time when every one seems to have either gone out to have it with friends or had friends in to partake of theirs, I was fascinated by an account of what it consisted of in the G. P.'s time by Caroline Howard King in "When I Lived in Salem 1822 - 1866."

"In front of the hostess were placed two highly decorative black and gold Chinese lacquered tea trays. (We called them waiters.) On one were placed silver tea pots for both green and black tea and the coffee or chocolate pot, and on the other larger one was the urn for hot water, and if the tea was made on the table a dainty silver or lacquer tea caddy, with the sugar bowl, cream pitcher and slop bowl belonging to the tea service and all the nankin china cups and saucers and coffee mugs spread out in shining array. Then plates were placed all down the sides of the table accompanied always by pretty "cup plates". It was the custom of the day to cool your tea before drinking it by pouring it into your saucer, and these small plates were to hold the cup. And if you would be considered especially elegant, you would stick out your little finger at an angle from your hand, as you raised the saucer to your lips. Perhaps "stick out" is too coarse an expression to describe so delicate and refined a position-"curved out" would be better!

"There were no courses at these teas. Everything was put on the bountifully provided table at once. The plates were changed between meats and sweets, but the menu was spread out before you, and if you were not hungry enough to partake of the whole array, you could choose your favorite dainty. At the foot of the table where the host sat was placed the solid part of the feast - cooked oysters, and chickens or game dressed in different ways. I once saw a noble chicken pie at one of these teas. Down the middle of the table were silver cake baskets with pound, sponge and fruit cake, and these were flanked on each side by plates and small dishes containing different kinds of bread and hot cakes, olives, tongue, and ham cut after Judge Story's formula, who used to say that the only proper way to serve ham was to cut it so thin that one could see to read a newspaper through the slices. Then there were cut glass dishes of many kinds of preserves, whole quinces floating in their rich clear juice being always present and damsons and preserved ginger. Does this sound messy and horrid? It certainly had not the elegant simplicity of the present day."

That's okay Caroline - it doesn't sound messy to me and I know I would have sat there all night saying, "please pass the...." I quite share G. P.'s feelings about a gift of buttered bread! As a

matter of fact, today's medical minds would approve of the doctor's life style. Being a great believer in the benefits of exercise, he gave up using a horse early on in his practice and walked to visit his patients, usually over five miles a day, and he never ate meat. About one half of his main meal consisted of rice, which he had a great liking for, and he ate great quantities of fruits and vegetables in season. He had one pipe in the morning and one at night with his pint and a half of toddy. He made the toddy himself each evening by mixing rum, hard cider, water and sugar. He didn't approve of cigars, which began to be seen in Salem just a few years before he died.

It was during Mary's years with her grandfather that she became acquainted with her future husband and his wife. The doctors, Holyoke and Nichols, had much in common. They were both graduates of Harvard and intensely interested in all things natural and scientific. The four took tea regularly and Mary and the doctor's wife, Ruth, developed a friendship. Mary's entries in her diaries indicate that they enjoyed many outings together.

Ruth died three years after Dr. Holyoke, leaving Dr. Nichols without his wife and companion of twenty-three years. There were no children and the lonely doctor and Mary were wed a year later. He was fifteen years her senior, but she was intellectually mature beyond her years, and undoubtedly considered a spinster at the age of thirty.

Mary's sister, Susan, married in 1838, when she was twenty-five, six years after Mary. She married Charles Osgood, from an old Salem family whose wealth was made in the China trade. Charles was an artist of some renown and over the years he painted many of the notables of his time who lived in the Salem area.

Susan and Charles' first born was a son, Charles Stuart, just two years older than his cousin Andrew and the boys were very close childhood friends. Their next son, Robert Osgood, was born in 1841 and their daughter, Susan, in 1844, fourteen days before the mother died of complications from the birth.

When Susan died, her family was living in part of her mother's house, having moved there in the spring of 1841, six months after the death of her father, Joshua Ward. Charles Osgood's studio was in the building next door, a most convenient arrangement.

After Susan's death, Charles and his three young children stayed on at 11 Central Street. The maiden aunts, Elizabeth and Hitty, and grandmother, Susanna, became doting "mothers" to his motherless children.

## DR. ANDREW NICHOLS

Unlike Andrew's mother, his father always lived in the country. He grew up on a family farm in the north-west corner of Danvers, where the farms were so large the families who owned them became much intermarried and many times related. Such was the case with the doctor's parents, Major Andrew Nichols and his wife Eunice, their fathers having been brothers. Major Andrew and Eunice had four children and Andrew was their third child. Andrew

In 1945 Andrew's daughter, Mary Eliot Nichols, wrote about their home in an article for the Danvers Historical Society. Her description of the keeping room would have been related to her by her father because she never saw the house. The following are excerpts from the article.

"The house it self was interesting, the "keeping room" with its huge fireplace and all the attendant iron and brass household implements for the comfort of the home. An oak settle at one side and at the other the Wainscot oak chair \*, a corner cupboard filled with "best china," a black oak chest, Dutch roundabout chair, high backed Dutch chairs with rush and leather seats, a small square oak table, a claw footed round table, and flax and wool spinning wheels....."

".....The remains of the original garden may be seen in the fragrant white syringa, honeysuckle, buckthorn, tiger lilies, daffodils and star of Bethlehem. She was noted for her garden \*\*....."

Julia Putnam Philbrick, a contemporary of Andrew, who attended the little schoolhouse nearby Eunice's house recalled:

"Grand Ma'am Nichols' well, with its "old oaken bucket" from which we drew such cold water, and its overhanging tree which bore delicious mulberries; then, too her peach and pear trees which bore more and better fruit than her neighbors, at least so we thought when allowed to pick up the fallen ones. I do not wonder she sometimes chided us, for I know we did let down the bucket faster than we ought, and we did spill the water, but today I have only pleasant memories of her and her well."

There are other accounts of the fondness Eunice had for children, and how she invited them to enjoy her fallen fruit, unlike some of the owners of neighboring farms. The school house Julia attended was the second building in that location and Andrew's grandfather, the Major, bought the first building and removed it from the site to make room for a second, larger school house, built in 1803. In the same article Andrew himself adds some interesting comments on the fate of the first schoolhouse.

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\* This chair was given to the Peabody Institute in Danvers, by Sarah Page Nichols when the farm was sold to the Kimballs. It is now in the Memorial Hall of the Danvers Historical Society.

\*\* Eunice's garden plants lived on a long time. My aunt, Janet Cutler Nichols, who lived on Dale's Hill over a hundred years later, gave me some of Eunice's paper white narcissus bulbs and every spring they bloomed in my garden.

“The first schoolhouse that stood on the triangle at the junction of Preston with Nichols street, and just south of the wall at the easterly corner of the late John Nichols’ estate, was, I now believe, the cheese room, the most westerly room of the string of rooms on a line with the leanto rooms of my grandmother, Eunice Nichols’ mansion. The cheese room, as I remember it as a boy, was a plastered room of good proportions and much larger than many of the rooms in the main part of the house; its distance from them caused it to be named and known as “The Oregon.” In that room I have labored many long hours at the crank of the patient churn, and counted the number of the sage and other cheeses on the shelves around the room. It was about forty feet easterly of the well of which Mrs. Philbrick speaks, and may I add the water of that well was cold.....”.

This had been a home so cherished by the children of the Major and Eunice that their son and Andrew’s father, Dr. Andrew Nichols, put his memories to rhyme.

There is a spot to me more dear,  
Than all the world beside  
‘Tis where I dropt my earl’est tear  
First learned to lisp the prayer sincere  
That God would be my guide.  
Where first upon a mother’s breast  
My every care was soothed to rest,  
Where there upon a father’s knee  
Parental love, I learned to prize  
And looked enraptured on those eyes  
Which loved to look on me!  
Where sportive, innocent and gay  
I passed my boyish years away.  
I love to climb yon oak clad hill

And wander down that valley still;  
Survey yon swamps and cultured plain  
Or o’er those pastures walk again;  
For in each loved and well known place  
Some dear memorial I can trace;  
Of times and things which once possessed  
Charms, which could tranquilize the breast,  
And lull my youthful cares to rest.  
Trees here lift high their tops in air  
That once were nurtured by my care.  
In yon sequestered locust grove,  
I’ve woo’d the muse, and sung of love,  
Which even then tho unconfessed  
Raised a sweet tumult in my breast.....

Major Andrew and Eunice’s four children were born there over a period of fifteen years. Betsey was born in 1777, John in 1780, Doctor Andrew in 1785 and Abel in 1792. In 1797 Betsey became Mrs. Eliab Evans and moved to New Hampshire. In 1808 John married Emme Putnam and left to establish a home of his own and farm his 68 acre wedding gift from his mother. Being her eldest son Eunice gave him a portion of her farm. The next year Andrew married his first cousin, Ruth Nichols, and took her to live in South Danvers where he had established his medical practice.

Three years later the Major died. The year was 1812 and his son, Abel, walked up behind their house to the crest of Dale’s Hill and, from the top of a tree, saw the masts of British ships at the mouth of Salem harbor. The shock of Abel’s terrible news had such a profound effect on the old veteran of the Revolution his heart gave out.

## ABEL NICHOLS, SIGN-PAINTER, and son ABEL, ARTIST

Abel was now the man of the house at the age of twenty and he remained with his mother until he was twenty-two when he, to quote his great-niece Mary, “stepped over the mile-long stone wall, boundary of the Prince and Putnam farms, for nearly two centuries; and with rare discrimination took the bewitching Sally Putnam for his wife.” The Putnam house stood just beyond the northeast border of the Prince farm, on what is now North Street, Danvers.

From all accounts, Sally was as much of a charmer as her sister Emme, married to Abel’s brother, John, was a tart. Sally was three-and-a-half years younger than Emme and they were the daughters of Benjamin and Miriam Flint Putnam.

When Abel and Sally were married, they went to the Bradford section of Haverhill where Abel started a house and sign painting business. He was also something of an inventor. Spurred on by his doctor brother he came up with ways to improve the standard medical equipment of that time.

Abel and Sally had a son in 1815 and a daughter in 1818. Their two children, named Abel and Sarah, were artistically gifted and showed great ability at an early age.

In 1836 the family returned to Danvers because Abel senior had developed a problem with his lungs, made worse by the fumes of his painting materials. When they returned, he assumed ownership of his mother’s farm, but she continued to live there with his family. Sidney Pearley researched the history of the ownership of the farm and found it to be as follows:

*This was the western portion of one hundred and sixty five acres granted by the town of Salem to William Pester July 16, 1638.*

*It belonged to William Trask of Salem Dec. 20, 1655, when he conveyed it to Robert Prince of Salem.*

*Mr. Prince died June 4, 1674, having devised the estate to his sons James and Joseph. These brothers made a division of the estate May 21, 1696, and this part was assigned to Joseph Prince, who built a house thereon. Mr. Prince was a yeoman, and lived here. He died in 1744, and the estate was assigned to his son Timothy Prince of Danvers, husbandman. Timothy Prince conveyed the land and buildings to John Nichols of Danvers, yeoman, and husband of Timothy’s daughter Elizabeth, on March 23, 1761.*

*John Nichols died the winter of 1792-3, having in his will devised the land and buildings “where I now live” to his daughter Eunice, wife of her first cousin Major Andrew Nichols. The one hundred and two acres of land and the buildings were then appraised at six-hundred and sixty-one pounds and ten shillings.*

*Eunice Nichols, widow, for one thousand dollars, conveyed the house and land to her son Abel Nichols May 27, 1836.*

*Abel Nichols died April 23, 1846, intestate, leaving widow Sally and children Abel Nichols and Sarah P. Page, wife of Charles Page.*

*Sally Nichols of Danvers, widow, and Charles Page of Lawrence, yeoman, and wife Sarah Page, for twenty-five hundred dollars, released the estate to Abel Nichols of Danvers, artist, on Jan 1, 1850.*

*Abel Nichols, now an artist in Italy, for fifty-five hundred dollars, conveyed the house, barn and land to Susan S. Kimball, wife of Edward D. Kimball of Salem, Sept. 25, 1855. The house was removed in 1857 by Mrs. Kimball.*

After Abel senior returned to Danvers he was elected to the state legislature and died at the age of forty-four of “pleurisy and lung fever”. (Lung fever is known today as pneumonia.) His mother outlived him by two years and died in 1848 at the age of ninety one.

Abel and Sally’s son, Abel, I have found to be one of the most colorful characters in the Pine Knoll story. Andrew’s mother, Mary, met Abel shortly after her marriage to his uncle, when she was thirty and Abel eighteen. An artist herself, she saw great potential in his untutored portraits of members of his family, done with his father’s sign painting materials. She introduced him to her brother-in-law, Charles Osgood, who took him on as a pupil, and gave him his first formal instruction.

In 1837, at the age of twenty-two, Abel apparently decided he had learned all he needed to know from Mr. Osgood, and set out to make his claim to fame and hopefully his fortune.

Fortunately for us several of Abel’s entertaining letters have survived and are so riveting they deserve a little digression from the main story.

Before Abel’s letters begin, I have a stern letter to the young artist written by his Uncle, Dr. Andrew. The doctor had a great interest in this young man who was, at the time, the only Nichols boy of his generation. Abel had been helped along in his career by the doctor’s wife and the doctor seems less than pleased when, with the confidence of youth, Abel decided he had learned enough to go out on his own.

It was addressed to:

Mr. Abel Nichols  
Artist  
Charlestown, South Carolina

*Danvers, Monday, Jan 16, 1837*

*Dear Neph*

*Your elopement to the south with a lady called Fortune (may she never have Miss placed before her name again) surprised us not a little. Your aged grandmother as might be expected predicts nothing but evil from this wandering propensity of yours. But hope is better developed in the heads of your other friends and we flatter ourselves that you will return improved in knowledge and manners and unsophisticated in your morals to delight again your friends in this region. You are now the favored of fortune heading the dangerous heights of Prosperity. Forget not the principals of humility and virtue - give not up your early attachments, the remembrance of home a father’s prayer and a Mother’s blessing. For these recollections may save you amid temptations sufficient to overthrow resolutions based on a less substantial foundation. Ever cherish the sentiment so well expressed by Goldsmith in the commencement of his poem the Traveller and by Walter Scott in his lay of the “Last Minstrel” commencing with these lines:*

*Lives there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own my native land? etc.*

*Such feelings do honor to Human Nature, and will I trust be the companion of the sons of New England wherever they may roam. Absorbed in your favorite art there seems to be some danger that by neglecting or disusing other branches of knowledge which you certainly possess - you will come to be supposed ignorant of some very common or necessary accomplishments you will I know pardon this admonition knowing that it is kindly intended for your good. I have this morning been reminded of this by your interesting letter to your Father which I took the liberty to open. A little more*

attention to orthography and chirography would well become the eminent painter which we flatter ourselves you are destined to be - I am ill qualified to criticize your paintings but I would merely suggest that it is possible you may carry your picturesque style too far - Pictures are to be hung in parlors.

Your portrait of myself is pronounced very good when viewed in a dark place or at considerable distance but hanging in our keeping room - the effect is by no means pleasing. Some regard I think should be given to the place where our pictures may be destined to hang. We saw announced about a week since the arrival of the Ship Charleston at its destination and have anxiously looked daily for the letter just now received and which your Father has not yet seen. I shall carry or send it up in when your Uncle John called to inquire if we had heard from you. We are having a very pleasant winter. It is just cold enough to keep the roads hard and dry - icy and slippery but not snow enough for Sleighing. A few days the thermometer has told us that it was cold and the creaking of wheels in the snow and the feelings of our ears and noses when breathing the Northwester corroborated the intelligence but on the whole it has been much pleasanter than warmer weather would have been at this season, in this climate. Enjoy if you can your green trees your flowers and may I not say your mud? But we, must content ourselves for two months longer, with the barren glories of Winter during which, as you well know, our sensibilities to opening the course of the day. Your friends in the north parish were all well on Saturday beauties of spring will accumulate so as to enable us to enjoy in proportion to our privations. I shall send you shortly one of my medical addresses as it seems you are the guest of a Dr. a medical one I presume to whom you are willing to introduce your humble relative. We are all in good health here Mr. Osgood I believe continues yet in Salem.

Yours

Andrew Nichols

Whatever the pleasures of travelling be  
The pleasures of home are far greater to me  
With inmates around a good anthracite fire  
What more can the heart of your Uncle desire?  
What more but that friends who are absent should come  
And make for awhile this our cottage their home.

Too bad we don't have Abel's first letter to his father or know how his family found out he had sailed on the Charleston. The budding artist seemed undaunted by his uncle's penned lecture, and derogatory remarks about his early untutored artistic efforts, when he wrote a month later to his father. He was in South Carolina and in the best of spirits.

Charleston Feb. 14.

Dear Father,

I have just returned from a small tea party and as it is not quite my time for retiring to rest it has entered my brain to clear itself of some nonsense by writing a letter.

I have been thinking if I get a southern wife how I shall manage in regard to slaves on coming to the north for you must know that a southern lady can neither eat, drink, sleep or live without a slave near and a slave they will not allow

*in your state (Oh! you Massachusetts folks that will not permit your southern brothers to come among you without robbing him of part of his property.)*

*In painting I am doing well, have as much as I can do and am in a fair way to make a little money. I can earn with ease sixty or seventy dollars a week and have my pleasure time besides.*

*The young ladies have taken quite a liking to my pictures and are determined to have their portraits. Five young ladies are sitting to me now. The young ladies after all are the subjects for me to paint, I cannot set my palette so well to paint an old man, the paints never work so freely.*

*I have just finished a portrait of a man that fought six duels in the course of his life. Have painted two doctors and some other gentlemen and ladies.*

*I am all together a different painter from what i was at the north, I could not imagine that there could have been such a change, and in fact, I never painted to advantage until I came here. I lay it to confidence and independence that I have gained by being where I fear no criticism.*

*The young ladies are much more beautiful as far as form and features than the ladies of Boston but are wanting very much in colour. I think that Charleston will come before Boston in regard to female beauty but an awful distance behind in regard to the gentlemen. The above does not apply to New England generally, for I have heard that in Salem it is entirely different and I should judge so from what I have seen. I have often heard of Salem as a place of beauty, I intend to take a look when I return (I think my friend Dr. Rodrigues as handsome as any man I have seen.)*

*I think now that I have answered the question in regard to the female beauty and will proceed to the next which is which way shall I return? I intend to pass through Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York.*

*Painting is mostly done on the farms and plantations. All kinds of garden sauce is up and growing at a great rate, cabbages and many other things are at their full size.*

*I have spent this evening in company with a man who owns a large plantation of orange trees in Florida and has had the trees destroyed by the Indians.*

*To give you some idea of the way I spend my time Saturday evening I was induced to see a miserable play the first and last I intend to see. Sunday eve at tea at Mrs. L, spent the evening at Miss F., Monday after breakfast went out to dine six miles on the Haywood plantation returned after dinner and went to Miss \_\_\_\_\_ and then to Mr. Solomon to tea, a fine company and much frolicing and dancing, today painted \_\_\_\_\_ and at Miss \_\_\_\_\_ at tea, tomorrow have an invitation to a ball. I have not spent one eve at home for some time, I begin to be tired of such a life and intend to leave it for I now feel the effects of it in not giving me sufficient time to paint.*

*They are building a Hotel on the opposite side of the street on which I live which is to cost eight hundred thousand dollars the smallest side of the building one end of an entire oblong square of the city, and has streets on three sides of it.*

*I am very well in body and mind and hope you are the same.*

*Yours &c*

*A. Nichols*

*P. S. Have any of those bitten by mad dogs run mad? Write often.*

Well! - Abel's family must have wondered after this letter how "you keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen" Charleston, and Abel's Uncle Andrew, the "old time Abolitionist" must have blanched at his brash young nephew's jests on the subject of slavery.

Abel and another artist took out an advertisement in the Charleston Courier which read as follows:

PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Messrs. Darling and Nichols

Pupils of Mr. Harding and Mr. Osgood have taken a room at the corner of Meeting and Hazell Streets under that occupied by Dr. Roderigues, Dentist where they will be happy to wait upon the citizens of Charleston in the way of their profession. Specimens may be seen at their Room.

He never mentioned Mr. Darling in his letters so their collaboration may have been short lived. Abel's next letter to the good doctor would have done nothing to dispel the doctor's concern for Abel's "humility and virtue."

*Charleston Mar. 28, 1837*

*Dear Uncle,*

*The only thing which has prevented me from writing to you before is a knowlege of my inability to write a letter worthy of your perusal. I therefore lay aside every attempt at following rules and follow only the dictates of my own mind.....*

*.....I will begin with the country which is very flat, and heavy wooded, broken up at every few rods with ponds, creeks, rivers, marshes, cone breaks and the like. The upper land is level and from six to ten feet above the water. (I have not seen a hill more than twelve or fifteen feet high since I have been here.)*

*The country around Charleston is beautiful in it's own way; it has not the romantick wildness of the North but the still and peaceful residence of quietude. It is like a fairyland, a place of enchantment. The very moment you enter these sunny bowers you are pleased with everything. There is a party of about twenty of us who spend one whole day in every week in the woods. It has been so for two months past but will be given up in two or three weeks on account of the weather becoming too warm; we suffered much from the heat and flies the last time. We begin with dancing and a number of plays, mostly French and at midday when the sun is too oppressive join in conversation. Partners seek a little brook stealing unseem and unheard through the wavering cane and around the twisted roots of aged trees and then o'ercome with heat throw themselves down and admire as they lay in the shady nook, the lovely grove, so full of flowers: a place only for lovers and singing birds.*

*The land on which the city of Charleston is built is flat and from six to twelve feet above the high water mark; the water in the wells comes within 5 or 6 feet of the top of the land. I have seen when the water of every well was within one or two feet of the surface. The houses are built single and are mostly wood giving it much the appearance of Salem.*

*The number of buildings in 1834 was 8154, 21 churches, 25 hotels, a great number of boarding houses, 92 streets, 22,000 whites, 30,000 slaves; 3200 free col'd; total no. of inhabitants 55,200.*

*In 1833 and 1835 there were 239 houses destroyed by fire at three different times. There are little or no manufacturies in Charleston and of course makes it nothing more than a market place. Almost every house has a store under it, one third of which are Northern, another third Jews and the rest composed of all Nations. The cotton and slave trade is the principal dependance of Charleston.*

*The merchants here are looking for dreadful times to take place in a few days. Silver cannot be got, at any rate, at the Post Office. They cannot make change and most of the people get their letters and papers with out paying for them. One of my sitters a short time before he came to take his sitting today was informed of a failure at the North by which he will lose \$5,500.*

*To satisfy my friends I have painted my own portrait which is to be left among them. I had just finished sitting when several young ladies entered the room. Among them was one that had often kissed the original and thought it no harm to kiss the portrait, but the paint of the cheek was taken to the bare canvas by her lips.*

*The following is an extract from a hasty piece of poetry or rhyme which has for its subject "The Northern Youth" written by a young lady.*

*This part describes the scene at my room:*

*She walked; her very air was filled with grace She smiled and lovely beauty decked her face. She smiled upon a picture fine and rare The image of the Northern Youth was there She kissed when lo! the rosy tints were new Her lips received the cheeks' own lovely hue.*

*The above was not put in as specimen poetry but only to show a little southernism. The lady described is the daughter of a Planter who is receiving her education here.....*

Just to add a little frosting on the cake, Abel enclosed in the letter an item from the paper that had carried his ad which read;

“Portrait Painting by A. Nichols who respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal patronage he has received. He takes this opportunity of inviting them to his Room, where may be seen several specimens of residents of this city. Room corner of Meeting and Hazell Streets.

So much for Abel’s puritanical New England upbringing, and one can’t help but wonder if “the Planter” knew how broad an education his lovely daughter was getting in Charleston! The next year “The Northern Youth” tore himself away from the charms of the southland and returned to Danvers. Just before he left, he wrote to his uncle and mentioned his talented sister. Sarah had worked with Abel before he went south and showed great promise. Over the years that followed her canvases included portraits, landscapes and still life paintings of fruits and flowers.

*July 3, 1837*

*.....I am very desirous that Sarah should accompany me for a few months after the warm weather is over. I am satisfied from the manner in which she perseveres that in a short time she may do finely. I have seen a great many who have painted for many years who cannot paint nearly as good a picture as she can (never be discouraged and a person is safe.) She may object to traveling but that is nothing at this day why I lately went one afternoon 50 miles to a frog dinner after arriving another person and myself were choosen to shoot them while the rest of the party were engaged in taking them out of the water and preparing them to fry. In one hour and a half we shot 80 frogs. The hind legs alone weighed 24 lbs. and enough for 18 persons. (nothing equal to frogs) had them for dinner and returned home to spend the rest of the eve. I have now commenced on a new engagement. The family of one deeply interested in the western railroad. While I have been with the family it cost me nothing to travel on that road. I shall positively start for home in about 8 days from this time.*

*Dr. Rodrigues was very pleased with your lecture, and wishes me to when I return give you his thanks and respect. He would be delighted to see you and wants you if you ever should come to Charleston to come to his house and stay. He will pay me a visit at Danvers and thinks he will take his wife with him. I shall soon arrive in Danvers and I think you will find quite an alteration in me. Not that I am any more of a dandy for I think I am not half so much but I look as if I had seen a little of the sun.....*

We have no idea what the family in North Danvers thought of Abel's suggested plan for Sarah but, by the time the weather started to cool, he had other things on his mind.

After arriving in Danvers, Abel must have wasted no time assessing the feminine pulchritude of Salem which he said in his earlier letter he planned to compare with the beauties of Charleston.

On the twenty seventh of September 1838 he married the lovely Catherine Sparhawk Peele of Salem and they sailed for Charleston on October the eighteenth. That December he wrote to his uncle Andrew from Savannah. His bride had developed a persistent cough and as a result they had decided to relocate.

Dec. 16, 1838

*Kind Uncle,*

*.....about the temperature, wind east, hazy sun two hours above the horizon and in the shade of a tree the thermometer was 89 degrees above zero. In two or three days the people will begin to plant their gardens, some fruit trees I have seen in blossom.*

*I went to church today, the windows were up and it is seldom that an outside garment can be used with comfort.....*

*I am pleased to think that father is to be in Boston \* this winter and hope he will take a good look before he makes a choice of a boarding place, it always surprises me so the different prices at different houses of the same respectibility and accomodations.*

*Day before yesterday I skinned and stuffed a whooping crane, the tallest and most stately species of all the feathered tribes of the United States and what is more, it is one of the largest ever obtained in this country. It was shot with a rifle ball, about one hundred miles from here, it is as high as a man and the stretch of his wings is nine feet, it is to be put in a collection of birds in Savannah. If I can get one for the collection in Salem I will, but it is doubtful.....*

*.... The present President of Texas used to board at the same house we are at. Savannah is a cotton market. One half of the whites are from the northern states. It is supposed that there is a larger number of ships in port now than ever before - lie three abreast of each other the whole length of the city and a great many on the other shore and very few small vessels.*

*Catherine's cough is much better she sends her love to your family and the Ward family and says that she should admire to be in your front yard at this time but I suppose she has mistaken the season. I think Savannah much more healthy than Charleston, the one being wet and damp and low, the other dry, clear and high.....*

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\* His father was a state legislator.

In March of the next year, just six months after his marriage, Abel sent his uncle the news of Catherine's death.

*Savannah Monday March 1839*

*Dear Uncle:*

*It has become my painful duty to announce to you the death of Catherine. She has been gradually failing for two or three months and quite sick for a week or two. She died without much pain to all appearances. She died happy and placed in a perfect reliance in heaven and is now among the best. She is to be buried tomorrow at 9 1/2 o'clock and to be put into a private vault offered by Mr. Filbrick in a burying ground which strangers are never buried in only by some such way. It is not what is called the potters field. The people have been very kind and among my warmer friends is the Mayor and his wife. She had every attention that she possibly could have had. More in a few days. Please send word to North Danvers. \* I have written to Mr. Phillips \*\* and to Father at Boston but it is almost time for the mail and cannot write to North Danvers today.....*

In April Abel wrote to both his father and his uncle. As you will see in his next letter, the plans for Catherine's permanent burial in the south must have been changed when the news of her death reached her family.

*Savannah April 1, 1839*

*Dear Uncle,*

*I received your kind and affectionate letter and have taken this opportunity to answer it. I thank you much for your sympathy with me in my distress as well as all of my friends who doubtless suffer with me.*

*To say that Catherine was very kind and affectionate would be saying what you all know but I will say that she was entirely devoted to me and her whole mind was bent on making me happy.....*

*..... The day of her death was a perfect day, the windows and doors were all open. The air was perfumed with the blossoms of the trees which could be seen from the bedroom where she lay. But she is gone. I shall look back with pleasure on the time that we were together, her memory will always be pleasing to me. I think of her now as one among the best.*

*I have just returned from a fire and perhaps you would like to know how they manage a fire in the city. At the ringing of the fire bell the engines are got out manned by blacks with one or two white men to each engine, a large company of horsemen in full uniform ride over the city in all directions, one or two companies of infantry in full uniform and armed appear at the fire, the city guard appear armed with guns. The city is built of "fat pine" and it burns like wood dipped in spirits. Tonight can be seen two fires in different places and there has been a third, all burning at the same time. At the one I have been to, there was a large building burnt, Stearns Saw Mill and several negro houses partly burned. The other fires I have not heard from, a few days back in the day time the city was afire in several different places at the same time. Seven different fires were put out which had been set on fire. At this fire five or six buildings were burnt, two torn down and one schooner burnt. The fire department is badly managed and I think we may have something of a fire before the rogues are found out. Few nights pass without some attempt to burn the city. I know of a family who have not lived here more than three months, who have had to move out of their house twice on account of fires.*

---

\* His parents home.

\*\* Stephen C. Phillips was the mayor of Salem at that time, and his wife was Catherine's sister. The sister's parents, Willard and Margaret Appleton Peele were no longer living. Mr. Peele had been the president of the Commercial Bank.

*Painting is very good. I have refused applications for portraits for two months. I commenced at \$50 and paint to \$75 and 150 dollars.*

*.....Expenses are very high but I think it is a better place to make money than at the North. My bill for board and servants and Dr. bill alone amounted to \$17 a day through Catherine's last sickness. A man and his wife will have to pay \$16 per week, a single man from \$6 to \$10 per week. House rent is the same as at Boston.....*

*.....I ride ten or twelve miles every day on horseback and find it of the greatest service to me. Everyone says I am growing quite stout. I think I am better than I have been since I left Charleston.....*

*.....I shall send on Catherine's clothes to Sarah \* on the brig Sea Island belonging to Mr. Whitney of Boston. The body of Catherine will be sent in the same vessel. At the time the vessel sails I will inform Father and Mr. Phillips. Cotton is dull and it may be two weeks before it sails but it is the first vessel for Boston. I had a lead coffin made and everything is ready.*

*Received a letter from Miss H. Ward. \*\* I hope my friends will all write. My respects to yourself and wife and friends in Danvers and Salem hope the little boy \*\*\* will flourish.....*

*You may expect me home the first of June.*

---

\* Abel's sister.

\*\* Andrew's aunt Mehitable "Hitty" Ward.

\*\*\* Doctor Nichols' son John Joseph

*Savannah, April 1939*

*Dear Father,*

*I received your affectionate letter from Boston and have taken this time to answer it. I thank you so much for your sympathy with me in my affliction. Few know my loss, yet to her it was gain she is free from her suffering and is happy in heaven and it is my duty to be reconciled. It has been said that music is often heard at the very moments of death, and this I could never believe, but I must say I heard delightful and sweet music at the very moments of Catherine's death, more the voice than any instrument. It might have been some one singing but it almost made a convert of me....*

*.....Last night about four hundred soldiers were ordered out in addition to the city guard. They made capture of forty four men and one woman. It was to stop the almost constant attempts to burn the city.*

*Murders are often committed here, yet a person feels as safe as at the North.*

*The people of Savannah have been very kind to me for which I am very grateful. I have been treated with more respect here than in any place that I have been. My exhibition room has become a fashionable lounge for the gentry of Savannah, their two horse carriages may be seen almost at any time at my door.*

*It is quite warm weather but none too warm to suit me, my health is quite good and is better as the weather grows warmer. I should be afraid to spent a winter in the North. This morning the trees which were perfectly dry smoked as if they were on fire. I never saw the like before!.....*

*I will here mention as life is uncertain that on my journey North or at any time I should be taken away with out warning, it is my wish that the property belonging to me shall be equally divided among yourselves and Sarah giving to Dr. Nichols a portion for he has been very kind to me, and through his encouragement I became an artist.*

*I intend after coming North to make a voyage to Europe and spend the winter in Italy, it was Catherine's desire that I should go to Italy after her death.*

*I should like to know how Charles and Sarah are advancing at this time, I hope they are happy. I hope Mother and you are well and the rest of my friends. You must all write to me.*

*I received ten frames from Boston in the brig Sea Island all in good order.*

*I suppose you receive my letters very quickly by the new arrangement, going by railroad most of the way and the rest by steamboat, it has been shortened two days since I have been here.....*

Catherine was from a wealthy family and Abel must have inherited from her estate the resources to travel abroad. His mention of "Charles and Sarah" refers to his sister and her new husband Charles Page. He is still in Savannah when he writes again in June.

Savannah, May 7, 1839

Dear Uncle,

I received your letter yesterday in which you mention the death of your little boy. \* I assure you that I feel with you his loss.....

You mention that you think it would be a good plan for me to go to North Bend and paint Gen. Harrison's portrait; to this I have no objection provided I receive sufficient introduction to show that it is for the gratification of some of his friends rather than to gratify the fancy of an artist. I think it would be of great advantage to me and would be very glad of the opportunity of painting the General.

If you look at the map you will see that the best way to go is by railroad to the northern part of Georgia, thence by stage to Marshall, Tennessee, from there by steamboat. The distance from Charleston or Savannah to Nashville is 450 miles staging 260 miles the rest by railroad (these two routes are to be the great routes from the West to the Atlantic Ocean. The Charleston route is in operation for 170 miles, the Savannah 180 miles.)

By taking this route it will carry me to a part of the country that I am intending visiting before coming north. If that plan is put in operation, I shall visit Illinois. Letters may be sent to either place and as I have engaged to paint three more portraits in Savannah perhaps it will be well to send to Savannah as I doubt about leaving this place much before the first of June.....

The next month when he writes he seems to be ahead of schedule and his remarks, as to how he's protecting his health, must have given his uncle, who was anti-tobacco, a fit.

Charleston, June 1, 1839

Dear Uncle,

I wrote you last from Savannah since which time I have finished my engagements in that place and very nearly painted one picture in Charleston for the last month. I have painted much more than common without affecting my health, in fact I have to smoke a number of cigars in the course of the day to keep me in a proper condition to resist the fevers (strangers and country fevers). The city at present is very healthy with the few exceptions of country and bilious fever that Charleston is prone to. It is so low that the highest of tides of the season overflow many of the squares. On Sunday I rode through several streets where the water was three feet deep and above the first floor of the houses and this in a fine and calm a day as ever was seen.

Corn, peaches apples, pears, plums, melons of all kinds are either ripe or ripe and gone. At night there is a continual buzzing of mosquitoes. You have to keep them at bay with netting.....

.....I have received the two letters from Danvers via Washington, one from Hon. L. Saltonstall one from Mr. Bond of Washington and the other from Mr. Silsbee and one from you. The one from Mr. King I have not received. I shall leave word to have the letters sent to Cincinnati. I shall start tomorrow for that place and shall remain there until these letters arrive. I think it very necessary that I have the letters before I see the General.....

---

\* John Joseph died April 11th at 5 ½ months of age.

.....June 3rd. I have received Mr. King's letter today. I shall remain in Cincinnati until I receive Mr. Silsbee. I start today.

He had reached Cincinnati when he writes again.

Cincinnati, July 6, 1839

Dear Uncle,

I have this morning just received a visit from Mr. Israel Proctor of Danvers. He dines with me today and I intend to have a long talk with him about Danvers.

General Harrison has lost a son since I have been here since which time his wife has been dangerously sick and he has not been able yet to leave her, not even to attend a dinner that was given him, so that I have not been able to take the first sitting yet. He told me that he would sit to me, that he had been requested to by several of his most intimate friends. The Harrison men of Savannah had made the same request to him through Judge Night, that is that he would sit to me for his portrait.

Mr. Phillips had done everything in his power by letters of introduction and the like to make success very certain.

At present I am painting the portrait of Leon B. Stowers, former representative in Congress and a Mr. Dickson and in fact without making the slightest exertion am likely to be fully employed while I remain at this place. I charge from 75 to 150 dollars a portrait.

This morning I have had a call from an Artist from New Orleans. He is sent by the Tip Club of N. Orleans to paint Gen. Harrison's portrait. I find that N. Orleans the past winter as well as Charleston has been filled with Artists while I have had Savannah to myself with the exception of a sign painter or would be portrait painter and even he took to the bar thinking I suppose that he had greater taste for drawing conks than heads or an easier way of giving character (although a bad one) to his subjects and perhaps he chose the easiest way giving the rich red complexion, at any rate it is said that he produced spirited figures; some that I saw were striking.....

P. S. I think it is not often the case that Savannah, Ga. has backed Danvers, Mass. and although entirely different as far as manners, customs go, yet you both had agreed that I shall paint Gen. Harrison.

In his next letter the portrait is finally under way and Abel is very impressed with his subject.

Cincinnati July 14

Dear Uncle,

As you are interested in the progress of the picture of Gen. Harrison I write this to let you know that the General's wife is so far recovered as to permit him to leave her and that I am at this time engaged on his picture and so far perfectly successful.

I suppose it is well known to you that he has refused to sit to several Artists of late, and you no doubt have had your fears that he would not sit for me, but coming as I did with requests from a Northern and Southern place and private

letters of request from people of S. C., Virginia, Washington and Salem he at once told me he would sit without opening the letters.

He is a very common looking man yet when you come to examine his eyes and nose you would say, that they express a great mind, without much activity except in its usual course or in other words, concentrativeness being large he is inclined to dwell on one subject. Benevolence and firmness are both large and veneration small. I judge that he is a man who has seen much trouble, has no great desire for office, would rather live out of society than in it; would be glad if his four years were over; and himself at North Bend, a straight forward, honest farmer who dresses in a coarse light blue frock that might have cost ten dollars but no more.

Last Sunday I saw a man point up the street and say, "There comes a man I mean to hire to work on my farm", on a nearer approach it was found to be the General, and it was remarked as something uncommon that he had on a pair of gloves.

I saw the General a few days ago with a beautiful pitchfork in his hands. It was a present to him. If he carried it to Washington with him the Deamocrats would think the old Harry had come with his fork to pitch them out of office or to scatter or spread the crop. As a farmer he might say to them, "Ho! Everyone of you, Hoe or cut the dirt, everyone of you for I will lay my (acts, axe) upon you ." To Van Buren he might say, "My little Martin, be careful in thy fall for thou art not in a state to fly, the Globe that puffed thee up to thy box is not the Globe to receive thy fall."

I do not think that I shall go to Carlyle being desirous to be in N. E. the last of summer. I shall either come on or send the picture on as soon as it is finished. My business is too good to leave for a month or more and the weather is very comfortable. I would as soon spend my summers in Cincinnati as at Salem as far as the heat goes.

You say Dr. Southwick stayed at the Pulaski House in Savannah. He must have come with some 20 others in a ship that was struck by lightning. It is no wonder that I should not know him for I do not recollect of ever having seen him. As to myself, no one ever takes me for a Northerner. I can form no idea which one of several persons sick of Consumption Dr. Southwick was. If he is still in Danvers he will recollect me by being one of the three young men that became so notorious we went by the name of the \_\_\_\_\_ Trio, one a West Indian, one English and one American at table I sat at the right hand of the others.

By August Abel's head was full of the current "politicking" and he begins his letter with a string of euphemisms.

*Cincinnati August 1839*

Dear Uncle,

I am still at Cincinnati, the Queen of the West; the acknowledged Rose of the Valley. She has a fine head, splendid breastwork, well armed and I was about to say well manned but I believe she is single although she has doubled some half dozen times. Her chest has rather fallen away of late caused by tight lacing with a pair of stays patented by A. Jackson, improved by Van Buren & Co. at the sign of the Stars and Stripes with the motto: The tapered waist (waste) is in fashion.

*This fashion not only effected the liver but caused a general stoppage throughout the system at present rather crazy - something of a fever - pulse beating very high. Her physician Dr. Duncan proved to be a quack and they are going to give him a duck as soon as he presents his bill.*

*Dr. Harrison recommends plain living, exercise, and steaming.*

*Politics run high at this time in this city and country. You hear stump speeches almost every night. They are delivered from a meat block in the market, a pile of logs or anything that raises the speaker above the hearers. I have heard a Democrat and a Whig speak at the same time.*

*Some time back I went to a Harrison meeting in Indiana. Flags were flying from almost every house through the country that we passed, our party from Cincinnati numbering two hundred were singing Harrison songs, Senators, Representatives and all.*

*The meeting was held by the side of a cornfield from one to two miles in width and I was told it was one hundred miles in length, as to that I cannot say but I passed along the side of it for six miles and could see several miles beyond. It is perfectly level bottom land and yields one hundred bushels to the acre. The corn was planted very thick and was up to the ears of the horses. In the distance you could see but the roofs of the houses standing, as it were, in a green sea. The land is too rich to raise wheat; it grows so rank that it tumbles down. It is considered as rich land as any place in the country.*

*There is an Artist at this place from Indiana to copy my picture of General Harrison for a Tip Club of that state. I am the last one that paints his picture, he has refused several that have been sent from other places. A lady from Nashville had to go home again. I have by this time got to be as much at home in this city as if I was raised in it. I see once in a while Danvers men and in the number Henry Kuite, and once Mr. Putnam.*

*I do not intend to go to Illinois this trip. Cincinnati is a very pleasant summer residence. I find the hotter the weather the better I am. I may be home ten days after this and may not be for a month, "white man very unsartin."*

By the end of August he had nearly finished the portrait and wrote of its success.

*Cincinnati August 23 1839*

*Dear Uncle,*

*I suppose you are anxious to know how I get along with the picture and when you may expect to see me in Danvers. I expect to take the last sitting tomorrow and to start about Wednesday although I have been desired very strongly to stop and paint one more picture before I leave.*

*My picture of Gen Harrison is allowed by all to be the strongest likeness that has been painted of him. An artist is now engaged in copying it for an association in Iowa. My room is continually filled with people to take a look at the portrait. Even today, Sunday, I have not been able to go to church on account of the crowd. They all call it a strong likeness. I was offered yesterday one hundred letters of introduction to principal people of Hartford if I would pass through that city with it on my way home. I told them that I would provided they reduced the number of letters to a dozen or less.*

*For the last two months I have seen the old General daily. I have lived at the same house with him and must say that I know not the man who is more esteemed or who is more worthy to be esteemed. I have conversed with many of his political opponents and never found one that has not spoken in the highest terms of his integrity. I have followed him to the dark forest and heard him address thousands who were gathered to see and hear once more their old leader.*

*I have seen such gatherings before but never such overflow of feelings. Say to those old men that Harrison is a statesman and soldier and the words will resound with their applause; but say that he is a coward and you would give a kingdom for a horse.*

*If I start on Wednesday next this will be my last letter to Danvers as I have to stop at several places. This will reach you a week or so before I do. I am in fine health.....*

This is Abel's last letter about the general who, in 1840 as a candidate for the Whigs, would defeat overwhelmingly the man he had run against unsuccessfully in 1836, President Martin Van Buren.

William Henry Harrison was born in 1773, the third son of Governor Benjamin Harrison of Virginia. President John Adams appointed him secretary of the Northwest Territory in 1798, and in 1800 governor of the newly created territory of Indiana.

He gained national attention while superintendent of Indian negotiations, during which time he engineered the important victory in the battle of Tippecanoe, putting down an uprising led by Shawnee chief Tecumseh.

At the time Abel was painting the general's portrait, his running mate was John Tyler of Virginia. His Indian victory and the name of his running mate inspired the campaign slogan of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." During his campaign, the political mass meetings and processions were the first ever held during a presidential contest in this country.

His presidency was to be short lived as he died the month after his inauguration of pneumonia, the first president to die in office, and John Tyler finished out his term.

He was our ninth president and his grandson, Benjamin, would become the twenty-third president of the United States, running on the Republican ticket.

Abel must have made a copy of his original portrait because there is one at the Peabody Institute in Peabody and one at the Essex Institute in Salem.

When Abel finally reached his Danvers home, after his heady success in Cincinnati, he was so full of delusions of Southern grandeur he persuaded his parents to add a veranda to the house. It was a real southern ambulatory of generous width and four square columns that rose above the second story. They also added a large room, with windows to the floor, for Abel to use as a studio.

During the next year he painted several portraits in his new studio, among them a charming one of his little cousin, Andrew, who was three and a half, and one of Andrew's mother, Mary, who was forty-one.

In Andrew's portrait he is wearing a dress, as was customary for baby boys at the time, and when Andrew was a few years older the story goes that he would point out the portrait to everyone as "the picture of me when I was a little girl."

By 1841 Abel's new studio and veranda could appease his wanderlust no longer and he was off once more, to fulfill Catherine's wish for him to travel to Italy.

In June of 1841 he wrote of his upcoming plans from New York.

*Astor House  
New York.*

*June 17, 1841*

*Dear Uncle,*

*I sail today in the Barque Navarino for Gibraltar, Florence and Rome.*

*As the wind has been east so long past that no doubt we shall have a good passage, we will pass among the Westerly Islands.*

*I have found some of my old friends from New York, one from Savannah and two from Salem.....*

It was March of the next year when he wrote a devastating account of Morocco from Gibraltar.

*.....I have this day returned from Morocco in Africa, of all places in this world I think it is the worst. One cannot form an idea of the Moor without paying him a visit.....*

*.....A Moor thinks it is a duty to destroy the life of a Christian he thinks his happiness in heaven increases with the number of Christians murdered.....*

After a lengthy and gory discourse on the cruelty of the Moors, he discloses his good luck at having not left New York when he originally intended to.

*I have written this in the greatest hurry to send by Captain Brown formerly of New Mills, \* Danvers, who is waiting for a few friends whom he expects any moment.*

*The "Swift Shore," the vessel on which I intended to sail is without doubt lost. I was deterred from sailing by hearing that Mrs. Storers the writer was going in the "Navarino."*

*Since I have been in Europe I have accompanied her on several expeditions. she told me that Mr. N. in her letters means me. They are published in the New Yorker.....*

The following was his last letter from Gibraltar and "the innocent abroad" was still living a charmed life.

*Gibraltar, Mar. 12, 1842*

*.....I see by the papers that the crew of the "Swift Shore" were taken from the boat and carried to Liverpool. I considered her a much finer vessel than the "Navarino." All but one of the vessels that have arrived from America has come in distress.*

*Mr. Williams of Salem formed one of the party to Morocco, he takes these letters to America.*

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\* Danversport.

*The people here expect a war between England and America. Yesterday Mr. Sprague carried me to St. Mayne, a walled city in Spain. I have painted a portrait of Mr. Sprague which is liked much, he is one of the richest people in the city and lives in great style, it is said next to the Governor.*

*Tobacco has gained a dollar today from the expectation of war.....*

*.....To go back to the Moors: The name of the Emperor is Mula Abdar Hamon Benny Hasany. One of his principal dresses is as follows: White turban, three linen shirts worked with green, white or yellow captan or undercoat, double yellow slippers handsomely worked on the top with white, green and blue in the form of a crescent, his kiske or outside cloak is made of white silk with a fringe, no gold on him except when on horseback the stirrups and breast plate of the horse are gold.....*

By May Abel had reached Italy and his letters, filled with his adventures, must have been a source of constant amazement back on the farm.

*May 2, 1842*

*.....I came on to Naples with Carl Dixon and family in their carriage and have been in the city for about one month, I leave tomorrow with the same family for Leghorn.....*

*.....The first object which we saw was Vesuvius. It is from twelve hundred to two thousand feet deep, a Russian, two Germans, an Englishman and myself went to the very bottom of the crater, the whole crater is filled with sulphur, in fact our party were unable to proceed.*

*I had to make the second attempt, the ashes were burning hot and smoking under our feet. We dined a long distance outside of the crater yet by laying papers on the rocks they would blaze up.....*

*.....Went to Herculaneum which is from sixty to one hundred feet underground.....*

*.....Went to Pompeii which at this time presents quite a city without any inhabitants. The houses are much like ones I have seen in Africa.....*

*Florence, May 11*

*.....I have been using an Etruscan vase more that two thousand years old for a shaving dish this morning it was taken from the tombs of the Etruscans that lived in Italy before the time of Rome. I start in a short time for Venice.....*

*Rome, June 13, 1842*

*.....It is now just one year since I left home and in that time I have been under several different forms of government; among people that speak five different languages; and have seen more wonders than I ever saw before; no doubt it will be one of the years of my life longest to be remembered. It is my intention to remain in Rome three months longer and then start over the Alps; so on to Paris and London.*

*If all the cities I have ever seen were put together they would not make one Rome in points of interest, it contains some of the most magnificent ruins and the most splendid modern buildings in the world and more statuary than all the rest of Europe together, as to pictures there is no end of them.*

*I have been in the prison where St. Paul and St. Peter were confined; have drunk of the water that sprang up for them to baptise their fellow prisoners. I have seen the steps and doorposts of Pilate's house and many things of the same kind.*

*The Consul and some other Americans give one or two parties every week, all Americans are invited making from one to five ladies and ten or fifteen gentlemen.*

*I have seen the President's Message and the French papers say that America is the only nation that does not yield to the English, one of the Italian papers says that when the grand road of iron from Boston to Buffalo is finished it will be longer than any road of iron in the World.*

*About two months back we heard that yellow fever was raging at New Orleans whereupon the Pope put a quarantine of forty days on all vessels from the United States of America through fear that it might be brought to Italy.*

*We have established an American Academy in Rome, there are to be lectures and every evening some portion of a body is dissected to paint from; also two hours each day we paint from the 'Modello Nudo' . . . .*

*Madam Trollope \* spent the summer in Florence and I saw her almost every day. She is writing a book on Italy. Mr. White son of Judge White of Salem left this place a few days ago for Egypt. A few days ago I went to the Golden House, the walls of which are covered with pictures resembling very much the works of Raphael and it is said the man who painted them discovered an entrance to the palace, made drawings from the pictures and then covered up the entrance again.*

*Nero lived a little after Christ, he beheaded St. Paul and crucified St. Peter and it seemed his chief pleasure to torture Christians.*

*I have received an invitation to a ball or rather two balls given by the Prince Torlonia. He is the richest man in Rome and gives the most splendid balls that are ever given in Rome. He gives a theatrical entertainment at the time of the ball and has bands of music. The invitation is written in French. He has several large Palaces and Villas. . . .*

In the spring of 1843 he once more headed for home. Some members of the Caffyn family of England had booked passage on the same boat to New York and, during the voyage, Abel had a "shipboard romance" with Jemima Caffyn. On reaching New York they were married on July 22, 1843.

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\* Frances Trollope, mother of the author, Anthony Trollope. Madam Trollope also wrote and lectured in Europe and America. She was known for being very free with her opinions and while visiting America she found the manners here appalling.

His next letter is from New York, after his marriage to Jemima.

*New York, Oct. 18, 1843*

*Dear Uncle,*

*Having an opportunity to send to Danvers I thought I would send you a few lines. Yesterday I met Mr. and Mrs. Henry Putnam on Broadway seeing the wonders of the city. I understand you have had a great fire in Danvers and that your house was on fire several times. I have not heard the particulars.*

*We have had a great number of fires but there is so much water they cannot spread. The fountains are illuminated once or twice a week which produces a most brilliant effect.*

*I am very much engaged in painting and have as much as I can do.....*

*.....Jemima and myself send out love to your family.....*

His uncle Andrew was apparently the first to check out Abel's new bride, and the doctor wrote an amusing note to Abel's grandmother Eunice on the subject.

*Tuesday Morning,*

*Dear Mother,*

*You are all desirous of hearing something of the new Mrs. Abel Nichols, Jr. I saw her yesterday, but did not learn much of her history or her accomplishments. She appeared very well, is no great beauty, however, light complexion.*

*She with her mother, two brothers and a sister were coming to New York, where two of her brothers were settled, one in Buffalo and the other in Rochester.*

*The acquaintance strictly began on board the good ship Westminster, although a mutual friend introduced him to her character etc., before going on board. They were married in New York. She appears a loving bride, hanging around her husband in a manner that reminds me of Catherine.*

*Yours &c*

*A. Nichols*

While the doctor's letter doesn't seem to be a ringing endorsement for Abel's bride the family had an opportunity to judge for themselves as the newly weds returned to North Danvers for a short time before leaving to travel around northern United States. They visited members of Jemima's family, and then went on to Canada, making a stay in "Hamilton, Canada West." Abel wrote to his uncle from Buffalo.

*Buffalo June 8, 1844*

*Dear Uncle,*

*I suppose you would like to have me give you some description of Buffalo but I am so accustomed to strange sights that I see nothing strange or new. One would suppose by seeing the thousands that leave here every day for the West that there would be few left in the East. Soon one may go to Illinois for ten or twelve dollars from here and all found, and to Wisconsin for the same.*

*We have paid a visit to the Falls, they appear to have grown since I saw them last. One cannot imagine where all the water comes from.....*

*..... There are some forty or fifty steamers leave here for different places on the Lakes besides a great number of vessels of all descriptions.....*

In 1845, while still enjoying their travels, they had a daughter they named Florence Jemima. Back on the farm in North Danvers 1845 was a time of trouble. Abel's aunt, Betsey, and her husband, Eliab Evans, had returned to Betsey's childhood home because of their failing health. In March of 1845 Betsey died of consumption, at the age of sixty-eight. Eliab lived until November when he died, at age seventy three, of "heart complain." The next spring, in 1846, Abel's father died.

After his father's death Abel, Jemima and baby Florence returned to Danvers and stayed four years. During that time Abel put the studio at the farm once more to use.

In January of 1848 his grandmother, Eunice, died and in 1850 Abel returned to Italy with Florence and Jemima, leaving his family to tend the farm, which he now owned. \*

This time Abel settled in Florence and all but gave up portraiture, concentrating on landscapes and copies of paintings by the masters. These subjects were a very lucrative business at the time, photography in its very early stages and not yet able to produce satisfactory photographs for tourists to take home.

Interestingly enough, I have been told by a family member that, even though souvenir paintings were Abel's bread and butter, he became fascinated by its rival, the photograph. Breakthroughs by Daguerre in the late eighteen-thirties led to new techniques in the early eighteenth-forties, and Abel owned one of those early cameras. There is a strong possibility that his wife, Jemima, may have been the first professional woman photographer.

Soon after their arrival in Florence they had a son, Abel, who lived just a short time, but in 1851 another son, Lewis Abel, was born.

Abel's next letter was written early that year.

*..... The paper gives an account of the Postage bill but how much it is reduced I do not know. Also two thousand dollars for the Collins' line of steamers. You do not know how much talk that line of steamers makes in Europe. They have never seen such fine steamers on this side of the Atlantic. I heard of the first steamer, in the first moment of it's arrival in Genoa. A man from a vessel near gave me a description of it. There will be a great trial in England to regain the supremacy between England and America. I think that we shall soon cross the Atlantic in seven days...*

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\* Abel bought his mother and sister's shares of the estate on January 1, 1850 for \$2,500.00. Abel's investment in his grandmother's estate meant that his mother and sister would always have a Danvers home and enough money to take care of them selves. This must have given Abel great peace of mind while contemplating moving his family to Italy.

In October of 1852 Abel writes home and comments on both Florences, the city and his seven year old daughter.

*.....Florence from its being the residence of thousands of strangers continues to improve, it will require a great number of new houses, every year to supply the demand, it is becoming the great favorite southern residence for the whole of Europe. There is a telegraph from here to Leghorn.....*

*.....My daughter Florence thinks it is right for people to speak Italian but she does not understand how it is they laugh in English.....*

That next year Abel's brother-in-law, Charles Page, traveled to California, and when he returned he no longer wished to live in Danvers. Abel then decided to sell the farm and invite his mother, Sally, his sister, Sarah, and her husband, Charles, to join his family in Italy and they accepted.

The sale of family land would have been a shocking thought to most of the family, and a plan abhorrent to his Uncle John, but Abel was now an avid disciple of Swedenborg. Emanuel Swedenborg, born in Stockholm in 1688, was a scientist, philosopher and theologian. His religious movement called their church the "General Church of the New Jerusalem." His beliefs found the most popularity in Great Britain, the Swedenborg Society that published his works, based in London. His doctrine of life was that God alone lives, creation and man are dead, their apparent life nothing but the Divine presence.

In a letter to his mother and sister Abel wrote at great length on the beliefs of Swedenborg, which he now embraced, even claiming to paint under the influence of spirits.

*.....The love of property or selfishness which is the same thing leads to Hell. It is the cause of all Evil in the world. It produces all the Wars, it starves one half of the people to overfeed the other half. It makes most people work twice as hard as they ought to keep the other part idle and by that means is the cause of disease from want of exercise and from too much labor. You may think that there can be evil arise from some other cause but according to Swedenborg there can be none. I believe that it is correct, that the love of money is the root of all evil. All that try to do right of every denomination Pagan or Christian are seeking after truth and "all that seek shall find it.....*

In January of 1853 while Abel's sister, Sarah, and her husband are with Abel's family in Italy he wrote to his uncle from Rome.

*Rome Jan. 6. 1853*

*.....Mr. Page, myself and our families left on the 22nd of October for Rome. From the unsettled state of Italy, many persons being outlaws from the fact of having taken part in the Revolutions, for the past few years has been well stocked with Banditti on the road from Florence to Rome. The name of the man who was to take us to Rome was "Perilous Angel" so that the least we could expect was to be robbed, but after six days we arrived safe and sound in Rome; that same day some Americans left Rome and were robbed within five miles of the gates of Rome.*

*We passed over the Perugian route the very center of Ancient Etruria stopping at Arezzo a powerful city years ago, further on we came to Cortona. The Corythus of Virgil, said to have been built by the Umbrians, captured by Pelasgi after that by the Etrurians in whose hands it was three thousand years ago is in good state of preservation and will last another three thousand years if not disturbed. It was built long before Troy. As you pass among the ruins you soon learn to distinguish between Roman and Etruscan remains and you enter Rome feeling it is not so old after all.*

*We are now in the middle of winter, orange and lemon trees are in bloom and loaded with fruit, peas are to be had at all seasons. The pepper and palm trees flourish and yet it is the same latitude as Boston and all this for having a southwest wind. Oranges are four for a cent, apples two for a cent. Apples look down on oranges!.....*

*Europe is now in a perfect calm and so is the center of a storm.....*

Doctor Nichols died two months after that letter was written and it is the last of the letters from Abel. The next one is written by his sister Sarah in 1857. I have to add that Sarah's writing was a neat and legible treat to decipher, after Abel's bold and inky scrawl. When Sarah wrote the following letter to Andrew's mother, Mary, in March of 1857, she and her mother had been in Italy for almost two years with Abel's family who now made their home in Rome.

*.....Mr. Pickering Dodge and family intend leaving Rome soon, he has been sick all winter. Georgy has had the measles.*

*Louisa Lauder \* is here now she is pretty well. She is going to the Dodge's for dinner. I am going to St. Peter's to hear vespers this afternoon with Mrs. Dodge.....*

*.....I visited the Borghesan gallery a few days ago, there are large collections of paintings, some very good and many very poor.....*

*Abel's health is poor I do not know that it is more so than it was two years ago, he has some very fine pictures which he has painted this winter, one of the Tiber including a view of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo, a large picture of Genoa, one of a Boy in the vicinity of Naples, besides several copies, a view of the Rhine, a beautiful landscape. He has orders for several copies, he is more successful in his copies from the "Old Masters" than most artists, his style of painting now is very different from what it was when he left home.*

*Our love to Uncle John and Aunt Emme. I have thought much of their lonely situation this winter but hope ere you receive this nature will wear a more cheerful prospect than when you wrote.*

*There has been an unusual amount of foreigners here this winter. Mr. Cass the American minister has given several parties to which all the Americans were invited.....*

The years between Abel's last letter and the one from Sarah, who had been in Italy with her mother, Sally, since the farm had been sold to the Kimball's in 1855, had been sorrowful ones for Sally's sister, Emme, and John.

John was now the last living child of the Major and Eunice. He missed his brother Andrew terribly; they had been very close. The rest of his and Emme's family were living on the other side of the world while strangers had torn down the family homestead. The whole upheaval was so near their house John and Emme could not help but see it all take place as they went about their chores.

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\* A sculptress from Salem and a friend of Mary Holyoke Ward Nichols.

Emme had an ambitious and acquisitive nature and must have felt great envy for Sally over the years. Emme had had a childless, hardworking life in her modest cottage while her younger sister bore two attractive children, became the wife of a legislator, and, after her husband's death, part owner of his prestigious ancestral home. The final blow must have come in 1855 when Sally departed for Italy and was now enjoying a life of leisure in a country of warmth and sun with her charming and talented family, as well as meeting travelers from home to socialize with. In Emme's mind this would not have been the proper behavior for a good Puritanical New England widow, and poor penny-pinching, conservative, homebody Emme must have thought her sister had taken leave of her senses.

Just imagine the deepening gloom Emme and John must have felt with the Kimball's new mansion completed, John's ancestral home torn down, the fields and pasture lands turned into a pleasure park on the "estate" now called "Locust Lawn", a name inspired by the locust grove planted by John's father, with the help of his sons.

Charles S. Tapley in his book "Country Estates of Old Danvers" describes the way "Locust Lawn" looked when the Kimballs were done.

"In 1856, Edward D. Kimball of Salem, a prominent merchant and ship owner, built on the side of Dale's Hill a fine residence. There was a magnificent view toward the Topsfield hills on one side and to the south were acres and acres of beautiful lawn. The restful and pleasing effect of this long stretch of lawn and the winding drives through the estate appealed to many people. It is pleasant to think of those who paced the green spaces and delighted in its flowery joys. The mansion had the advantage of lying well sheltered, below a sharply rising ridge of higher land and yet the views were remarkable in three directions.....

.....No one entered the grounds without being soothed and charmed by a certain magic. The effect of passing from a summer garden to a dense grove, thence to a wide-reaching view and again to the sheltered privacy of a beautiful walk, was indeed a rare experience....."

Sarah wrote again from Rome that spring to tell of Jemima's death.

*.....For months we supposed it would terminate in her death, she held onto life and never fully realized that she was beyond cure, until within a few days of her death when she appeared free from pain and died easily, we hardly knew when she drew her last breath....*

*.....I have returned the call of the two Miss Nichols' now of Boston, their mother and a Miss Pickering of Salem some connection of the family. They have been making a tour of Europe as thousands are continually doing. What a traveling people the Americans are! Mary\* I suppose is making rapid progress in her studies, she I think has the application which Florence so much needs - in some respects she is far ahead of children of her own age in America, but sadly deficient in reading and spelling.*

*Lewis is forward and will need no urging but they both need very much association with other children.*

*Louisa Lauder is pretty well. I have been to her studio this afternoon, she is very busy at work on a statuette. Her health is better than it was last year.....*

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\* Andrew's sister Mary Ward Nichols who, having graduated from Salem Classical & High School in 1857, was in her first year at the Salem Normal School.

Jemima's death was a crushing blow to Abel and his own health was increasingly precarious. Once more he was ready to come home.

Abel's family returned from Italy in 1858. When they arrived Abel leased a large house in Danvers Square and set up his studio. His daughter Florence was now ten years old and Lewis was four. The children spoke English and Italian fluently and Florence was beginning to display the artistic tendencies her father and aunt had shown at the same age.

## ANDREW'S CHILDHOOD & INFLUENCE OF HIS FATHER

At the time of her marriage, Mary Holyoke Ward Nichols left Salem and went to make her home with Dr. Andrew Nichols in South Danvers, where he attended to his busy practice and many other responsibilities as a leading citizen of the town.

When their married life began, they already shared a great involvement and interest in Essex County Natural History Society, which he had helped to found. This organization eventually became The Essex Institute.

The other deep passion they shared was for Unitarianism. Mary had been brought up in The First Church in Salem, the Unitarian Church of the Holyokes and Wards.

Dr. Nichols, on the other hand, had been brought up in the Congregational Church of witchcraft fame near his family home. It was not until his college years in Cambridge that he discovered and came to embrace Unitarianism. When he graduated from Harvard he set up his medical practice in South Danvers and was a prime mover in establishing there a Unitarian Church where he taught a Sunday School class. He loved to write poetry, essays and hymns. He also wrote many sermons which he delivered from the pulpit during the service.

Young Andrew's childhood could not have been happier. He lived on the edge of farm country and had a father who was his dearest companion and idol. All of the North Danvers relatives played a major role in his boyhood years and he frequently accompanied his father as he traveled about the area attending the sick. The doctor was devoted to his North Danvers family and often found time at the end of his rounds to visit his relations and a farm he owned in Middleton.

The Middleton farm was where the doctor's first wife, Ruth, had grown up and lived until they were married. He felt a great attachment to this property, which had been part of the original Nichols farm in the early sixteen hundreds. When Ruth and her brother, Samuel, inherited it from their father, Deacon John Nichols, Ruth and the doctor were living in South Danvers.

Ruth's brother, Sam, and his wife, the former Apphia Estey of Middleton, continued to live there and work the land. Neither Sam nor Ruth had children. When Sam died in 1847, the doctor had outlived his wife and brother and sister-in-law, making the doctor sole owner.

The doctor had installed a tenant farmer and he and his son continued to enjoy the place. They walked the woods and fields and tilled the soil together whenever the doctor was able to find the time from his other duties. Remember, the doctor's practice covered what are now the towns of Lynnfield, Peabody, Danvers and Middleton.

Dr. Nichols was an inspiring role model and interesting companion for a boy and Andrew worshiped him. The time they shared, exploring the countryside, had a profound effect on Andrew the rest of his life. The doctor's unusual character is well described in the following excerpts from a sermon by the doctor's pastor E. P. Appleton after his death.

“.....I think, if ever earth saw a simple and childlike heart that such lived and spoke in the life of your friend; that, to his latest hour, the pure, refined child-element throbbed through the heart of his character, fresh and unsullied as in his earliest days. He did not, he could not grow old. His soul looked out upon this world, and saw how good God made it. It was all fresh and wonderful to him. The blade of grass or wayside flower was to him as full of mystery and unfathomable beauty last summer, as though threescore summers had not passed before his eyes. The simple moss or lichen of the rock never ceased to be strange, a storehouse of wonder and inquiry to him. Familiarity never flung its cloudy veil of indifference between his soul and his

Father's grand creation. In deed the healthy, cheerful movement of his own nature seemed to be in such harmony with nature's laws, that, wherever he began in his search they quickly opened before him; and with little toil of painful endeavor he understood them.....

.....He was not narrow; he could not be. He was not illiberal: he could not be that. With no thought of self he followed the veins of truth as they came before him, trying to prove all things, that he might hold fast to that which was good. He was open eyed and open souled to all which was around him, and would often detect what escaped the observation of far more experienced men. I have heard him in conversation on some branch of natural science, when seeking only information, display, unconsciously in his questions, a knowledge of incident and detail which evidently had escaped those whom he asked, though they had devoted their study exclusively for years to the subject. All this, because he had the clear, quick seeing, receptive nature of a childlike soul.....

.....I do not speak of his intellect: not that it was not strong. On the contrary, I always felt that there lay in it a mighty power of reserved force; that, had his heart and the more spiritual traits of his character been less prominent, this would have been more fully aroused, and that battery of intellectual thought which lay in his massive head have worked with a startling effect. Yes, - had he been less of that nature which hallows Heaven's kingdom, then he would have risen up before us, according to our strange and mistaken use of language, "a very great and wonderful man." Thank God it was so with him. Thank God that a higher glory was his. He was above ambition and all selfish display of power right to the very end....."

Pastor Appleton was not alone in his admiration. The people whose lives he had been a part of erected a large monument in his memory inscribed with these words:

ERECTED BY THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY TO HUMANITY'S FRIEND

In "The Municipal History of Essex County" I found this account of him:

"Andrew Nichols, born 1785, died 1853, was a well-known doctor, a son of Major Andrew Nichols, who introduced Lombardy Poplar into this country, his farm being lined with these trees. Dr. Nichols graduated from Phillips Academy and Harvard. He was doubtless among the great men of his day and generation - a many-sided man - for it is known that he was president of the Essex County Medical Society in 1811; was a leading Free Mason; first president of the Essex County Natural History Society in 1836, the same merging into the present Essex Institute in 1848. He was one of the founders of the Essex County Agricultural Society and delivered a lecture at the first cattle show at Topsfield in 1820. He was an old-line Abolitionist and head of the Danvers Free Soil party. At his home many a slave, northward headed, found shelter and obtained food enrooted to Canada and freedom. This good doctor found time to write much poetry; was a temperance worker; was an inventor and improved the hydrostatic bed, upon one of which he died. He introduced the cold air tube system, which consisted of a tube leading from the side of a window to the sick bed of his patients, that they might breathe fresh, pure air. He was one of the founders of the First Unitarian church in what is now Peabody. Indeed, Dr. Nichols was one of nature's noblemen."

John A. Wells book "The Peabody Story" written in 1972 covers all the same ground but has a few other things to say:

".....Dr. Nichols was the old country doctor we hear about, who traveled countless miles in treating his patients in all kinds of weather. He began his practice of medicine in Peabody in 1808....."

.....An intimate friend of George Peabody since his boyhood, it was in Sylvester Proctor's drug store that the doctor removed a wen from young Peabody's forehead. He remained friendly and corresponded with George Peabody through the years....."

Richard Hall Wiswall summed the doctor up this way; "Few men have known better how to mind their own business, and few have done their own business better than he."

Here are a few other interesting asides I found in some notes his son Andrew wrote:

".....Wishing to take up the study of medicine, he became a pupil, and also an intimate of the family of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse of Cambridge, then living in the old Craigie mansion, now famous as the home of Longfellow.

He was interested in various sciences, but botany was his favorite study; he gave a course of twelve lectures upon this subject at Salem in 1816, these were the first of the kind ever given in this part of the country.

When Dr. Jacob Bigelow was preparing his "Plants of the Boston Vicinity", which was published in 1814, he sent him valuable information regarding the plants of this vicinity, which was highly appreciated, as letters which passed between them and are still preserved, testify. Dr. Bigelow's work was a laborious one as it was the first botanical work compiled in this country, and there were comparatively few helpers to assist in its preparation.

One of the rare plants, not previously discovered, was *Draba verna*, which has never been found in any other part of Essex Co. It was found by Dr. Nichols; this tiny plant, a member of the mustard family, and only one inch high, the earliest flowering plant, blooming in March before the snow is gone and needing the keen eye of a naturalist to find in its wintry home. It has existed to this day in this one place.

The round-leaved Orchis was another rare plant found by him in Danvers, and credited to him in Bigelow's botany as the only one found in Massachusetts.

He found a rare toad, the *Scaphiopus solitaries*, in Danvers which for years was the only known specimen: later it was discovered by Dr. Wyman of Cambridge: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his memoirs of the latter in 1774, alludes to this toad, as first discovered by "an enquiring country doctor, whom some of us well remember, Dr. Andrew Nichols of Danvers."

He corresponded with many leading minds of the day, and many persons of note, among them John Pierpont, the grandfather of John Pierpont Morgan found their way to his dwelling."

The toad he discovered has since been renamed *Scaphiopus holbrooki*. It is a tiny spade foot toad that lives underground, only coming to the surface under certain conditions to breed, after which it digs its way back under the ground. It is the only spade foot toad in this part of the country and is very rare, this being the northern extent of its range.

Could a boy have a better role model? His mother must have enjoyed entertaining her husband's distinguished guests and she certainly had had good training before they were married when she filled the same role for her grandfather, Dr. Holyoke.

Andrew's grandmother's diaries include the following entries in her few but poignant words about events in the lives of her daughters, Mary and Susan, around the time of Andrew's birth. Note that he and his younger sister Mary (see diary excerpts next page) were the only babies, out of at least six pregnancies, who survived infancy.

#### SUSANNA HOLYOKE WARD - DIARY 1833

- September 25 Baked wedding cake. \*  
26 Frosted wedding cake and baked pound cake.  
30 Made Lemon syrup for wedding.
- October 1 Baked diet bread for wedding. \*\*  
3 Mary married to Dr. Nichols of Danvers.

#### S. H. W. DIARY - 1834

November 18 Mary deliver'd of a Still born son.

#### S. H. W. DIARY - 1836

- September 20 At Dr. Nichols, Mary had a daughter at ½ past 2 who weighed 4 & ¼ pounds with it's cloaths on.
- November 7 At Dr. Nichols, their daughter Mary Augusta died at half past one o'clock, aged 7 weeks. She died of gradual decay.

#### S. H. W. DIARY - 1837

September 17 Mary had a son, born 10 o'clock in morning, weigh'd 5 pounds. \*\*\*

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\* It would have been a dark fruit cake.

\*\* Sponge biscuits and little sponge cakes were called "diet Bread" because they were suitable for the nursery as well as adults.

\*\*\* Andrew, who would build Pine Knoll, raise many children, and live until 1921.

S. H. W. DIARY - 1838

June 19 Susan married to Mr. Charles Osgood at half past eleven in the forenoon by Rev'd Mr. Upham. \*  
(She then lists the guests including Dr. Nichols and wife and child.)

S. H. W. DIARY - 1839

October 26 Mary had a son.

S. H. W. DIARY - 1840

April 11 Mary's child John Joseph Nichols died. 5 ½ months old.

S. H. W. DIARY - 1841

May 31 Very busy preparing to let the house to Mr. Osgood, half of it. \*\*

June 30 A violent squall, Dr. Nichols' barn blew down.  
S.H.W. DIARY - 1842

January 14 Mary had a daughter born 12 at night. \*\*\*

S. H. W. DIARY - 1843

May 8 Mary had a son born ten o'clock A. M.

S. H. W. DIARY - 1844

May 10 Susan had a daughter born 11 'clock A. M.

24 Susan died

25

August 12 Dr. Nichols child John Holyoke died aged 15 months, 4 days, disorder of Cholera Infantum, sick 9 days.

November 22 We all drank tea at Dr. Nichols, he was 60 years old.

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\* On page 14 when Mary wrote in her diary that her grandfather wished her father to "attend to" Charles he was referring to this wedding where Joshua Ward was Charles Osgood's best man.

\*\* Charles Osgood, the painter. He and his wife, Susanna, and their two baby boys moved into half of her house. The house was large enough to be considered a mansion and I am sure she encouraged them to do so.

\*\*\* Mary Ward, Andrew's sister who lived to play a large role in the Pine Knoll story.

S. H. W. DIARY - 1853

March 30 Dr. Nichols died, at 11 o'clock, aged 67 years, 4 months. Typhus fever.

April 27 Mary & family moved down to Salem to live with me.

After twenty years of marriage and the birth of six children Mary Holyoke Ward Nichols moved to her mother's home with her two surviving children in 1853. Andrew was seventeen and his sister, Mary, was twelve. South Danvers, where the family had previously resided, was soon to be renamed Peabody in honor of its distinguished "favorite son" George Peabody, and the town was still mourning the loss of their friend and doctor. It was a tragedy that a man of Dr. Nichols' robust constitution would have the misfortune of contracting typhus fever from one of his patients, causing such a sad ending for both wife and children.

For Dr. Nichols' widow Mary, the move to Salem was a most natural one. Her mother's Central Street mansion had plenty of room for her and the two children. Shortly before their arrival her brother-in-law Charles Osgood married a second time and moved out of that house; the Ward family must have approved of his choice for a second wife because the friendship continued to be as deep as ever and included the new Mrs. Osgood. For the rest of the cousins' lives they would remain as close as brothers and sisters. There are numerous references in the letters and diaries to these Osgood relations.

It was most fortunate that Mary had independent means, as the papers concerning the doctor's estate make it obvious he was no businessman. His debts were twice his estimated assets and his patients' unpaid bills exceeded his indebtedness. He also died intestate and the children's share of his estate would be managed by their mother until they reached their majority at the age of twenty-one.

I found one mysterious entry in the accounting of his estate for a sizable debt owed to Mary's spinster sister Hitty (Mehitable Ward), who still lived at home. There is no hint of what it was for (perhaps backing for the manufacture of one of his inventions?). Hitty became a strong influence on his widow, and a source of anger and frustration to Andrew because of her constant meddling in their lives.

In 1856 when Andrew wrote his first note to Lizzie, he was nineteen, and had been living for the two years in the house on Central Street with his mother, his sister, his grandmother, and Aunt Hitty. In addition, Mary and Hitty's first cousin Margaret Holyoke Turner (daughter of Susanna Ward's sister Judith) lived there off and on. This was a house full of women, an arrangement Andrew loathed, for the ladies were prone to verbalize their hopes that he might realize some brilliant career and become more involved in Salem society, to assure his finding a suitable mate of wealth and social standing.

Andrew was a nice looking young man with a natural curl to his light brown hair and brilliant blue eyes, but he was of a retiring nature. City life and "polite society" were hard for him to adjust to and made him self-conscious. Unlike his Osgood cousins, he had not been raised in that environment.

The following letter to Andrew from his mother is the first after his father died and shows how deeply affected she was by her new role of only parent with the task of raising her father-less son. How suffocated Andrew must have felt in this new order of things! He received it while visiting the family of Rev. E. C. Sewell in Medfield, Mass.

*Tuesday, August 15*

*My dear boy,*

*You cannot tell how I miss you. The time seems so long since you left us that I cannot delay writing you, though I have nothing to tell. The boys have been down today and we have heard from cousin Epes who will be here next week with his family. Hope you will be here on Monday. How are Mr. Sewell and family? I hope you and they are well. My best love to them. Have you tried to be of use to Mr. Sewell since you have been there? He must have a great deal to attend to. Do ask him and Mrs. Sewell to let two of the boys come together and make you a visit when you return. I should like to pass this afternoon with you all very much. I went to Boston with cousin Margaret yesterday and I wish I could have flown to you. You are so essential to my happiness that I almost tremble at the thought of your ever leaving me even to enter on any occupation of business that I have many anxious hours when the thoughts of the temptations and dangers by which you are surrounded at this season of your life occupy my thoughts. I will not deny that I can almost hear your dear father writing with me in his own words,*

*My son whatever thee befall  
Make God thy trust thy all  
Be usefulness, not wealth nor fame  
Of thine aspiring soul the aim*

*and then again:*

*My son the power of knowledge arms  
The man against a host of foes  
Lifts the freed soul above all vain alarms  
And the safe path of wisdom shows  
Sees then the precious boon that springs  
From education and be wise  
Acquaint thy self with all these things  
Which Saints and sages highly prize.*

*Oh my dear boy it is not the power of words to convey to you my feeling at this time. I wish to fix deeply on your thought the inestimable worth of your immortal soul and the importance of improving every opportunity of learning something useful.*

*Mary sends love to you and says she hopes you are having a pleasant time. She says the bird is well and the kittens are playful. Grandma and aunt Hitty are well and they have just gone below to see Caroline Osgood \* who is here to call. Rob and Susan \*\* are here staying until Sunday and Charles \*\* is to make his visit*

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\* A cousin of Charles, Rob and Susan Osgood.

\*\* Andrew and Mary's first cousins.

when you return. Rob says he should think you would come home on Monday which I hope you will. Margaret \* has just put her head in says the piano is very mute now you are gone. She sends love. Aunt Hitty has not been to ride since you went though they are talking of going tomorrow. We are all invited to Mrs. Bancroft's on Tuesday. P. Dodges house is to be sold tomorrow and the furniture Thursday.

Do thank Mr. Sewell and wife from me for all their kindness to you. If he is not too busy I wish he would write by you. Is George O. with you? Do write to me if you can before you come. Miss Aston has gone to Connecticut. Goodbye for the present.

Your affectionate mother,

Mary H. Nichols

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\* Margaret Holyoke Turner, Mary and Hitty's first cousin who lived there off and on. Margaret was the daughter of Susanna Ward's sister Judith.

## THE FAMILY OF LIZZIE

### COLONIAL ANCESTORS and the HUNT FAMILY

Lizzie had Bay Colony roots on her mother's side of her family that went back farther than Andrew's. Her Grandmother Chapman was a descendant of Peter Palfrey and Thomas Gardner who came to Cape Ann with Roger Conant, part of a group referred to in the history books as "The Old Planters." They came in 1630 and were the original colonists, followed soon after by Hardys, Henfields, Pickerings, and Flints; the names of earliest settlers to follow and from whom Lizzie was also descended. (The first Nichols and Holyokes didn't arrive for another eight years.)

Lizzie's mother, Elizabeth Hunt Stanley (1797-1893), was always called "Betsy" – a name I shall use so as not to confuse her with her daughter Elizabeth ("Lizzie") and other Elizabeth's in this family.

Betsy was the second of Thomas and Sarah Chapman Hunt's eight children and from what I've been told, young Betsy's only ambition was to be a homemaker and mother; John Stanley happened to come along at just the right time to fulfill that ambition. She proved to be exemplary in both of these endeavors; a wise and loving mother with great inner strength and independence and her children adored her.

The religion of the Hunt family was Congregational and they belonged to the Crombie Street Congregational Church. Their livelihood was linked to the sea and dependent on the ships that called Salem home port and sailed the world. The Hunt family lived near the docks in a rabbit warren of streets and alleys, with houses and shops so close together they almost touched each other. The residents and businesses in this part of the city were engaged in occupations related to the sea.

The first of the Hunts to come to this country was Betsy's grandfather, Thomas Hunt. He had sailed from Waterford, Ireland, but I have found a note, written by one of the family, that states he was not from Waterford and was a Protestant. He was a teacher of navigation and his most illustrious pupil was Nathaniel Bowditch. In 1792, when Bowditch was nineteen, and had not yet set the world of navigation on its ear, Thomas Hunt drowned at the age of forty-nine in a freakish squall, right off the coast of Marblehead. He left a wife and two children. One of the children was Betsy's father, Thomas, and the other a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Captain Joseph Perkins, a lighthouse keeper and harbor pilot for Salem. For over one hundred years a Captain Joseph Perkins serviced vessels going in and out of Salem Harbor, her husband being the first of three successive generations by that name who kept the light on Baker's Island and served as harbor pilot.

The married life of the wife of a seaman was very different from that of a wife whose husband's career brought him home every night. Like all of the seamen with families in Salem John Stanley was gone for more than a year at a time and when his ship did come in it was only in Salem long enough to unload, reload and be made ready to put to sea again. The time he would spend in Salem would usually be a matter of a few weeks and so negligible that Betsy was not in the least dependent on his presence.

Mary Eliot Nichols, daughter of Andrew and Lizzie, later wrote a few lines about an incident with John Stanley's sea-going cat, as related to her by her grandmother Betsy:

“OLD NANCE: A hundred years ago our Grandfather Stanley, first mate on the “Friendship” a merchant ship sailing out of Salem for Bombay, took with him a cat named Nance; she was a good cat for catching mice. The voyage lasted nearly three years. One morning my Grandmother, who always rose early, heard a scratching at the window and looking out recognized Nance. At once she roused the children calling, “Get up quickly for Nance has come home, Father will be here soon. Father came in and said, “On reaching the wharf the cat leaped from the bowsprit and ran up the wharf. She had never left the ship at any place they had landed but knew her home city.”

All we know about John Stanley’s background is that he was a seaman with family in Liverpool when he and Betsy were married. It seems that his family history was not of interest to his wife because after he died and the children grew older that was all she could tell them. When his older son, John, became an adult he had a consuming desire to know his father’s genealogy but all of his research and inquiries, conducted by mail, got him nowhere. The Stanleys were not natives of Liverpool and had moved away or died by the time John tried to pick up their trail. After Lizzie was married he even enlisted the help of her husband Andrew, who was a professional in this field, but to no avail.

What we do know is that he died on the island of St. Helena in 1844. It was his first voyage as sailing master for Captain John Bertram, one of Salem’s “merchant princes” who had previously employed him as super cargo. During the voyage he became desperately ill and St. Helena was the nearest place the ship could put in to get him medical attention. There is no record of what his problem might have been but after delaying a week the prognosis held out no hope and his ship, the barque Borneo, set sail without him.

The next Salem ship to stop at St. Helena returned to Salem three months later with the news of his death and his personal effects. He had signed on his first ship in Liverpool, England when a very young man and he had no relatives in America. A few of his letters, one from New Orleans to his wife and an ode to him, written by the Borneo’s first mate after the ship left St. Helena, have survived. He wrote a fine hand but judging by some of the letters to him, written by his sister in Liverpool imploring him for a letter to read to his aged mother, he was not much of a correspondent.

Betsy had two sisters who also married seafaring men. Susanna married Samuel Foye who was Captain of the United States Revenue Boat out of Salem and was always known in Salem as “Uncle Sam.” They had three girls and three boys about the same ages as Betsy’s children and the two families lived in the same house on English Street, just off the waterfront.

Her sister Louisa married a Captain whose life at sea and his time in Salem was similar to that of John Stanley. Louisa lived on Derby Street, which went right along the waterfront with its docks and the great Derby Wharf. It was also where the Derby’s brick mansion and the Custom House were located.

An old visitor’s guide to Salem describes Derby Street in those days far better than I can.

“Derby Street, the great commercial thorough-fare of the town, was filled with the bustle of business. Vessels crowded the wharves, having their cargoes of silk from India, tea from China, pepper from Sumatra, coffee from Arabia, spices from Batavia, gum-copal from Zanzibar, and hides from Africa, removed to the warehouses, while others were being laden with American goods for the foreign trade. At every street corner, and about the doors of the numerous sailor boarding-houses were seamen fresh from the Eastern countries, and others about to sail thither, having the

peculiarities of the true rover of the sea. The shops and stores were full of strange and unique articles, brought from distant lands. Parrots screamed and monkeys and other small animals from foreign forests gambled at will in the back of the shops.”

If that atmosphere wasn't enough to tempt red-blooded young men to take to the sea I don't know what was! It was evidently too much for their only brother, Tom, to resist and he went to sea at an early age. The marvelous letter that follows was written by Tom when he was a young seaman but unfortunately it isn't dated. With great broad strokes and flourishes he penned this message to his mother, while obviously in high spirits.

*Ship George Calcutta*

*Jan 29<sup>th</sup>*

*Dear Mother*

*As the barque Monmouth is to sail tomorrow for Boston I thought a few lines would be acceptable we are all well and hope these few lines will find you the same we sail in 10 or 12 days and hope to be home as soon as summer dear Mother give my Love to all the girls and boys and I wish them all a happy new year -- give my love to Elizabeth \* and tell her she must excuse me for not writing give my Love to all her family and to all Salem tell Nathaniel we are coming home to Join the Cadets then the White Livered Infantry will make 16 points leeway tell joe \*\* to look out for us sharp*

*Tom & Harry 1<sup>st</sup> Mates*

The letter paper was folded and sealed with wax. Written on the outside was:

*Mrs.*

*Sarah Hunt*

*Derby St. on the larboard hand going towards Aunt Bartletts. if it be thick weather call at Joe Perkins' and he will give you the true course and dist. to your port of destination Perkins lives oposite Crowninshields wharf in the Pea Green three story House.*

*by the Politeness of Mr. John Lovett Barque Monmouth*

I have to say that when I discovered Tom's letter, held it in my hands and read it for the first time, I was overcome with a sense of awe that after the almost two hundred years since it was written the author's spirit could still seem so fresh and vital.

---

\* Elizabeth Cook whom he later married.

\*\* Captain Joseph Perkins' son, his cousin.

## LIZZIE'S CHILDHOOD

Lizzie was eight at the time of John Stanley's death in 1844. She had two older brothers and two young sisters. Her mother Betsy, known to the children as "Marm" or "Marmie," continued after her husband's death to live near the waterfront on English Street in the house with the Foyes. The Foyes lived in the lower half and Stanley family lived above.

By this time Betsy's cousin, Joe Perkins, had taken over the lighthouse duties on Baker's Island from his father and Joseph Perkins senior and Betsy's aunt, Elizabeth, lived in a neighboring house on English Street. Lizzie's middle name was Perkins and as a girl she spent many happy summer days on Baker's Island with her second cousins. The Hunt and Perkins families were very close and Betsy had three married sisters with many children who lived in the immediate neighborhood.

The Stanley family was surrounded by friends and relations who were all too familiar with the plight of losing a husband at sea and did what they could to give comfort to the widow. In fact, Betsy's sister, Louisa, had just lost her husband of ten years in 1843. According to two separate items in the Salem Gazette they were married on February 9, 1833, and Captain Gamaliel E. Ward died near Montevideo on August 6, 1843, at the age of thirty-eight. Louisa had no children and continued to live on Derby Street, supporting herself by opening a variety shop in the front rooms of her home. Through her, Captain Ward's beautiful sandalwood sea chest with "Gamaliel E. Ward" inscribed on a brass plate set in its lid, came into the family. (Gamaliel was not a native of Salem or any relation to the Wards in Andrew's family.)

The first thing Betsy did to bring in some income was to take a boarder. He was an unmarried relative named Frederick Hunt and a sometimes varnish maker, carpenter or stone mason. Then Betsy went to work. Fortunately, there was no shortage of willing volunteers to help with the children and Betsy needed the income with five children to support. Being a level headed, compassionate woman she took nursing cases for the distinguished Dr. Mack, who has been described as tall and trim, with a natty beard and he was Salem's busiest physician at the time.

Between nursing cases she took in sewing and her older son, John, decided that it was an occupation he also enjoyed and began to help her. John was of a serious nature and felt a great responsibility for the care of the family. He never married or left home and devoted his life to his work and his mother and sisters. As the girls grew older they were taught to handle a needle, and were soon doing their part when a large order needed quick completion. The largest project the family ever tackled was the making of red flannel shirts for the Salem men who were leaving on ships to join the California gold rush of 1849.

The younger brother, Thomas, was another matter and something of a puzzle. He is mentioned only twice in letters to his mother and sister, and once in a letter Andrew wrote to his mother on his twenty-first birthday; but there is no doubt from these letters and other bits and pieces passed down by word of mouth that Tom caused the family much heartache and embarrassment. It is probable that he was a victim of schizophrenia and the family's problem with his behavior ended when he left with the 11th regiment to fight in the Civil War and never returned. By word of mouth we know that he died under questionable circumstances, probably suicide.

In spite of the family's slim finances Lizzie had private schooling. She graduated from Miss Dalrymple's and the Bentley School for Girls. The extra money needed for the children's education came from Betsy's brother, Thomas Hunt, the author of the letter from Calcutta. After that letter

was written he made a substantial fortune and married Elizabeth Cook of Salem. He and his wife were exceptionally generous when it came to his widowed sisters.

Thomas and Elizabeth Hunt lived for a number of years on a houseboat in China at Whampoa, a city on the Pearl River in the mouth of Canton harbor, twelve miles below Canton. It was a life not without danger, particularly from river pirates, and the family was well guarded. Their life style and way of conducting business was necessitated by a rule which forbade any foreigner to remain inside the walled city of Whampoa after dark. For the Hunts to remain on land outside of the city was far more hazardous than life on the water.

Around their anchored houseboat were numerous other anchored vessels; his counting house, his bank and boats for the storage of goods and the operation of a chandlery which was the major facet of the business of Thomas Hunt and Co. There was even an anchored Bethel, an interdenominational chapel for seamen.

Around these stationary vessels a number of other boats, from small river schooners to large ships owned by his company, came and went, carrying goods from Canton to Whampoa or across the ocean to America. It was an impressive fleet and all flew the red, white and blue house flag of the Hunts. They were all anchored in front of a large boat yard and dry dock the company owned in the city. Thomas Hunt had built the first docks ever seen in China, at Whampoa and Hong Kong, and he established the first bakery in the Orient, to provide the Western mercantile fleet with bread.

The following letter from Lizzie's candy box was written to her by her uncle Thomas when she was ten.

*Canton August the 22, 1846*

*Miss E. P. Stanley*

*Dear niece I received your small note and am happy to hear from you I expect you have growed up almost a woman. I am glad you go to school and hope you will continue to do so for sometime as good learning is the best passport to good society you can have. I have written to John. [Lizzie's brother] Give my love to all the family. I shall look round and find a few things for you as soon as I have time.*

*My dear girl in haste*

*from Uncle Tom*

Betsy was a wise and loving mother and her girls had a very happy home life and active social life, with a wealth of relations and friends their own age. Lizzie's younger sisters were Mary Ellen, always called Nellie or Nell, and Margaret Ann whom they called Margie or Marg, pronounced with a hard g.

In a separate packet from Andrew's letters Lizzie had saved some notes from chums going back to 1850, when she was fourteen. Here are some of the more amusing ones. After each letter I have put what was written on the outside of the folded paper. Back then "Present" meant that someone hand-delivered it and it didn't go through the postal system. The notes were kept folded with generous amounts of sealing wax.

Salem Jan. 16th 1850

Dear Elizabeth

I sent you this note to let you know that I shall alter my arrangement about meeting you tonight. In stead of meeting you in Essex St. as proposed we will meet in Derby St. and then go directly after Rosa. As I send you this note I suppose I shall have to send her one also. If you do change your dress I shall not like it for I shall wear the one I have got on and yours looks three times as well as mine does Excuse the writing as I am in a great hurry

Yours

Caroline

P.S. Look out for that Gentleman you are to be introduced to.

Miss E. P. Stanley Salem, Mass.

Present

The examination in the next note must have been oral and in front of invited guests.

Feb'y 25th 1850

Dear Elizabeth

Do you know your Geography Lesson I know I shall miss at examinations I shall be so mad if I do. my sister is coming and she will laugh at me. Please answer

Laura

Miss Elizabeth P. Stanley

Present

The following letter must be the Laura of the previous letter, because over a year later she was still having the same old problem.

Salem April, 1851

Dear Elizabeth,

As I have finished my lesson I thought I would write to you, as I have not for so long a time. I shall not read worth a cent before that gentleman. I shall make 50 mistakes, for I never read well before any one, are you not? Where have you finished in arithmetic? I wonder what our subject of composition will be, she will give it out today. I am real glad she did not want us to read our composition. arnt you?

Please answer

L.A.B.

Paid 100

E. A. Stanley

care of Miss Cross Salem

Dear E. I am going to wenham to stay till Thanksgiving day i never go away because we have company I always wish them a happy, Thanksgiving.

Laura

Miss E. P. Stanley

Present To be delivered in Haste.

The following letters were written to Lizzie when she was seventeen and boys are now uppermost in the girl's minds.

*Salem December 2 1853*

*My Dear Lizzie,*

*As I have a few moments to spare, I will improve them by writing to you. Are you going away in May Vacation? I think I shall go up to Boston and then perhaps I shall see \_\_\_\_\_. O how I do love him. Dont dare let any one see it. But there I am no hand for writing letters, and so I must close. Please not answer this bit of a note.*

*Yours Truly*

*Mary*

*Salem December 2 1853*

*Lizzie*

*Your company is solicited on next Monday evening at No. 51 Lafayette St. for a special game of whist. Shakspeare is very good amusement during winter even'gs; whist is known by the name of Hamlet.*

*Yours affectionately*

*Charles H. Stoddard*

*Dear Lizzie*

*There is to be a pic-nic tomorrow down to the Juniper if pleasant. Anna Rhoderick and Sarah Crocker are to have it; they told me to invite any one of my friends that I chose, and I would like to have you go, and I should also like to have you write to Sarah Bradstreet and tell her we shall be happy indeed to have her go. I told Anna Rhoderick that I should invite you and Sarah Bradstreet, you are the only ones I have invited because I did not wish to have it said it was my pic-nic. I guess there will be a pretty good set there and I hope that you and Miss Bradstreet will except the invitation.*

*from your Cousin Tibitha*

*You may invite your Beaux.*

I discovered in an unabridged dictionary that picnic was actually two words at that time so Tibitha's spelling is correct. These notes make me think the young haven't changed much, except for the way they express themselves, and can't you just imagine what fun they'd have had back then with phones! Just as well, as in that event there would have been no notes for me to read.

After I read these letters, I had vivid images of dear little girls dashing all over the city in order to get their notes delivered in time.

On a more serious note, the following letters were written by Thomas Hunt's wife, Elizabeth, when Lizzie was sixteen and show that their interest in the welfare of their Salem relations never waned.

*Whampoa Feb. 9 1852*

*My dear Niece,*

*I received your letter by the "Dragon" and must say I was very much pleased with it. I think you write a pretty hand & your spelling is very correct, and I see you know where to put your Capitals. I shall expect soon to hear of your being an assistant teacher in some of the schools which would please me very much. I think you had better give Sarah\* a few lessons in writing and spelling both.*

---

\* Sarah E. Cook, Elizabeth's niece who lived in Salem.

I am happy to hear you are all well and I quite envy you the beautiful evening walks by moonlight, it is what we are deprived of here, living on the water. I am happy to hear you are all good children & hope you will continue so, & be obedient to your Mother, take her advice in everything as no one is so capable as a Mother in giving it. Always make her your confident in all your little troubles and remember a child that is kind to a parent will always prosper.

Now I must tell you about your new cousin whom you will not probably see for some few years. He is a sweet little boy and very intelligent looking, his father thinks, there never was such a Baby born before, and I don't know as there ever was, for he is the admiration of every one that sees him, he has dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, fat rosy cheeks, & a pretty little mouth, and is as good as he is pretty. He is named for Capt. James Endicott \* of Cumsingmoon formerly of Salem Mass he was here to the christening and stood as his Godfather, his brother Frank \*\* is very fond of him, he will often get up as soon as it is daylight in the morning to hold him until Margaret comes to take him, for you know he is an early riser.

My dear Elizabeth, you must give my kind love to all the family & you must write to me often & try to make improvements every letter. I shall send you a letter stamp \*\*\* with your initials the first opportunity,

With kind love believe me,

Your Aff. Aunt E. Hunt

Whampoa April 29th

My dear Elizabeth

I wrote to you in February thinking to send by the S. Paufrell as your Uncle thought of sending a box by her, but could not get it ready, so we send by Capt. Putnam of the "Wild Pigeon" enclosed you will find the letter stamp I promised you, I hope you are all well & will like the dresses, we intended to have sent a plaid silk to you all but could not obtain anymore, but I think yours will make you a very pretty winter dress, each piece is marked so there will be no mistake. Please remember me to all the family & with kind love believe me your

Affectionate

Aunt Elizabeth Hunt

Aunt Elizabeth might as well have saved her breath on the subject of Lizzie teaching school but Lizzie's sister Nellie would fulfill her hopes with distinction.

I can just imagine the excitement in the Stanley house when that box arrived from the Orient as it must have meant pretty new dresses for all of the girls. The fabrics, if purchased in Salem, would have cost a price far beyond the Stanley's slender means.

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\* Thomas Hunt & Co. did a great deal of business with James Cook, Elizabeth Hunt's brother, and James Endicott, both also living in China.

\*\* Thomas Franklin Hunt, their older son born in 1841 and eleven at the time she wrote the letter.

\*\*\* It was a stamp to make an impression in sealing wax on an envelope.

The next letters in the bundle were written a year later to Lizzie's mother, and carried very sad news.

*Whampoa Jan 12th 1853*

*My dear Sister*

*Before this reaches you, you will hear of our sad bereavement in the loss of our dear baby, we all of us feel it very deeply I can assure you. The dear little fellow entwined himself around our hearts too closely, and God saw fit to take him home. Oh! when I think of him and his cunning ways it seems as though my heart would break. Still I have a great deal to be thankful for. I have a dear & kind husband & one of the best children left me, & many kind friends to sympathise with us in our distress. As I shall write all the particulars by Mail I will say no more here. Dear Sister, I hope & trust ere this year troubles are over and that Thomas \* has quite recovered from his illness and that your mind is at peace. You don't know how much I have thought of you both night & day, & I hope you are comfortable \*\* if you are not you must let me know & we will do all we can for you.*

*I send by Mrs. Lowe some old dresses which I think will make up for the children. Thomas thinks they are not worth sending but we know more about these things that he does. I think you will be very glad of them and if you should not you can give them to some poorer person. Thomas is shipping some Tea on board the P. B. Palmer for you all. Thomas & Frank write with me in kind love to all friends and believe me Your Afft. Sister*

*E. Hunt*

*P. S.*

*I have sent a crape dress which if you have colored will make you a good dress. It is nearly new & cost \$20 it was a present to me from our comprador there is 20 yds. in it so you will have enough to make you a good dress & it is as good as new for I have worn it very little.*

*4 Fans for the children*

*1 for Margaret Stanley \*\**

*Ellen Stanley \*\*\**

*Sarah E. Cook \*\*\*\**

*Sis Farrington \*\*\*\*\* I forget her name.*

*I have raked up everything I can find to fill up the bag, they will all come in for something.*

- 
- \* Lizzie's brother, Tom.
  - \*\* More comfortable financially.
  - \*\*\* Lizzie's sister, Margie.
  - \*\*\*\* Lizzie's sister, Nellie.
  - \*\*\*\*\* Elizabeth Cook Hunt's niece
  - \*\*\*\*\* Thomas Hunt's sister, Mary but always called "Sis."

Enclosed in the same letter was the following note:

*Dear Sister*

*I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Lowe is a Salem lady, her family have formerly lived in North Salem opposite Mason St. but her Mother is now living in South Danvers near the monument, she is a dear little woman & if you go up that way try and find her out & she can tell you all about our dear Babe. She is near her confinement and I hope will do well she has the nurse that came out with Eliza Ann in the S. R.*

*Your Sister*

*E. Hunt*

Was there ever a better sister-in-law? I wonder how much the death of their little one had to do with their arriving home two years later.

The comprador she refers to was a Chinese agent in the employ of Thomas Hunt. This was the only way foreigners were allowed to do business in China. They would hire a local assistant, called a comprador, who took care of all of the foreigner's business dealings, including the hiring and management of native employees.

The next letter from Elizabeth was written three months later and again to Lizzie.

*Whampoa April 5th 1853*

*I was happy to receive another letter from you and very glad to hear of your good health. I think you must be a good sized girl by your weight. It is a great deal more than I weigh. I hope to hear by the next news from home that your poor Brother \* has quite recovered from his illness. It certainly is a very sad thing for you all and especially for your Mother but you must do all you can to comfort her in her affliction. I am glad to hear you are learning a trade \*\* & hope you will do well.*

*Tell Nelly I thank her kindly for the Melon bag. I think it very pretty. We send you a crape shawl & two pocket handkerchiefs, one for you and one for Nelly. Tell Margie I shall send her something next time. We are soon to make you a visit if nothing more.*

*Please remember us to all the family & believe me your Aff.*

*Aunt E. Hunt*

When the Hunt family returned to Salem the next year they built an impressive house on the corner of Bridge and Pearl streets where Thomas and Elizabeth would make their permanent home from that time on. While they had been away the city had begun to spread out, and as the business district continued to grow there were grand new houses going up on the outskirts in the direction of the Beverly Bridge, where the new Ward house was, and on Lafayette Street toward Marblehead.

During the years the Hunts were abroad they collected many beautiful things that they now brought home to help furnish their house. There were a number of intricately carved pieces of furniture and a large collection of Oriental art. Many of the paintings portrayed, in meticulous

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\* Lizzie's brother Tom.

\*\* Bonnet making.

detail, the anchored houseboat flotilla, the boat yard and dry docks, as well as individual portraits of their more important ships.

There were also a quantity of silver objects including one tremendous silver tray engraved with the words “Elizabeth Hunt Canton China 1854,” surrounded by a floral design and a parting gift from friends they left behind.

Their son, Frank, had not seen Salem since he was seven. After studying law as an apprentice in the office of a family friend, he and his parents returned to China. His parents stayed for just a short time because his father’s health was failing, but for the next three years Frank lived in Hong Kong with his uncle, James Cook. During that time his uncle was in the process of buying Thomas Hunt’s business.

Frank also became a collector of Oriental art, having a very discerning eye for beauty and form, and when he returned he brought back many more treasures and a great number of books.

By the time the Thomas Ward family returned to Salem the fortunes of Betsy and Louisa much improved. Thomas and Elizabeth were as willing as ever to help but they must have realized that the widows took pride in supporting themselves as far as possible. To do this, Betsy and Louisa had pooled their resources and leased a three-story house on Andrews Street, away from the waterfront and near the center of the city. Betsy and her children occupied the first two floors and Louisa lived on the third.

Andrews Street was one of the many streets that went out from the back of the common and training field like spokes. The neighborhood was made up of respectable, hardworking, church going, middle class families and the houses were built close to the street and each other; but the lots were deep, and each house had a generous plot for a garden behind.

Louisa had closed her variety shop on Derby Street and opened a dressmaking establishment of her own on Essex Street where she specialized in custom dresses and cloaks. Nellie was now fifteen and Margie twelve, and though still in school they were old enough, when their school work was done, to take care of some of the domestic chores and help with the sewing.

Lizzie was eighteen and finished with school, now able to work full time. Elizabeth mentioned in her letter that Lizzie was learning a trade. The art of bonnet making and trimming, if one was successful, could provide a comfortable living. The second reference to her new venture is this very amusing letter.

*Miss Stanley*

*I am sorry to trouble you about my bonnet but it does feel uncomfortably large. I think the crown is considerably larger, in every way than is necessary, it would look better narrower as well as shorter and then it would not so rest on my neck. I like it very much indeed with the exception of its being a little too large and if you will be kind enough to remedy that I have no doubt it will fit me nicely. Mrs. Tuttle’s \* felt much better on my head than this one.*

*I have postponed my journey until tomorrow noon and if you can fit it for me so that I can have it in the morning I will be very much obliged -*

*Yours*

*Lizzie K. Barton*

---

\* A cousin of Lizzie’s mother and probably Lizzie’s bonnet trimming instructor and employer.

## LIZZIE'S FRIEND ANNIE

Annie's letters were in a separate packet in Lizzie's box. Her nineteen-year-old point of view, as she depicts her Roxbury social life, is not only entertaining but also indicates that Lizzie was anything but a wall flower before she met Andrew.

In spite of Annie's protestations the penmanship in all of her letters is exceptionally fine.

*Roxbury March 5<sup>th</sup> 1855*

*My dear friend Lizzie,*

*It gives me such pleasure to hear from you after waiting so long for a letter, and I forgive you this time, trusting you will do better the next time. I am sorry you have not enjoyed yourself this winter, I wish you had been here with me for I never passed a more pleasant winter in my life. I have been to four balls and two assemblies besides the Theatre and Museum several times. Oh! Lizzie I only wish you had been with me last Tuesday night, I went out on Jamaica pond and had a beautiful time. There were eight of us in a covered wagon and two went in a Chaise so we had quite a pleasant party and a good sleigh ride on "wheels". I had some beautiful slides with "Charlie," We got home at ten o'clock. How many sleigh rides have you had this winter, Lizzie. I have had only one and am patiently waiting for another. You spoke of my friend Charlie in your letter but believe me he is no particular friend, though he is a very pleasant young man and when you come up I will introduce you. I heard some news last week, what do you think it was; it was Henry Mageren's Marriage. Oh! Lizzie don't let that make you feel old. It makes me feel younger. I would not change places with them. When you are married I hope you will let me know it, has not Daniel proposed yet? When you write again do tell what you spoke of in your letter for I want to hear it very much. You say you had a valentine, I did not have any so you see no one thinks enough of me to send me one. Lizzie how I wish you were here with me what grand times we would have. I have so many questions got so much to tell you, and so many questions to ask you. You must certainly make me a visit this summer I suppose it would not be so pleasant for you here in the spring as in warm weather when everything is in it's beauty. I know you can not help liking it here. I have quite a number of acquaintances here now, and like them very much I always have a good time at the balls the young people are social and lively and plenty of pretty partners. Do write to me soon and tell me all the news for anything from Salem will interest me. Give my love to your Mother and accept a large share for yourself with lots of kisses from*

*Your Sincere friend*

*Annie.*

*Answer soon.*

*Roxbury July 1<sup>st</sup> 1855*

*My Dear Friend Lizzie,*

*It is so very hot today that I have not been to church and find it very hard work to keep comfortable at home, but I will try and write to you or you may think I have forgotten you, but not so; for I have been thinking today of the old times we used to have together, and I hope the time is not to far distant when we shall spend many more happy hours together. Oh Lizzie has not this moon been a lovely one, I tell Mother that it seems like the moonlight evenings we used to have in Salem. I have been to walk almost every eve for the past fortnight and have had splendid times. I assure you, Friday eve, the Germania band played down on mount Pleasant I went out to hear them. Last eve I took a walk on the neck and enjoyed it very much. Wednesday eve we had a beautiful Serenade here by young gentlemen that sung, they had a violin, accordeon, & guitar. I wish you were here Lizzie, what good times we would have. I am never homesick now for it is always so lively here that I do not have a chance to be. We have five young men boarders all very pleasant ones too. I see by the papers there is to be no celebration in Salem on the fourth and we are to have the Brass Band out*

to Roxbury in the evening to the fire works. I do not know whether I shall stay there to see the fire works or go to Boston. I went over to Charlestown the 18 of June and had a splendid time. I was in Boston a short time ago and met Frances Gardiner. I was pleased with what you said about D J, but has Annie G. forgotten J Upton so quick. hot love soon cools don't it. especially with D J How I should like to take a trip down to Salem in the steam boat and see you and perhaps I may some time but I want you to come here as soon as you can. and let me know when you come. You must excuse this bad writing for it is so warm that I have to fan with one hand and write with the other give my love to your Mother and all inquiring friends and keep a large share for yourself and many kisses.

Your true friend,

Annie

write soon

Saturday morning July 7<sup>th</sup> 1855

Lizzie I thought I would keep this letter to tell you how I enjoyed the fourth. As I did not think of going out on that day on account of the heat. I thought it would pass rather lonely. But quite to the contrary. In the morn at seven o'clock I had an invitation in to Boston went in on the common saw a floral procession then went on the Public gardens and had a beautiful boquet given me. went into the Museum and several other places and got home at half past two in the afternoon. Then I thought I would rest a little while that I might not be too tired to go in to the fire works in the evening. But no sooner had I forgotten myself in a sweet sleep when there was an alarm of fire in the house next to us. and they kept it up all the afternoon racket enough there were five fires here on the fourth one very large one which burnt out ten families. At eight in the evening I got all ready to go in town to the fire works but a friend of mine called and wanted us to stay here so we gave up the idea of going in town and went up on Mount Warren. the fire works were very good and the music was excellent it was the Salem Band and made me think of old times. Lizzie. How I wish you had been with us I know you would have enjoyed it. I never spent a more pleasant fourth in my life than this year. Lizzie write soon and tell me how you spent the fourth and when you are coming out to see me for I have been telling a young gentleman that boards here that I expect you. you must excuse this bad writing for I am in a great hurry, accept many kisses from

Annie

When shall we meet again.

Roxbury Sep. 23. 1855

Dear Lizzie,

I was disappointed in not going to Salem as I expected but if I had gone I could not have stayed so long as I should like to and thought I had rather wait until I could stay longer. Mr. Stickney went home yesterday and I suppose you will have a call from him. Mr. Thomas also went home yesterday and you dont know how lonely it is here. "though monday morning will soon be here". Mr. Simpson has gone out to West Roxbury to work. He comes to see us often. Charlie Frye came in the other day and said he should liked to have been introduced to that "young lady" that I introduced to Mr. Reed.

I have been up on Mount Pleasant twice to hear the band play since you were here and in to Boston once. Julia and "the doctor" went into Boston with us and we lost them on the common and did not find them for some time. it is now dinner time and I must wait and finish my letter afterward.

3 o'clock P. M. Lizzie I suppose you have heard of the Horticultural Exhibition in Boston. Well last Wednesday evening, Mr. Stickney, Julia, Mr. Thomas and myself went in. I only wish you could have been with us the music hall was filled with fruit and flowers of every discription, music was "furnished" by the Brigade Band and we had some runs through the halls I assure you. Everything there was beautiful I cannot describe it to you. The Doctor kept us laughing all the eve.

*I have found out who it was that called; It was Edward Danforth, he called to invite me somewhere with him.  
I have not called to see Kate Balche yet. she told her uncle all about it when she got home.  
I cannot think of any more to tell you. Remember me to all inquiring friends keep lots of love for your self  
with ever so many kisses.*

*write soon*

*Yours affectionately,*

*Annie*

Her next letter is written over a year later.

*Roxbury Jan 28th 1856*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I was glad to receive a letter from you at last for I looked a long time for it and had begun to think you had got some "new acquaintance to take up your attention". Is it not so Lizzie? if not tell me so for you know I am your friend. I thank you for your kind invitation to visit you this winter and it would give me great pleasure to do so but my health is not very good and I shall be obliged to wait until warm weather I have a very bad cough all the fall and winter. Sometimes it will get a little better, then it is worse again so that I have to be very careful about going out except on very pleasant weather. I have attended Lyceum this winter and enjoyed the lectures very much. Tomorrow evening Oliver Holmes lectures, his subject is, *The European Americanized*, I am affraid I shall not be able to attend on account of the snow.*

*I have been to the museum twice, and the Theatre once since you were here. Cousin Ellen spent Thanksgiving with me and we had a pleasant time. Mr. Simpson called the other day, and wished me to send his best respects to you when I wrote and says when you come up we must go and see him. He called here with his wife soon after he was married. Mr. Stickney is about the same as ever, the more he can plague any one the better he is. He wants to know if you have not received that present yet, says he sent it by express. Wallace sends his best respects and a lot of messages which I cannot remember, so I will not undertake to write them.*

*The Roxbury Artillery have given a course of parties this winter. I have had an invitation to all of them but did not go for fear of taking cold, the last one is a week from next Wednesday. I mean to try to go if possible. I believe everything remains the same as when you were here. Cannot you come up this winter Lizzie and make me a visit? I should love dearly to have you. Do not think for I would come very quickly if it was I could, but I mean to keep up a good heart. Mother and Aunt Eliza send their love to yourself and your Mother. It is most nine o'clock and I must close my letter. Please excuse these scratches for my head aches and I can scarcely see the lines. Give my love to your Mother and all friends except a large share for yourself and a kiss.*

*from Annie*

*Write soon*

*Thursday the 7th*

*Lizzie Having kept this letter so long I must open it and say a few more words I went to the Artillery ball last evening and had a most splendid time. The hall was well filled and all seemed to enjoy themselves well. There is to be a ball on the 5th of March given by the ladies, I think I shall go. I should like to have you Lizzie, very much, dont you think you can come out this spring? I should love to have you: but I am so sleepy I can scarcely see to write so I must bid you good bye.*

*Annie*

Roxbury March 2nd 1856

Dear Lizzie,

As it is a rainy day and I cannot go to meeting, I cannot think of anything that will give me more pleasure than writing to you. My health is about the same as when I last wrote to you. I do not go out much, and only in pleasant weather, then I always take cold, but I cannot stay in the house all the time and you know this season of the year is very bad for a cough. I am in hopes when it comes warmer that I shall get well. Last Friday the 22nd I took a ride into Boston and went into the museum saw all the companies go by & heard the Salem Brass Band. I enjoyed it very much as I had not been out of the house for over two weeks. I shall not answer your question in this letter, Lizzie, but you can guess anything you like. Is not that fair? I should like to know who Lizzie went to those parties with now do tell me wont you? Did I tell you who it was that called, that Sunday evening, It was Edward Danforth and I will tell you all about it when I see you. I have not seen Kate B. since you were here. Oh! Lizzie I will tell you some thing, "in a whisper so it wont get to the Doctor ears" the Doctor is quite intimate over to Julia's and I should not wonder if it is something more than friendship.

I should like to have you come up and stay as long as you can if it is only one day that would be better than nothing. Give my love to your Mother and all the family except a large share for yourself. Mr. Thomas sends his best respects to you and says he would like to see you. I must close my letter for my head aches accept lots of kisses with this letter & answer soon.

Your affectionate friend

Annie

Dear Lizzie,

Since writing your letter I have been quite sick so that I have not been able to send it before now. how I long to get out doors, I have not been out for a long time. I would like to have you come and see me very much and when Aunt Eliza goes home I want you to come you know our accomodations are such that we have very little room else I should have sent for you to come and see me long ago, for I want to see somebody that is lively. As soon as it comes warm & I am able I am going to Taunton as they all think the country air will do me good. I must bid you goodbye for my hand is so weak I can scarcely hold my pen.

Yours Truly

Annie

P S the next letter you send be careful how you seal it for the last one came all ready opened.

There were no other letters from Annie in the box so we are left to wonder her fate. She may have had what was then called consumption, and it could have advanced very rapidly that summer. How sad to think of that lively girl who loved to dance to the bands and stroll on the common, wasting away with a disease not the least bit uncommon at the time.

Until the pasteurization of milk, antibiotics and the development of a vaccine, tuberculosis, as we call it today, was a leading cause of death in New England. Sometimes the infected person died in a matter of months after the symptoms appeared, and, in other cases, lingered for years. It was known at the time Annie wrote these letters that, in the early stages of the disease, rest, fresh air and sunshine sometimes healed the lesions on infected lungs.

## WARDEN CHOLINS

By the time Andrew met Lizzie he had graduated from Bowditch High School and was enjoying his work as a clerk in the Insolvency Court, under its registrar, Abner Goodell, whom he liked and admired. He had begun to study Civil Engineering and belonged to a young men's club, had become a volunteer for the fire company Rapid 2, and was a Salem Cadet. He also became the librarian of the First Church Sunday School, the Unitarian Church where his mother's family had belonged for over one hundred years.

He was characterized by his contemporaries as being reticent and slow to speak because of shyness, but of a kind and gentle disposition. It was also becoming apparent that he was too much his father's son not to be bored with spending his leisure time in making the social rounds of Salem's first families. He missed his former home and his life in the country, closer to natural things.

It really isn't that surprising that his fourteen-year-old sister, Mary, was much more receptive to their new, less provincial, life and took to the endless calls and daily teas like a duck to water.

It was later the same year as Annie's last letter was written that Lizzie and Andrew met. Even though they met at the beginning of August his first note in her candy box was written in November. The sketch was missing so perhaps she burned it as suggested but she didn't burn his note. In his leather portfolio there weren't any copies of these early letters.

I think it is safe to say that Andrew had never had a special girl before Lizzie who, one would gather from Annie's letters, had considerable experience in dealing with the young gentlemen who had showed an interest in her.

*Salem Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1856*

*Lizzie*

*I only put those letters on to that sketch to puzzle you a little they do not mean any thing so you can burn that paper as soon as you please, and I think you had better as soon as you get this.*

*From Yours Truly*

*Andrew Nichols*

*P. S. Burn this as soon as you have seen it.*

*A*

The next time he wrote, almost six months later, he used an alias he would continue to use on and off throughout their courtship. It took his eighty-five year old grandson, John, about two minutes to figure out that it was arrived at by scrambling the letters in his name. I got the feeling this was not a new idea to his grandson.

*Lizzie*

*I think that is the right way to do it. \* if it is I have done it in the time you gave me and I believe a few days short of the month. I hope you will allow me to sign From yours truly; though you do address me in the formal style of Mr. Nichols.*

*From yours truly*

*Warden Cholins*

---

\* There is a puzzle drawn on the letter, which has been duplicated on plate 1.

*P. S. I am sorry that I could not overtake John after I gave him this, to tell you, that I forgot to date it  
never the less it was written May 6th 1857*

*P. S. I hope you will not think that W. C. means the Washington Cricket Club for it does not.  
W. C.*

*P. S. for the last time I suppose you will think that I am about as bad as the Widow Bedoult for her friends said (I suppose though I  
never could find it in the book) that the most of the reading was on the postscript.*

*W. C.*

*P. S. Ego amo vos.*

*From yours truly*

*Warden Cholins*

Fortunately in his next letter he enclosed her note that he is answering or we would be totally at sea.

*May 20 th 1857*

*Andrew,*

*Will you please solve this.*

*A man has 8 gall. of milk he wishes to measure 4 galls. he has but two cans to measure it with one holds 3 galls, and the other 5 galls. how can he measure the 4 galls.*

*Yours,*

*Lizzie*

*Salem May 21 st. 1857*

*Lizzie*

*If there is no catch either in word or figure, I should do it the following way. Suppose I was a countryman (it is not hard to suppose it, for I am so green) and had come to market to sell milk - I have for instance a churn with about 10 gallons of milk and one containing 5 galls. - also an empty can which holds 3 galls. Let the can that holds 5 galls. be represented by A. and the other by B. Now I suppose you wish to buy 4 galls. and I have nothing to measure it with but the two cans - I should first take the can A. and fill the can B. then there would be two galls. left in the can A. which I should pour into your vessel, then I should turn the milk in can B. into the can A. and then fill can B. from A. - there would then be two galls. in the can A. which I should again pour into your vessel making 4 galls. which you wished to buy.*

*I dare say that you have a much shorter answer for it, but my thick head will not admit of a shorter.*

*Yours*

*Warden*

*P. S. wish that when you give me another question to solve you would add a P. S. of a little different nature than the letter. Excuse mistakes, blots, etc.*

*A.*

*May 22 nd 1857*

*Andrew*

*That is not the answer to the question I sent you the question was A man has a can with 8 galls. of milk in it he wishes to measure 4 galls. how can he measure 4 galls. with these empty cans. You say you are thick headed I shall not agree with you. There is no catch in this question.*

*P. S. I suppose you are glad to see the sun shine as I am.*

*P. S. You see I am getting as fond of P. S. as you are but forgive me and I will not write any more at present for I suppose you will be tired of my nonsense.*

*From*

*Yours,*

*Lizzie*

## A DECLARATION of LOVE

Andrew and Lizzie had now been acquainted for almost a year, and Andrew had become a frequent guest in the Stanley house on Andrews Street. During that time their feelings toward each other had deepened, and Andrew's next letter is in quite a different vein.

I also wonder if "the cat was out of the bag" at 11 Central Street, since there was obviously some general gossip about Andrew's interest in Lizzie!

Salem

July 15, 1857

Dear Lizzie,

*I was struck with astonishment the other day when I met one of my old acquaintances - who has lately returned from an adjoining state - to have him congratulate me on my engagement with you - I thanked him and then told him it was news to me - Then on Sunday I was met by a young lady and congratulated again (perhaps she might have felt a little hurt.) Whether you have been met in the same way or not history does not tell. If it was any other place than Salem and I had been met in a like manner I think I should believe it - though being one of the principal parties I had heard of it in no other way. I do not even know your sentiments toward me - for I have neither seen them written or heard them expressed. I have however - nearly from your eyes - which speak volumes - and your actions toward me - taken it for granted that you loved me - perhaps I have been too sanguine in so taking it - if so I hope you will tell me. I own that I love you truly and affectionately - but I am too young yet to think of an engagement at present or for two or three years to come - nor neither could I think of such a thing till I saw my way clear - which I do not at present. And if we love one another as I fondly hope we do and can enjoy anothers company occassionally until the end of time - then may we form an engagement which will prove a happy one - for if our love will not stand that test it surely could not be worth much and it would be far better to remain as we are than to form an engagement which sooner or later have to be broken off. When in looking back over the short time since I first knew you - short though it seems - for in your company hours were minutes - for thy smile so fascinated me that time flew by and it is now a year minus Twenty days since I had the pleasure of being introduced to you and one of the happiest years I ever spent - I was not aware until I looked at the facts that it was so long - and I don't so much wonder that Salem people did get such a story abroad. If I courted you so long you cant but say I have been very guarded in expressing my sentiments to you - my reason for so doing is that I feel that I am (as I said before) too young - The time that has been spent between us has not been lost for we have both had a chance to know each others ways and I think that I now know you perfectly and that you suit my tastes - I am a sober fellow at times and I want a partner that is lively and cheerful in the way you are - to lighten up my dark moments "and drive dull care away". I also think that you know my ways, thoughts, and actions and whether or not they agree with yours.*

*Lizzie I did not wish to write this at present - I should rather have let it gone on as it has done - but I feel it my duty (since the affairs between you and me seem to be more public than private) to express in some manner my love and regard toward you - hoping that I shall have a due return from you.*

*Please answer this - and believe me ever truly and affectionately yours,*

*Andrew Nichols*

All his life Andrew had a strong tendency to be "wordy" when he took up his pen. The opposite was true of Lizzie and, during their long and happy union, he was the letter writer for both of them and took great pleasure in it. She apparently took equal pleasure in letting him. There is only one brief note written by her in the Pine Knoll letters in my possession, but there is evidence

in the letters of others that she did take her pen in hand on occasion. She also continued to write poetry, something she seems to have been very good at.

Her reply is not dated but I trust she didn't keep him in suspense too long.

*Dear Andrew,*

*I have had the same questions put to me but did not give them a second thought, as Salem is a great place to form a story out of nothing. You spoke of my eyes as speaking volumes, if you read anything in my eyes you read more than I intended that you should for I was willing to love silently if that love could not be returned but if you love me as you say I am willing to have you read both eyes and heart. I hope we will continue as begun. It has been said hot love is soon cold, but it is not a love of an hour on my part I am not a butterfly of a moment days and years may pass away my feeling will be the same to the only one that I truly love. I think as you do if we cannot stand this test we do not love as we ought. Let Salem and the world say what they please as long as we understand each other it is of no account what others think. The year has been short - when we are the happiest time is nothing. It has not been lost. I have enjoyed much in your society and hope still to continue to do so Words are nothing as I cannot express myself by them.*

*I remain ever the same truly yours*

*Lizzie*

*If I have ever appeared cool during this time forgive me it was for no reason but fear of expressing the secret which burned in my heart. it is revealed now and you know it all. I love you more than words of mine can ever express. I have enjoyed much in your society and hope still to do so*

*From your ever affectionate*

*From your loving (and I hope loved)*

*Lizzie*

There was one note in her candy box that shows that their pleasure in each other's company was not going unnoticed.

*Lizzie*

*You must not think I feel hurt as you did not call for me. I knew you had a very good excuse, I went to your house and finding no one home I thought I would go with Uncle and perhaps I should see you if so I would leave them and go with you but on reaching the common I found you in such agreeable company, it would not do for me to interrupt. Ah Lizzie I am afraid the report will be true, he did not seem to know me last night. No wonder he did not see any one but you, be sure to call for me this evening, and I have something to tell you. Come to the side door.*

*Ever the same*

*Etta*

*Burn this directly you read it*

*Etta*

It was another month before Andrew again took his pen in hand.

*Salem Aug 15th 1857*

*Lizzie*

*I am sorry on one account - and only one that I ever became acquainted with you and that is on your own. Because if you accept my hand you will accept that of a person that will always have to toil hard for a living - and a poor one at that - and your lot will be a hard one. I did not know but that you had been misled in regard to me from*

*the fact that I live in what is propounded to be a rich family but I do not - though it is a proud one - , but I believe that I have a good character and that would go a great ways with you - I sincerely hope that I shall soon be able to earn a good living and that I shall be able to clasp you in my arms as my wife. You say that you are plain spoken - I have noticed it - and to me it is one of the charms that make me cling to you. I am not perhaps so plain spoken as I ought to be - not in your eyes - though to some I am. But I will conclude with an extract from a piece of poetry which I have read somewhere and which will express my sentiment as well as words of mine.*

*Long have I sought and vainly have I yearned,  
To meet some spirit that would answer mine;  
Then chide me not that I so soon have learned,  
To talk with thine.*

*From your bashful lover:*

*Andrew*

*P. S. Please forget what I said to you last night about my being selfish in taking you all to my self - it was merely a slip of the tongue.*

*A.*

At this point there is no doubt that Andrew's household had heard something about the blossoming romance and checked into Lizzie's credentials. I can just imagine the verbal barrage he was then subjected to! The family must have gone into a tizzy.

There was his mother worrying about the many evil temptations of the city, and instead of succumbing to some vice, like tobacco, gambling or drink, he had done something worse. He had fallen for a common little seamstress from the wrong side of the city and I am sure he was told, since he refused to drop her, that he had better make it clear to her that he was on his own and there would be no money forth coming.

Two days later he had his answer from Lizzie.

*Salem Aug. 17th 1857*

*I do not ask for fame nor wealth  
To shine within our home;  
Nay, all I ask is peace and health,  
Thy love, and thine alone;  
For, blest with that, my life will be  
From dark, disparing shadows free.  
And should it ever be my lot,  
To toil with thee for bread;  
Blest with thy love, I'll heed it not,  
Life's paths with thee I'll tread:  
Though rough and thorny they may be  
When by thy side, they will be smooth to me.  
What can I ask for more on earth'  
Thy heart is wholly mine;  
And dearly do I prize it's worth;  
For wealth I never pine;  
O may my love be prized by thee,  
As dear as thine is prized by me!*

*O come not to me, if thou seekest for a name  
That's brightly emblazoned on the annal of fame;  
That's wafted afar on the voice of the crowd  
And worshipped in state as it's shrine by the proud.  
But come thou to me, if sighest for a name  
That's cherished in heart's by affection's mild flame;  
That's whispered in softness by lips that are near  
And worshipped in silence by those that are dear.  
O come not to me, if thou long'st for a face  
That's moulded in beauty, and tempered by grace;  
Or a tongue, whose soft cadence shall fall on thy ear  
As softly, as sweetly, as perfume on air.  
But flee thou to me, if thou wish for a face,  
Where feeling that springs from the heart finds a place;  
Where the tongue is not wanted it's love to declare,  
For a glance on that face tells thee all that is there.*

*Andrew,*

*I fully and freely forgive you will you forgive me for presuming to write as I have these lines expressing my feelings perhaps I have been hasty but forgive me.*

*From one that will remain ever the same till death,*

*Lizzie*

Lizzie couldn't have known how prophetic the words of her poem would turn out to be! Andrew's next letter is from Topsfield, located on the northwest border of Danvers; its center being a few miles beyond the Nichols' farm.

*Topsfield August 23rd 1857*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I suppose you would like to hear about my adventures and so I write the following. I arrived here safe Friday afternoon about half past four with all my "plunder". (as they say out west) excepting a coat (which I left hanging up in John's Shop) that I wanted very much (always the way with us old batcheldors we "K. K." as widow Bedott says). I went to the Village Inn and found "mine host" in the dining room setting the supper table as he looked up with surprise as though he had not seen a stranger with a carpet bag for a month. I asked if he could board me for a few days and he replied in the affirmative I asked to be shown my cousin's room and was shown up the front stairs in to the best chamber in the house from the windows of which I can overlook the business part of the town, and a sign in front with the following "Entertainment J. P." I was soon called down to supper on the table were forks as straight as a beeline and spoons made of tin, you can bye a dozen for twice as many cents. We (Chas. S. O. and myself) were the first at the table but soon in walked three shoe makers and a house painter - a foreigner with huge m--- (it would not do for me to say) in a few minutes in walked the Esquire of the village a man of only 6 ft. 8 inches in height thought the tallest lawyer in Essex Co. when I left Salem I thought I should be free of lawyers until I got back - but to return, they all eat as though they were working by the job leaving me a way behind "mine host" in particular who is a short and fat Englishman an Inn-keeper of the olden time as mentioned by Sir W. Scott. He is a jolly fellow of about 55 years he came from Liverpool about 30 years ago. you will always find him smoking his pipe and his wife is full of Gossip and of course knows everybody in the Village but enough of that. There is only two churches in Topsfield and I went to both one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. I like Topsfield very much I am well and hope you are the same I will tell you more when I get back. You may tell Nellie the substance of this, but do not read it to her for you can put it in much better English. I have wrote a long letter because it is raining hard and I have nothing else to do. I hope you will excuse me for I think you must be tired of this trash.*

*I miss your company very much but I think of you often, and every night I think and dream of you and sweet are those dreams I can assure you, but that is not all Oh no! I pray for you that you will be kept from harm and that you may some day become my wife. Lizzie Dear my life would be a blank with out thee to cheer me on, I feel that you have an Influence over me and I cannot resist it. And what ever you see wrong in me make me correct it for if you can have done it once you can again and I pray you may always be able as long as you live.*

*I must sign myself*

*From your Bashful Lover*

*Andrew*

*P. S. I should like to hear from you but cannot unless you put the letter in to the post office before 2 ½ P. M. tomorrow (Monday) do not with out you can A.*

This is a most interesting letter. Andrew had apparently gone on a short holiday with his cousin, Charles Stuart Osgood and the shoe makers he refers to did literally make shoes. In the "History of Topsfield" by Dow he says:

“The manufacture of shoes was the only industry to be carried on to any extent in Topsfield in which many workers were employed. It came about in a natural way. The section of Danvers, called Putnamville, was one of the first places in the country to have shoe factories. It was near the boundary of Topsfield and many young men from the later town went to Danvers to learn the trade. Workers could be found in Topsfield and surrounding towns.”

The churches Andrew mentions attending were of the Congregational and Methodist-Episcopal faith.

The following note is Andrew's last to Lizzie in 1857.

*Salem Oct. 29th 1857*

*Dear Lizzie*

*The following lines are the ones which I began last night, you know what I said about them.*

*I love thee. Yes, as flowers love light and air,  
As night its stars, or earth the glorious sun,  
As the crushed heart loves lone and earnest prayer,  
So love I thee, thou true and earnest one,  
And this life - the life that thou canst give,  
'Tis but one thing - to love thee and to live.*

*From your lover*

*Andrew*

*I shall not be down tonight if it rains and I hope you won't be affronted.*

I would have to give the laurels to Lizzie, when it comes to their efforts on writing original poetry!

Andrew begins 1858 with a new years message:

*Salem Jan'y 1st 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*A happy new year! And may it be as much happier than the last one, as the last one was happier than the one before. For I believe that the last year you enjoyed yourself more than in 1856 I did at least and the pleasantist part of it was when I was in your company. I should not wonder if it was so with you. I trust and pray that He who has thus far watched over and protected us from all harm and has made us to love one another will not forsake us now. I pray that he may strengthen that love and that as each year comes round it may be stronger and that we may soon be able to perform that for which my heart yearns and doubt not that yours does also.*

*Accept this trifling present as a token of my love and esteem for you.*

*Again wishing you a happy New Year*

*I remain your affectionate \_\_\_\_\_*

*Warden Cholins*

*P. S. Please excuse the bad grammar, bad spelling, and bad writing. If you cannot read it you wait until I come down and will read it for you*

W. C.

P. P. S. I hope you are fond of Pictures.

W. C.

P. S. If you are not please tell me so.

W. C.

P. S. If I keep on much longer I am afraid I cannot read this myself

W. C.

P. S. I suppose that you see I have dated this one day to soon ahead.

W. C.

P. S. W. C. means Warden Cholins

P. S. I know you are fond of P S'es or I would not write so many

yours truly

Andrew Nichols

It sounds as if he might have given Lizzie a picture of himself. Because of Salem's strong Puritanical roots Christmas was not celebrated until after 1857 and the custom of the Christmas tree had not yet arrived in New England.

At that time New Year's day was celebrated and it was customary to call on friends and relations and exchange small gifts.

Andrew's next letter was written from his sick bed and the beginning of a continuing health problem for him. This may also have been the reason he didn't plan to go to Lizzie's house if it rained, as he stated in one of his previous letters.

Jan y 22 1858

Dear Lizzie

I thank you for the ginger snaps which you gave me this afternoon. I was sorry that I could not be with you last evening as usual. (should not wonder if you was either). but my cold would not allow me to nor will not I am afraid for sometime that is if I should incline to adopt the rules laid down by home authority.

This is written in haste as you will perceive It is a long time since I have had any lines from you. I want some now for I have got the blues very bad because I have not seen you I suppose. Any thing in your hand writing always makes me feel better. How is Mrs. J. Brooks in these times. One thing is certain marry when we will we shall not be in the position in which they are placed I am sorry for them though. I shall not be down sunday evening. How does Nell survive the shock.

How is your best health. Please send me a note by John tomorrow noon for that is all I wrote or rather scratched this note for.

But through heats and colds and every thing else I still remain and hope to remain your true and affectionate lover

Arthur Endicott

BURN THIS wont you?

Good old John was now delivering cookies to Andrew, alias Arthur Endicott, as well as notes. I wonder if the "home authority" had hopes of keeping Andrew incommunicado. Lizzie wrote back with alacrity.

Jan. 22 nd 1858

Dear Andrew,

I shall not allow you to have the blues they and you must part company as soon as you read this when you feel dull think of me. I missed you very much last evening one moment in your company is better than a whole evening in the gayest assemblies. You wish me to burn those lines I shall not, for they are too precious to me. I had a glimpse of Mrs. Brooks tonight. I have not any news to relate except we live in number 18 Andrews St. I believe nothing has changed since you were here last the birds and plants remain in the same places the darnning needle clock moves on but the hours seem much longer than when you were present I am glad to hear the nine o'clock bells now. I do not wish it earlier. This is Nels contribution although I know they are not half so exceptable as mine. I have told her so and she is going to write something more, it is poetry her first attempt.

Please get well quick for my sake send your cold down to me then you can come and see me.

From your own,

Lizzie

P. S. Please excuse all mistakes and forgive the nonsense. I hope you will soon be able to come down to see one that loves you better than any one on earth.

Your

Lizzie

P. S. If I can not see you please write to me often.

Lizzie

One month later Andrew sent Lizzie a note and some religious material. He must have been disturbed by the crisis brewing in Lizzie's mind on the subject of religion, even though he doesn't dwell on it in his note.

John's Shop Feby 26th 1858

Dear Lizzie

Why - how long it is since I have written that name. I send you by John these tracts thinking you or Nellie might like to read them - I had them with me last night intending to give them to you but I forgot it as usual. In asking if you would like to read them I place myself in a position which I never did before for I never asked a person before to read a tract of any kind and in lending these to you I do not wish to convert you over to any particular religeous denomination & only I know that some of the sentiments that you are apt to find in the Books tracts etc. of the denomination that you have the most to do with at present, are not according to the views that you have expressed to me. If after reading these you or Nellie would like more I will let you have some. If you think you should like to read them please read one of them if not more before tomorrow night when I come down I think you will have time, or at the rate it snows now you wont be able to go to meeting tomorrow morning.

I am Lizzie yours as ever

Warden

P.S. I have written this in such an off hand way that I hope that you will burn this as you have burnt all the others that I asked you to (I suppose) For I do not think that you would do any thing contrary to my wishes.

W. C.

P. P. S. I will try to fold this up in the most approved style and you will find this in the bundle.

On the outside of the folded note Andrew wrote:

Miss Lizzie H. Macmurphy

(care of Miss E. P. Stanley who is to open it and see whether or not she will send it to her)

Another month goes by and the subject of his next note is in a lighter vein.

Salem March 8th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I shall expect to find you, Nellie and Mary ready to go into Miss Jackman's when I come down tonight. They will have other company besides ourselves so look out.

From \_\_\_\_\_ you know

How do you like chess?

" " " " Euchre? is it spelt right

" " " " Give away game?

" " " " me?

Was this Lizzie's first invitation to a party of Andrew's set? Her next note may refer to the result of some pointed remarks made by the residents of Central Street after their evening at Miss Jackman's.

Salem April 8th 1858

Dear Andrew,

I will trust you I will never utter again what I did last eve. it was selfish, it was unkind, forgive, oh forgive me?

Yours forever,

Lizzie

Lizzie must have been becoming increasingly frustrated by the road blocks being thrown in the way of their relationship, in spite of Andrew's reassurances, and Lizzie's mother also must have had concerns about her daughter's involvement with Andrew, as much as she liked him personally. He wouldn't have been the first well-intentioned young man to knuckle under to family pressure.

All must have been forgiven because the "Warden" sounds a little apologetic in his next letter a month later.

Salem April 8th 1858

Dear Lizzie,

I write this as an apology for not coming down to No. 18 to night, or this evening rather. I wish to attend a meeting at "Old Batchelor's Dungeon" this evening. I don't know (I might) that you was ever informed that I belong to that association, but I do nevertheless belong there. Allow me to go this evening? as it will probably be the last chance that I shall have for sometime of attending a meeting, and if you won't allow me to go - then catch me if you can. I have got over the blues and feel very green, or some of those prismatic colors. Don't you imagine that you see me looking green Hey? This is a rather queer love letter, but as Spokeshave says "True love never did run smooth" and so don't this letter, note or what ever you may call it, or this pen either, the reason for this letter's not running smooth is that my poor skull is so thick that Boo! hold on! I have a faint idea that you would put your hand up to my mouth if I was along side of you and \_\_\_\_\_ I did not mean to say that. Give my love to Nellie after taking 125 100s out for your self, and also tell her that I have not the \_\_\_\_\_. No you need not, Yes you may; I

guess you better not: I had rather on the whole you would! And then after looking at it in an impartial manner, I have arrived at the conclusion that, If you won't in any manner feel jealous, you may give that fraction of my love to Nellie. "And this is life" And so it is to love you

Oh! Lizzie I am yours truly

Warden Collins

P. S. Do write me a note or letter or a something. Will you Lizzie? only think you had 3 or 4 from me since I had any from you. I shall get the blues again if you don't write.

W. C.

P. S. I told John today that I should be married before he would

Andrew must have changed his mind after sending this letter because Lizzie is writing her answer when he arrives and interrupts her. She gave him her unfinished reply.

Salem April 8th 1858

I did not receive your note in time to answer before dark. It would be all the same whether I excuse you or not as you are there. you have given it a new name I never heard of that "association" before. I am glad you got over the blues and hope you will never have them again. I shall not say anything in answer to the rest. Nell says "needn't send any more fractions for they are too small to be operated upon." I am not the least bit jealous. I had a caller yesterday afternoon I will tell you about it when I see you. don't say anything about it to John.

On the following day Andrew writes a letter that must have been the result of great soul searching as he attempts to convey in it his feelings about the step Lizzie is contemplating in the name of salvation.

Salem April 9th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I am sorry I stopped you from writing that note last night, but if you will write another it will do just as well. I shall not be down to night, so don't expect that I shall try that trick twice. You said last night that Miss P\_\_\_\_\_ had been to see you and you wished to go to meeting with her. Respecting those things you probably know my views, and I believe the following. That it is not necessary that we should make known to men what we believe, or that it is essential that we go to a public place to offer our petitions to Him who sees in secret our thoughts before we express them; nor is it essential that we should go to meeting to be good. For I think, and yet I do not like to judge other people that go to church, go because it don't look well to stay away, and that people will think they are not religious. I feel that I have passed a Sabbath more profitably when, at home I have read my Bible and prayed to God to give me strength to resist the many temptations, and to perform my duties aright. Our account of ourselves must be rendered by us alone, though friends may love us dearly and are willing to do anything for us while here on earth yet when we pass to another life we must do it alone. And as we are assured that in heaven there are many mansions, so as we have spent this life, so shall we be rewarded hereafter. I do not believe in an everlasting punishment or the Bible, which is given all of us as a guide points out in so many passages that "God will not keep his anger forever" and the like. I know that others construe that differently, and believe in eternal punishment. And if you or any other person believe differently, I should not wish to argue to you otherwise, and can only say that, in my belief I feel perfectly happy; and feel at any moment resigned for whatever may come, though I know that if I could pass my life over again I should lead a very different one. Perhaps you will think strange that I write this now but as there is now such an expression of sentiment all over the country in regard

*to it you ought to have mine, though you may be surprised at my belief. In return all I ask of you is that you will give me your thoughts in writing whether they agree with mine or not, and still love me the same. And I remain as ever  
Yours truly*

*Warden Cholins*

It would seem from Lizzie's reply that she had been, at least temporarily, dissuaded from making a public bid for salvation.

*Salem April 9th 1858*

*Dear Andrew,*

*Having been educated to fear God's wrath and unless I repent and made a public confession I should be lost forever you must think I have a great deal to think of I have at last arrived to this conclusion that I am a great sinner but there is not a sin committed by me that I don't repent of as soon as it is committed and pray to be forgiven, but I cannot think that unless I do as parent and friends wish in these things that God will cast me off forever but I will live on and do all the good in my power praying that I may each day grow better and I cannot think but God will receive me at last. I think your views are right. Let us live, love and pray for each other in this world and when we are called home may we be there united and behold the face of our father hearing the joyful words of "Well done good and faithful servants."*

*From your own*

*Lizzie*

These letters so intrigued me I did some research into the background of her church at the time these letters were written.

The Crombie Street Congregational Church, where Betsy Stanley's family and her sister, Louisa Ward, were members, was founded after a split in the Howard Street Church. At the time of the division the Howard Street minister, the Reverend William Williams, resigned as the result of a dispute over church philosophy. About one half of the Congregation, including the Stanleys, left with him. The group who stayed loyal to Williams were of a more conservative, fundamentalist nature and resented the growing liberalism in the Howard Street church.

Reverend Williams and his flock found an available building on Crombie Street and established a new church May of 1832. Unfortunately Williams' congregation didn't include any of the parishioners able to make large donations and eventually finances became such a struggle Williams was forced to resign in 1838 and take other employment to support his family.

Williams replacement was a Reverend Alexander J. Sessions, and at the bottom of Lizzie's dilemma. In the historical notes of the Crombie Street Congregational Church is written:

*"Rev. Alexander J. Sessions, a young man, whom, from the reading of the records during his ministry, we may judge to have been very strict regarding the behavior of his parishioners, as he frequently called them to account for their behavior."*

He was also lacking in tact and judgment, if one may read between the lines of some of the records. In 1850 Salem churches still had strong Puritanical roots and it is not difficult to imagine a young preacher might have gotten carried away with his new found power.

Also at that time there were still traveling groups holding camp meetings and attracting the gullible who wanted answers to the injustices in their lives. Even the most educated, who would

never be involved in such a show, believed that all things not understood must be the will of God. Death, for any number of reasons understood today, could be swift or lingering and cruel. Without the benefit of today's medical technology, which often cures us or prolongs our lives, they literally had to be constantly prepared to "meet their maker."

Another constant worry at the Stanley house must have been Lizzie's brother Tom's difficult behavior.

Reverend Session obviously had a great impact on Lizzie and Nellie's age group, girls in their late teens and early twenties. Lizzie had received the following letter the summer before from a girl in her church, also named Lizzie, and one can imagine the continuing dialogue among the members from that time until the December letter from Abby Peisson, when Lizzie seems to be coming around to their point of view.

*Salem July 2nd 1857*

*My Dear Lizzie*

*You may think it strange for me to address you thus but I want you to be a Christian. I want you to be happy, truly happy, which you can not be unless you are willing to give up this vain foolish world and live for Christ. Will you not do this dear Lizzie, you may be called suddenly away by death, are you prepared to meet your God and have him say "Well done good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of the lord." Oh! Lizzie, look back upon the years that have past and see how God has most kindly protected you in danger, restored your health in sickness, watched over you by night and by day, and many many times granted you his mercies when you have been unmindfull of them, and perhaps forgetful of Him. But the years are gone, it's account is sealed up; we cannot recall it's hours if we would' each sinful thought; word and action is known to God we can only humble ourselves before Him and seek earnestly His forgiveness for our many sins. Lizzie we are about to part, perhaps it may be forever but oh! what ever it may be do become a child of God, listen then to His kind voice which says Remember now the Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when thou shall say, I have no pleasure in them, we are not certain of one moment "come then while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no men can work."*

*Behold the Savior at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.*

*O lovely attitude: - he stands  
With melting heart and outstretched hands:  
O matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes*

*Admit him: for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest: -  
Admit him; or the hour's at hand  
When at his door denied you stand.*

*hoping that you will forgive me for writing this to you*

*I remain your true friend*

*Lizzie*

Sunday Dec. 12th 1857

My dear Lizzie

I have been thinking much of you lately and wishing I could know that you were interested in that which is the most important subject you can be interested in. I dare say you think you are, for you are pretty constant at church and Sabbath school and I don't doubt you read God's word, and perhaps you pray to Him, but are you seeking Jesus and do you love God with all your heart and soul, and mind and strength? Do you love him more than mother or sisters or anybody else? Do you love him more than any pleasure you can take in this world? If your heart can not answer "yes" you are not the disciple of the Lord Jesus, and what will you have for a friend in that day when all your other friends can do nothing for you? Take Jesus for your friend now. He does not require you to leave off loving your other friends, but to love him so much better than you do them that you will feel that you had rather part with them all, and with everything else, than with Jesus.

Who of all your friends has ever done anything for you in comparison with his love and his death for you? Will you not give Him your heart and obey him? You cannot say that it is an unreasonable thing He requires of us all. Think about it, and pray to Jesus, that He will make you sensible of your duty, and make you willing to do it. Do it soon too, for you "know not what a day may bring forth."

Yr. affectionate friend

Abby L Peisson

Abby must have been a star pupil in the young Reverend Sessions' Sabbath school, and Andrew would have been greatly relieved to have convinced Lizzie to tempt fate in the face of the zealous "Miss P." and Reverend Sessions. Had he not succeeded, Lizzie would have made a public confession of all her thoughts and words which would have been considered sinful in 1858. I think her relationship with Andrew would have been bound to be some part of her statement of confession.

## VELVETEEN VALLEY

When Andrew writes again it is from his Uncle John Nichols' farm in North Danvers. In Andrew's son William's account of the family history he says:

"He was advised by his physician to live in the country and give up city desk work. He had a natural liking for farm, and agricultural life, and had undoubtedly spent many boyhood days on his uncle's and grandmother's farms."

We know from other sources in the family that Andrew developed a persistent cough at that time, raising a concern about the possible beginning of consumption, shades of Lizzie's friend Annie.

Interestingly enough the Ward's family's doctor, and personal friend, was none other than the Doctor Mack who had been Betsy Stanley's employer.

One can safely assume that Andrew's mother would have jumped at a chance to put distance between her son and his beloved, but his cough would have struck terror in her heart as well, the Wards having a propensity for weak lungs. This family medical history must have entered into the doctor's thinking, his having seen Mary's sister, Elizabeth, and her brother, Joshua, die from lung involved illnesses. Andrew may have been equally anxious to get out of 11 Central Street, even though it meant less time to spend with Lizzie.

In any case, his going to his Uncle John's turned out to be a move that changed his future, and a plan put into action so suddenly he had no opportunity to let Lizzie know until he reached North Danvers.

Uncle John and his wife, Emme, were close to eighty at the time and it was most likely Uncle John's need of immediate help that caused Andrew's sudden departure.

It was the spring of 1858, one year after Sarah's letter from Rome telling of Jemina's death, that Andrew arrived at the farm and found himself subjected to Aunt Emme "venting her spleen," and his Uncle John just about worn out.

Their house stood to the north of the General Israel Putnam house and on the same side of the Newburyport Turnpike. The General Putnam house is still standing but Uncle John's house is gone.

It faced south on the corner of the turnpike and the Dyson Road, the Dyson Road originally going from Beverly to Esty's Tavern in Middletown. John Dyson petitioned it to be built, with 66 other residents of Salem, Beverly, Danvers and Middleton in 1808; his interest in its construction stemming from his wish to make his two hundred acre farm in Andover more easily accessible from his homestead on Cabot Street in Beverly. Today the name of this road, in that particular section, is Nichols Street.

A little further along this same road, in the direction of Beverly, had stood the home of Andrew's grandmother Eunice, where his uncle John and his father had grown up.

John's farm had been part of his mother's property. It consisted of sixty-three acres, which his mother Eunice Nichols gave to him when he and Emme were married.

There is an ink and wash drawing of John and Emme's house, done at the time they were living there, and a photograph, taken just before the house was torn down. It seems to have been a nicely proportioned one-and-a-half storied gambrel, with two dormers on the front and a center chimney. There were ells attached to either side of the house.

The Newburyport Turnpike, which ran by the side of the house, was written up by Charles Tapley for the Danvers Historical Society fully explaining the origins of this interesting early road.

“It is related that when the railroad was introduced into Russia and the first line between Petrograd and Moscow projected, a map was laid before Czar Alexander so that he might indicate the route which it was his royal pleasure it should traverse. The Czar called for a ruler and placing it on the map drew a mathematically straight line connecting the two cities. That is how the railroad was built, and how it runs to this day.

The Newburyport Turnpike, constructed in 1804 for horse drawn traffic, neglected and fallen into decay before the completion of the locomotive and rebuilt by the state as a motor highway, was laid out on a similar plan. Its charter called for an “Air line” from Newburyport to Boston and the officials of the Company standing at the head of State Street, Newburyport, instructed their engineer to point the telescope of his transit south, 20 degrees west, and to follow the course as directly as possible to Chelsea Bridge. The engineer followed his instructions exactly over hills and through valleys, across rivers and swamps he ran his line, and the builders followed his stakes with rigid exactness. In the 35 miles the road deviates only 83 feet from a straight line, and most of the deviation is in the ledges of Saugus near Lynnfield woods, where a great deal of heavy blasting was required to get by at all. No account was taken of grades and some of them were as steep as 12 per cent.

Passengers in the old stage coaches looking directly down between the ears of the leaders as they rushed down these precipitous slopes shut their eyes and said their prayers. Traveling in the early days was strenuous. The resting place for the night if no accident intervened was generally at ten o'clock. After a frugal supper the travelers went to bed with a notice that they should be called at three the next morning, which usually proved to be half-past two. Whether it snowed or rained they continued their way, sometimes with a driver showing no doubtful symptoms of drunkenness, which good-hearted passengers never failed to improve at every stopping-place by urging upon him another glass of toddy.

The road was nearly completed in a year, as the following advertisement found in the Salem Gazette of December 28, 1804, shows: "The directors of the Newburyport Turnpike Corporation at their meeting on the 24th inst. voted that the following statement concerning the progress of the Turnpike road be communicated through the medium of an advertisement, viz.: "That there is already made thirty-five miles of the Turnpike road; that bridges over six rivers are built; that in some instances hills have been reduced twenty-five feet; that two houses for entertainment are erected and that it is their opinion that the whole route of thirty-six miles (from Newburyport to Malden Road) will be open early in the spring." And in the same advertisement the 16th assessment of twenty dollars in each share of stock is called.

It may be noticed that the directors in their communication refer to the Malden Road as if it were to be the southerly terminus of the turnpike, while the original charter gave them the right to build to Chelsea Bridge. Evidently the terminus at Chelsea Bridge was not attractive to the Projectors, and they halted the work at the junction with Malden Road which is now the southerly part of Saugus, until they could secure a more desirable franchise. In 1805 the road was continued from Jenkins Corner, the junction with Malden Road to Malden Bridge instead of Chelsea Bridge...."

The turnpike is important to this story as it divided Uncle John's farm. The five acres of his farm that lay on the west side of the road would become Pine Knoll, where Andrew built his cottage, and when the state eventually decided to make it Route 1, Andrew would be the chief engineer on part of the project.

His children would join other children from miles around for sledding parties, on one of its "12 per cent grades," just to the north of Pine Knoll Cottage, but I'm getting ahead of myself and I'll save all that for later.

It is the letters written from Uncle John's farm that were numbered and copied in Andrew's book that I found in his portfolio, and this is the first.

*No 1.*

*What will you call it? Farm  
No. Danvers April 22nd 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I arrived here safe yesterday noon perhaps rather unexpected to you. I feel at home amongst the green things, and am well with the exception of the tooth ache, and the thoughts of leaving you behind. Today I set out a strawberry bed and planted peas and potatoes this is the first planting done on the farm this spring. They were waiting for me, "Oh what a great man am I" One day of a farmers life gone "so far so good." Lizzie you must make up your mind to become a farmer's wife - think you can? Excuse the pencil. I have a very good pen here but it wont write I dont know what the reason is unless it is that I have not any ink. I went to bed last night rather late (8 3/4) seeing that it was the first night up here I thought I would stay up and have it out. You may tell Nellie a part of what is in this letter you know what part to keep dark Don't you cry your little eyes out I shall be down soon, my love to all. I was up at 5 o'clock. "the birds make music all the day" here and the frogs by night Oh what a delightful serenade. Brown bread and milk for supper last night, your limes between meals. Tell John that I called to see him and send a few messages to you before I went but he had flown and left the key in the door as usual, though I told him a number of times not to. I left his key on the stairs. Please excuse the ink blots bad spelling etc. for I am up in the country. I shall go down to the postoffice Wednesday's and Saturdays - put your letters in to the postoffice before 7 A. M. I mean to get John on the days before the days mentioned*

*From yours truly*

*Warden Collins*

*P.S. I shall not find time to write as I thought I should but you must write often*

*W. C.*

*Friday April 23rd 1858*

*I went to bed last night at 8 1/2 the moon shown bright and as I looked out over the field I thought how I should love to have you here, rather a solitary evening compared with my other Thursday evenings. We are now in the midst of a violent shower, had to leave off work about 10 today planted a few potatoes, I hope that you will not always be afraid of lightning. For you should trust Him who rules the storm that it will all turn out as He intended it should. Love Him do whatever your conscience tells you is right. I think Nellie would like to be here in mid-summer but not now. You will have to learn to love cats for we cannot do without them on the farm though they need not be in the house much only in the winter. I shall find it more convenient sometimes to go Friday Night than Sat. morning. You must keep booked up on the fires in Salem untill after John tells you they have turned me out of No 2 for I shall have to pay a*

quarter for every one. Write as long letters as possible. Excuse my first attempt at writing letters since I went to the farm as it is nearly all trash, And I will love you as fond as ever, and this Lizzie is from your verdant swain

Drawen the farmer

P. S. One of my teeth near the front that was filled aches badly every time I eat. I think I shall go without eating. Pleasant!

D. C.

Sat. 24th 1858

I went to bed last night at 8 you see I am gradually working into a country person. We had a snow storm this morning. Toothache again this morn at breakfast.

Yours as ever

Drawen

The ink blots on her "verdant swain Drawen the farmer's" letter are imaginary as he was using a pencil. The number of dates contained in this letter is the way they will now correspond, writing diary fashion until the letter is mailed.

At the time Andrew went to Danvers there was a fine imposed by the fire department on any active volunteer who missed a fire. He had turned in his resignation but his departure was so sudden there had not been a fire company meeting to act on it.

Lizzie must have answered his letter as soon as it arrived.

Salem April 26th 1858

Dear Andrew.

You runaway I have imagined you at home sick I could not bring myself to the belief that you were in Danvers. Wed. morning mother went for those grafts. We have them in clay. I listened in vain for that well known footstep Thurs. I inquired of John for you he had not seen you but supposed you had visited his shop the day before as he found his key on the stairs. I walked up to D. Square\* after tea. Friday we had a very heavy thunder shower about noon. I was some afraid I know it is ordained by our Father, who will watch over me in storm and sunshine for has he not promised to be a Father to the fatherless?

Nell and I passed the evening with Mrs. McMurphy. Mr. M. was away. Sat. we too had a snow storm but I did not see it as it was between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning in the afternoon I went into the Essex Institute with Nell. We then made a call on Mrs. Cook arrived home in time to see our S. S. teacher we were remarkably silent Miss P. called while we were gone. Sunday morn. we went to hear Mr. Winn but heard Dr. Worchester as he preached for him Miss P. has joined our class. What shall I say of the evening I did miss you so much the bell did not ring any too soon it was dull and rainy I expect I looked sober I felt so at least. This morning the ground was all covered with snow it has disappeared I received your letter at 11 o'clock. I guess you can imagine how happy I felt at the sight of your handwriting. Mr Bates died Sunday. Martha Lander was married on Frid. that is all the news I found in the Salem Register this morning. John was looking over some old letters and found one from my uncle William it told where to direct to he was then in America. John wrote letters today. I will try not to cry my eyes out but it is very dull without you. I expect by the time you receive this you will be quite a farmer. Nell and Marg are puzzling over Algebra.

---

\* Danvers Square in South Danvers - now Peabody.

*Nell says she has not slept a wink for all day since you have been gone. But I am afraid you will be tired of reading this foolish letter you must excuse it for I am not much of a letter writer, I will close with a hope of seeing you soon it seems a great while since I saw you*

*From your only*

*Lizzie*

*P.S. As you like P. S.'s I will say good night and pleasant dreams for I suppose you are dreaming now.  
From Lizzie*

On the top of Lizzie's letter Andrew had neatly printed No. 1 in pencil and her letters were filed in order by date in his portfolio.

Miss P. doesn't seem to have abandoned soul-saving and it is becoming increasingly obvious that Nell had a crush on her big sister's beau. After all, Andrew was only two years older than Nell.

*No. 2*

*Velveteen Valley Sunday April 25th 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*You see by the date of this that I have ventured to give the place a name before hearing from you but if you do not like it I shall change it of course. My reasons for naming it so:*

*Are 1st. the fields around the house look soft and green like velvet, and 2nd. It is situated in a valley between Dodge's Hill (that hill that I showed you from the Neck \* on the ever to be remembered April 3rd.) And Dale's Hill on which E. D. Kimball's farm is situated.*

*Do you or do you not approve of it? You can write the answer to this in a letter and have it ready for me next Sunday if I am down and If I do not come send it with additions to it on Tuesday as I wrote in No. 1. The reason I say it is that work is very pressing and I can assure you I feel tired when it comes Sat. evening or at least I did last evening. Oh Lizzie you do not know I long to see you. It seems an age since I was with you, and the only recompence I have is the thought and belief that the longer I stay away from you the sooner shall we meet \_\_\_\_\_ you know what for \_\_\_\_\_ to be happy? I hope so. I did not attend meeting to day but I do not feel any the worse for not going for I believe that I see Him, and His wisdom in the slender blade of grass that points upwards to the sky, in the little birds that warble their songs of praise to Him, or as I see them from my window building their little nests to protect their young, or in those beautiful flowers 'neath my feet colored with the various hues, and as the poet said "In all finds God and finds that God all love." I have read my bible as I was always taught to do on Sundays: and to study and find out what the meaning is. One of the paragraphs which I came across was the one contained in the 5th and 6th verses of the 19th Chapter of St. Mathew, \* which I do not think wrong to mention in this love letter.*

*Do they miss me in Andrews St.*

*Do they miss me.*

*When the evening pleasures are nigh,*

*When the candles are lit in the Parlor,*

*And the Stars in the deep azure sky?*

---

\* Site of the Salem Willows.

\*\* "And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

Here I am again after a hard days work seated at my window writing to you I feel as Holmes has truly said "That the world has a dozen roosts for a man but only one nest." Where will that nest next be? It is now I suppose in the dim future, no one knows but God: he has kindly kept from us our future fate, though we vain mortals my plan gather in, and think that when we are old we can live life at ease, yet at his pleasure at one sweep it is taken from us and we must be content. I feel that I have no nest now, but no words can describe how I long for one, and one with you for my mate. It looked winterish this morning as I looked out from my window at 5 A. M. Snowing fast and the hills were white with snow now how different the grass greener that it was and the birds singing their evening songs. I expect if I write much more about my window you will be longing to have a peek from it, if you don't already, I will some day describe the prospect from it but not at present. My work to day was to clear out a cellar in the barn in the morn and to trim a hedge in the P.M I shall never ask you to excuse my long letters for I know you to well, and that when my letters are to long I shall hear soon enough about it. I have not had the tooth ache much today therefore I do not feel so\_\_\_\_\_It is growing dark and I must close for the night as we go to bed at 8. I did last night rather different than a Sunday night in Salem. I expect that when at No 18 you will not like my company much after 8 as I shall be rather sleepy

April 27 1858

I want you to give me the time and day on which you receive my letters, and the No of the one you receive and I will do the same to you. I sent No. 1 in season for you to get it Sat. evening about 6. It looks winterish and snowing fast. I guess we had the pleasantest weather while I was in Salem or else it is rather colder up this way. I made a bed to plant Beets onions etc. etc. this forenoon. in the P. M. I picked over apples and potatoes in the cellar. I have sawed and split wood enough since I have been here at odd times to last a month. I shall never grow fat up here I work so hard and don't get any meat at least I have not had any since I left home until to day and that to day was chicken i. e. an old hen. though it was boiled it was tough as shoe leather, though I don't know as I am in a fair way to judge for my teeth won't let me eat much and perhaps for their sake it would be better I should not eat much at present. You must not be surprised if you see me looking thin when I come down, For I am used to eating meat every day at home and going without alone would make me look pale and then take the work, which I am rather unaccustomed to, I tell you what, (excuse that phrase) I have an appetite when I set down to the table. I don't believe I shall tan any though we have not had any weather for that yet. The reason we had that chicken to day was that it is my Uncle's 50 aneversary of his wedding day, and it is passing off as has every day of their lives there is no romance about them, they have had no children, and therefore do not know the wants of such as me, they forget what their own thoughts were when young, and that young folks want a little recreation they expect Frank (the boy on the farm about 12 years old changed him in a great measure. She is afraid she will die poor and is saving and mean in everything and therefore she will die poor though she may be rich in worldly estate. What I miss most next to you is the companionship of persons of my own age, I feel lonely in that respect.

I have only seen one person of my own age to speak to since I came up here and that was by chance for the space of five minutes, all others that I have spoken to except Frank were more than 30 years older than myself and they numbering in all family included 6 persons or one a day and I have not said 50 words in the whole to those except Uncle & Aunt.

Wednesday April 28th 1858

One week of a farmer's life gone though it has not been very pleasant, or the work either yet on the whole if we don't have much worse I shall like it I think. The snow birds are busy this morn on the trees, the robin looks cold; the daffodil, crocus, jonquille, Flower de luce and May flower all look green peeping out from the snow neath my window, we

had 3 inches up here last night though it is melting fast. The bell rings for breakfast I stop for the present.  
\_\_\_\_\_ Noon.

I have been digging a New cellar in the barn. Should you not like to see me handling the pickaxe and shovel? this letter I shall carry down to the P. O. to night after supper if nothing happens to prevent, and I shall expect to find one there from you. I feel a great deal better than when I was in Salem and much stronger, though I find I am not so strong as I was when I worked here the summer before last, but if I have good health I hope soon to be, if not stronger. Perhaps you dont like these Journels and rambling sort of letters but you know how to stop them I write about what I am doing to give you an insight into farm life; so that if you consent to become a farmer's wife (which I don't doubt you will) you will know what to depend on. You see my handwriting is deteriorating very fast.

From one who loves and adores you and is

yours truly

Warden Cholins

P. S. You might keep these sheets in a book form as I will try to write all my letters on sheets of the same size. And if you are not able to read them I will read them for you when I come down.

A part of this letter is *Entre nous*

(French ask Nellie)

The E. D. Kimball farm mentioned in Andrew's letter is of major importance to this story, not only as the place where Doctor Andrew was born, but it would come back into the family many years later, when it was bought by Andrew and Lizzie's son, John.

I had written earlier about Andrew's cousin, Abel, selling the farm to Edward D. Kimball of Salem, a wealthy merchant and ship owner. Mrs. Kimball had the old Nichols house, built by Joseph Prince in 1697, torn down because it spoiled the view from her new summer mansion near the top of Dale's Hill.

## THE FAY PREMIUM

Salem Tues. 27th 1858

Dear Andrew.

It has snowed all day and looks more like winter than spring it is a week this evening since I saw you it has been a long week to me but I suppose you have had so much to do it has passed more quickly. I suppose you do not keep your watch fast now as there is no one to tell you the bell has just rung but I hope the time is not far distant ere I can say the same.

Wed. 28th 1858

It is quite pleasant today after the snow storm. I have just finished some work I began one year ago last August don't you think me smart? I think you can remember the month grass-hoppers were round about that time. I do miss you very much.

Thurs. 29th 1858

The weather is beautiful today this afternoon I have attended school with Nell\* they had a very interesting lecture from Miss Cook a graduate from the female medical college of Boston.

It is now almost the end of April and Lizzie answers Andrew's last letter.

Friday April 30th

The last day of April and it has surely been a day of sunshine and showers is not life the same? but let us look more for the sunshine and I think our lives would pass much happier dear Andrew. I received your No. 2 letter about 11 o'clock this morning you think I shall be tired of reading your long letters but I never received one so long yet, they have interested me very much I wish I could think the same of my poor productions. Last evening I attended the Band of Hope.\*\* J. Shatwell was chosen president Marg on the committee of arrangements it was the worst meeting I was ever at J. S. is not fitted for the office he holds. I am rejoiced to hear you feel better than you did when you left and I hope you will continue to improve in health and strength and fat also I do not know what it is to live with a mean person as our family are all very generous I should not think it very pleasant I am sorry your teeth trouble you so much I think the name of the place you wrote from very pretty and appropriate, the view from your window must be pleasanter than the one from mine as I can only see the maiden ladies. I should like very much to see you at work. I shall send you the first flower that has bloomed in my garden it will be withered when you receive it my lily has bloomed it looks beautiful I hope you will see it before it dies I think I must bid you good night now and believe me the same loving Lizzie now and forever.

Lizzie

---

\* Nell was now a student at the Salem Normal School.

\*\* A temperance organization for young people that originated in England.

May 1 st.

A more lovely May day there could not have been the air is mild and soft the grass a beautiful green the sky blue with a few white clouds. Marg has been to the concert this afternoon but I must close for I can think of nothing else but that I am so soon to see you so I hope you will excuse the blunders in this part of the letter. Before you read this I hope I shall have the happiness of seeing you.

From your own,

Lizzie

Yes we miss thee. Dear Andrew we miss thee,  
When evening's home pleasures draw nigh,  
When the lantern is lit by the window,  
We miss thee and I heave a sigh.

P. S. First attempt don't laugh to much over it.

Velveteen Valley April 29 1858

Dear Lizzie

I went to the plains last night and found your letter No. 2 so that both of our letters No 1 have arrived safe though mine did not reach you as soon as it aught. So Pat Lander is married she is the first of them Lander girls to commit such a rash act, now I suppose that they will all go. Do you not think that I am an old Betty by the way I want the letters fixed? But as soon as I get a young Betty I hope she will make me different. This is a fine morn I suppose I shall work some today. When I wrote compositions and letters at school I was one of the poorest in the class, so you will know the reason why I do not compose any better.

Tell John to set his plants out of doors if he has not already. Breakfast Bell - Noon - I sowed onions harrowed & sowed barley and made a bed for beets & parsnips this forenoon. The snow is nearly all gone now. Today I don't feel homesick it is so fair and warm. The apricot is in bloom near my window - In the afternoon made a bed for sweet potatoes etc.

Friday Apr 30 1858

Rain again unpleasant work in the cellar. I had rather work out of doors, but if I am again to be a farmer I must like all kinds of work. I feel well with the exception of being tired for yesterday was a hard day and today it would have been harder if not for the rain. It rains so every other day that the ground don't get dry enough to plough. You must tell me all that goes on in Salem for the exception of your letter and the Salem Observer I have not heard any thing from S. since I came up. I don't see any other papers. Richard Edwards Esq. of St. Louis Mo. knows more about what is going on in S. than I do. For I am away up in the country. Tell me when I. J. Patch gets married. I hope I shall have a chance to cut him out yet. Bell for breakfast \_ \_ \_ \_ Noon I shelled six bushels of corn (12 bushels of corn on ears) this forenoon, one half corn and the other half cobb that is the rule (hints about farming) I like this work very well perhaps you would not like to have been near me when I was handling over the corn and got my hand on a nest of young mice, they squirmed and I did also but I succeeded in killing five before they got away. I could not catch the old one but came pretty near it about an hour after, but "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." My Window Ah! is just the shape you see here \* and the same No. of pains two rows on the lower sash and 3 on the upper just the reverse of yours at home. I suppose that is the reason that I see so much from it, but one reason is that it is right in the range of the valley through which I can see Danvers Plain, Salem etc. what I see from it I will give you another time for it is now time to be about my afternoon's work. Adieu

---

\* Letter with sketch reproduced on plate 2.

May Morning 1858

The weather is fair and delightful up here I was up at five as usual I suppose you beat me this morning, and that you are now on your way to the Turnpike. I live away up on the Turnpike but not the one your bound to. We had some visitors come yesterday one from Minnesota Territory and the other from the Northern part of Vermont. I like it much for they are within 6 years of my own age, though I shall go home and leave them today and I suppose that they will be gone when I come back Monday. There is a thick mist between here and the city where my May Queen resides. Uncle John has his waggon out and is a going down to the Plains to market Potatoes Butter Eggs etc. Bell for

---

Tuesday May 4th

I did not get time to write yesterday and as I was with you Sunday evening I suppose you will excuse me. I don't know as it will do for me to come down again for I feel so homesick when I get back - it seems as though I had seen you only for a few minutes, but those minutes will linger in my memory for ever. I have read that poetry of yours and I think it is "very good" -. I believe that is the only question that you have answered among the variety - therefore I shall take it that silence gives consent and I thank you for answering them in that way. I suspect that this will make you read that (No 2) long letter over again a tiresome job - I don't see what has got into Trask\* your letter was in the Salem Post Office 30 hours before you got it

Wednesday

Monday I plowed & planted beets and parsnips Tuesday I harrowed and furrowed and planted corn - The peas that were planted 12 days ago are up - As it has been fair so far I think that you are hoping it will be fair the rest of the week.

Thursday Apr 6 1858

Yesterday I set out 120 Franconia Raspberry Bushes and planted some potatoes Uncle John went to the Mill & to Market yesterday Rain today I guess you look rather sober to see it rain. If you get this letter before Sunday you need not expect to see me as I shall probably stay up here and come home a week from next Saturday, don't cry Lizzie Dear you will get used to it in a short time - thought I shall make it a rule to come home once a \_\_\_\_\_ (Oh! don't you wish you knew) \_\_\_\_\_ week the fortnight will be the exception

From yours truly

W. C.

I was amused by Andrew's attempt to get Lizzie to number her letters by jokingly referring to himself as an "old Betty." It didn't work. Her letters continued to arrive unnumbered and he continued to number them.

---

\* The Andrews Street letter carrier.

Salem May 3rd 1858

Dear Andrew,

It has been pleasant today we are all in confusion John took the carpets up this morning Mother has washed the windows inside John out while I have been cleaning the paint we expect the painters Wed. John brought this notice home wishing me to send it to you I suppose you would like to be to the meeting. I planted a strawberry bed this morning I think you would call me green if you were to see it. The paper stated this morning that Mr. T. Downing was about to build a Block where the Salem Bank now stands to join the store now occupied by Archer Downing & Co. which is to have another story added, the block is to contain two stores, two Banking institutions and apartments for the U. M. U. it is to be three stories high with a hall in the upper story. Also that at a meeting of the Mayor & Aldermen held on Wed. evening an order was passed in reference to the Leager Beer Saloon directing the city Marshall to cause the laws to be strictly enforced against the proprietors and all liable. John tells me your note was read to the meeting this evening\* you were discharged it is nearly ten o'clock I think I must close or my eyes will good night and pleasant dreams from your own,  
Lizzie

May 4 th

Another lovely day has closed. Some think spring the pleasantest others summer others Autumn others Winter. But I don't think I can tell which I like they all have beauties to me. This afternoon I have been shopping with Mrs. McM. We had a call from Lizzie Tuttle\*\* she is getting to be quite a large girl she is full of fun.

May 5th 1858

We had quite a shower about noon I have been cleaning paint today I shall be glad when spring cleaning is over. We have got the painting done it looks nice. there is to be a Temperance meeting to night in Mechanics hall I think some of going. Two weeks today you left it seems an age to me you have had beautiful weather this week so far I expect you are busy. I had some radishes for tea that grew in a hotbed in the field back of our house they were very nice. As they are all going to the meeting I shall go as I do not like to stay alone good night.

May 6th 1858

It has been raining and pouring all day I have been house-keeper to day Mother is away to spend the day Nell staid at school Marg had a double school I havent had her for company I went to lecture last evening Hon. A Huntington presided Mr. Thompson & Adams of Boston spoke it was interesting the hall was not one third full. Andrews St. has not changed since you were here the boys make as much noise as ever the maidens have taken to scolding them. Everything looks beautiful after the rain the peach tree looks as though it would bloom as soon as the sun shone. Mother has been into Mr. Putnam's hot house this afternoon she says the flowers are beautiful Mrs. P. sends word that she should be very happy to have me come with mother to see them I think I shall go some time. please excuse this letter for instead of improving I believe every one I write grows worse good night I hope I shall see you soon do come down Sat. night. from the one who loves you

Lizzie

Andrew I love you,  
For no other do I live;  
And the love I freely give you,  
To no other can I give.

---

\* Rapid 2 fire brigade.

\*\* Lizzie Tuttle was the daughter of Sarah and Hiram Tuttle. Sarah was Lizzie Stanley's first cousin, being the daughter of Mary Hunt Farrington. There will be many references in future letters to the Tuttle family and Andrew often went to their home with Lizzie.

In a book called "Old Salem Gardens," published by The Salem Garden Club in May of 1946, there is an interesting write up about the Putnam's business.

“In the early 1840's, the Putnams became very successful in growing roses; each June their 5 or 6 hundred varieties were a great attraction through-out the vicinity. They were great producers of fruits and strawberries. Charles laid out gardens and had a nursery from which he sold fruit and ornamental trees. The green house and gardens were on Appleton Street and in 1864 the city purchased part of this "estate" as an addition to the "Orne Street Cemetary," now know as "Greenlawn." Mr. Putnam also had a green house on Crombie Street where he sold bedding plants, flowers and bouquets.”

I would imagine that Lizzie's mother had visited their Crombie Street location, which was in the center of Salem near her church.

*Velveteen Valley Friday May 7th 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*The weather still remains rather unpleasant - yesterday I enjoyed myself shelling corn, today I planted a patch of potatoes of my own, corn for Uncle - I feel perfectly well and happy of course. Oh what a blessing it is for us to have good health - I do not know of a day that I have felt so well as to day for over a year my hope is now that I shall so remain and grow strong and fleshy, both of which I lack.*

*Tuesday May 11 1858*

*How the time flies away I have been to Salem and back - planted corn and potatoes since I last took my pen in hand to write to you. I recd. your No. 3 Sat. evening. This morn I went round the farm hunting catapillars. Now here goes -----*

*Years ago on a bright morning in the month of April there might have been seen standing on an acre of ground just cleared of woods and under brush surrounded on three sides with a forrest of Birches situated on a high hill in the wild and Romantic town of Middleton a blue eyed boy of ten Summers he had on his left arm a basket containing acorns and as your eye followed him he might have been seen stopping at every four feet of his journey and with his right drop five acorns - and when he had gone once across the piece and back - be seen to take his hoe and cover them with soil and in like manner you would follow him for two days until his task was finished and he shouldered his hoe and basket and trudged down over the hill whistling some popular melody to the old fashion house built at least a century and a half ago - there to rest his weary limbs - And one year after he might be seen hoeing and transplanting his trees then about 4 inches high. And now after a lapse of four years or five years from the time we first knew him we turn our eyes to the spot of land and we find a number of Gentlemen and a youth of 15 years examining trees from two to six feet in highth and again follow those persons to the old house in the valley and after a good dinner and an hour's conversation they call that youth and tell him that in the name of the Essex Agricultural Society that they have awarded him the Premium of One hundred dollars promised by the Hon. R. S. Fay "For the best plantation of Oak Trees five years from the Acorn." Five years after or on the 11th of May 1858 there may be seen again on that lovely hill top now overgrown with trees a young man surveying the spot and those oakes which he planted some of them larger around than his arm and over ten feet high.*

*He thinks as he gazes that how in a few years he shall be numbered with the dead. But those Oakes if unmolested by human hands will live on for centuries and when perhaps a future Empire founded on this Beautiful Republic shall in building its Men of War to be terror to the seas they shall use these Oakes for the strong Knees and Keels some future*

*Antiquarian may stumble on an old worn out copy of the "Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society for the year 1855" and find the name of Andrew Nichols as the one who planted the acorns hundred of years ago - and in consequence of which some of these mighty Men of War might bear his name though he would rather it might be borne by some Missionary Ship (if such then be needed) sent by the Government of some future Republic unlike the present - Free from every spot of oppression and sin - where the Black and White Rich and Poor shall alike be respected and worship their Father in Heaven - In Peace and Love forever more. But Oakes dont occupy his thoughts as his eye wanders into the valley below he misses the old farm house - it was burnt down several years ago and that farm has passed into a strangers hands - That farm on which he had passed away many a happy day in wandering alone or with his father who has been for five years numbered with the dead. But he has by him been taught to look through death unto life and Love God and Man - And whose last words on his death bed to him were - "Andrew live for others - Be good" What words he has had to strengthen him in an hour of temptation - He glances over rapidly in thought the five years since these words were spoken through the sunshine & storm - of blighted hopes and works accomplished. He sees God has dealt bountifully with him - But the tear steals down his cheek and we will drop the curtain for in such times it is good to be alone. I hope you will pardon this in a love letter Lizzie it was in my mind and I could not write on any different subject now.*

*Wed. May 12th 1858*

*Three weeks gone bye never to return - since I came up. I cleaned out the Corn Barn and Scraped Apple trees to day*

*May 15 1858*

*I have been hard at work planting all the rest of the week and have not had time to write.*

*From yours truly*

*Warden Cholins*

Poor Andrew! He had taken time from his farm work to walk to where he and his father had planted the acorns and Andrew had accepted the Fay Premium on his father's behalf for the oaks they produced. This letter led me in some interesting directions and I will begin with a very strange coincidence.

When Pine Knoll was being settled I selected about a dozen books for my library, as my father's share of the division. When I finished reading this letter, at a much later date, I went to the bookcase and there was the book Andrew referred to. It was an old leather-bound copy of the transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society, Volume VI, 1852 - 55.

I had not read it, my reason for selecting it in the first place had been because this was a society the doctor had helped found and the society which began the annual Topsfield Fair.

I took it from the shelf and turned to page 111, as suggested by Andrew over one hundred years before, and this is what I found:

#### **REPORT ON FOREST TREES, ENTERED FOR THE FAY PREMIUM**

**The Committee appointed in 1848, upon the offer made by Richard S. Fay, Esq., of Lynn, for the cultivation of oaks from the acorn, have attended to the duty assigned them, and Report:**

**That on the 25th of September, 1847, a letter was received from Mr. Fay, through B. T. Reed Esq., "proposing a prize of one hundred dollars, for the best**

plantation of oaks, of not less than one acre. The prevailing species to consist of the white and the black or the yellow oaks, to be grown from the acorn planted this autumn or in the spring on land not under tillage, or in mowing. The prize to be awarded in 1852, and the money, in the meantime, to be placed at interest for the benefit of the successful competitor." In connection with this offer, Mr. Fay remarks, "it will require no great expenditure of time, and no money to enable any person to plant an acre, and the advantage to the person so doing, would far exceed the labor bestowed, even if an unsuccessful competitor." He declines giving any specific instructions as to the planting, thinking "it will be best for every one to follow out their own ideas upon the subject."

Such was the offer, and such were the conditions on which the money was entrusted to the Trustees of this Society, and deposited with the Treasurer.

On the 23d of June, 1848, notice was given to the Secretary, by Dr. Andrew Nichols, of Danvers, that he had a plantation of oaks, situated "on the northwestern brow of Nichols Hill, in Middleton, made about the middle of May, from acorns gathered last autumn, which had come up well, and the plants were then from one to six inches in height."

This plantation was entered by him for the premium offered by Mr. Fay.

Another entry was made by Mr. Wetherbee, for a plantation made about the same time, on the farm of Mr. Fay, in Lynn.

The committee visited both of these plantations, in the autumn following, and found them in vigorous and healthy condition; plants sufficiently numerous, varying from three to twelve inches in height.

On the 8th of August, 1850, the following observations were made by the Committee, upon Dr. Nichols plantation. "Field rude, rough and briery. Plants varying from one to four feet in height. The English oaks are much ahead of the American, averaging twice the height. The trees stand in hills about five feet apart, numbering about three thousand on the lot. Early in the season the earth was stirred about the trees and the vacant spaces were supplied by transplanting from hills containing more than one; many of those thus moved have failed to grow. Between the hills nature has had full possession, and blackberry and other vines abound, with here and there a bunch of birches or a stray poplar. Some of the English oaks have started ahead at least two feet the present season.

On the 1st of September, 1851, the following observations were made on the same plantation. The trees vary from six inches to six feet in height. Most of them are between one and two feet high. Many of them have a vigorous healthy aspect. Their advance, as a whole, does not come up to our expectations. The Doctor said, if they had not grown, it was their own fault, -- as he had done nothing to prevent their growing; -- and we may add, he has done little to aid their growth, since the first year. Seven-eighths of the young trees that were first observed in the hills are still living, -- many of them so involved in vines and grass as to demand searching observation to distinguish them. The English oaks show the best growth, -- the yellow and blacks the next, and the white oaks stand in the third class for progress."

On the 24th of September, 1852, the following observations were made: "The trees have been permitted to progress in their own way the present season, without any culture whatever. The ground became covered with birches, briars, grasses, &c., without limit. A few days ago, all the birches, briars, &c., were cut, and the earth was stirred about the young oaks to the diameter of one foot, -- consequently, their position was easily distinguished. They vary in height from six

inches to six feet, the greater part of them have not attained a height of more than one foot. No use has been made of the land since the acorns were planted. The Doctor suggested, it might be well, another season, to cut down the plants near the ground, and let new shoots start up, with increased vigor, from the present imbedded roots."

On the 30th of August, 1853, the plantation was viewed by three of the committee with several other gentlemen. Its condition was not materially changed, from the description above given. There are trees enough, but a small proportion of them show any inclination to rise in the world.

Upon a view of the foregoing facts, the Committee could see but little encouragement for the growth of forests by planting acorns on such land. In fact, the impression was general, if the land was of any value for any other purpose, it would not pay for continuing the fence about it for this purpose. Nevertheless, they express the hope, that the proprietor, whoever he may be, will continue the enclosure, clear out the intermediate growth, cut off the plants even with the ground, and give them a chance to start anew another spring. It is much regretted, that the Doctor could not have lived to carry through the experiment, and to give the Committee and the public the benefit of his observations on a class of culture, in which he felt a deep interest, and a good degree of confidence. That the experiment has been conducted substantially, in accordance with the views of the donor, there is no doubt; that a better growth of the trees might have been secured, by more attention to preparing the land by subsoiling and manuring before planting; and by clean culture during their growth, is equally clear.

In view of the circumstances, the Committee are of opinion, that the experiment has been so conducted as to entitle the claimant, or his heirs, to the award of the one hundred dollars, with the interest accrued thereon, and they recommend that the same be paid accordingly.

In regard to the plantation made on the farm of Mr. Fay, once visited by the Committee, they were informed that a large part of the trees were thrown out of the ground, or otherwise killed by the frost; and that the plantation was thereby so much injured as not to be worthy of any further attention of the Committee.

Respectfully submitted,

Dean Robinson,  
John W. Proctor.

Middleton, August 39th, 1853.

I love the comment by the doctor during the committee's 1851 visit; "if they had not grown, it was their own fault." When he involved his ten-year-old son in the project he must have traveled back in his mind to the locust grove that he and his brother, John, had helped their father plant. Maybe that was why the experiment appealed to such a busy man.

The first thing that struck me about this report was that, since the award was made posthumously, the doctor having died the March before, Andrew had been deprived of the pleasure of sharing the news of the award with his father.

The next thing that struck me as most peculiar was the doctor owning a farm in Middleton. What farm? At the time I researched this letter I had never heard of it. I have numerous pages of notes, scribbles and published articles, written by Andrew and his daughter Mary Eliot Nichols, who both delighted in writing about the history of their family, but there isn't a hint, in any of their papers, of the place described in Andrew's letter and the society's report. I know I had never heard

it mentioned by Mary Eliot, my great aunt who was always called "May" and was the family historian after her father died.

I then tried the easy way out by asking two of Andrew's grandchildren, who had lived at Pine Knoll with him, and were by far the most knowledgeable on such things of anyone living. They had never heard of a Middleton farm or the premium story. Of course they knew the well published history of the early Nichols farm that this may have been a part of.

Beginning to feel as if I had fallen down a rabbit hole like Alice, I began to dig, and several months later I had puzzled together the facts I have given before, about the Middleton farm and as to how it came into the doctor's possession, and who it belonged to before him. It was also while on this search that I found the facts about his estate and that he died without having written a will.

In a folder on file at the county court house, I read the papers showing his real estate, his personal estate, and the list of debts against the estate which I have mentioned before.

The property is listed as the "Nichols Farm" and "containing about fifty-four acres of land with a dwelling house and other buildings thereon, situated in Middleton and Topsfield. His personal property at the farm was one horse, three cows, engine and boiler, farming utensils, one pig, farm produce & provisions and household furniture.

I also learned, from another document, that on March the seventh of 1854 his widow, Mary, petitioned the court, through her lawyer and administrator of the doctor's estate, requesting to be allowed to offer for sale "a part of the real estate of said deceased," it being in the best interest of his minor children's inheritance.

As a result of gaining this permission, Mary put up for auction every single piece of property that had belonged to the Nichols family historically. She sold the Nichols farm, the "Island Lot," the "Beaver Brook Lot," the "Island Lot & Meadow," and the "Black Pole Wood Lot."

She kept the "Bald Rock Lot" in South Danvers and the other property there, with the house in which they had lived during their marriage, which she leased.

At the sale of the "Black Pole Wood Lot" the doctor's brother John was high bidder, whether or not he attempted to buy the other pieces I don't know.

The little Nichols farm was sold on the fifth of April, 1854, with all its buildings still intact, the house must have burned at a later date.

Andrew could have written a story of "what might have been." (A snug little house in a Velveteen Valley that was dear to his father's heart, just the place to begin his life as a married farmer.) Had his father lived, the farm would not have been sold. I suspect the doctor would have been only too glad to give Andrew his blessing, when Andrew chose to become a farmer in the Nichols tradition. For Andrew to shed a tear was understandable. What would have been his for the asking was gone forever, just a bittersweet memory while he toiled on his uncle's land just over a mile away!

With the doctor no longer living, I can't imagine Andrew's mother willingly entertaining the idea of her only son becoming a farmer, no matter what his opinions, before he developed the problem with his lungs. I'm sure when she sold the Middleton properties it was because she felt they would be of no further use to her family.

Was the reason Andrew never mentioned it again because the subject was too painful?

May 10th 1858

Dear Andrew

This morning we received a call from Mrs. J. F. Brooks I was very much pleased with her appearance. She is very sociable and ladylike she started with his father and mother for N. York this afternoon they are going to take a boarding house Mr. Fellows is to take their house.

Tuesday May 11th

I have been down to Sarah to pass the day. Nell and Marg came to tea John Cook came down to pass the evening we played Euchre I did not enjoy it as I did when you were my partner we were in the midst of a game when we heard the rain pelting against the windows you may imagine what a jumping there was neither of us had rubbers Sarah lent us 2 pair Mrs Brown one pair Hiram lent J. C. his thus equipped we started for home it was very dark we could not see where we were going till we got into Bridge St. we expected John for us but J. C. came home with us John did not get home for some time after we did. Edward Dalton was married last evening you may not know him he is always with John Nichols & Robert Hill I miss you much this evening it is the first time I have been away to shop since you have been gone.

Wed. May 12th

Mother and I have been cleaning the chambers this morning I have nailed two carpets down it has looked very much like showers all afternoon but they pass over the sun shining out making the grass and trees look more beautiful for the shadows it had been said (And I think it true) "Every cloud has a silver lining" if we would always keep that in our minds how seldom would we look on the dark side of the picture. I suppose you have been very busy. from one that will remain ever the same till death

Lizzie

Thurs 14th 1858

It has been very pleasant with the exception of a very high wind this afternoon my cousin Charles Macintire came down from N. H. to make a visit it will be two years in August since we saw him. he has been to the Band of Hope meeting with us this evening it was the most interesting meeting we have had it was very much crowded but quite still. I am afraid I am guilty of wishing my time away I do not know as it is exactly wishing it away but I want as much as I can do so to feel in a hurry all the time. the weeks seem so long without you to come and see me evenings but I will not say anything more about it I know you are so much better than you would be here I am willing to be lonesome rather than have you look as pale as you have this winter. I think you will get tired of this letter I must bid you good night with my best love.

Friday May 14th 1858

It has been a delightful day the peach trees are full of blossoms and they look very handsome. Nell is writing to you I expect my poor letter will not amount to anything compared with hers she is writing on a large sheet of paper I have been sewing from 8 o'clock this morning till 6 this evening I feel a little tired you must excuse this part of the letter I do not think it very interesting myself. I shall expect to see you tomorrow night till then I must bid you good night as it is getting late the clock has struck ten.

From Lizzie

P. S. I am ashamed of this letter compared with Nell's but my thoughts cannot be conveyed to paper. for your sake I wish they could as my letters must be very uninteresting

from your

Lizzie

Nell did indeed write her school girl nonsense with great style and flourishes on a magnificent piece of paper. I'm sure the effort would have earned her an A+ in penmanship. She then did an intricate folding job on her masterpiece so it looked like some piece of Origami.

Having known Nellie when she was in her late nineties, and called Aunt Lala, I can just imagine her chagrin if she knew I had bothered to put this foolish letter in Lizzie and Andrew's story. I almost didn't, as it is so silly, but I finally decided to include it because, even at ninety-nine, her personality was still youthful and full of fun.

Fortunately Lizzie didn't need to be concerned about her own miserable ink-blotted effort.

Nellie's letter:

*Friday night, Salem, May 14th 1858*

*Dear Andrew*

*.....but there I see my letter will be after the style of speech making, ..... for you know that when a man makes a speech it takes him the first half hour that is allowed him to make excuses, apologies etc. ... But you may say why then do you write it so? Lor sake! don't you see how I have addressed you? Well dear me: that is your fault not mine; for I thought that you said dear .... well it is no matter about spending time to write my worthless name (How much longer would it have taken?) and I didn't say dear, that you wouldn't write to me again. Now you perceive that this letter is not exactly speech making style after all... but I thought it was going to be ... for instead of blaming myself I have put all the blame upon you. But what am I thinking of! Dear me! I almost forgot that I agreed with Mr. Zuint's rule,... If you've got anything to say get up and say it, and if not say so. But I must here stop and tell you the good news, namely, I have (since I wrote the last sentence) taken off a pair of tight boots and put on slippers; and I feel as I expect Box Brown did when he was released from the somewhat close quarters of his Box Mansion. Now I will apply the formula but you must excuse me for I have been studying Algebra today, that is why I put formula instead of Mr. Zuint's rule. But I won't forget again if I can help it.*

*The Letter ..... I thought it best to mark the place where this letter commences; for I thought you might not know. or that you would read a little at the commencement of the first page and then stop, thinking that you had something better to do than read my nonsense; but you must remember that it is Friday night.*

*I am not going to answer your questions according to the answering custom ... For Ex. You asked me so and so and I think so and so... because I don't like to read letters written in that fashion; and knowing my character you know that I generally do as I wish to be done by. (Generally?)*

*Velueteen Valley! What a pretty name, no not pretty until I know whether it is appropriate or not. Does the farm ... as me thinks I see it in imagination... stand between two noble hills which rise from their parent soil, as if tired of reclining longer upon her? And has nature spread around it a soft carpet of green? If so the name you have selected, I think is very appropriate, since it expresses all of this.*

*Talk about the rain as falling upon that paraphrase during the last month, for if the blessings then you have had a smile playing about your countenance as bright as the moon. (I was going to say sun but I thought that would be too dazzling altogether) and you have carried a heart as light as the one forty fifth part of a feather. I hope you have received a good many blessings but I hardly wish that your heart is as light as all that comes to. ... Why not? ... Wouldn't have one heavy enough to give away. I am not going to say anything to you about visiting L. P. S. for you know better than I the evil that therein lies, since your sphere in life leads you to observe such things more carefully than mine.*

*I should hope that a sister of mine would never give her heart's affections to one who without any cause could not bestow ... if only for her sake ... at least a portion (though it only be 125/100) of his better self, upon her darling sister*

... unworthy though I am. ... By the ring in of the bell I am reminded that ... it's being Friday night, ... I had better not write any longer. Well I won't write much more, only enough to close with.

I suppose you are about going ... if not already gone ... to retire for the night; I hope you will have a good night's rest, after your hard day's work, and will awake refreshed in the morning.

Goodnight Andrew

(Turn over for the P. S.)

P. S. I hope you won't be in a hurry when you read this, for you might say ... you won't catch me writing to her again.

Nellie

Returning to Lizzie's letter, her cousin Charles McIntyre was the son of Nancy Hunt McIntyre. Nancy was Betsy's sister, and she married Solomon Warren McIntyre of Danvers. Charles was born in 1837 and his mother died in 1840, when Charles was three. The mother he refers to in his letter was his step-mother. The following letters were in Lizzie's box. Charles and his family lived in Salisbury, New Hampshire at the time. Lizzie is spelling his name Macintire but the spelling in the Hunt genealogy and old records is as I have spelled it.

Friday Night Salisbury Feb. 6/56

Dear Lizzie

I received yours today and as it is kind of rainy I thought I would answer it. I am a great deal better than I was at the first of the winter. I am in a store but it is a little different here in a store than down there. who has aunt Louisa\* got with her to help her. What store is Jim in. who is the owners do you know.

Does Mary Foye\*\* stay at Mr. Thomas Hunt now she was there when I left there last. What is Caroline Foye\*\* doing now You did not say any thing about her in your letter Mother and Sarah E. gets along well Sarah E. has got to be a great Player in the Piano Forte she has been taking lessons of a lady who came from Boston last Spring I went Strawberrying and got 9 qts of Strawberrys in one afternoon they grow wild here and are very plenty The folks are going to make Maple Sugar this spring as the other kinds of sugar are so high Do you see anything of Martha Patch do you know where she is. is she in Salem How does Aunt Mary\*\*\* get along I should think she would be kind of lonesome as Sarah and Elisabeth are gone. You say that Ellen & Margie are to pass their first Examination at the Normal School I hope they will be qualified Give my love to them and tell them to write as it is growing dark I must close by bidding you goodbye

Yours truly

Charles Macintire

Answer as soon as convenient

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\* Lizzie's aunt Louisa Ward, who lived with them.

\*\* Mary and Caroline Foye were Lizzie's cousins, the daughters of Susanna Palfrey (Hunt) and Samuel Foye. The family lived on Derby Street.

\*\*\* Aunt Mary was another Hunt sister and the widow of Edward Farrington. She lived on Hathorne Street in South Salem.

Salisbury Jan 20/57

Friend Lizzie

How does all the folks get along down there since I left there I am still in the Country and I think that I shall stay up here this winter as my health has been very poor and my folks think it is best for me to stay I should like very well to visit Salem again but I don't know how long that I shall stay in it Has Mary Foye got married she was in a fair way to be when I left. What are the Foye boys doing now. does uncle Sam take care of the United States Boat\* now. Have you seen anything of Sarah Bradstreet has she got married You never have seen any cold weather down there. Up here it has Blowed for 2 or 3 days steady and I did not think that it would leave off. I cannot think of much more to write at present so I will wind up by bidding you good night

Yours

Charles Macintire

In Lizzie's next letter she barely mentions Andrew's acorn story. Her answer would imply that Andrew had never told her anything that would lead her to suspect the full significance of his story about the farm. I wonder if he ever did.

May 17th 1858

Dear Andrew,

I read your No. 4 letter last evening after you left I was much interested in the romance I should think it was founded on facts. The maiden ladies have a man fixing their garden today I guess you would laugh if you could only hear them talk the man said he could get along with one but it was hard to suit four old maids each one wanted it done differently. It has been raining very hard this afternoon, this morning I have been setting out some of your favorite flowers the Lilies of the Valley the maidens gave them to me. I suppose you read the paper this morning as John tells me you did not go till the 11 o'clock train.

May 18th 1858

Rain again today, last night it hailed we have a coal fire it is quite comfortable. Marg has gone to pass the evening with Sarah Peabody. Mother is away thought of enough to fill 2 sheets but as soon as the pen touched the paper they had flown and I cannot recall them. I have not heard anything new today.

May 19th 1858

It has not rained any today but it has been quite cold. After tea Nell and I took a walk over in S. Salem the gardens look beautifully early flowers & spring buds and blossoms and those denying God I should think they would convince them selves of their error if there was not anything else to. John has just arrived home after his days adventure\*\* he has given me a description of a young gentleman he saw on his way home I should have liked to have had a peep at him. John had quite a time getting lost he is tired enough. I was very much pleased to hear from you I liked all he said but two things one was that you was suffering with the tooth-ache and the other you can guess but I must be content as everything is for the best if we would but think so. I have heard of an engagement today the truth of it I will leave it was between must close good night.

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\* Samuel Foye was the captain of the revenue boat.

\*\* John had taken the day off to find the farm and see where Andrew was working.

May 20th 1858

It has been quite dull all day it is raining quite fast now. John has been planting beans today. I am very happy to hear you have improved so much in health John told me you look quite well yesterday. It makes me reconciled to your staying on the farm for I do not think you would have been able to write much longer in the Court House. I do not know which I shall receive first you or a letter but you will read this before you see me and I sincerely hope you will excuse this letter from your own loving

Lizzie

## LECTION DAY

No 5

Velveteen Valley Tuesday May 18th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I arrived here yesterday at noon \_\_\_ in the afternoon I set out some tomatoes & it began to rain about 2 P. M. I only wish it had rained in the morning so that I should have had an excuse for not coming up here. Thunder showers last night I suppose you did not feel like getting up and going down stairs. How cold it is there was 49 degrees all day yesterday

Wednesday May 19

Cloudy and dull I shall not be home next Saturday I scraped apple trees and fixed a turning lathe - so go the weeks four weeks today since I came up here - weighed myself on Monday and found that I had gained 1 1/2 lbs. since I came up here - for I was weighed a day or two before I started on the same scales - The boy Frank will be 12 years old tomorrow he is going away - Poor fellow - I pity him - he is a poor orphan and I am afraid will be a fast young man - I have tried to make him better - but as he has been a member of Mr. Bramin's Sunday School I have not done so much for him as should because I thought they would of course make him good - I have got to be the boy now - I don't like that much - Be a "hard row for me to hoe" now I can assure you I shant get to Salem so often not by two chalks

Thursday May 20

Rain again. Oh what weather! Is this a dry moon? Well I must not say much for we farmers are always grumbling have not got through planting yet - nor shant if the rain continues, for sometimes John \* was round today saw me at my work and did not let me know it - tell him to excuse my dress for if I had known that a city gent was coming to see me I should have brushed up - Planting again today - - our first corn was up on Monday since then the black birds have pulled 3/4 of it up I suppose that it will have to be planted over again You see that I don't write so well as I used to - but I guess you can make it out. After work - I drove the calves over to Topfield to pasture there for the summer I thought it would be a good place for me to go to grass too \*\* I have got the tooth ache very bad - I shall be down Saturday

From Yours

Warden Cholins

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\* Lizzie's brother.

\*\* Meaning a place where he could get away from the farm and have a change of scenery.

May 24th 1858

Dear Andrew,

This morning we had every appearance of another rainy day at noon the wind changed and we had a delightful afternoon and evening the moon shone very bright Nell and myself took a short walk it brought to my mind the moonlight walks I had taken with you I wished you were with us.

May 25th

We have had a very pleasant day with the exception of an east wind this morning we received a call from Mrs. Parsons the lady the wedding cake belonged to that I gave you. I am going to confirmation this evening you must excuse me from writing more as it is nearly time to go. The Cricket Clubs have a tent on the Common they are to have a match.

May 26th 1858

Last evening I went to church sixteen were confirmed It was very much crowded. We have been up in John's shop this afternoon to see the dress parade the band played in front of the shop I should think there were nearly as many people to see them as there was when the banner was presented. Charles has spent the evening with us. The Franklin Cricket Club beat both clubs had a dinner in Town Hall Young America.

May 27th

It has rained all day I have been down to Sarah to pass the day three of Hiram's nieces are there making a visit we had a nice time. Lizzie is a perfect paragon of course.

May 28th

It is pleasant today Nell and myself have been to walk this afternoon we went to see if we could find the place we planted the chestnut tree but we did not succeed. we had a delightful walk. This evening we are going to a temperance meeting in Lyceum Hall.

May 29th

We went to the lecture last evening it was very interesting when we arrived home we were very tired after taking that long walk but it did not hurt me I was up at six o'clock so I think it did me good. Lizzie Tuttle has been to call on us this morning. Nell has been out in the garden to work with me this morning I expect to see you soon till then good bye

I remain forever the same loving

Lizzie

May 30th

We had a delightful Sabbath I went this morning and this afternoon we walked to Beverly to see the baptising 30 were baptised we did not get home till 4 o'clock The evening I shall not say much about I went to bed at 9 o'clock I did miss you very much I did not give up seeing you till 8 o'clock I must close by saying good night.

Mon. 6 o'clock

You see I have improved a little I suppose you think that very late but it is early for me it is quite pleasant John is waiting to take this to the office I must close with a wish that I shall see you soon

Yours Truly

Lizzie

Velveteen Valley Tuesday May 25/58

Dear Lizzie

I arrived here yesterday noon at the time I said I should - It rained yesterday and as you know I keep a record of the weather I will say that it has rained some part of every day for the last ten days - I hope it won't rain today - there is not a cloud to be seen now (5 AM) and the valley looks as its name implies - Yesterday I worked trimming trees and carting gravel - last night was a beautiful night and you have no idea how lovely everything looked with that silent moon shining upon it - surely everybody that has any heart could not but have enjoyed it - and have lifted his thoughts in reverence to his maker - You do not know Lizzie how everything in the country seems to turn your wandering thoughts from earth to heaven - and one reason is that you are not in contact with men so much - and that your mind is not harrassed with the noise bussle and anxiety of the cold world's people - No! give me the country to make all the better nature stand forth and "blossom like the rose" for everywhere

"God is love his mercy brightens  
All the paths through which we move  
Bliss he makes and Woe he lightens  
God is wisdom God is love."

Lecture day (in the eve g)

Here I am again Lizzie Dear seated at My Window after a days work - not play - the usual way in which I spent Lecture - Today I shingled the house in places where it needed it - mended fences - in short been a carpenter all day - except when I was planting some Gourds Melons & Squash seeds - We farmers have to do all the varieties such as mend boots - harnesses - carpenters & blacksmith's work - And one that is handy (Andy like me) at such work saves a great deal in the course of the year - Uncle John went over to Marblehead yesterday with apples - he brought my trunk up when he came back & I feel more at home. I took my spy glass to my chamber door to day and could see the flag floating from the flag staff on the common I thought that you might possibly be looking at it - the wind has been SE & I could hear the different tunes - Where was the Band at 3 1/2 - I have heard the cannon in Charlestown all day. I am well, happy and contented - Of course I should enjoy myself as much more if you were here.

Sunday May 29 1858

Dear Lizzie - You will know after your long watch this evening for my foot steps and hear not - that I have played truant from your side today - Sunday a day of rest - surely it is welcomed here after a week of toil. I feel lonesome now the boy has gone - I have to do all the chores and do not find time neither morn or eve to write to you - I dont think you will like that arrangement much but you must write just the same. I suppose it would not do for me to say that I should not be down now until the Fourth of July. Well - I won't say it. Mother and your sister in law Mary N. were up here on Friday - the next time they come up to spend the day I shall hope to see you with them - There don't jump - rather sudden 'aint it? thought you have waited long enough perhaps not so long as You or I thought when I wrote a certain note I believe the First you ever got from me. But remember that Because an engagement is public we have not got to be Married any the sooner - I want your views first of course before even that step is taken - I don't think that it will take any by surprise.

Monday May 31st 1858

I am very well I don't know when I have felt better - I have not had the tooth ache since I was in Salem. You say very often that you do not know what to write to me - If you will just look over some of my letters you will find

*some questions to answer - and some replies where questions are not asked that might take up a page or two. I remain  
Lizzie one as near and dear to you as any living person and am yours truly*

*Warden Cholins*

*P S I shall expect an answer to this when I come down next Saturday - If I do not then send it Monday Morn  
W. C.*

Andrew's mention of 'lection day was something else I had never heard of, but I found it was an old celebration, going back to the seventeen-hundreds, as explained in one of the Danvers Historical Society publications. The article is entitled "Election Day and Other Holidays," notes from an Informal Meeting of this Society held on April 4, 1893.

"In my day," said Mr. Nathan Bushby of Peabody, "the name of the day is all I can remember. The facts which I relate were the customs of the generations before me. The day received its name from the fact that the Legislature used to assemble the last Wednesday in May. It was subsequently changed to January. Hence the day was kept as a holiday. Among the old farmers, it was a day of days. All their planting was supposed to be finished by this time, the one who was unfortunate enough to be behind hand being considered, to say the least, not the most thrifty among them. There were "election houses" all over town where people congregated on that day. Upton's tavern \* on Danvers common was perhaps one of the best known spots. The Berry Tavern \*\* was another favorite house. George Southwick kept one on Lowell street, South Danvers.\*\*\* John Upton had an old fashioned coach with "E Pluribus Unum:" printed on the side, in which he used to carry people from house to house through the towns about here, during 'Lecture week; for the festivities lasted a whole week. There were houses called "Sabbat-day" houses, where people from the back towns would locate for the time. They hired the house, and if they lived a distance, would carry their wood to heat the place, and also their tea or coffee and the rest of their dinner. In some places a certain number of families hired a house in common. Upton's tavern was used for this purpose.

During 'lection week there were numerous dances held, with music furnished by Negro fiddlers. At South Peabody, Mrs. Dickson, mother of Alderman Dickson of Salem, was one of the famous dancers of those times. It was that several of the girls from that part of the town would dance all night every night that week and be just as fresh at the end as when they began. George Peabody used to dance here to the music of old Blind Sam's fiddle, and upon the philanthropist's return to this country he presented the negro \$100. He had often played tricks on the old man and he took this way of paying him...

...These 'lection houses were all done away with about 60 years ago. Outside the houses were signs with poetry painted on them setting forth the quality of the goods within, in glowing colors. Drinks were sold for 3 cents. The story is told of Blind Sam's wife that she used to measure the rum when she sold it, by her finger joints. Up to the first joint was 1 cents' worth, to the second joint was 2 cents worth and to the third, 3 cents' worth. The dancers paid four-pence for a jig and nine-pence for a reel, the later being something like our plain quadrilles. It was considered beneath any of the white people to play for dances and only negroes were to be hired for the purpose.....

.....The people dated everything before and after the election. Every year a sermon was preached in the Old South Church Boston, till within the last ten years for this particular event, the minister receiving \$100. It is now preached in the representatives room at the State House....."

Obviously all of these particular ways of celebrating the day were long before Andrew's time, but some recognition of the occasion still occurred in 1856.

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\* In the Danvers highlands, the original part of Salem village.

\*\* In Danvers Square.

\*\*\* Now Peabody.

In Lizzie's next letter she does not choose to address the subject of an engagement or meeting Andrew's family. I don't believe that they ever did meet until after she and Andrew were married and there was no engagement announced that summer.

June 1st 1858

Dear Andrew.

The first day of summer has passed I could not call it pleasant for we had two showers during the day I have come to the conclusion that it was Cadet weather they always have rain. They visited Andrew st. about 7 o'clock we had a fine view of them they then marched to their armory and had an evening dress parade the band played beautifully there was quite a crowd to see them. I suppose before this reaches you you will have heard of the sudden death of Mr. Daland.

June 2nd.

It has been quite summer like today Mother and the girls have been up to Aunt Mary's to pass the day I have been to tea. The E. Institute have had their first meeting at Nahant today.

June 3rd.

I received your letter No 6 this morning about 10 o'clock I was very much pleased to receive it for I rank a letter from you as next best to seeing you it seems 2 months since I had that pleasure. I have had the head ache for two days. We have had a lovely day it has been warm enough to sit by an open window. The artillery passed down the common about 3 o'clock this afternoon I saw them from the door they did not make much of a show they fired the guns at the armory at 9 o'clock. You seem to be making yourself handy in all the arts I shall not allow you to add the Andy as you do not resemble him in the least. The band was down in Essex st. at 3 1/2 o'clock 'lection day! You say I can answer some of the questions you have asked I think you can guess the answers if not you must ask them one at a time so I shall know which to answer first. I am very glad you are well and contented and hope you will remain so it is growing late I must close.

June 4th

It has been warm and pleasant today I think summer is the pleasantest although all seasons has its beauties and if our hearts are right both to our God and our neighbor we shall find pleasure in everything he has made. I shall expect to see you soon you were right in thinking I was listening for the footsteps of the one I love best on earth but I listened in vain I knew you would have come if you could and I tried to make myself contented with thinking of you. You must excuse this short letter for it makes my head ache to write good night

I remain till death ever the same

Lizzie

June 9th 1858

Dear Andrew

This morning it looks very much like rain my first thoughts were Andrew will not go up today but in a short time the clouds scattered and a delightful day we have had if I had given away to selfish motives I should have wished otherwise Our Father knows what is best for us in him we will trust. Nell has been sick in bed all day she does not seem any better tonight. Ira walked home with us tonight it was not him I saw yesterday morning he did not go down Essex st. till seven o'clock, what a mistake I think you can laugh at me this time.

June 10th

What a rainy evening Nell is better this eve. she has only sat up to have the bed made today Fitty and Miss Daman called to see her this afternoon they brought her a beautiful bouquet. One year ago today you took tea with us.

*June 11th*

*It has been a delightful day. Nell is better today. I wish I was to see you tonight I will try and be patient.*

*Sun. eve. June 12th*

*O how I miss you! This morning I staid at home with Nell she is better Fitty spent the afternoon and eve with her she has just gone home. I have wished you here a great many times this eve. It is getting late but I forgot to tell you we had a fire this morning at 2 o'clock in N. Salem a tannery burnt I did not go. Good night and may thy sleep be sweet may angels hover near and our Father protect thee, is the sincere prayer of the one that loves you. Lizzie*

*June 13th*

*Quite a rainy afternoon for Monday. Nell is not quite as well she has a bad headache Fitty and her brother called to see her this afternoon.*

*Good Night*

*Lizzie*

I think the reason that Lizzie remembers Andrew having taken tea at Andrews Street on June 10th the year before was because it was the first time he had done so.

## THE PRAIRIE FLOWER

*Sunday June 13th 1858*

*Dear Andrew*

*It now looks like fair weather we have had rain since Friday night I have been to church this afternoon Mr. Hoppin had a sermon on the late disaster Nell says it was beautiful. I miss you much this evening how grateful I ought be to God that you were not aboard that ill fated vessel how sad and lonesome M Waters must feel when the one she loves best has gone to rest cut down in a moment that she listened for the last time to the voice and footsteps of him that was dearer to her than all others on earth. Good night dearest Andrew.*

*June 14th*

*It has not rained today but has been very cloudy Mother has been away I have been housekeeper. Charles has spent the evening with us he has been telling some of his boarding school frolics. it made an evening pass quickly that otherwise would have been dull.*

*June 15th*

*Rain it has rained steady ever since I got up this morning and is raining now I have not seen but one person except family today that was M Kimball she inquired for you she thought you looked much healthier than you did in the winter I imagine you as a carpenter today as it rains to hard for you to work out doors.*

*June 16th*

*This noon we saw blue sky it has been a delightful afternoon and evening after tea Nell and myself took a short walk.*

*June 17th*

*One week ago tonight I passed an happy evening I have missed you very much tonight but I have had in mind the thought you would come home Sat. We have had a very warm day.*

*June 18th*

*Another warm day the glass was up to 80 this afternoon Nell is very warm she says she should think it was to warm to write. I do not think so. As I have not received an letter from you today I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow night I have been with Mrs. Cook to have ice cream. It has been a delightful evening the moon has shone bright have wished two or three times you were here it is so pleasant the girls have company this evening they seem to be enjoying themselves very much but I must close good night till I see you.*

*from your own*

*Lizzie*

The June 11, 1858, Salem Gazette gave a detailed account of the disaster referred to in Lizzie's letter. Only the previous plans Andrew had made kept him from accepting an invitation to go on the ill-fated outing.

### Dreadful Calamity

One of those dreadful calamities that never fail to touch the popular heart and strike a whole community with sorrow, burst upon the citizens of this city on Tuesday night, causing intense grief, at once, to several families, and the most painful anxiety and suspense to a great many others; while the entire community manifested an interest and solicitude for the fate of many, that gave to the entire city an unmistakable air of sadness.

On Tuesday morning, the sun rose clear and bright, and gave indications of a very fine, though hot and sultry day - such a day as would naturally be chosen for an excursion upon the water and as would tend to the acceptance of an invitation to join in a free sail along a pleasant part of our coast. The schooner *Prairie Flower*, - which is newly built, having been launched this spring, - of 107 burthen, has been offered for sale for some time past; but, a purchaser not having been found, her owner and builder, Mr. Joshua Brown, had fitted her to proceed to the bay of St. Lawrence on a mackerel cruise, with a crew of some fourteen men - Capt. David Brown, brother of the owner, being skipper. The schooner had on board about fifteen tons of ballast, and sixty bbls. of bait and stores, and was to proceed to Boston - which would be her first trip after leaving the stocks - to procure salt and further equipment. On the trip, Mr. Brown had invited such of his friends and others as desired, to join the excursion, which was accepted by some thirty five persons, (besides the crew) who had every reason to believe the occasion would be one of great enjoyment. Made up as the company was, there was probably no one person on board who was acquainted with all the rest; hence the difficulty, when an accident arose, of counting up the entire number with immediate accuracy.

The schooner started from the harbor at about ten minutes before ten o'clock, A. M., in command of Francis F. Wallis, pilot, who was also assisted by Stephen A. Powers, another Salem pilot. There were said to be forty-nine persons on board, and the vessel made slow progress (it being almost calm,) till she was fairly outside the harbor, when she took a steady breeze from the south-east and ran along nicely at the rate of six or seven knots an hour. It was just minutes before two o'clock, when, about two miles from "the Graves," and about three miles from Long Island Light in Boston Harbor, a sudden squall, resembling a cyclone, struck the schooner, and capsized her. The rain commenced falling previously, which had caused most of those on board to go into either the cabin or the forecabin to seek shelter. The cabin at the time contained some eighteen or twenty persons, about ten or twelve were on deck, and the balance in the forecabin. Before the squall struck, the order was given by Mr. Wallis, pilot, to take in sail. Everything being new, however, the water had the effect of causing the ropes to kink and the gear to generally swell, so that the sails could not be readily taken in. The flying-jib was hauled down, however, and Mr. Powers, the other pilot, was at the mast-head, clearing the gaff-topsail, and went over in that position. The squall was from the north-west, and of course struck the starboard side of the vessel. Some of those who were in the cabin started out when the order was given to shorten sail. Others got out just as the water was pouring over the rail. A window in the foreword part of the trunk, about two feet long by nine inches wide, was burst through, and the protecting grating, outside, rent asunder. Through this aperture, several got out. Mr. Henry C. Perkins, came through this, directing the young Smith boy who was drowned (son of John R. Smith) to follow him, and it is presumed he attempted to do so, but was prevented, by the vessel settling so far in the water, from accomplishing the task. A portion were unable to make their exit from the cabin, and consequently drowned. A part of those who succeeded in getting though the companion-way got on the side of the vessel as she went over, and a few reached the main boom. Some, however, were floundering in the water, and were saved through the exertions of others. Mr. Stephen A. Powers, the pilot who was at the mast head when the schooner went over, made his way to the wreck upon the rigging, divested himself of his clothing, and was very active in swimming about to the assistance of others, passing them ropes, &c. Nathaniel Powell, Edward Dana, Wm. Henry Cottle and others, also rendered very efficient assistance in the same way. Some of those who were saved were very much exhausted and came near to being drowned.

The squall which struck the schooner was confined to a very limited space, several vessels not a great distance off, scarcely feeling it. The vessels that saw the disaster, when the squall had passed on, came up to render assistance, were the sloop Amelia, Capt. Peter Meade, the Starlight, Capt. Jonathan Pratt, - both belonging to Quincy, and from Gloucester to Boston, loaded with rock, and both of which felt the squall severely, - the fishing boat Edward Eddy, of Gloucester - all of which rendered every possible assistance and took away all the survivors from the wreck in their boats, which were promptly on the spot. Wm. Mc Field, pilot and Mr. John Darton, were in a small open boat belonging to the Friend, having just left the barque E. H. Yarrington, which they had piloted down the harbor. At the moment of the accident they were lying a few yards from the Prairie Flower, awaiting her approach with the intention of asking the captain to tow them up to the city. When the gust overturned the vessel, however, Messrs. Mc Field and Darton immediately rowed towards her and rendered valuable assistance in taking people from the wreck to the vessels.

These vessels took the survivors to Boston. Mr. Russell was taken on board the Amelia, where every effort was made to resuscitate him. The Starlight took up ten persons.

The schooner was towed up to the Grand Junction Railroad Company's Wharf, by the steamer Huron, arriving at half past seven o'clock in the evening, and is probably not much injured. On Wednesday she was suspended in the "sheers" and by eleven o'clock her cabin was cleared. The bodies, however, had all been taken from the cabin the night before, with the exception of that of young Smith, which was recovered at an early hour in the morning. The following persons drowned: -

Wm. Henry Russell, aged 20 year 7 mos., son of the late Henry Russell who died July last. He was a clerk in the Five Cent Savings Bank in this city.

Osgood Sanborn, son of Theophilus Sanborn, aged 28 years and 10 mos. Mr. Sanborn leaves a little girl five or six years of age - his wife having been dead a few years. He was chief clerk in the Salem Post Office, under the postmanship of Mr. Russell and Dr. Loring; and was about to enter into business.

Daniel R. Fitz, ship-joiner, aged 24 yrs. 6 mo., son of Alderman Daniel P. Fitz. Mr. Fitz had been unwell for several weeks, and thought the trip to Boston might improve his condition.

Francis H. Donaldson, aged 21 within twelve days, son of Alexander Donaldson, pump and block maker.

William H. Newcomb, who would have been 20 next month, son of Caleb Newcomb, of the late firm of Newcomb and Farless.

George C. Clark, mariner, aged 23yrs. 4 mos., son of John W. Clark of South Salem.

Lewis B. Smith, a lad of 14 yrs. and 5 mos., son of John R. Smith, iron founder. This lad - a bright little fellow - was one of the carrier boys of the Salem Gazette, having charge of the South Salem list, and his loss excites our most sincere sympathy for his bereaved parents.....

Velveteen Valley Sunday June 13 1858

Dear Lizzie

I arrived here safe Friday morn after a week's vacation and what a week it has been of mingled joy and sorrow - a week that will be remembered as long as the present generation of Salem live - and as Longfellow has said

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way!"

I hope that this accident will be a warning to me and to all the young men of Salem - I never had anything affect me so as this has - I don't know why it is; but I feel unmanned in the great work of life - I feel that I may soon be called home - and yet I should not feel sad - for when I have done my work here I have the assurance of a heaven above where we shall all find rest. It has made me review my past life and pray to be forgiven of the many sins and try to live a better - Newcomb alas has gone - It seems as if I should meet him at every turn of the street; he was free & open hearted. I have known him for four years and have never heard a cross word from him. The Tear comes unbidden when I think of him. I will leave this now. And with sorrow is the joy - I ought to be thankful that I was not on board the Prairie Flower and that I have had my life preserved to be with those that love me. Thursday evening was one of the happiest evenings that I ever spent though I hope to see others happier - I had to work for another man Friday because he did some of my work while I was gone. I received your letter Sunday and was sorry I did not have an answer for it - I have hardly told you anything about what I saw in Portland on Monday - it is a very fine place - I am going down there to get some thing to do - I am rather afraid you won't let me unless I take you along too. What a rainy day yesterday was I did not do much of anything. I might just as well have staid in Salem until Monday Morn; as to have come up here - never mind I will know what to do next time.

Tuesday June 15 1858

Rain, Rain, Rain. When will it stop? Lizzie I hope you are well and enjoying this weather - you know it is much better than thunder showers with a little lightning in them - This would be good weather for a person to have the blues - Lucky I have good health now and feel contented - I don't mean by that that I am getting weaned from 18 Andrews St. Oh no! there is not an hour passes but what I think of thee through the hard work and all - It makes me work the harder when I think of lovely Lizzie - By the way my work is variable as I think I have told you once before - Yesterday I was mending rakes and other haying tools getting ready it let a single drop fall in the parlor and not a single thing was moved out or covered up - I guess John will have to take a few lessons from me - though I am not a very good teacher - By the By how do you come on in playing chess? - I have to be a girl now for Aunt is very feeble now - Would you not like to see me doing house work! "Variety is the spice of life" I guess I have got it now Hah Ha Ha! Uncle went after a girl yesterday \* - he will have an Ans. next Saturday I guess you had better come up & see about the affairs for your A\_\_\_\_\_ may elope with some country rustic. I don't believe that you will tremble one bit when you read the last.

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\* Uncle John would have been planning to hire a girl from Nova Scotia. They came by the boat-load, usually engaged (sight unseen) ahead of time, to work as domestics. Their success rate in rural areas was much higher than the Irish girls who preferred to work in a city, like Boston, having come from cities in Ireland. The Nova Scotia girls were from large families in rural farming or fishing communities.

*Wednesday June 16th 1858*

*Cold. - Six years ago to day it was thirty degrees warmer at noon - (you see by that I have kept a record sometime) - Don't you remember the day? I do. I was dressed up in woman's clothes and rode about the streets in South Danvers it drew quite a crowd to see the sport - I forgot I did not mean to tell you about my pranks in S D when I was a boy - I don't find any time to write as you see by this letter. I have two cows to milk night and morning - and get up at 4 and go to bed at 7 3/4 P M.*

*From your affectionate*

*Warden*

## SUMMER

June 21st 1858

Dear Andrew.

We have had a lovely day after the shower of last eve. I read your No. 7 letter Sat. evening after you left I shall not tell you the number of times I have read it since. I have not seen the chessmen since I played with you and I am afraid no one else would have the patience to play with me I am so green. I should like to see you doing house work very much I don't think I shall be a "bit" jealous of the "country rustic." I remember the day six years ago perfectly well and I little thought as I watched the procession pass that the person I should love best of all others was among them. I have been out shopping this afternoon - delightful occupation.

June 22d

Another beautiful day has passed. I have been transplanting flowers this morning Lizzie Tuttle and mother called Charles was down this noon his Uncle Shaw died last night.

June 23d

Last evening just at nine o'clock a false alarm of fire was raised. No. 10 in returning ran over a man named Henry Burding, killing him instantly. It has been quite warm Marg. and myself walked up in S. Danvers this afternoon we had a nice walk she was full of fun as usual.

June 24th

It has been a very warm day this morning we had showers about 6 o'clock this evening we had a heavy thunder shower It is clear now but not much cooler mosquitoes & sand flies in plenty if you should like a few I would be glad to send them they appear to like me very much better than I do them. Nell is very warm.

June 25th

This morning the heat was very oppressive about noon the wind changed to the east we had a cool afternoon and evening the City Guard has been out today. I have caught the sound of the music of the band as they passed up E. St. It has thundered at a distance all the afternoon the clouds have passed over we have not had any rain.

June 26th

I feel a little disappointed at not seeing you tonight I shall think you are in Salem. I shall not give up the hope of seeing you til tomorrow night. It has thundered all afternoon at 5 o'clock we had a heavy thunder shower it was beautiful the clouds when the shower was rising I suppose you had a much better view of them than I did, after the shower there was a splendid rain bow. We had a delightful evening. I listened till nine for your footsteps but they came not.

Sunday Noon June 27th

This morning it was very foggy it is beautiful now the wind is east and the sun warm. Nell and myself have been to hear Dr. Algier & we liked him very much. Miss Hawks walked round the common with us this noon, don't you think we had a young companion? I cannot think of any thing except Mr. & Mrs. Goldthwait walked to church this morning the bride looked quite handsome. Goodbye till tonight.

From your

Lizzie

No 8

Velveteen Valley Sunday June 26th 58

Dear Lizzie

It seems a long time since I took my pen in hand to write to you - I doubt not that it seems longer to you - My excuse is that I have been so much employed that I could not find time - So that time has come as I told you it would when I should only be able to write Sundays that I am away from you. Last Sunday evening is still fresh in my memory I am glad I was with you when you felt as you did I wish that I could be with you at all such times. We have had enough this week to make a person get used to them, \* at least up this way If there is any such thing as getting used - Well let that pass I will not allude to it again. We all have our weak points, or at least I have many, and there are times that I should want your company as much as ou wanted mine last S. - how much that is you know best. I hope you are enjoying yourself for I am much. What a splendid evening last evening was after the shower - How much better I am since I came into the country both bodily and spiritually for every thing here "shines to it's Maker's praise" What would my love for you be worth if it was not blended with love of Nature and of Nature's God. Would you care for me if I had never spoken or written a word to you of his works? You might perhaps with the thought that you would turn me unto Him and make me to love Him. He has given us his commandments to keep, I know that we fail to keep some one of them at times, but we must try the harder every time we break on of them not to do it again, and pray that we may be forgiven. You are in my thoughts continually Lizzie so do not doubt but that

I am yours truly

Warden Cholins

P. S. The first time you see me after sending this ask me to tell you what I. J. P. thinks of certain things if I dont think to mention it.

P. P. S. It is not of much consequence if I dont tell you.

Me thinks I hear you ask

2. Why didn't he write a longer letter?

W.C.

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\* He is referring to Lizzie's fear of electrical storms.

June 28th 1858

Dear Andrew

As I finished the first sheet of paper yesterday noon thinking you would make it last eve. I have commenced the second. If you get tired of reading the first you can send this back. I did not give up seeing you till eight. Then I made up my mind you were in N.D. that it was one of the "fortnight" you tell about, but I hope they will not come often. It thundered and lightninged all last evening you would not have spent a very pleasant eve in my company. I went to our church in the afternoon all the churches except the Howard Street commence at 4' o'clock. Nell and Marg was down to Mrs Nurses last eve. They had a young gentleman from N.York visiting them, he was here last summer he then said Marg was the prettiest girl he saw while he was here, ask them when you see them how Mr. Kemp does. Miss Hawke's school are having recess they go to the common and return singing it very pleasant to hear them I hope you will be interested in this letter.

Tuesday Morning June 29th

I have changed the time of writing to morning it has got to be so warm that in morning I have nothing to trouble me. At six last eve I went to the E. Church to a wedding. John and myself took a walk down to the bridge the sunset was glorious a number were walking on the bridge the breeze was delightful. I should have enjoyed it much better had you been with me. But I must stop here as they have called me once and I am expecting the second. Good Morning.

Wed. Morn June 30th

This is a delightful morn. The air is soft and fragrant, it was a very warm day yesterday I made two calls after tea on Sarah and Aunt Elizabeth. Sarah inquired for you I think Lizzie splendid. Charles was down and spent the evening with us. At nine it rained hard and was soon over. The E. Ins. are having their meeting today

Thurs. Morn. July 1st

Yesterday we had quite a comfortable day this morning it is rather cool. Yesterday afternoon I went to school with Nell they had a lecture from the Rev. Mr. Northrop on Mental Philosophy, it was very interesting in the evening Nell and myself made a wedding call on Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwait they did not have wedding cake so you see you have lost the piece I was going to put in my pocket. It seems an age since I saw you I have missed you very much the pleasant evenings. I forgot to tell you that they are taking the old bank building down to commence the new building Essex st. looks quite business like.

Friday Morn. July 2nd

Yesterday afternoon I attended the closing Lecture before the Normal school by Mr. Northrop it was very interesting. It was very cool all day yesterday a little warmer this morning. As I have not much more room and nothing new I will close expecting to see you soon.

Yours Truly

Lizzie

P.S. I hope you will have patience reading this nonsense. Lizzie

In that last letter Lizzie made a couple of very creative stabs at the spelling of mosquito. The only reason I got it right is because I looked it up; I'm not her great granddaughter for nothing!

The lines she penned certainly were a true "labor of love" for Lizzie. How glad she must have been when she finally married Andrew and didn't have to write to him any more!

No 9

Velveteen Valley Sunday July 11th 1858

Dear Lizzie

How fast the time flies - here we are almost into the middle of July though I have not quite got the remembrance of the 4th out of my head. I never spent a more rational celebration of a national day before. I have got through it with out any accident - while some poor fellows are maimed for life - Our father in heaven has dealt bountifully & mercifully with me thus far - though I am but a weak and erring sinner - "He doeth all things well" - You are the only person that knows anything about my religion for I have not given my mind to any one - and shall never try to convince any one of opposite views from myself - For two persons of opposite views after a long argument between them will go away each stronger in his own belief - The bible is given to all to read & construe for themselves - I thought when I first became acquainted with you that you would differ from me in your religion - but I am happy to find that you do not - though some persons of a different belief get along together very well a large majority do not - there is not that free and consoling influence between the two when they are called upon to bear a loss - the very time when their hearts if ever ought to beat in unison - Though God in his wisdom has made man and wife if they love one another to be alike in everything after they have lived together for a time - and of course their views would then be the same. Perhaps I as a lover only ought not to write such letters to you. but that they ought to be more of the sentimental stamp - But is in your power to stop them. My feelings toward you are that if we both live we shall be husband and wife. Perhaps I have not courted you enough or shown you as much attention as I ought - My answer is - that in the time I have known you I have acted myself toward you - and by that have shown you my nature and have not affected to be what I am not - as a great many have done - I don't think it right to show a great deal of attention before marriage and then not show so much after - but vice versa

Velveteen Valley Thursday July 15th 1858

Dear Lizzie

Do you remember? Ah! I know you do - That note that I wrote to you one short year ago. A note from me that you prize above all others - what a thrill of pleasure you must have felt when you read it - It must have lifted up that dark vein of doubt and uncertainty I love you - Perhaps you don't (I beg your pardon) do not have the same feeling now - as you did when you read it for the first time - Not that you love me less - Oh no do not think that I think so - I know that you love me many times more than you did when you penned that answer in a note that I now hold in my hand - dated the 17th of July 1857. I judged of your feelings on receiving my note by my own on receiving yours - Until I had received it I of course had some doubts (your eyes told it to me first. you must look out for those little black tell tales) But We first knew that we loved one another - It finds me in better health and spirits than I was then and I hope it finds you the same. I feel better able to meet the world with its cold frown or with its smiling face - then I did a year ago - though in pecuniary things I am not - but if I only have good health what do you or what do I care - No I will love the same prosperity or adversity.

Lizzie Dear the more I have seen of you the more I love you.

"As turns

The flower to meet the sun,

E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,

It be not shone upon.

Thus dear me, in thine eyes I see

The only light that beams for me.

*As thinks*

*The mariner of home,  
When doomed through many a dreary waste  
Of waters yet to roam,  
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,  
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.*

*As bends*

*The Persian at the shrine  
Of his resplendent god to watch  
His earliest glories shine  
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,  
My hearts own radiant deity"*

*Thursday Morn July 8th*

*Dear Andrew,*

*Yesterday we had a very warm day and evening. I missed you last eve, it was so warm Nell and myself sat on the doorstep all the eve. There was a S. School picnic on the neck yesterday from Reading over 300 were there.*

*Friday Morn July 10*

*Yesterday was considered the warmest day of the season. This morn it is quite cool.*

*Late Morn July 10*

*Another warm day, it seems as warm to me as Thurs. I would not write to anyone but you this warm day. I shall have to listen in vain for your footsteps this evening but I shall not be disappointed, as I do not expect you. The girls are going to dancing school this afternoon they want me to go with them, the sun is so warm I think I shall stay at home. We went down to the bridge after tea last eve I looked over to Dodge's Hill but I could not see you.*

*Sunday Eve. July 11th*

*This morning I attended church the heat was very oppressive, this afternoon we have had a thunder shower, it is raining fast now. I do not think I felt as timid of the thunder this afternoon at least I did not tremble. I tried to think God was with me, that his arm would uphold me in storms, as in sunshine, and in him I would put my trust. I have thought of you during these warm days, keep out of the sun as much as possible when it is hot won't you for me.*

*Mon. Noon July 12*

*It has rained all night and is still raining. Yesterday the paper stated it was the warmest day. The thermometer ranged from 92 to 106. Also that those that were obliged to be in the sun, should have green leaves or a wet handkerchief in their hats, to prevent sun-stroke, I shall recommend it to you, it is very simple. I missed you very much last evening, it was a very long one I thought it would never be nine, what a difference, the longest seems Short when we are together.*

*Tuesday 13th*

*I have time only to say how do you do and goodbye, I have some work to finish.*

*Wed July 14th*

*It has rained this morning but looks like fair weather now, we had showers all day yesterday. Mr. & Mrs. Macmurphy spent the morning with us, we had a little fun. The aqueduct\* men are in front of the house they jabber so you can hardly think, Miss Hawk's scholars are reciting history.*

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\* The private water system to the city of Salem.

Thurs. 15th

The sunshine of yesterday morning was of short duration, at noon the rain fell very fast and continued the whole afternoon, the sun sat clear the clouds were magnificent. (splendid rainbow) the eve. cloudy and dull. it is still raining. I have not heard any news since I commenced this letter I expect you will think it very tame.

Friday 16th

At noon yesterday the sun came out it was pleasant all the afternoon, the evening was rainy, foggy, and dark. This morning it has every appearance of clearing off. I am going to pass the day with Sarah. It seems a great while since I saw you, I hope I shall have that pleasure tomorrow night till then good morning

From Yours Truly

Lizzie

No 9 con.

Sunday July 18th 1858

Dear Lizzie

Forgive me for playing the truant from your side today as business is very pressing and I feel tired (though not too tired to come to you) I am wanted here today very much. Uncle cut his hand yesterday with a scyth and cannot milk therefore I am the only one to milk and do the chores if nothing happens this week I shall be down next Saturday I am very well and happy of course. I depended much on being down today, you must be expecting to hear my foot steps now (7 P M) in Andrews St. Now don't feel bad about it, I should not want to see you and not be seen by you. It's too bad Tibby. Well I guess you will get over it by the time you see this letter, if you dont I shall not dare to show my head next Saturday. Forgive and forget and all will be right in the end. I went over to Mr. Bramans to meeting this afternoon and heard an Agent of the Southern Aid Society his sermon from Rev. 7--9 was a description of Heaven. I remember so much of it. Do you remember as much of what you heard?

It has been a very dull week we have not done much at haying but if fair shall begin early tomorrow morning and I hope have a hard weeks work of it. I dint find much time to write now. I was mending the chaise, waggon and harnesses when it rained the first of the week but Thursday night the horse (old mare) died a bad thing at any time on a farm but worse right in haying. We have got the use of a horse until after haying. I suppose that the next one that is owned on this farm will be owned by me, I hope so at any rate.

If I get time I will carry this to the P.O. this week if not I will be the barer of it to my lively Tibby on Saturday next

Believe me ever fondly and affectionately

your

Warden

I am like the Bay Leaf

Sunday July 18th

Dear Andrew,

I have watched for a letter all the week, when Sat. noon pass and it did not arrive I thought I should have the pleasure of seeing you, but it is Sunday eve. and both are minus. This morning it rained very hard, I did not go to church but have been this afternoon, the girls have gone to the S. S. Concert, Mother to a Temperance Meeting. I am left alone, yet not alone for I know God is with me, and holy angels around me to guard and protect me, your dear image

is before me I cannot say I am unhappy, though I should be happier with you by my side. In the other note I wrote that I was to pass Friday with Sarah but I was prevented. I think we are going to have some pleasant weather now, the sun is setting clear, the clouds are beautiful, it is nearly dark I cannot see any longer, good night, I hope I shall see you soon, at least a letter.

Tuesday Morn July 20th

Yesterday being washing day I had a good deal to do, so you must excuse me for not writing, it was a lovely day. I look for a letter but none came. Mr. Trask has passed today without leaving one. It is quite warm I have heard nothing new, with the exception of Mrs. Townsend receiving a letter from Willie this noon, he had a passage out of 70 days he writes he is well, has not been sick a day since he started. \* Mrs. Nourse has lain very low for a week, they think her better today, and have hopes of her recovery. Two weeks tonight since I saw or heard from you a long time. I hear the band a circus is coming to town.

Sat. Morn. July 24th

I will try and give you the reason for not writing for three days. Wed. & Thurs. I attended the examinations of the Normal School, \*\* it was very interesting, Thurs. eve we had a severe thunder shower, the lightning struck in a number of places in this city. Yesterday Nell and myself went into the Museum with some of the graduates, from there to the school house, we did not get home till noon, in the afternoon we had a number of callers, among them was Uncle Thomas and Mr. Cook, Uncle T. played a game of chess with me and said he beat me, \*\*\* but I don't think he did he cheated. This morning it is very rainy. As I have not received a letter from you I shall expect to see you tonight, I shall be very much disappointed if I do not. That beautiful chestnut tree in front of the old bank is doomed to destruction, I suppose ere this it is down. I must close now with the earnest wish that I shall see you tonight.

From one who loves you

Lizzie

Salem July 27th 1858

Dear Andrew

As I said Sunday eve. and yesterday was a very busy day, I think you will excuse me for not writing, we had an delightful day, and eve., Charles was down, he and the girls went over to Alviras to pass the evening, John and myself took a walk over in South Salem. This morning it is very cloudy, and looks like rain. It does not seem as lonesome now Nell is at home, the days pass more quickly, at least yesterday did. The Cadets are to parade this eve. I suppose they will make Andrew St. a visit.

July 29th 1858

Yesterday I was up to Miss Putnam's all day, we are going to the field meeting it looks like a fair day thought we must not expect much in dog days. John seems to think I should not know you in your farm suit but I think I should good morning till tomorrow as it is time to go to the depot.

Yours truly

Lizzie

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\* He had gone to sea.

\*\* There was a lengthy program, with several guest speakers, given at the close of the Normal School year. They were called "examinations" for some obscure reason, perhaps because the graduation exercises were part of the program.

\*\*\* I think Uncle Thomas was probably experiencing the beginnings of what we would call Alzheimer's today. In the city records the cause of his death was listed as "softening of the brain."

July 30th

I will try and give you a description of yesterdays excursion we started from the depot at 10 o'clock arrived Lynnfield in due season the clouds look rather forbidding for a walk of 3 miles however we started and arrived at the place of destination when the rain fell very fast but in a short space of time it was fair at 3 the meeting commenced. (I forgot to tell) that before the meeting we were very much amused by a hunters song, sung by Mr. Innis.) The meeting was then called to order by Rev. J Russell who made a very witty speech. Dr. Wheatland and Mr. Mudge Mr. Phippen also spoke the meeting then adjourned and we started for the depot. Nell and myself very much pleased with our days journey we arrived home at half pass six we gathered some beautiful wild flowers. at seven it began to rain and continued all this evening this morning it was dull and has rained pouring all the afternoon and I think it will continue this evening if I can judge by appearances. As it is nearly dark and I shall expect to see you tomorrow I must close. good night

I remain now and forever truly yours

Lizzie

P. S. Nell and myself are rather sleepy and we do not think we shall suffer for not having a walk today.

Lizzie

Sun Morn. Aug 1st 1858

I was a little disappointed at not seeing you last eve. First day of Aug. what a short happy year. this is a delightful day, I have been to church, one young gentleman was taken in to the church today. Yesterday was a very pleasant day, Lizzie Tuttle spent the day with us her mother went to Boston she was as good as a little kitten (if you know how good they are.)

Salem Sat Morn. Aug 7 th

Dear Andrew

We had a shower this morning a Chelsea party have passed in the cars they are to pass the day at Lowell Island. Yesterday afternoon we had a very heavy shower the lightning struck the house of Dr. Tarrington paralyzing him it was some time before he was sensible. I missed you very much last eve. Marg still thinks she had an "illigant to the party". Nell has got over her sea sickness. I have not even felt tired my face is a few shades darker it would not do for me to go south they would take me for a run away negro. I will bid you good morning with the visit to the Hubbard farm still fresh in my memory I remain forever yours.

Lizzie

Sun. Eve. Aug. 8th 1858

This has been a delightful day this morning Nell, Alsira and myself walked up in Danvers to hear the Rev. Mr. Quint we were disappointed he did not preach this afternoon our church commenced at the old hour of 3 o'clock which I like much better. Yesterday afternoon we made some calls, after tea we went down on the wharf to see the Chelsea party Nell was acquainted with some of the girls she had just time to shake hands with them. I am setting at the windows as usual I do not expect to be happily disappointed as I was last Sunday eve.

Friday Morn. 13th

I think you will excuse me for not writing since Sun. when I tell you we have papered our chambers the entry and the stair-way and painted the wood work of the entry beside doing the cleaning that was required I have just finished nailing the stair carpet down which is the last I have to do. Mother and myself are alone today Marg went down to Sarah she is to stay till next Tues. Nell has gone to the Mechanic As. picnic with her little Georgy as she calls him. Last eve we spent the eve with Mrs MacMurphy we had a fine time I wish you had been with us. Charles

was down Thurs. eve. he has got over his odd fit. I have not been out of the street since Sunday dont you think I am steady.

Sunday Morn. Aug 15th

I have been to church this morning I got wet coming home. If our Father through me have saved you from any of the temptations of this world not unto me dear Andrew, but to him alone shall all the praise belong, my prayer has been ("Lead him not in temptations but deliver him from evil") and that prayer has been answered it will be the means of my trusting more in his goodness and love.

From yours truly,

Lizzie.

In Andrew's next letter he also comments on the outing to the Hubbard farm, which was in Georgetown. Apparently he took the three Stanley girls off for the day and they had some laughs that involved Marg's use of the word elegant or "illigant" as Lizzie put it in her letter.

No 10

Velueteen Valley Sunday August 8th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I am back again settled to a farmers life after a week of enjoyment such as I never before experienced - a week that will always be remembered - or at least two days of it will be as long as I have my reason.

Well Tibby I for one am not sorry for what I have done. We shall be still happier than we have been in one another's company, and in my absence to - for we can neither of us now have any doubts - We are one now in heart - what is one's joy must be the other's also - and we will trust and pray to Him who has so kindly watched over us thus far and showered His blessings upon us - that He will continue them - and that we may one day stand up in the sight of God and man - as man and wife.

All my plans, works and thoughts will now be directed to bringing that happy day about - and if it pleases Him it will come - if not we will bow with submission for "His will not ours be done"

Who Lizzie deserves that offer but you - for who can tell of how many temptations you by your kind entreaty or by your image before me I have been lead - From one temptation you have withdrawn me by your omnipresent image - that you know not of - one which if I had persisted in I could not possibly to day have been in the land of the living. You have saved my life there though unconscious of it - still I am indebted to you just as much as if you were knowing to it. And for that if (that don't belong there) for no other reason - I shall devote that life so saved for your joy and happiness.

I suppose that the girls are spending the time at home in talking over the things that they saw on that ride - for I shall flatter myself so much as to think that I have made them happy for one day at least - and that they had "an elegant time"

Thine

Warden

Thursday August 12th

Oh what weather! the only pleasant day we have had this month was a week ago today. I have been working in doors most of the time. I am well and hope you are the same. I may not be down Sat. but I shall if I can get away, if not I hope you will come up next Wednesday to the Field meeting, mind and bring a letter with you

Yours

Warden

Thurs. Morn Aug. 19th

Dear Andrew

We arrived safe in Salem last eve. at about 7 o'clock. I was a little tired this morn. and have not quite got over the headache. We had a shower last eve this morn. it is very clear with a high wind. I hope you have recovered from your stiff neck. As I have not heard anything since yesterday I must close - good bye until tomorrow.

Frid. Morn Aug 20th

This is a delightful day I suppose you are improving it as we have so few pleasant days. Aunt Louisa started this morn. for Boston we have the house to ourselves. Last eve. it was quite pleasant, it was so cool we had to have the windows shut.

Sat. Morn. Aug 21st.

Another beautiful day. Last eve. the moon shone clear not a cloud was to be seen the girls took a walk and at last I was left alone I sat at the window I was not lonesome I was gazing at the moon and stars but my thoughts were far away they were of you and the moonlight eve we had spent together. Mr McMurphy told me he met a young gentleman of my acquaintance in Marblehead it did not take me long to guess who it was. I should like to have seen you but as I could not I was glad to hear. I was much afraid you was going to be sick Wed. I suppose I shall not see you till a week from tonight it seems a long time "it is all for the best"

Good morning.

From yours only

Lizzie

No 11

Velveteen Valley Sunday August 22th 1858

Dear Lizzie

It was just four months ago yesterday, since I ran away from the quiet, and staid, city of Salem. I remember that in my first letter to you; I said one week had gone; that week seemed longer than the whole four months have.

While I have been shut out from the noise and bustle of the busy world, and have been confined (?) to the quiet (and to me beautiful) country Science has been pushing on and conquering many obstacles, and one of the greatest triumphs of our age was the successful laying of the Ocean telegraph on the 5th of the present month (don't you remember that day) It would not do for me to ring its praises - when others older and wiser than my self have done their best.

Now the next great work to be accomplished is to be propelled through the air by steam or some other motive power - which I believe will be accomplished before 100 years have passed away. What a rattlebrain I am - here am I running fifty years a head of my time talking of things thoughtful - pass for a person 30 years old, and yet a young man not quite 21 years of age.

I have some of that childish curiosity left yet that you see manifest in children when a berrying - if they get separated for a few minutes they keep thinking how many the others have untill their curiosity gets the mastery over them and they have to run and see - and so lose half of their time in running to see so when I am shut out from the world I have to waste half of my time in running to see what it has done and is now doing - and thinking what new discoveries it will make in the future.

I am well Lizzie and happy but not contented - there is something yet lacking to fill up the real to the standard of the ideal - a void yet to be filled. Well! I will hope on - and trust it will - and that I may sometime be blessed with a happy home

From your

Warden

P.S. I went over to Marblehead to market on Friday, I saw Mr. Mc murphy there I passed through Salem's streets in market rig - no one knew me.

W

P.P.S. I find that when I write large it fills up the page very quick It don't look so much like a love letter. I don't think if a person should see it they would take it for one - W

P.P.P.S. I guess you will think I have come back to post scripts again

From your

Admirer

~~Can't tell~~ next time you'll know

Sun. eve. Aug 22nd

Dear Andrew

I have been to church all day it has been very pleasant. Last eve. was delightful. I have not been out of the street till today since I saw you. The girls are going to the S.S. Concert I dearest Andrew I will set by the window and although you will not be by my side my thoughts will be of you and Him who reigns above, and when we ask His blessing upon those we love it seems as though they were with us. It is growing dark and I must bid you good night.

From one who loves you best on earth.

Lizzie

Mon. Eve. Aug 23rd

We have been to see the Dungeons the girls Lizzie John and myself I wish you had been with us we had an "illigant time". Marg was as full of fun as usual. I suppose you were very busy this week it has been so pleasant. Mr McMurphy has just passed he is keeping house alone he says he does not like it. Goodnight I am tired a little and I think I shall sleep well and dream of you, if not you may feel assured my waking ones are of you.

Tues.Morn. Aug 24th

I received your letter about 10 o'clock Marg went in to John's shop she brought it to me I am glad to hear you are well I am well with the exception of a cold in my head which is not very pleasant. I suppose for the rest of the week quiet Salem will be all confusion. You have written something quite fine and scratched it over I read it but shall not take notice of but shall expect to see you Sat. evening.

Mon. Noon Aug. 30th

Dear Andrew.

This is a delightful day. I imagine you at home and at work as I heard you started on the 7 o'clock train. Marg has just returned from school. she say it seemed quite natural. Frank has been over this morning he is to go to the office tomorrow we tormented him considerably.

Tues. Morn Aug 31st

*Another beautiful morn. The two Miss Hubbards came to see us yesterday afternoon they left their respects for you and said they should have liked to have seen you we went with them to the Institute and Museum we then went to the depot. they went out in the 1/4 of 5 train. After tea we returned Margy Gray's call. we did not get home till 8 o'clock. I suppose by this time you are in Marblehead*

*From yours truly*

*Lizzie*

## THE BIRTHDAY LETTER

*Wed Sept 1st*

*The first day of fall although the weather is more like summer than it has been at all John says you were in the city yesterday. The first div. are not to encamp on the Neck you won't have the pleasure of passing 3 times without speaking as you proposed. Good morning.*

*Thurs. Sept 2nd*

*Yesterday afternoon Nell and myself made some calls we called on Sarah I invited the baby to walk to the corner with me when she got there she wanted to go farther when I took her back such a screaming I think you would have laughed to have seen her. This morn. a few more clouds are to be seen then for a week passed but the air is delightful.*

*Friday Sept 3rd*

*Last eve about half pass eight we had an alarm of fire it proved to be a false one number 9 gave the alarm. Yesterday afternoon we had quite a heavy shower with distant thunder. It is clear now although an hour ago it looked very much like a rainy day. Joe. Tucker has just arrived I thought perhaps you would be interested at any rate it is a little bit of news.*

*Sat. Sept 4th*

*I suppose you heard the fire yesterday afternoon about half pass two it was inside of a house in Dublin S. Danvers fires are getting fashionable again. It is very sultry this morn as this is the last of the dog days we must not complain I suppose I am not to have the pleasure of seeing you till next Sat. eve.*

*Sun. Eve. Sept 5th*

*I am sitting at my window, that one that looks in the direction of your home and think perhaps at this moment you thought may be of me. I have been to church all day and to the S. S. School the Rev. Mr. Fay of Ohio preached for us we liked him very much it has been quite warm. Mr. J. Cook his father and two children have made us a call this eve. Yesterday afternoon we had a very severe thunder shower. I miss you very much this eve. As I cannot see it is nearly dark I must bid you good night.*

*From your own,*

*Lizzie*

*Mon. Morn Sept. 6th*

*Another year of my life, with its joys its sorrow has passed how many the resolutions that I formed one year ago have been broken how few fulfilled this morning I make no resolutions each returning day I will ask God to aid me and not rely on my own strength which is weakness. Although I have so much this morning to mourn over yet I can say this has been the happiest year of my life.*

*This is a beautiful morn, not a cloud to be seen, my first thoughts were if the rest of my life could be as cloudless I should be happy but on second thought I do not wish it God knows best if it were not for the clouds we could not enjoy the sunshine as much as we do. We are going down to Sarahs tomorrow if I should not write while there excuse me.*

*Yours forever*

*Lizzie*

Velveteen Valley Sunday Sept 5th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I suppose that you have heard of my being in Salem twice the last week though you did not see me. You know the reasons why I did not call - so hope you are not put out - I shall go down to the market three times this week and I may accidentally see you in the street - I dont believe you will know me - never mind. I will be down next Saturday if nothing happens to prevent. I shall not spend such an agreeable evening this eve as I did last Sunday - by the way - as you remember we met some one on the walk. It was as I said he did have a talk at "headquarters" and I will "report" to you some of the consequences - they may cause me to "about face" and "cut stick" for other parts - fie! that I should use military phrases (a man like me opposed to military displays) on Sunday and in a love letter too. now I have raised your curiosity I will stop on the subject. Remember that if we walk in the right mood so that we enjoy ourselves and render others happy on the way we shall find that it is in reality but a short one. Well Tibby "Old Will" has truly said that "true love never did run smooth" I have found it so and "I will tell you, I will tell you, When we next do meet again."

We had a very heavy thunder shower yesterday afternoon the lightning must have struck five times within one mile of here within the space of five minutes. If I ever heard or saw anything that was Terrific and Sublime it was that shower - the rain poured in torrents and the hail beat the windows - The dazzling flashes of lightning seemed to cover the whole heavens followed by peal after peal or more properly crash after crash as the firey stream found a conductor to the earth - the window panes and the crockery rattled, and the whole house was shaken by that heavy rumbling sound - I trembled for the first time since boyhood as crash followed crash in quick succession - but today how different "calm and peaceful as the sabbath of the soul" "God will not always chide, neither will he keep his angels forever:

From your

Andrew

Due to Andrew and Lizzie's romance something is brewing at 11 Central Street and it sounds as if Andrew is standing his ground. Lizzie must have put in her two-cents-worth to Andrew, and then thought better of it, judging by her next note.

Monday Sept 14th

Dear Andrew,

This note may be unexpected but I feel it my duty to make an apology, if I said anything last eve that has caused you any unhappiness forgive and forget I think myself I was happy and said what on reflection I wish was unsaid. Nell went back to school today I miss her very much I am quite lonesome. This is a delightful eve. I am afraid your last visit to me was not very pleasant but do not let it keep you away and if I can help it you shall not spend another like it for if you will give up so much for me I am yours forever.

Lizzie

P.S. Please answer this if only with the words you forgive me and that you are happy. for I am very unhappy thinking I have caused you that love me so much a moments pain.

From yours truly

Lizzie

Salem Sept 14th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I forgive, and will forget the evening though you were not the cause of my feeling sad. I was only thinking of something else. You know a man never can succeed well without some opposition - I have that opposition but I am bound that shant stop me in the course that I have taken. I shall love you more even than I did before and doubt not that you will do the same. That meeting Sunday night has given me no uneasiness, I am sorry that it has troubled you so much. As you know the whole now I shall try never to refer to the matter again.

I am yours truly

Andrew

P. S. this is from John's shop. Paper is scarce. (If that is the right way to spell it) excuse all Andrew. N.

What tantalizing notes! What ever "headquarters" was doing and saying was definitely not cutting any ice with Andrew.

Wed. Sept. 15th 1858

Dear Andrew

I feel much happier this morn. for I have the assurance of your forgiveness. This morn the air is delightful Nell has just gone to school I miss her very much. There are eight in the advanced class. Charles spent the evening with us he was very sociable.

Thurs. Sept 16th 1858

What a storm. I suppose it will pass for the line gale. I think Holmes' poetry "A rainy day" with a little more wind is a good description of the scene as witnessed from my window. Marg has gone to school Nell thinks she won't try it. Last eve. was very dull. I went to sleep in my chair but the window was closed so I don't think I took cold as I did the last time. as I cannot think of any more nonsense I must close by bidding you good morning.

From yours truly,

Lizzie

Frid Sept 17th

Last eve. we were at Mr. McMurphy's we had a nice time. We saw the Comet very plain. The storm lasted til sunset the eve was very clear. I wish you a happy birthday, as the sky is free from clouds so may the remainder of your life be from cares and troubles is the wish of yours only. Lizzie

I found three letters written on Andrew's twenty-first birthday. The first seems to suggest that he was still doing some work for Mr. Goodell.

Lynn. Sept. 17.1858

Dear Sir:

Please to get Docket and a dozen or twenty Creditor's oaths in the left hand upper drawer in the Judge's desk. Also a blank assignment, and 20 blank notes for assignee, blank assignee acceptances blank list of debts proved, and blank order for 2'd meeting, and leave them at the E. R. R. Depot in time for the 11 o'clock train for Lawrence.

Yrs truly

A. G. Goodell

This was addressed;

Mr. Andrew Nichols

At the Court of Insolvency

*Court House  
Salem  
To be delivered immediately*

On the same day his mother gave Andrew this note with her gift to him.

*My dear Son*

*It is thirteen years since this gold pencil, and pen, was given to your Father, by Mrs. C. S. Sargent, and I know of no token of love on this your 21st birthday I could give you that I think you would value more than this, may it remind you of your dear Father, and of his pure, and useful life spent doing good to others and may it be your desire, and resolve, to copy him. I can not express to you my feelings on this day, may Heavens best blessings rest on you always, may you enjoy health & happiness and at the close of a well spent life may you be received into Heaven, is the prayer of your affect. Mother*

*Mary H. Nichols*

*Sept 17th 1858*

Andrew's mother also received a letter from her son on that day and it is quite remarkable. It must have been about as welcome "as a sharp stick in the eye."

If he hadn't put the original draft in his portfolio we would have never known what he had to say, and it would have been a great loss to my Pine Knoll story.

*Danvers September 17th 1858*

*Dear Mother*

*I am sorry that anything should have turned up in which you could not have fully agreed with me - but as there has, we must try in the best manner to agree. that I am paying a young lady marked attentions I will not deny and intend that at some future time she will become my wife. You perhaps think I am hasty and say that I am too young - ~~but before coming for my defence I would say that I have been acquainted with her for over two years and have seen her sometimes even in unguarded moments and have as yet seen nothing that I dislike about her - I know that a party situated as I am I might be blinded to some of her defects (and defects she must have) or see them in a different light than what others see them. - she is poor (that is her family is) I know it - does that hurt her? - her brothers are unfortunate - should she be shunned on that account? No one can touch her character that remains unspotted - ask any that know her and they will tell you the same. even those unfortunates that once tried to pay attentions to her~~ I have made the choice to suit my own happiness first - and should like to have it suit all my friends - if it does not - I shall have to suffer the consequences - that your feelings have changed in some measure lightens my load a great by much more than a feathers weight.*

*O! do Dear Mother be reconciled - do ease my burden more for it is heavy yet - many sleepless nights that I have spent with the thought that you could not look with favor on her who is as dear to me as life its self. Only let me know that you are with me. (though you need not show it to any-one even call on her) and I am content. She will not be my wife until I am years older yet - unless I should see my way perfectly clear to earn a good living. I should not have been contented with an aristocratic fashionable girl - I want one that will make a good wife in every sense of the word. You know father in his poem (Danvers) said*

*"When once you've fixed your choice  
O never, never, Indulge the thought  
That you can change it ever."*

I am more contented with Uncle John and Aunt Emme and their poor fare and no company than when in Salem - You know that Aunt Hitty and I could never agree. I like a home - there is nothing that lingers so fondly in my memory as my home in Danvers - and there is no other place that I considered as home. When we moved to Salem I never considered that we (or that I) should stay there long. The next place I suppose that I can call my home will be one in which I shall be considered at the head - O may that be as happy a home as the fondly remembered the Danvers one and with our Heavenly Father's blessing it will be such - Until that time I must consider myself a wanderer. I ought to have made my mind up fully what was to be my calling through life when I graduated from ~~the Bowditch~~ High School and but as I did not I have delayed it until now - I have thought over carefully what I was best fitted for ~~as ever since I left~~ and now I am free - my own man - it is high time that I should finish with my ~~theories~~ dreams and castles in the air and come down to the plain ~~matter of fact~~ resolve that I shall hence forth follow farming to earn my daily bread (if I have my health and strength to perform the work and nothing else to turn me) And work I know - and plain living at first but it is a pursuit that will always insure a living - and what should I ~~ask more~~ or what should any man ask for - more. Gold has its many worshipers I will try to follow in the footsteps of my father and not bend before it's shrines - but rather follow his counsel and "live for man, and work for humanity" I know that it is hard work to turn off and take the road traveled by so few but I will try, - and will ask strength from Heaven to carry me on. You perhaps do not know even what my religion is, and will possibly say I will ~~merely have not much to talk of~~ - I only say I have read ~~and talked much~~ to many of the different creeds & talked with my friend A. G. Goodell (who has read a great deal on the subject) and have heard him in conversation with many of different denominations ~~at the court~~ in his office at the court house. I believe that if I try with all my might to resist keep the commandments - resist the many temptations, do good to my fellow man, do what my conscience tells me is right, pray to God to keep me from temptation and sin, and at night review my conduct, for the day and if there is anything my conscience tells me is wrong to ask to be forgiven. If I live up to that I shall have no doubt or fear that when I am called upon to render my account to Him, I shall hear the joyful summons "Well done good and faithful servant enter into the joy of your Lord." "He doeth all things well."

Old Time has brought my birthday round and it is now time that I should thank you for the untiring and guardian care of me - from the frail infant, through mischievous boyhood & erring youth - to manhood's hour - What a responsibility to bring up a boy in a city or large town in these days. I shudder even to think of what paths to vice of every nature and kind and ~~I am a perfect man in~~ I never smoked a ~~tobac~~ cigar (except those I used to make in boyhood of fern) never drank a glass of intoxicating liquor and never uttered an oath. I hope I never shall - I have told you of these things now because I have thought you might have some anxiety to know whether or not I did. You could never have found out in any other way for I have the reputation abroad as well as at home of being very private & still in all my ways - and have often heard of the expression being used "no one can find out anything about Nichols" I have been rather close about things that concerned me owing to the persons with whom I have had to live - for I believe I am naturally very open in all doings and sayings. Now you know all and as I am now to govern myself in the wide world and meet and bear its many crosses trials - Do be to me that same kind mother still - for though in my outward appearance I may ~~bear the stamp of a~~ ~~man~~ be a man of the world - yet at heart I am the same tender boy and if trials come upon me may the word mother from my lips meet with the same response that it did when I first learned to lisp it on your knee.

From your affectionate son

Andrew Nichols

Well, Andrew seems to have taken the bull by the horns in this remarkable piece of writing. You will notice that every time Andrew crossed words out and rephrased his thoughts, his reason seems to have been to deny his mother further ammunition against Lizzie.

Knowing what happened next, his mother's "feelings" must have "changed" about her turning over to her son his inheritance from his father but I have found no evidence of her weakening where Lizzie was concerned.

Andrew had decided to use his inheritance to buy a farm and his mother knew this would take some time, and he would need still more time to save a nest egg. Time, I would think to her mind, for her son to come to his senses and realize the unsuitability of marrying Lizzie. The last thing Mary wanted to do was completely alienate her only son, and I think she was buying time by agreeing with his plans.

Considering Andrew's comments about Lizzie's family I feel that Lizzie never saw this letter.

He follows up his birthday letter to his mother with this one to Lizzie, written two days after his birthday.

No. 13

*Velveteen Valley Sunday Sept 19th 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*O the very writting of that name seams to place me at your side, ah! when there I felt the only true happiness that has ever been mine I can't write now for I am thinking of thee. I wish we could be together now not mearly for the passing hour - but for the remainder of our lives - I would consent on my part for that happy day to come now. if I thought it was for your advantage But at present I am sorry to say it would not be - not just now. But with our Heavenly Father's blessing we will see that happy day. Lizzie you are dearer to me than ever, all my labors now and plans for the future are for your happiness - and before I undertake one of them, I will ask you, if you are willing that I should follou farming through life? And if you say Nay - what you would like to have me follow. I am willing to be what you would like to have me - if it is in my power.*

*For I am your Andrew*

I would say that Andrew had just put all his eggs in Lizzie's basket and his mother would not have liked this letter any better than the one he sent her!

## HARVEST TIME

Sat Sept 18th

This morning the air is quite cold I have taken a number of my flowers in I am afraid of the frost. After tea Nell and myself took a walk up to the burying ground S. Danvers we had a nice walk we were at home about seven I shall look for you tonight for I think perhaps you may alter your mind when it comes to Sat. eve. and come down, last spring fortnights were to be exceptions but now weeks are.

Sun. Eve Sept 19th

I have been to church all day and to S. School, they have all gone and left me alone but I have had two callers Mr. Cook and Hiram Mr Hoppin has got home he had a sermon on the laying of the Atlantic Cable. I miss you very much this eve but I will be patient for if nothing happens it is Gods will I shall see you next Sat. eve. a fortnight seems very long to me don't think they are a bit shorter than the first one was. you have so much to do and think of I suppose they pass very quickly. Yesterday afternoon we had callers I had as much as I could do to entertain them Nell ran into the kitchen and left me with the strangers, the Rev. Mr White and sister. is not that just like her? My eyes begin to water as I have not been writing by lamplight since last spring, I will close with bidding you good night and with the best love of

Yours only

Lizzie

Mon. Sept 20th

This morn the air is quite warm. Last eve was very long I thought the bell would never ring I was alone till quarter of nine it was a very pleasant eve the moon shone very bright I suppose you can guess where my thoughts were as I have filled the sheet with nonsense I will close good morning from Lizzie

Oh, give to me a chosen friend:  
With whom I may compare  
And mingle all my inmost thoughts  
And every pleasure share.

Yet, give me one true, faithful friend,  
Who does not care for gold,  
But loves me with confiding heart,  
And is not bought nor sold.

I then can go where duty calls:  
Can minister to those  
On whom Affliction's heavy hand  
Hath dealt severest blows.

Or, I can smile and sing with joy,  
Where faces all are bright,  
And Pleasure sits in regal power  
Dispensing sweet delight.

*Then is long life, with one true friend,  
A something which I crave;  
And thus on earth I'd journey on  
With joy unto the grave."*

*Tues. Sept 21st 1858*

*Dear Andrew,*

*It is very warm today but I suppose you are better acquainted with the fact than I as you I imagine are riding about in the city of rocks. \* Last eve. was delightful John and myself walked over in S. Salem.*

*Wed. Sept 22nd 1858*

*The air is very cold and wind high today. Last eve. was beautiful Charles was down we all took a walk down to the bridge. Lizzie Tuttle has made us a call, I think her splendid. I have not heard any thing new except that A. A. Smith is to be married this evening I expect to hear from you yesterday but did not I was a little disappointed good bye till tomorrow*

*from*

*Lizzie*

*Thur. Sept 23rd*

*It is very clear and cold I was glad to sit by the fire this morn. my hands were so cold I have taken all my flowers in. Last eve. we went to the exhibition at Plummer Hall. The fruits and flowers. are beautiful the hall is dressed with evergreen's, I did not see the gentleman there that waited upon my home two year's ago I think he must be out of town you I suppose know nothing of him? it will be two week's Sat. since I saw him. If you recieve this before I see him give my best love to him you may be jealous if you think best. good afternoon from your,*

*Lizzie*

*Sept 24th*

*John has just handed me that note, \*\* I have only time to close this I shall expect to see you tomorrow night good bye till then from*

*Lizzie*

---

\* Marblehead. Andrew took the farm produce to the farmer's market there.

\*\* The note is missing but must have informed Lizzie that he would be there the following night.

Mon Sept 27th 1858

Dear Andrew.

What a beautiful morn. I suppose ere this you are hard at work. I am much obliged to you for that slip, the leaf is different from any I have. Nell has just left for school. As I have not heard anything new since I saw you I will bid you good morning.

Tues. Sept 28th

I guess if you are in to market today you will need your overcoat. The cadets had a drill in full uniform with the band last eve. They did not visit our street I of course would not take the pains to put my bonnet on to see them we could hear the band.

Thur Sept 30th

What delightful weather you have for the cattle show, you must excuse me from not writing yesterday I was very busy. Tues. afternoon I took tea and spent the eve. with Mrs. McMurphy, yesterday I served from 8 in the morn. til 6 in the eve. \*

Frid Oct 1st

I have heard you was on the common this afternoon so near and did not call. What a shower we have had this afternoon I should have felt much worse had I thought you were out in it for John says you started just as it began to rain.

Sat Oct 2nd

Quite a change in the weather since yesterday I am very busy today trimming bonnets I have but a few minutes to write in and as I expect to see you tonight I will close.

from yours

Lizzie

Sun. Oct 3rd

I was somewhat disappointed at not seeing you last eve. and as none of them has seen you today I have come to the conclusion you are in Danvers. I have been to church all day it has been cloudy, this evening the air is very sultry. I miss you very much and wish you were here it is all for the best or it would not be so. If it is our Heavenly Father's will I hope I shall see you next Sat. As it is nearly dark I will close. good night.

From your loving,

Lizzie

Mon Oct 4th

I missed you very much last eve. it is very warm this morn. the baker say it was the warmest night we have had this summer

Tues. Oct 5th

This is a delightful day we have been gathering our grapes we have a good many but they are not as sweet as usual. Lizzie T. has just gone from here Sarah says she has not cried since we were there.

Thur Oct 7th

You must excuse me for not writing yesterday in the morning I helped mother we were very busy, in the afternoon I went to the society, Mrs. McMurphy invited me to go to Mr. Osgood's concert in the eve. which I enjoyed very much. The hall was crowded I had to stand nearly the whole eve. This morning it looks very much like rain. Our society are to have a tea party a week from next wednesday eve.

---

\* It sounds as if she was waiting on customers in the bonnet shop. They probably sold ribbon and all sorts of bonnet trimmings, as well as making bonnets to order.

Friday Oct 8th

The air is quite cool this morning. As I have filled this sheet with nonsense and have a very few minutes to spare and expect to see you tomorrow night I bid you good bye til then

From your own

Lizzie

Sun. Eve Oct. 10 1858

Dear Andrew

It is nearly eight o'clock and I have reluctantly given up the idea of seeing you tonight I am very much disappointed. I listened till nine last eve for the foot steps I love best but they came not. I then thought you might have some errand to detain you and I should certainly see you this eve. but alas I am disappointed. I have been to church all day to ours in the morning, the Baptist this afternoon four were baptised. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were to church today. I will now bid you good night with the wish that we may soon meet. May God bless and protect you is the prayer of

Yours only

Lizzie

Frid Oct 15th

You must excuse me for not writing since Sun. I have been so very busy I have not had time. Mon. I was round collecting for our tea party Wed. and Thurs. I have been at Miss Putnams. Nell is tormenting me so I can hardly think if you see any blunders she is to blame. I was very much pleased to receive your letter I thought you must be sick. It seems a year since I saw you I hope I shall not be disappointed Sat. night.

From your own

Lizzie

No. 14

Velveteen Valley Sunday Oct 10th 1858

Dear Lizzie

I now shall have to ask you to forgive me for three things. First for not coming down last Sunday Second for not coming down today and Third for not writing you last Sunday. I will now try to make a good excuse. When I came home from market a week ago (it does not seem so long) I found Uncle sick a bed. He was taken with a severe stich in his back so that for four days he could not help him-self in any way, and I have had to perform the duties of nurse to help raise him and turn him over in bed, and all the duties of the farm be-side and anyone that knows anything about farming knows that those are not very light at this season of the year. I have now got about 40 apple trees to pick, corn to harvest, apples to take to market, and last but not least all the chores (milking & feeding cows, pigs, hens & horse) to do. I have got a man to dig the potatoes, but can not get any one to help pick apples, for they are busy on thier own farms. They have got all the apples picked on the farms about here, and it is time mine were, for it will soon be cold enough to freeze them. I have to manage the long ladders alone so that I make slow work of it, still I have picked this last week 50 bush, and marketed 25 of them. Uncle will probably not do much work this fall so I shall have a much harder time than I expected. I have had the whole management of the farm for over a week and have got along very well. (I like farming yet) I should have called that Friday night when I was on the common to see the cricket match, but I then expected to see you the next night. This is my excuse Is it a good one? I know you are a reasonable being and shall not doubt it, still it will not do for me to rely too much on your good favor. I will say that I see nothing to prevent my being with you next

Sunday eve. If I am well, I shall be with you whether there is anything to prevent me leaving here or not - if it be but to go down and spend an hour and come back. I had made up my mind when I left you that I should be down the next Sunday but you know what prevented. The man in the other part of the house\* hurt his right hand badly the day before yesterday so he can't do anything. I did not have time to write to you during the last week, but I should have got some word (home) to you, (had I have known before yesterday noon, that I did not suit)

But Lizzie though you do not see me so often as I am well, stout and strong. I can now lift 150 lbs. as easily as I could lift 50 lbs. then. I can now put a barrell of apples in to the waggon, then I could scarce drag myself through the streets though I did do it and spry too - but it was all forced now I do it naturally. I long to be with you dear Lizzie - it seems an age since I saw you - I was disappointed when my uncle said I must stay up today, not that I love my uncle less but Lizzie more. This is one of those crosses, disappointments to us both, which we must expect to meet and bear it is what we were placed in this world for, and the more cheerfully we bear them, the greater will be the reward for He has promised it. Only think it will be moon-light again & the comet will be gone when I see you, you know the moon was shining bright when I saw you last, I did not mean, when I said that we would call on Sarah because I might not go to walk with you for some-time, to be gone so long. I am still yours as ever and your lover

Warden

Sun. After. Oct 24th 1858

Dear Andrew

As the storm prevented me from attending church and I do not feel like reading I have concluded to write a few lines. The wind is very high & the leaves are from one end of the street to the other it rains quite fast now. I spent last eve, with Mrs. McMurphy. Your call the other eve, seems like a dream I think this evening will seem very long but I will be patient as you say after this, fortnights are to be the exceptions. It has been reported this week that the Prairie Flower is lost it seems as though she was ill fated but it is all right God ordained it. good bye

from yours

Lizzie

Frid Oct 29th

This is the first time since Sunday I have had time to write. The military company has paraded this three afternoons I do not take the trouble to go to the door to see them pass the head of the street. I went up to John's shop and saw the engine companys form it seems a long time since I saw you I shall expect to see you tomorrow night. John got home the other night a 1/4 12 o'clock I waited for him. It was a false report the Prairie Flower has arrived safe and sound. I cannot think of any more nonsense good bye

truly yours

Lizzie

Frid Nov. 5th

This is the time this week I could write Mon. I had some sewing to finish Tues. afternoon I took tea with Mrs. Saunders Wed. I went to the society yesterday it was dark I had time to think I have now given my reasons for not writing if you think they afford sufficient excuse it is well if not I must beg pardon. I have not heard any news except the republicans gained the day that will be old when you see this. One year ago tonight we were together looking at the fire caused by the burning of tar barrels tonight you will not be here to see them but in imagination you will be by my side as I expect to see you tomorrow night I shall be contented till then.. I must bid you good bye from the one that loves you

Lizzie

---

\* It was usual to hire extra help at harvest time and give them room and board during the period they were hired for.

The burning of the tar barrels must have had to do with the yearly elections. The next note is Lizzie's sister Nell cutting up again. Andrew had written at the top of it "Ans. Nov. 6th"

*Salem Nov. one*

*Dear Sir*

*Enclosed I send you some of Marm Lamb's Molasses Candy instead of butter tallow candle is put in and the pan was greased with lamp oil seasoned with snuff thickened with tobacco free Gratis for nothing. I thought you might not have your glasses with you at the time you received this so I thought I would write in a large hand thus to enable you to read it. It has taken nearly a bottle full of ink*

*Most respectfully*

*Josaphina*

*Massachusetts*

*Salem*

*County of Essex*

*P. S. Be careful When You Eat It or It will get you Drunk for it is so Rummy. J.*

*No. 15*

*Velveteen Valley Sunday Nov. 21st 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*After a long exile I am again sitting at my window writing to you: Nature has again put on her winter garb - the snow lays on the summit of Dodges (or rather Hathornes) Hill in view from my window. The trees have shook off their leaves and allow me once more to look through their pendant branches and view that peaceful city of Salem, shooting up its spires, towers, turrets and flag poles, it seems to float on that bright water, sparkling in the sunshine, which I can see beyond it.*

*By the ways, (just as though I had forgotten it) I believe in a letter written some time since I promised to tell you what I could see from my window, as you have waited so patiently (and as they say "a patient waiter" (I don't mean a hotel waiter) is now later) I will try to give it in a little better style than I should if I had written it then. You may read this letter to Nellie - or let her read it - for in composing this I have nearly used up my poor brain - therefore she will have to put up with out a note from me this fall - and as she has already favored me with one of her poems - I think it but right she should see the first production from my pen but she must not "view it with a critic's eye" They say that you want a long tittle to a piece to make it take well so here goes*

*What I Saw From My Window  
at Velveteen Valley in Danvers  
Sunday November 21st A. D. 1858*

*From my window I do see  
Ship rock tower majestic'ly;  
To the east and nearer too,  
Hog Hill rises to my view.*

*Whipple's Hill shuts from my sight,  
That natal town of my delight:*

*Where amid its scenes so gay,  
I've had many a boyish play.*

*Salem to the left appears,  
Slumbering as it has for years;  
Beverly to the left of that,  
For many years has quiet sat.*

*And afar off in the deep blue,  
Baker's isle comes to my view:  
And left of that Brown's Folly lays,  
Forever telling of his ways.*

*While a long way to the right of all,  
Hawthorne's hill sits like a ball,  
Half submerged in mother earth,  
From which it once derived it's birth.*

*While betwixt my window sill,  
And the rounding Hawthorne's hill,  
Placed low down (not on a stool)  
Is No. 4 the District School.*

*But I will close; in me 'tis rude,  
Thus to attempt a rhyming mood;  
And murder every Bard or Sage,  
Who's liked in this our peaceful age.*

*As it has taken me a whole hour to compose this I will stop for the present  
From yours truly*

*Andrew Nichols*

*The Poetical license is largely taxed in the above rhyme.*

Andrew's next letter makes more sense if I tell you before you read it that everything in parentheses is what he speculates Lizzie's answers will be to what he has to say.

No. 16

*Velveteen Valley Sunday Dec. 12th 1858*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I have once again played the truant from your side (once I should think you had) Take it calmly Lizzie do not be put out for I could not help it (you might have written then and let one know where you was and why you did not come home a week ago) Well perhaps I might I own that I was wrong in not writting (yes and that is all) I am sorry and will beg your pardon (and promise not to do it again) Ah - - That is the question - Time will tell. (That is cool) A*

week ago last Friday Uncle fell through an old pair of stairs and broke his breast bone and hurt his leg very bad and he has not been out of the house since. And of course I am here yet and likely to remain for sometime - though I had made an engagement to go to work last Monday in the Court House. I do not know which you would like to have me do best to stay up here or work down there - both have there objections I suppose (If you would only make the fortnight the exception - and write a little oftener) I is wealthy - though wealth works in quite handy some times you know (No I don't know) Well don't get mad. Say Tibby does that locket open as easy now or rather can you keep it closed? You will spoil the spring if you open it often. Did you think I had flown up in Vermont this last week? But what is the use of asking you questions I never can get answered. How I ramble round from one thing to another - But I am quite fortunate in the one I write them to - for it is not every one that would like them (when I get tired of your letters I will tell you) I know it you have told me that a dozen times. The reason why this letter is so tame is that my brain has hardly recovered from the draft on it By-the-way how did you like that rhyme (Pretty good for a beginner) Yes you are wright there - if it was not the first it would be "horrible trash" - But I am getting dull so good night

*From yours ever*

*Warden Cholins*

Andrew is desperately in need of a telephone! I never really thought about the communication difficulties for a courting couple, separated by only a few miles, before its invention.

I have no idea what was in Lizzie's locket but it could have been a lock of Andrew's hair. In Lizzie's candy box there was an envelope dated Salem Oct 17th 1858. It contained three locks he had sent her. On the envelope he wrote

*Dear Lizzie*

*Enclosed you will find two locks of hair that perhaps you will value; the lightest one when I was only three years old, and the other when I was eleven. I fortunately came across or rather took without leave these small locks from larger ones of my Mother's.*

*From your accepted lover*

*Andrew Nichols*

*P.S. My hair ought to be cut now for it is like that mentioned in 2 Samuel XXV-26 See 1 Corinthians XI-14.*

The locks he mentions on the envelope were very blonde and the third one was a golden brown. It was wrapped in a separate piece of paper that had written on it:

*Hair cut off May 5th 1857*

*Attest Andrew Nichols*

*Asst. Register*

Sun. Eve Dec 19th 1858

Dear Andrew

As I do not expect to see you this eve. I will try and see if writing will not make it pass more quickly. I have been to church this afternoon Miss Peirson sent me a letter this afternoon but I do not think I shall answer it. \* I have just read your last letter and I think you are excellent in asking and answering your own questions. Wed eve. Nell and myself went to the Lyceum. Miss Hubbard called here yesterday. I believe that is all the news I can think of not that I think you will be very much entertained when you read this but to confess the truth it is so long since I have written I don't know what to write. The third Sun. eve and I have seen you one hour in that time it seems hard but I will not murmur duty before pleasure you may not get your reward in this world but in another you will have the reward of the faithful. Dear Andrew as my eyes begin to water I must close with the thought that if it is our Heavenly Fathers will we shall meet Thurs. good night and may I be remembered in your prayers as you are in mine is the wish of your own

Lizzie

A letter to Andrew from Charles Sewall, written at about this same time, has survived and Rev. Sewall sounds like a very nice man. He is the gentleman Andrew was visiting in the letter from Andrew's mother shortly after his father died.

Medfield. Dec. 14/59

Mr. Andrew Nichols

My dear young friend: It gave me much pleasure to hear from you this evening, & to see the name of your ever honor'd father written in a hand so very like his own.

I am in the habit of going to the Library room of the Horticultural Society, in School St. (back of the store of A. Bowditch) immediately on arriving in the city, \*\* at 10 1/2 A. M., & I leave there at 2 1/2 P. M. being occupied in canvassing the City, during the interval.

It would afford me much pleasure to see you there whenever I am in town. Tomorrow & the next day I have engagements elsewhere But, if the weather traveling admits, shall be at the rooms on Friday at 10 1/2 o'clock. If anything occurs to prevent my coming, I shall be glad to see you here then, or at any other time.

The family are in the usual health - & all join me in kindest regards & best wishes to all your dear relatives & our kind friends - as well as to yourself.

In haste, I am very truly

Your friend

Chas C. Sewall

It seems reasonable to assume that Rev. Sewall was the sort of venerable friend Andrew would have sought out to talk with about his plans for the future.

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\* Lizzie was no longer keeping Miss Peirson's letters as this one was not in her candy box.

\*\* Boston

## RETURN to VELVETEEN VALLEY

After Andrew's last letter from North Danvers, written in the beginning of December 1858, he returned to Salem for the holidays and stayed on, taking employment at the court house until he was needed for the spring work on Uncle John's farm.

While still in Salem he received the following letter from his first cousin Charles Twiss, grandson of Betsey Nichols Evans (Doctor Andrew's older sister and Andrew's aunt). His family lived on a farm in Dunbarton, N.H. It is a most interesting letter as Charles is living in Kansas.

The original letter has been given to the Elizabeth M. Watkins Community Museum, home of the Douglas County Historical Society in Lawrence, Kansas. I had the pleasure of delivering the letter in person and they were delighted to have it. They have very little correspondence of that period. There are descendents of Christian and Land still living in Lawrence, which incidentally was settled by pioneers from Lawrence, Mass.

It is written on the letter paper of:

CHRISTIAN & LAND  
Attorneys at Law,  
Lawrence, Kansas

At the top Andrew had written:

*Received Feby 10th 1859  
Answered March 8th 1859*

*Lawrence, Jan. 29th, 1859*

*Cousin Andrew*

*I received a letter from Lizzie\* a short time ago stating she had been at Salem. I was glad to here from you that you were all well she said she had a very pleasant visit. She spoke of you writing to me twice. I received but one of your letters. I intended to answer it immediately but as it made many inquires in regard to the chances of getting into business & requesting any advise in the matter. I deferred writing at that time thinking I might find a situation to suit you. You recollect it was during the financial crisis and as it was so uncertain how it would affect Kansas I could not advise you in the matter, & as matters have turned out I think perhaps it is as well that you did not come West last Spring. Money has been scarce and would bring 5 per cent for months with good security. There is no money in the market everybody is strapped. Property is held much below its real value yet not one is discouraged. We expect an immense immigration this season. If you ever expect to come to Kansas now is your time. but if you do come dont forget to bring some money with you. You will find it very inconvenient to be with out it. You could now buy improved farms at a very low figure. There are so many that want to sell and go to the mines you could hardly fail of making a good investment. I am now residing at Lawrence and shall remain here for the present. I did intend to come East this Spring but shall not be ... season, not able to work much of the time. I should be happy to able to do so My health is now very good but I have been quite unwell the past render you any assistance within my power. I wish you to write me all the news. How are Uncle Johns folks do you live with them any of the time does Henry Verry live with them I will write again soon. What is Kimball doing now Tell Uncle and Aunt to write I want to here from them If I have good luck I shall be in the East in the course of the year. Answer this and I will be prompt in the future give my love to your Mother Sister and all inquiring friends. & I remain your etc..*

*Charles P. Twiss*

*P. S. If you have any desire to try gold digging, the indusements I think are very strong to try Pikes Peak, no one has any doubt of there being Gold in Western Kansas. I have scene there specimens. The Legislature have appointed Commitioners to lay out roads bridge the streams & do any amount of surveying. it is all the talk here and a large share of our citizens are fitting up and making there arrangements to start early in the Spring. I think business will be brisk in a month or two. crops of all kinds were first rate last year stock is very high considering the hard times, any one that has any faculty for farming cannot fail to do well*

*in haste*

*Charles P. Twiss*

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\* Lizzie Twiss

I wonder if it was Andrew or Lizzie who got cold feet about Kansas, perhaps both. After reading that letter it seemed to me as if the surest way to make a living in the west was as a surveyor – an outdoor job and right up Andrew's alley. Unfortunately there is nothing more in my possession about the possibility of Andrew and Lizzie going west.

The next letter is written by Andrew when he returns to Velveteen Valley in the spring of 1859.

*No 17 or now No 1*

*Velveteen Valley March 24th 1859*

*Dear Lizzie*

*How natural it seems to be sitting in my window and giving you a few of my thoughts - Well I must begin as I did last year and say Four days of "a farmers life gone and so far so good." I must confess that I felt rather blue the first evening after leaving you, and all looked blue around me, at least when I looked up at the sky. The Robins, Black and Blue birds are very thick and sing all day long (for their supper) I see the walls on Hathorne's hill or rather Prospect hill according to the wedding card of the present owner of the farm (Mr. Dodge) who married one of my second cousins the 30th of last December.*

*March 25th*

*Rain! Rain! It has rained some part of every day since I came up - well I must expect it - "By the way" - I think I heard you say (there I cant help making a rhyme ever since the time I looked in my rhyming dictionary to find a word to rhyme with your mourne and I find it is the only perfect rhyme - that is to rhyme with its self - bournie is allowable by that - you are more of a poet then I thought you was) that you had rather see me than the letters and (doubtful) that you had rather not see both - there - I wonder if I have provoked you so that you will make a reply to it - I did it to see if you would - for if I put a question to you - you never will answer it or that is you would not last year - perhaps you have turned over a new leaf this year if so - some Friday when you have the whole week before you please look over that enormous pile of letters that you have received from me - but stop - I forgot you have burnt them according to my directions I suppose. so you need not trouble yourself more about them. - but be careful in the future - there if I had not written the following:*

*If any person should see the above he would say that it was a hint - I do not believe they would have thought it a love letter, do you Lizzie? - It is more properly I suppose a letter to my love, and I shall have to drop it.*

*After work Friday 25th*

*Uncle keeps me flying (would not you like to see my wings?) round now for he thinks he is giving me pretty round wages but If I stay here another year he will have to make them rounder I can assure him. I have been to work carpentering ever since I came up pulling down the old corn barn and building a new shed mending horse rake etc. Rainy Indays - we have not had but two Fair Fridays since the first of Jany and you know the last Friday governs the month following. O dear! a rainy April I hate rainy days because I have to work down in dark cellars in the barn and house - well there is nothing like farming after all for me I like it - only I wish it paid better - but we can't have every thing as we want it. so we must give up wealth for health.*

[This letter was signed off with five lines of odd codes, which Janet Derouin called "mystery" writing. Years later she showed the codes to Andrew's grandson John Nichols, who responded, "That's easy; I learned that as a kid."]  
His translation of Andrew's code:

*I am yours as ever | Andrew Nichols | PS I shal write occasionally in this | hand to keep you booked up | AN*

At the top of Andrew's next letter he has drawn a hand around the No 2 and the index finger points to the right top corner of the page where he has sketched a bird in flight and written "Fly to her bower sweet bird."

*Velueteen Valley March 31st.*

*It is now snowing fast and blowing a fresh breeze over the star-board quarter but what have I to do with sea phrases - I have been on snow 6 inches deep today - our land is fit to plow some of the Danvers Farmers have been plowing for a fortnight past. March has been very pleasant and not much wind, we had our March weather in February when we went a skating you know in fact we have ever since October our weather for the month has been one month in advance - if it holds on so we shall have to plant early the next month - though at this moment it seems as if we should have to get out the sleigh which has hardly been used this winter - But as the rain which refreshes our earth during a mid-summer thunder shower and contracts our horizon to within a few rods ceases and the curtain of mist is suddenly raised we see the landscape beyond made much more beautiful by the copious rain from heaven - So will March lift the curtain of frosts and cold nights and we shall see the beautiful flowers grass and leaves open and unfold to the gentle showers and warm sun of the sunny month of April likened this year unto May. My grandmother has often said since the year came in that "they had made the Almanacs wrong this year" and I believe that they have for where is that moon that ought to be along about this time? (For you know more about Moon's phases than I do about the sea phases) I saw it this morning when I got up - but I think that I ought to see it before I go to bed - long before this time. But Hold on - what a letter this will be to write to a young lady if I keep on in this strain. But my pen will run in this direction so you must excuse it*

*Dear old house \* what happy hours have I passed under thy roof - happy to me - no hours of sorrow have I experienced there - no all the hours have fled by bourne by bright angles - happier yet may I pass in thee. I know dear Lizzie that you have experienced some sorrowful hours - but I hope that the bright & happy hours more than equal the dark & sad. We are all placed in this world for a few short years to meet with the various disappointments imposed upon us by a wise and loving Father "who doeth all things well" - and if we bear them in the right spirit we shall meet with a rich reward in that world above to which we are all travelling urged onward by the wing of time.*

*Friday April 1st 1859*

*Well really April has come in more like March than May - What a wind - I suppose you take notice how the trees blow occasionally as you sit at the window at work - we plowed this afternoon 1/3 of an acre of ground with the horse I held the plow - this is our first plowing for the season and it seems as if we were again to have winter over again if we do we have been made fools of today.*

*Sunday April 3rd 1859*

*May I ask your forgiveness for not coming down last night? I was very tired and had a bad head ache which I know would have been worse if I had rode down in the cars \*\* - I went to bed soon after supper - I was in my chambers when the cars went by - which made me feel worse at the thought of not seeing you until Fast Day - and I was so tired I could only drag one foot after the other - I walked a little over 6 miles yesterday afternoon and I had to walk very slow (which tires a person sooner than if they walk fast you know) to team the oxen we plowed steadily from 12 1/2 to 6 P M and I was walking all that time - In plowing an acre a man has to travel over 8 1/4 miles - and as we plowed a little over 3/4 of an acre we travelled over a little more than 6 miles - and besides that I had to walk 1/2 of a mile in the morn to do an errand and work steady on my feet from 7 A M to 12 N - no matter about that now as I slept off my head ache.*

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\* Andrew Street house. Andrew's sketch in letter duplicated on plate 3.

\*\* Horse drawn cars.

No thunder last month I hope the old adage will not prove true "No thunder in March no corn at the harvest" There I dare say you thought that it was something worse - that is bad enough for farmers - By the by - Don't you remember Saturday April 3rd 58, when we took a short walk through old Neck gate -- up on to a hill and there to view Through that beautiful avenue \* Hathorne's Hill away in the west - To be to you a beacon to my nest (i e roost Holmes) and the thermometer that day up to seventy six did stray - And only today at thirty nine that seems to be its highest line - but though the weather is much cooler today my love for you is as warm - yes - warmer than it was that day. Lizzie did you see those mock suns - 2 circles and sun-dog yesterday afternoon between 3 1/2 & 5 P M. if not I am afraid I shall not be able to describe them to you Uncle says he never saw anything like it during his (long) life - The sun-dog as I called it was a small and very bright arc as much like a rainbow as anything could be that was not one, and the two mock suns brighter than the moon on the circumferences of a circle of which the sun was centre they were sublime and a sight no more to be forgotten than the comet - Truly I could exclaim "The Firmament showeth thy handiwork" Day unto day uttereth speech and Night unto night showeth knowledge" O who is there who does not belive in God. - This puts me in mind of that strange sentiment of Henry Ward Beecher \*\* which caused all denominations to condemn it as I think they should - as I have the paper on my table I will give it to you. "Could Theodore Parker \*\*\* worship my God? - Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are revealed to my knowledge here after, but known only to my faith. But Christ stands my manifest God. All I know is of him and in him" Did not Christ tell us while here on earth to pray to "Our Father who art in heaven" Does He tell us that the Father is a "A dim and shadowy effluence rising from Christ. Well Lizzie I must close now - I am sorry that at 7 o'clock you will be disappointed I shall go to bed early as no doubt you will after you have given me up - but this wont help you any for you will not receive this until after you have got over that sober look - I hope - I wish you could get this evening it might do a little good - and to cheer you up here is what a laundry maid said "That the old earth seemed to get nicely washed and dried by the March winds and the April showers, and to be well ironed by the shovel and the hoe and done up for summer wear, when nature would disport herself in a thousand frills and fringes of vegetation"

*Amo vos [in coded writing]*

*From Yours Truly [in coded writing]*

*Andrew Nichols [in coded writing]*

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\* The Salem Willows.

\*\* The brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Andrew misspelled the name. He was a Presbyterian minister who became well known in America and England for his pulpit orations.

\*\*\* Theodore Parker began as a Unitarian as were Andrew's family. He was minister of a Unitarian church in Roxbury at the beginning of his career, but due to his views about man's need for the miracle of Christianity he became excluded from the church. He then became a minister of the Congregational Society of Boston. His thinking was anti-supernatural and his philosophy intuitional and transcendental. In his sermons he affirmed God and the moral law. He viewed Jesus as a great humanitarian and had broad criticism of parts of the bible, views that are associated with more recent Unitarian conclusions.

March 29th 1859

Dear Andrew,

"Rain! Rain! I have hardly had time to think today, this morning I was woke up with "Aunt Mary is sick" and sent for Mother. I had beside the usual work of the day, the weeks ironing and dinner to cook, however I got through with it without being very much exhausted. Last evening we called on Mrs Mac. we had not been there but a short time when Willy & Howard came in, they came home with us, we merely passed the compliment of won't you walk in which was excepted, there was quite a revolution in the program.

March 30th 1859

What an lovely day this has been. I have been sewing all day Aunt Louis passed the afternoon with us. The evenings do not seem as short as they did when you were here. Marg has just come home from Sarahs. Lizzie has the measles.

When thy daily toil has ended,  
and thy thoughts rove far away  
May my image then be blended  
With thy dreams at closing day.

March 31st 1859

The last day of the month cold, sunny and showers, but now the stars are very bright star gazing something uncommon for me you know. Salem has not changed much since you left I do not think you would get lost There is a lantern post in front of our house you will know it by that.

April 1st 1859

I do not know whether you could call it pleasant or not I do not think the wind very agreeable there has been quite a celebration today the cannons were fired an oration a dinner at Hamilton Hall, a grand affair for the democrates. Now I think I have done wonders to write so long a letter I hope you will be interested in this nonsense I shall expect to see you tomorrow the longest day of the week. I must close now

good night and pleasant dreams

From your only Lizzie

Sun. April 3rd 1859

Quarter of eight o'clock! I have at last reluctantly come to the conclusion that you are not in town. I think you are real, I won't say what, for I said last Sunday I wouldn't call you so. I have been sick this two days with a cold. It has rained all day, I suppose you are well aware of the fact. What with the dull weather, a hoarse cold, and not seeing you, I feel very much inclined to cry, but it won't do any good if I do, I will make the best of it and try and bear the disappointment. Nell & Marg spent last eve, at Willy's his mother came in for them he is sick. As my head aches and I have nearly filled this sheet I will close with good night. May God our Father watch over you, keep and protect you, for ever.

Lizzie

April 5th 1859

I think it has been almost cold enough today for skating. Last eve Willy, Howard, Lizzie, Susie was here I played chess with H. I did not beat he plays different I like your way best. My cold is about the same. I

take it for granted you will be down tomorrow night and stay over Fast. \* It seems a month since March 27th As I looked at the new moon tonight, my thoughts were, Andrew may be gazing at it to, they asked me if I had wished, Yes, that wish was that I might soon see you which I hope will soon come to pass. Good night

April 6th 1859

I have received and read your letter and will freely forgive you as you had the headach. I have had it for a week but today it seems better I think it is the wind that makes it ache. You must have found the moon if you had a pair of eyes this eve. I think it splendid. I think I should have known the model if you had not numbered it 18. \*\* Good night I hope to see you soon.

Yours truly

Lizzie

April 11th 1859

Dear Andrew

Variety is pleasing surely we have it today snow, rain, and hail, rather dull it must be for you, keep up a good heart sunshine always follows showers. If I was as good at drawing as you are, I would give you the picture I now have before me, I will try and describe it, my Mother is sewing at one side of the table, at her right hand Nell in the large chair with her back toward me reading, Marg opposite me employed in the same manner, now I suppose you want to know where me is, well me sits at Mother's left hand writing, if you can picture the scene from this description you are very bright, Louisa \*\*\* is warbling one of her sweet strains. Good night I hope you will be interested in this nonsense.

April 12th

Another dull day, but it looks now like fair weather the moon is shining bright. The girls have gone to the Baptist meeting to hear a fugitive slave preach. I should have gone but my headach a little and it is very damp. We sent you the paper I hope you got it.

April 14th 1859

What a rainy afternoon! You prophesied right in regard to the weather this week. I waited till eleven last evening for John I should have waited longer but Nell was tired he came in at quarter past.

April 15th 1859

This afternoon it seemed good to see the sun although the air was cold and disagreeable. I do not know anything new you have today paper I suppose we sent it up tonight. I suppose you will come down tomorrow night. We have just had a call from the Miss Fullers You must ask Nell to describe the call It is late I must close Good night \*\*\*\*

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\* A day that was set aside by the Governor for the purpose of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," dating back to the founding Fathers.

\*\* Reference to Andrew's sketch of her house.

\*\*\* Lizzie's Aunt Louisa, widow of Captain Gamaliel Ward, who lived in the same house and was a dress and cloak maker.

\*\*\*\* Lizzie signed off with mystery writing.

April 18th 1859

Dear Andrew

Nell says if I send you a note by H. Hubbard they will open it. I have been out walking all the afternoon my cheeks look and feel quite rosy. Ed. Cheeves called to day he seemed very much delighted to see Nell, Mary and Nell have gone over to Willy's to spend the eve. I am slighted Mother has gone down to Uncle Thomas. I am left alone to keep house. I hope your arm has not been lame enough to prevent you from using it today.

April 19th 1859

What a beautiful day this has been, after tea Nell and myself have walked up to Federal st. I had a new pair of boots and I feel rather tired. The girls had a nice time last night Susie and they are talking it over in the other room I can hardly write they are making such a noise. Charley has made us a call this eve, his mother is visiting in Danvers we are going up Thursday if it is pleasant. Captain Allen got home this afternoon. That is all the news I have to tell you tonight and I must close bidding you good night. \*

P. S. I have not concluded to send this tomorrow they say they will open it.

L.

No 3

Danvers April 11th 1859

It looks some like winter as I look from my window now - the ground is all covered with snow and the chilly wind is blowing from the N. E. but I can keep warm up here in my chamber writing to you as I did last night only sitting and looking at you - when we let the fires go out - Have you not got used to the wind? for I should think that after one whole week of nothing but Blow blow blow all the time any one would have got used to it. - I read in the paper the other day something that interested me very much so I will just let you have a little hint of what it was - Did you ever set down on a set of steel hoops after they have been over the register to a furnace\* for ten minutes? If not I will only add that the effect is very striking - They say that ladies will get up from a chair much spryer than you do from that rocking chair at 9.45 Sunday evenings (By that I mean once a week the rule) I should admire to see such a sight - I don't believe my sober face would stay on long

April 22nd 1859

One year ago today I ran away from you & came away up to this lonesome place. and also one month since I left Salem for the third time to try farming up here I suppose by that it will be the last - not that I think of giving up farming but of trying it in another place. We planted a few peas today. the first things we have planted this season last year we planted the 21st so we are one day behind hand but earlier about plowing this year than we were last - I have almost finished plowing - glad of it rather tiresome work though I like it much better than mowing so far I have walked 41 miles plowing - well walking is the best exercise a person can get - so says Dr. Hall - I hope you take long walks after tea - and that you have nearly finished the last 6 cloaks - I received your letter safe and sound Wednesday night - I saw by it - that you had taken one walk - follow it up - keep agoing - for you took a good deal of out door exercise last winter and it won't do to stop now - so keep moving - never mind a tanned face - By the way Lizzie I was seen riding in the cars with a young lady the other day - By Nellie's P. S. in the paper I see she is very fond of "Howard is my darling." at least she writes it often - I shall have to show Howard the papers - if I did I should not be much surprised to find the front room occupied the next time I come down - and we would have to take a walk - seen Mr. James book since? - won't you catch it - I am sorry for your sake I was so slow that time - next time I will look out and be spryer. - I am afraid to send this by the cars or I would tomorrow. be sure and seal your letters when you send them by those girls

*Why! I have not answered your verse that is always running in my head - so I will give you only this poor rhyme in answer*

*Lizzie dear thine image ever  
In my thoughts a place doth keep;  
Bright and buoyant it doth never  
Quit my dreams when fast asleep.*

*Sunday April 24th 1859*

*What a happy evening last Sunday evening was and more particularly the one before it - I mean on account of the good news from your brother\* - we can always see if we will the kind hand of Providence ruling all our ways - God has been ever the same to you that he is now though at times it did seem that your burden was heavy - But it must have been for some good and wise purpose - You may not see what it was for but that makes no difference. He has heard those prayers that have been offered up to him by trusting loving hearts - though he did not answer them until the time he knew would be for the best - and now after to you a long space of time He in his infinite wisdom and mercy answered them - and to him will pray - Father thy will not mine be done.*

*"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah;  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!  
Feed me till I want no more."*

*From thine \*\* [Andrew]*

*Salem April 22nd 1859*

*Dear Andrew,*

*You must excuse me for not writing since Tues. Wed. eve I was down to Sarah and last eve we walked up in Danvers to call on Charley's Mother (she is visiting there) she had gone out to pass the eve, we walked back with out stopping to rest when we arrived home we could hardly speak we were so tired, if it is not excuse enough when I see you I will humbly beg your pardon. It is raining fast we need it for it was very dusty. Did you see the Northern Lights last eve? were they not magnificent? Marg. is very busy you would like to be round but she wouldn't like to have you, she has not boiled them.*

*April 23rd*

*Miss Hatch has just gone from here she has talked so much I am tired. I wish I was to have the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow. I will try and be patient, all the n.*

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\* It was obviously Lizzie's brother Tom whom Andrew was referring to. I have nothing to give me a clue as to where Tom was at the time. From their letters it doesn't really seem as if Tom has been at home for quite a while.

\*\* More mystery writing [decoded = Andrew]

Sun. April 24th

That footsteps I love best to hear will not approach this eve. how I wish I could see you instead of writing now. It seems a long time since last Sun. Eve. I have been to two meetings this afternoon. John Nell and myself took it into our heads that we should like to go to the Quaker meeting we went and it was done at 3 o'clock they did not speak a word we came down st. thinking we would take a walk John went to our meeting but we started to go over in S. Salem when we got to the Methodist Church we went in the sermon had just begun it was a funeral. The girls have gone to the S Church. Mother and I are at home. news I have heard is that W. Carlton and Eliza Ham are to be married the first of June they are to live in Federal St. I will close by commending you to our Father's care, and the wish if it is his will we shall see each other next Sun. good night may angels watch over thee and may our Father keep you from temptation is the prayer of the one who loves you next to God.

Lizzie

April 25th

What a beautiful day this has been! I have been very busy today I have only had time to think of you, how much I should like to see you.

April 26th

Rain again. I cannot think of anything to write tonight The news we send up in the papers I shall send this up tomorrow You must look out because of course you know it is coming. I have begun to count the days it seems a long time before Sat. Good night may thy dreams be happy.

The same forever

Lizzie

Fat chance of Andrew having any temptations come his way while toiling away in North Danvers and any church in walking distance of Andrew Street seems to have been grist for the Stanley family's mill on a Sunday!

In Andrew's next letter it sounds as if Lizzie is still wrestling with the subject of salvation, even though she continues to resist the pressure from her peers in her church. Andrew, the naturalist, states his case for keeping things simple and tries to reassure her once more.

No 4.

Velveteen Valley Sunday May 1st 1859

Dear Lizzie

I have just read that tract written by Rev. M. J. Motte (who was once an orthodox minister) on "What gives support in death?" I found one clause marked I suppose by you - by that I should infer that you had been taught in such a way that even now at times fears arise concerning death is it so or am I mistaken in your meaning. Enclosed I send you a few flowers taken from the pasture and meadow today - Do you think it wrong to take a walk on a Sunday and gather a few flowers? - I know some do.

(Flowers were made to gladden the heart of man and man was made to work on all days but the seventh and then he could rest from his labors - For what? To see God's goodness manifest in the flowers etc.) I know that the bible says "Reverence my Sanctuary" But is not the whole earth his sanctuary? I think I reverence it when looking at the beautiful objects in Nature around me - these flowers - emblems of that life beyond the sky - as they once more show their tiny heads from the cold earth - the trees pushing forth their leaves proclaiming a new life within - the birds singing their evening vespers and returning thanks for the warm and sunny weather. As I gaze on the fresh green carpet below and the blue sky

above I cannot but feel that I have been nearer God - than when in churches built by hands - and hear the voice of man instead of the voice of nature and the wind forced through the organ pipes instead of the free winds of heaven sighing through the pines - I think church appropriate for the city - indeed we could not well do without it - But in the country we could if men would view nature as they ought - we cannot say - what is best - "He doeth all things well" and to him we will ever pray - Father give us the wisdom to understand thy words aright and the strength to do them - for we are weak and erring children - ever straying from the right path - but wilt thou in thy infinite mercy lead us back - and so guide and counsel us that we may at last enter in the heavens. In the Eighth Chapt. of Romans 15-16 & 17 verses you I know will look at (now I have mentioned them)

From one who ever prays you may enjoy the blessings of heaven and the pleasures of earth to the full.

Andrew

Andrew never made a "home Baptist", or even a Naturalist, of Lizzie but he did succeed in interesting her in his church to the point where she embraced Unitarianism after they were married. They became prime movers in establishing a Unitarian church in North Danvers and for the rest of their lives were tireless workers in that church. It was a happy compromise.

Sun. May 1st 1859

Dear Andrew,

What a charming May day! I have been to church all day since tea Mother and I have made three calls. The sky looks like a pleasant day tomorrow. I must beg pardon for not writing before Thurs. eve Susie had company. Frid. and Sat. eve I shall not say anything about for you will not approve of the way they were spent\* I do not think I shall do so this week. Aunt Louisa has bought another machine and has a girl to work it. I suppose you are glad to hear it.

I had a bunch of wild flowers given to me this noon by a young gentleman don't be jealous and I will tell you about it into Susie's the other night they were planning a May party they asked me to go I told them I could not but they might all bring me a boquet. George Markoe brought it this noon He could not go tomorrow so he went today. It is so pleasant I think it is to bad you did not come down last night two. Sun. eve. how long they do seem but I must close good night May heaven protect you and may we soon meet.

Lizzie

May 2nd 1859

I have been a very good girl today this morning I worked in the garden an hour, and have just returned from a walk. John and the girls went to floating bridge\*\* this morning they got up at four o'clock. Nell burned her face.

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\* She had been sewing for her Aunt Louisa. Andrew was very concerned about the long hours she worked and wanted her to get some fresh air and exercise as well.

\*\* The Floating Bridge actually did float. It was on the turnpike from Salem to Boston and it spanned the center of Collins Pond in Lynn. It was 465 feet in length and was said to have been reminiscent of the Persian bridge of boats across the Hellespont. As far as I know it was unique in this country. When the circus came they had to take a more circuitous route from Boston to Salem because the elephants refused to go across it.

May 4th 1859

I have walked over to the dye house since tea. Susie John and the girls are training on so I can hardly write. I think I shall send this tomorrow by H. Hubbard I will seal it if it is broken they have opened it and I will not send any more by them. Good night I shall expect to see you soon.

Lizzie

May 5th 1859

Dear Andrew

I have received your note safe I do not think the girls opened it. You say I never answer questions I will now. early impressions are hard to leave as I being taught if I should die I should be lost. I have a dread of death, and even now that fear at times will come over me, but I now believe God is love and will not always chide. I thank you for that bouquet of wild flowers. I do not think it a sin to pluck them on Sunday. I have always thought that people could not be so sinful in the country as in the city for they must Have Gods Goodness ever before them. I have been out to walk after tea every evening this week is not that an improvement. Goodnight

May 6th 1859

I have walked up to the square since tea the air feels very much like rain to night. Sarah has another daughter. There was a fire this morning at 2 o'clock (and they are ringing the bell for fire now) the one this morning was a tannery in Mason St. It seems an age since I saw you time does not pass very fast. Good night

The same forever

Lizzie

May 9th 1859

Dear Andrew

Are you glad to see the rain I am it has laid the dust.

May 10th 1859

What a delightful rain we have had today. Man's prophesy has failed, but God's promise is ever sure. We had a meeting to see if we would give Mr Hoppin \* a dismissal last eve. it was adjourned till tomorrow evening, from what we can gather we have got to part with him. I was glad to see the rain for your sake this morning I thought you would have a rest.

May 12th

The reason I did not write last eve. was I went to the meeting at our church it was not done till half past nine. Mrs. Hoppin went today at 11 o'clock to visit her friends before leaving for Europe. All the news I can tell is that J. Cheever arrived from the west last night he stopped at our door this afternoon he looks about the same as ever, Nell say he had grown downwards. The city have Laid another stepping-stone across winter street so you will not have to walk in the mud any more. As I have reached the bottom of this page and cannot think of anything to write I will bid you good night

From yours

Lizzie

---

\* Reverend James Mason Hoppin had followed Reverend Sessions, who resigned because of inadequate salary, but there is no date when this occurred in the "Historical notes of the Crombie Street Congregational Church." Hoppin was of a very different temperament than Sessions and the affairs of the church finally ran smoothly under his guidance, the church actually prospering for the first time. Instead of being constantly on the brink of insolvency, the church raised funds enough to buy the adjoining land and build a vestry. The congregation was understandably saddened at his leaving but their next minister, the Reverend J. Henry Thayer, was very able and well liked. Fortunately he continued the good works Rev. Hoppin had begun.

May 16th 1859

Dear Andrew

I have been to our vestry this afternoon and shook hands with Mr. Hoppin for the last time as the pastor of our church and hard indeed was the parting. Since tea Nell and I called to see Sarah the baby looks just as Lizzie did I guess you would have laughed to have seen her train\* The Infantry has just passed our house with full band don't you think Andrew St is getting quite popular.

May 17th

It is raining pouring now. John has gone to bed sick with a cold. Mother is down to Sarah they can't get a nurse and she will have to stay till they can

May 18th

I have not any news today and cannot think of anything to write my head ach a little tonight and you must excuse me

May 19th

It is now after nine I had some work to finish. My mother is not at home we miss her so much it seemed as if the whole house had gone when she is away so I will close by bidding you good night

from yours

Lizzie

May 23rd 1859

Dear Andrew

What a pleasant day! This morning Hatty and I went to the rooms it is a pleasant place, on our way there we stopped and was weighed well how much do you suppose Lizzie weighs? more than Hatty she weighs 109 1/2 I 118 pounds don't you think that is pretty fair. I have been down to Aunt Elizabeths and Sarahs this evening. Nell has gone to bed sick tonight.

May 24th

Another delightful day our walk was quite pleasant to think you passed by and I not see you I think it was to bad

May 25th 1859

Election day I guess you would think so if you had seen the folks on Essex st all color shades and complexion young and old it was quite amusing the mechanic have just passed the head of the street. I have a hoarse cold how or when I got it I can not tell.

Your

Lizzie

There was a lily-of-the-valley pressed in the letter. She must have sent it to him from her garden. She continues to forge ahead with what seems like a nightly penance without anything in return from Andrew, who is insisting that she do it! Of course if the letters were being marked on substance, instead of the dates something was written, Andrew would win hands down.

---

\* Lizzie uses the word "train" in a way I have never heard it used before. In the dictionary there is mention of an obsolete meaning where it would be used to mean mislead or entice. Judging from the rest of her sentence in both cases it must have been common practice at that time to use it to mean teasing, horse-play, or general foolishness.

May 31st 1859

Dear Andrew

Last eve. I went a shopping and had not time to write you must excuse me. How cold it is tonight it seems very much like rain. We finished the last cape today I suppose you are glad to hear that. Nell is very smart because some one told her last night they did not know her she had grown so tall.

June 1st

The first day of summer but rather cold. Charley has just gone from here he has plagued Nell the whole time he was here I have been at home all day.

June 2nd 1859

It has been quite a warm day. John Nell and myself have walked down to the bridge\* this eve. The Artillery have been out today.

June 3d

Today it has been sunshine and clouds. This morning I came home when the shower came up don't laugh at me I wish I could get over that fear. I have not any news to tell you as I expect to see you tomorrow I will close good night and pleasant dreams

from yours only

Lizzie

No 5.

Velveteen Valley Sunday June 12th 1859

Well Tibby you will receive one more letter from me (when you get this) though I have heard you say that you did not want to - If it had not been for my going down Wednesday I should have been in Salem to day - I had a grand time down east Monday I carried my sister - went on board of the old frigate Constitution and the new Franklin. I found ripe (wild) Strawberries up in the Orchard to day - I found them at this time last year. Finished Hoeing yesterday for 1st time. You remember what I said the last time I saw you. There may have been times perhaps when you thought I meant something different then what I then said - But if you thought so you were mistaken - I know that we are not always able to controll our emotions and that when we are truly and deeply moved either with love or fear - the emotions cannot be hid - that is enough for that. I said what I meant - If I ever offend you in anything Please tell me of it and then forgive and forget. I will do the same - and except this from one to your heart most dear

Andrew

Andrew and Mary must have gone aboard the Constitution and Franklin at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. The original Franklin was the first American vessel to trade with Japan.

---

\* The bridge between Salem and Beverly.

June 22d 1859

Dear Andrew

The sun has shone at last this afternoon and you I suppose have been hard at work. Lizzie Gardiner's father committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat. I think you hardly reached home last night when it rained so hard.

June 24th

Rain but I ain't sorry you said if it rained you would come down tomorrow. You must excuse me for not writing last eve. I went to bed at 8 o'clock with a bad headache it is better today. Clara Bowditch was married in your church yesterday noon.

Sun June 25th

Half past seven. I suppose I am to judge that you are at Beaver Brook. \* What a lovely day I went to Church this morning 16 were confirmed to ours this afternoon. They have all gone and left me alone I miss you very much. You told me to write you a long note tonight but my thoughts will not be confined to paper it is nearly dark and I must close.

Good night

June 27th

How good it seems to have it pleasant again. I have not heard any thing new.

June 30th

The last morning in June it is just five o'clock don't you think I am improving. It is delightful after the shower. Tues. L. Mason \*\* lectured on singing in our church he was very interesting. Last eve. it was so warm I could not write. How long it seems since I saw you I have begun to count the days.

---

\* Beaver Brook was the name of the horse car stop near Uncle John's farm.

\*\* Lowell Mason was a born educator who believed that music was a universal gift and should be cultivated during childhood. He started his first music school for children in Boston in 1828. In 1833 he founded the "Boston Academy of Music" with the backing of several of Boston's most influential citizens. He eventually convinced the public school system of Boston to give music instruction in their schools, this action referred to as the "Magna Carta" of musical education in America. He was deeply religious and a prolific composer and arranger of music for the Church, with his focus on children.

At the time Lizzie heard him speak, he was in his late fifties and a resident of Orange, New Jersey, where he and his family resided on the rising slope of Orange Mountain. Their beautiful estate was called "Silver Spring." He was by then "Doctor Mason", an honorary degree conferred on him by New York University in 1855, and among the first of its kind given by an American University.

July 1st 1859

*This note is not worth reading. I have been very busy this week you must take that as an excuse for it. Mother is not well she was quite sick last night. I shall expect to see you tomorrow eve. how long this week has been I thought of you Wednesday. I must close.*

*Good night*

*From yours only.*

*Lizzie*

Lizzie seems to have been at a very low ebb with infrequent visits from Andrew, a great deal of sewing, and her loathing for writing every day.

Andrew seems to have noticed it too, even before receiving this last letter from her. It is a Sunday when he writes again and once more he is absent from her side.

Andrew forgot to number this letter but at the top he drew a right hand at the top left with the index finger pointing to a circle containing these words;

*Please not to read those scraps of  
paper until you come to the places  
where I refer to them in this and  
read them as I refer to them.*

The clippings he refers to have been duplicated and enlarged on plates 5 and 6.

*Velveteen Valley Sunday June 26 1859*

*Dear Lizzie*

*Lucy - (a little girl of some 8 summers - niece of my aunt) came running home from school yesterday noon and said "Aunt only think Sue Fisher's got a watch spring skirt." \* You see by that - though we are a way up in the country we manage to get up to the times in some sort of season - You know such things please me. - You may add that it troubles me to have you always talking about them - If I will add a little to them by asking you to read the slip numbered 1 that I cut from the newspaper If that adds fuel to the fire then read No 2 to cool you - I mean the upper piece in both 1 & 2 for if you should read the lower No 2 in your present state of mind - I am afraid you will faint. then read No 3 and that will cool you at least if rain will. But I must leave off writing in such a strain for it is Sunday and my thoughts should be else where - That last (No 3) of Holmes' my sister read me from a book last Sunday - and as it rained again Monday and Tuesday I copied it and sent it to the Gazette they published it Friday evening - you see by that what a little thought can do in this country of newspapers - I copied it to send to you and instead of only your having the benefit of it all the readers of the Gazette would and now all the readers of the Transcript and I do not know how many other papers have - to say the least Fifty thousand persons have read it and you beside - Though I should rather you read*

---

\* It is not surprising that Lizzie was interested in the latest fashions, being young and a dressmaker's seamstress. A "watch spring skirt" was actually an underskirt with an arrangement of hoops attached to cambric, the very latest thing in ladies' fashions to be introduced from the continent at that time.

it than the Fifty - if only you or the Fifty could. But as you both could I did as I did - Lizzie at the bottom of that poem in the Gazette was another which I cut out with it - that expresses my sentiment of love to you

Read it - Keep it - And if ever  
I am called from you to part  
You'll forget my memory never;  
But with that same warm loving heart,  
You will tread the world below,  
Until with joy you hear the call  
And to your Father then you go  
And find - Your heaven - Your Andrew - All.

"No one liveth for himself" is the strain of No 4 - We are all made to do good to someone - yes - even the vilest persons do good by teaching others by their villainy to shun the pathes that make them such. No 5 the last part of this piece puts me in mind of those words which came out upon your breath when my quick ear caught the strain and echoed into my inner being the "I love you" - and what a magic spell have those words (which though uttered low and long ago are still reverberating with in me) been to me in hours when the world with its many cares seemed to much for me to bear - I would remember then that there was one at least to live for - and it gave me strength to up again and act my part in the great drama of life - Sheakspeare says - all the world a stage all men and women are the actors etc. some person in a recent newspaper asks "Who are the Orchestra and Audience?" - I would answer that the music is the sighing of the Pines the low murmur of the brook the sweet song of the birds the peel of the thunder and the howling of the tempest - and the Audience - all the loved and lost of other years that have gone before us into that Heaven above they are watching us - and how we must move them with pity when we do a wrong act or rash deed (is not that thought alone enough to make us walk rightly here) such is my answer to the man who was so thoughtless as to ask such a question. I gave you that Hymn Book the other night so that I might refer you to it occasionally. It also contains some of my father's hymns but they are signed Anon. Please read the 150 hymn at least twice over.

Father "Thy will be done; In devious way  
The hurrying stream of life may run;  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say  
Thy will be done."

Andrew really had a fit of creative spelling in that letter, including the name of the great bard. He also deserves some kind of award for finding the longest way to say that he is glad a larger audience than Lizzie had the opportunity to read Holmes' poem.

Meanwhile back in Salem Lizzie was still writing and walking. One wonders if her daily headaches were due to eye strain from long hours sewing.

July 5th 1859

Dear Andrew,

What a delightful day I suppose you are making hay as it is just after six. I saw the circus pass this morning this afternoon the Infantry went down and came up Essex st. we had a nice chance to see them. I feel rather tired and my head aches but I do not think I took cold last eve.

*July 6th*

*Nell and I have just got home from a walk we have been up to S. Danvers square I went to see if I could not walk my head ache off it is very pleasant I suppose you are very busy and very tired tonight*

*July 7th*

*What a charming day this has been. We have been down to Sarah's she inquired for you. Last eve. I walked my head ache off. I have not had it any today. we have walked round the common so you see I am improving. This week seems short. I wish they all passed as quickly. What a pleasant day I passed Monday and what a delightful walk. \**

*July 8th*

*How warm it has been today. I would think how warm I am then how much more you must suffer with the sun shining upon you. and I at last came to the conclusion I would not complain, it has rained in torrents this eve but it is delightful now. I expect to see you tomorrow eve. til then good night*

*From the one that loves you best on earth.*

*Lizzie*

---

\* That Monday was the Fourth of July and Andrew must have been with her part of the day.

A VERMONT TRIP  
and an  
ESSEX INSTITUTE OUTING

*Sun. July 10th*

*Dear Andrew*

*Where are you? you said I should see you tonight. I never felt as disappointed as I do now but I cannot write any more my head ache I shall not tell you what makes it ache you will think me very foolish.  
good night.*

*July 11th*

*I know you would excuse me for writing the words above if you knew how disappointed I was. How warm it has been I have thought of you a great many times today. Nelly Putnam and A. Stone have been walking Essex st. today they looked quite happy. I must bid you good night.*

*July 14th*

*What a warm day yesterday was. You must excuse me from not writing for two days the eve. before last I went down to Sarah last eve I was so tired and warm I could not do anything. The South Church are to have a picnic this afternoon.*

*noon July 14th*

*I have only time to close and hope to hear from you soon at least  
good bye.*

*from your only*

*Lizzie*

Lizzie was wilting badly and I have no written reply from Andrew. I do wish Andrew had quit promising to be at her side each Sunday evening, but at this point I'm less surprised than Lizzie appeared to be when he didn't show up.

Andrew must have seen Lizzie before her next letter was written because he went to Vermont and she was aware of the details of his travel plans.

*Aug 8th 1859*

*Dear Andrew,*

*The band has just commenced playing. I wish you were here and where you are if such a thing were possible but as it is not I must be contented what a delightful day you have had for journeying. Charley has been down tonight he cannot go to Hitty's Thurs. his cousin and aunt are going to his Fathers to make a visit and he is going with them so I think I shall go with the Institute and bring her home for I am very lonesome.  
Good night dearest.*

*Half past nine*

*The band has played beautifully John came after me. I do not think he is engaged or he would have been with the lady. S. Foye \* and his lady called this eve. it is the first time she has called I was not at home so I did not see her. Good night again may thy dreams be pleasant.*

*Aug 9th*

*You have arrived to your journey's end I suppose if the weather has been as fine where you are as here today you must have enjoyed it for it has been delightful I am alone Mother has gone to take a walk. Hatty helpt me eat the green apples today. We have been working on the dresses for the wedding Aunt Elizabeth's is the richest thing I ever saw the embroidery is magnificent. \*\* It is getting dark. I can hardly see! Good night may heavens blessings fall upon you.*

*Your Lizzie*

All we know about Andrew's trip to Vermont is what he wrote in the following letter. His destination was North Hartland, a tiny rural village. His family had some cousins living there (descendents of Anna Holyoke Cutts who corresponded with the Ward sisters, Mary and Hitty), but it does not seem that he visited them. Since Andrew journeyed alone and was looking for a place to buy, he may have had thoughts of purchasing a small farm in the lush Connecticut River valley.

I suspect Lizzie was by far the less adventuresome of the two, when it came to a choice of place to begin married life. I have no evidence that she ever had any liking for travel and there is much to indicate that she was a homebody. It is obvious that she was deeply attached to her Andrew Street home and family before she was married and transferred the same devotion to Pine Knoll Cottage, her children, and eventually her grandchildren.

*Bellows Falls Hotel*

*Bellows Falls Vt.*

*Aug 8th 1859*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I arrived here safe last eve about 5 o'clock P.M. I am in love with this part of the Country - There is nothing like the Green Mountains in old Essex. I only wish that you were with me to enjoy that beautiful ride from Fitchburg here over the Cheshire R. R. that is the road of all others to take to see New England scenery. take that glass view of mine with the "summer house" in it and look at it closely through the Steriscope and imagine that you are standing on the hills to the west of Keene (N.H.) and that mountain away in the back ground will give you a good idea of Mt. Monadnock towering high into the air - and again take that other glass view of mine and It will give you a good idea of the view I saw when I came in sight of the Connecticut River with the Green Mountains away in the distance on the other side of the River while the cars were on the side of those high hills on the Mt. side you could look right down over 300 ft. to the river below only about 6 feet between the track and the ----- If a rail was out there it would be death to every one in the cars. - But God has protected me so far and In him I will ever put my trust - I see his kind hand in all around me - these beautiful falls are the works of his hands - I long to see Niagara now with its immense volume of water for ever boiling and rushing on - these falls are lovely and grand I passed a very good night here and am very well - I shall start for North Hartland at noon today and you may here from me again. This is a nice place to live in*

---

\* Lizzie's first cousin Sam Foye.

\*\* Elizabeth Hunt's dress for the Foye wedding must have been made from fabric she had brought home from the Orient

*a great many of the private homes have fountains playing all the time and small one story cottages have their fountains also. I think water must be cheap. I must stop as the gong is about to sound - I can not describe the Place as I aught - I hope this will not find you sober - You may answer this if you please and give it to me when I get home and I will remain yours ever*

*Warden Cholins*

*Aug 10th 1859*

*Dear Andrew,*

*We have had another delightful day. I received your note \* this noon I was very much pleased I did not expect one I hope you are having a nice time. Mrs. Mcmurphy's babe is very sick I do not think it will live. I have had a very bad headache all day. I must bid you good night.*

*Aug 12th*

*Yesterday I went to the field meeting I had a delightful time Nell came home with us she has not been home sick a moment she has been every where and seen every thing. On the next farm to Hitty lives a college student Nell and he has carried on quite a flirtation he and Leavit came down in the train with us her tongue has run ever since she came home. she long to see you.*

*Lizzie*

According to the Essex Institute proceedings, Volume 11 1856 - 60, on the eleventh of August some 150 people took the early train and traveled on the Essex Railroad to the "Marble Ridge" Station in North Andover. It was noted that "a considerable distance on foot was necessary to reach the village." They were then provided with refreshments in the hall of the Engine Company, after which they could take "a series of short rambles in various directions. After having visited "Den Rock", crossed the outlet of the Great Pond called Cochichewick Brook, they proceeded along the southwestern shore for some distance, making many interesting observations....."

"Mr. Samuel B. Pierce of North Andover made a series of pleasant trips hither and thither over the waters of the "Great Pond" in a mini stream boat called the "Traveller." He could carry up to 20 persons, having an engine of about 2 horse power. It is the largest body of fresh water in Essex County and navigable for 5 or 6 miles....."

"The meeting was called to order at 3 P. M. in the Unitarian Church....."

Lizzie didn't mention "hithering and thithering" in her letter, but I hope she took the boat ride as it sounds very entertaining. Little did she know as she sat through the meeting in the North Andover church, that one day a son of hers named William Stanley Nichols would be minister of that same church!

---

\* Andrew's letter from Bellows Falls.

In Lizzie's next note Andrew had returned from Vermont but she had not seen him.

*Sunday August 14th*

*Dear Andrew*

*I some expected to see you tonight but am not disappointed at not. I have been to church all day to ours this morning and to hear Mr. Chapin this afternoon I was very much interested it was very warm it made my head ache. Mr. Memurphy has been here tonight he had a letter from his brother the babe has watter on the brain and they do not expect it to live the day out. poor thing. they made it their idol and now it is to be taken from them but it is all right some has one trouble and some another. they are sent by a just Father that we may not live for this world alone but for the everlasting where all is love, and the weary rest. As I can hardly see and have filled this sheet full I will close Good night and Lizzie's prayers are with you.*

*Lizzie*

*Salem Aug 15th 1859*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I am at home but flat on my back though the Dr. says getting better slowly. I hope to get down at least as far as the shop door \* and see you a few minutes before the week is out - do not be impatient.*

*from yours ever*

*Andrew*

---

\* Lizzie must have been doing machine work at her Aunt Louisa's dressmaking shop on Essex Street, which was just around the corner from where Andrew's family lived.

ANDREW'S LAST HARVEST  
as  
"THE HIRED MAN"

It was almost a month before their letters resumed and it is the same old story of Andrew being a "no show" at Andrew Street on a Sunday night.

*Salem Sept. 11th 1859*

*Dear Andrew,*

*I have at last given up seeing you this eve. I have been to church this afternoon. John has been at home sick all day he has a cold Frid. eve I was down to Sarah, yesterday the companies came home I was tired of seeing them and the people that ran to see them. \* Mrs Macmurphy spent the evening with us for these reasons you must excuse me for not writing. I received a paper from Hitty Frid. she wishes me to give it to you after I have read she talks some of making us a visit soon. The girls have gone to meeting this eve. they did not call for Susie she has company don't you think Charley is very much smitten? I wish you were here I miss you so much I must close good night from one that loves you sincerely and prays you have forgiven her if by word or look she has caused you a moments pain.*

*Lizzie*

*Sept. 12 1859*

*What a warm day this has been. I have been to walk with Nell but darkness over took us so soon we did not go far. I am so warm and tired I must close*

*good night*

*Lizzie*

*P. S. John just come in and declares I shall go to walk with him.*

*Tues. noon Sept 13th*

*As John has not made his appearance this noon I have taken it for granted he has gone to market with you. How warm it is today I suppose you think so by this time. But I must close as it is nearly 1 o'clock good bye till I see you*

*From yours*

*Lizzie*

*No. 7*

*That Valley Farm*

*Sunday Sept. 11th 1859*

*My Lizzie*

*I suppose that you have a right to expect a letter from me today - But what shall I write about? - Oh! the wedding party; Well - I had a good time Tibby - I enjoyed myself very much - I wish they would have let us stayed longer - But then - I suppose if we had been the two to have stood there we should have said only just leave us at ten.*

---

\* These were military companies and Lizzie was deathly afraid of Andrew joining one of them and going to fight in the event of a civil war. Her fears were never realized because when the war began he didn't pass the physical. I found a scrap of folded paper in her candy box on which she had written;

*Andrew Nichols Promised me he would never train in military company.*

*May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1857*

*You and I seem to agree on that point though - The bride looked handsome - there is one however in my estimation that would make a much prettier bride than she - To me there was something behind the scene that would take more than all that show to hide - I hope I am mistaken and it is not so.*

*September has again come round;*

*And we all do know*

*That as its winds blow o're the ground;*

*They the ripe fruit do strow,*

*For us the tillers of the soil;*

*Who through the cold and heat,*

*Have rightly earn-ed by our toil!*

*Also I think our meat.*

*The last line for my Uncle to see.*

*September 1859 yes it has come we have each to add another figure to our age this month - one year nearer home - that home eternal in the heavens - How many years of days from it we know not. - Some one has beautifully said*

*"Nighly I pitch my roving tent*

*A days march nearer home."*

*Lizzie you asked the other night about my mother - the difficulty at home is with my aunt \* it is she that is the cause of my actions - I suppose she is thinking of sour grapes Mother is not opposed to you though she does not know you. I know that she will love you for a daughter. though she says I am too young yet to be married - well perhaps I am - but next year I shan't be. It is idle perhaps for me to say I love you But I have had it tested and I know I do.*

*Oh, dear to an exile the home of his childhood,*

*Whose wild pasture valleys he never may see,*

*But dear to me are those words of affection -*

*There's one heart unchanging that still beats for me.*

*"Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?*

*Dost thou not circulate thro' all my veins,*

*Mingle with life, and form my very soul?"*

*All that is not marked as quoted (I mean the nonsense) is from yours ever Warden*

How Andrew could continue to be an optimistic dreamer about his mother's feelings is beyond me, but I guess it was a question of his wanting something so much he convinced himself it was true. I'll just bet Lizzie had some other thoughts on the subject but she was wise enough never to put them in writing. Andrew may have felt too young to marry at the age of twenty two, but Lizzie was twenty three and had been "walking out" with Andrew for three years!

His remarks about Sam Foye's wedding seem to suggest the possibility of a "shot gun" incentive for the nuptials.

---

\* His mother's sister Hitty.

Salem Sept. 14th 1859

Dear Andrew,

I guess you are glad you went to market yesterday what with the wind and cold I found it very disagreeable the little while I have been out. But it is delightful now the air is very cold.

Sept. 15th

Another cold day we have taken nearly all our plants in today. Mother found the key to my box this morning I was glad to see it I have a little of the head ach tonight and can not write very straight.

Good night

Sept 16th

I have been very cold all day we have a coal fire. Nell had a letter from Hitty she is coming next week to see us. I have not any thing more to say as I expect to see you soon I will close by wishing you good night.

From your

Lizzie

Salem Sept 19th 1859

Dear Andrew,

What a delightful day we have had. The band has commenced playing we can hear it very plain. We have four traps set should you not think we might be successful? I have had a present today of a pearl colored brocade silk \* dress pattern. I was told not to say anything about it till aunt E. had gone and I have told you but I know you will not say anything.

Sept. 20th

How warm and disagreeable it has been today. We caught a cat last night and I think we might have one now Mother saw it get in. Charley called and went to hear the band play last evening. Nell is reading H. W. Beecher's sermon aloud we like it very much Mother and all think that it is right Good night

Sept 22nd

Another rainy day. Yesterday we caught a Toad what we caught now I cannot tell all I know is the trap has sprung. Lizzie Poole was married last evening.

Sept. 23rd 1859

How it rained this morning. We have been to the exhibition this eve. I do not think it was as good as it was last year. Charley and Susie was there. Good night I shall expect to see you tomorrow night.

From yours till death

Lizzie

P. S. I had folded this up to put in the envelope and Nell said that I had not sent her love to you. I must now tell you you are real mean. I have written what she told me.

---

\* Lizzie made her wedding dress of silk fabric from China, given to her by her Aunt Elizabeth. I think this must be the material she mentions in her letter. Aunt Elizabeth was leaving for the Orient and would not have left to chance her return to Salem before Lizzie needed a wedding dress. In later descriptions the color of the material was referred to as "ashes of roses."

Velveteen Valley Sunday Oct 2nd 1859

Dear Lizzie

In looking over your letters to me I find that you have written as many pages this year as you did last year in the same time - I am afraid that you find - (if you can find all mine to you) that I have not written half or one third as many this year Do not Lizzie attribute it to any coolness in me for you well know that the reason I have not is that I have been with you a great deal more this year than I was last - But enough we both are satisfied with one another - we know & love each other - Since you have been acquainted with me, you have seen me under a great many circumstances - you have watched my actions and dispositions in many ways - some of my ways and doings before you I would gladly have had never occurred - but then "no one is perfect" - we all have faults and it is best that we should know each others faults (some of them) as well as good qualities. Have I Lizzie deteriorated in your mind much from that high ideal of me that you had - when you lovingly and trustingly to my question answered Yes and gave up your very life (I might say) to me? I do not doubt that we know each other better than nine tenths of the persons when they marry - still we shall probably have ample opportunity to know each other more before we ----- do the same. We cannot tell - everything human is liable to turn on trifles - We will look to Heaven with trusting hearts that He will order all things well. And thank God that He has given us both strength to overcome one of the strongest temptations that is continually in our path.

How did you enjoy yourself on Thursday? - you got a gratuity of .50 cts for your bouquet at the exhibition it was very pretty - I am afraid I shall be accused of partiality in that scrape - never mind I am able to bear it - green and white are pretty but poor Nell. \* Shan't I catch it when I come down? - You said in your last letter that you all read that Sermon of Beachers and liked it - I liked it much - I believe in such things there is another in this weeks Traveller which I intend to get and let you see it - It is as good as the other \*\* - Who are the great men of our country now? They are not as within a few years the politicians but such men as Beacher, Chapin, Clarke, Holmes and Curtis some of them are not liked but they have only lived before their time and another generation will honor them all as we do Shakespere now. Curtis in ridiculing the fashions of Society like the Author of "Nothing to Wear" so that persons may see its follies in the morals which they draw.

The cause of Christ is advancing with accelerated pace every year - Its not religion talked about more in our streets more now than ever - at our Lyceum did anyone dare to speak on religious subjects there five years ago - now five-sixths or more of our lectures are on the advancement of religion or the go-ahead-a-tive-ness of our race - and persons know when they purchase tickets what they are to hear - and those that do not like to hear such things treated of in the way they are should stay away - The people that is the majority want to hear them - and will hear no others That is the reason that the Mechanic Lyceum does not exist because they do not have such lectures. -

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\* That was the day Lizzie saw the exhibition and found that she, but not Nell, had won a prize.

\*\* Andrew still can't spell Beecher's name but he does seem to feel differently about Beecher's sermons than he did in an earlier letter.

*Yes in every place we hear,  
That loved and welcomed sound;  
Light to the world is breaking clear  
From the clouds that did surround.*

*We have ages been in darkness,  
But unto us hope is given  
That by love for God and Man,  
We may find a way to Heaven.*

*Then love thy neighbor always  
As Christ said in days of yore:  
And with Charity and Meekness  
We will reach the wished for shore.*

*If the above is liked by you it will make your Andrew Happy  
I went to the new church yesterday - shall be down next Sunday.*

*Salem Oct 2nd 1859*

*Dear Andrew*

*How naughty not to have come down tonight I guess the easy seats in that new church was more of an attraction than Lizzie. I have been to church this afternoon how beautifully it has cleared away and how pleasant the new moon looks. This eve. no one but Mother and I are at home not a person has called.*

*Mother had another party yesterday for the larger children. They did not go home till eight o'clock from six till then I played with them I think you would have laughed to have seen me I was so tired after they were gone I went to sleep in my chair we had nine of them Susie and Charley called friday eve. do you think it will last? I feel lonesome this eve. I do wish you were here. Uncle Thomas is to sail the 15th of this month. Frank was over yesterday noon we had a quarrel as usual my arm is black and blue in two places where he pinched me. Mother has just called me to look at the Northern Lights how beautiful they look*

*good night*

*Lizzie*

*Oct. 3rd 1859*

*What a delightful day, and such a lot of news as I have heard J. Shatwell is to be married Thanksgiving night they are to live in Mr. Skinners chambers. It is also reported that Abby Caulfield Augusta Clark Becky Millet are to be soon don't you think that news enough for one day.*

*Oct 4th 1859*

*John thinks some of coming up to see you this eve and as I have a few minutes I will close*

*Good morning*

*Yours Truly*

*Lizzie*

I seem to be getting the message from Lizzie, that while Andrew's promises and plans were still "pie in the sky" most of Lizzie's friends and acquaintances were being married.

Velveteen Valley Oct. 18th 1859

Dear Lizzie

As there must be a first time to everything we do so this is the first time that I ever bore the relation to a woman that I do to you - your life is my life - your good my good - I have read this book which I hand you with this note - and I find many things in it which you ought to know - I know that you will find a great many things in it which I had rather you should not know - as I have found many things which I should have rather not have known - but as the things that I think you should know out weigh the others I hand this to you I want you to read it - do not think that all persons are on the sick list - because this book mostly treats of persons who are sick - Things are brighter then they will seem to you just after reading this book it is only the dark side of the picture that is shone in some places in the book. You may think perhaps that because he refers to his other works so often that he is a quack - He is not - Any of the M. D.'s of Salem will tell you so - they all recommend his works. I have seen (accidentally "to be sure") his works in my father's house. I have been thinking for a long time whether or not it is my duty to send this to you - or not my duty to send this to you - and if I have done wrong in so doing and have hurt your feelings - Lizzie forgive me - for I thought it was for your own good - remember Lizzie I am going to be inexperienced. We are placed in this world - (among other things) to get wisdom and understanding and as Pope says

"Know then thyself - presume not God to scan

The proper study of mankind - Is man"

It is a book that you cannot or rather would prefer not to read openly - I have covered it and marked it to correspond with my books on Philosophy which you had last year - so that if the book should happen to be seen they may think it one of those - as you will have to be guarded in reading it - I expect it will take you some time - though it is a book that all - over 18 years ought to read - and if you think so after you have read it let Nellie read it also - only don't mention me in the affair.

I suppose that John gave you one of my N. E. Farmers - I thought that you girls might find something to interest you in some part of it. I also send you H. W. Beacher's Fruit Flowers etc there are some things that will be interesting to you about plants and flowers - but read I might say the whole - you will find in a great many places Beacher is "right out" Enough about books.

I shall never forget the encouragement you gave me last Sunday eve - I love you ten times the more (if that is possible) for what you then said. I suppose your Uncle and family have left Salem before this on their long voyage. \* that the Gas from the new post burns bright enough for Nellie to read by - that Nellie is constantly saying "did not I tell you so" - and that Salem goes on the same

I am your ever

Warden Cholins

P.S. If you should happen to get this before the book remember that the book are coming.

Oh, to know what those words of encouragement were that precipitated this letter! Since Andrew never gave the name of the author of the medical book I am unable to research it but I do know that there were graphically illustrated texts on reproduction and social diseases at that time. In fact much more literature on those subjects was printed during Andrew's father's time, and made available to the public, than later when Queen Victoria's prudery became a world-wide influence.

Unfortunately we will never know what Lizzie thought of the book, or whether she gave it to Nell to read, because she was far too cautious to ever put anything like that in writing.

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\* They were sailing for Hong Kong with their son and Lizzie's tormentor, Thomas Franklin, always called Frank.

Salem Oct 24th 1859

Dear Andrew,

Nell went down to Sarah this mornig Marg has gone down tonight I am alone. It look very much like rain "of course" it would be pleasant this morning. \*

Good night

Oct 25th

John and myself dined and took tea alone today Mother is down to Sarah she has been to Boston today Nell did not like to stay there alone I miss the girls very much indeed. last eve. and this I have been alone. I have not heard anything new You wished me to see if you had read all the tracts you lent me. they are all dated by you so I suppose you have read them but I must close Good night

Oct 26th

What a cold day this has been this morning I was cold enough to have the headache this eve. You must excuse me for not writing more Nell had a letter from Hitty yesterday the contents I have not learned as I have not seen her since Monday morning. Good night

Oct 27th

I am at home alone this eve. As it was not known certainly as there was to be a meeting this eve. and I had some sewing I wanted to finish I would not go to see. How cold it has been today. All I have heard new today is that J. Page is to be married a week from tonight at 8 o'clock in the church. Good night

Oct 28th

What a delightful day this has been except the dust which has blown in clouds. The girls are coming home tomorrow I have not seen Nell since she went away. John has been congratulated again on his engagement. \*\* Nell had another letter from Hitty this noon.

good night from the one that loves you

Lizzie

The last we hear from Andrew and Lizzie in 1859 is a poem Andrew began and never finished. He later marked it unfinished and put it in his leather folder. It was written on the second of December, the day John Brown was hung, and since the tone of his poem was sympathetic toward Brown, I decided to see what the newspaper Andrew usually read had to say about the affair. I thought perhaps the northern papers had made a hero of Brown but I didn't find this the case at all.

The Salem Gazette ran a long article about Brown the morning of the second and they described him as "misguided, an unfortunate, and a monomaniac." They went on to say that he did "excite emotions of tender pity, mingled with respect for the elevated courage with which he met the consequences of his ill-starred expedition." They also told of the huge military presence where the hanging was to take place, the military being barracked in the churches! Another interesting tidbit was the offer, by all 600 students of the University of Virginia, to assist the governor if he should need their aid. The paper also printed articles from newspapers all around the United States and added one bizarre piece of trivia - the rope he was to be hung with was on display at the Sheriff's office and made of South Carolina cotton.

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\* When it rained on a Monday morning Andrew could delay his return to the farm.

\*\* John must have had a fairly steady lady friend because he was causing speculation, much as Andrew had done with Lizzie. I don't believe he was ever formally engaged and he never married.

The following is Andrew's unfinished poem on the subject of John Brown:

*Danvers Friday Evening Dec 2nd 1859*

*What mean those slow and heavy guns?  
That strike this eve upon my ear?  
Is it? the news from Boston city  
To the towns both far and near  
That he - who with his noble heart  
Has been planning hard to free  
His brother man of darker skin  
Brought from across the sea?*

*Died - this day upon the gallows  
By slavery's blood thirsty band  
Who for more than half a century  
Have been a curse in this fair land.  
And do we freemen hear those notes  
As slow and sad they come  
Without a thought or shudder  
Of what may befall our home?*

*O' - freemen strong and many  
Of the North and Western plains  
Rise up and band together  
Unshackle slavery's chains  
What though the Rich men of the North  
On the Slaves a mortgage hold?  
Will that we when our right arm?  
Can our votes be bought by gold?*

*O - ponder well the subject  
Of the Northern man of wealth  
Who counts the men by hundreds  
That are working for himself.*

*If you don't vote as he says  
He'll not give you work to do  
Ye that man the trading vessel  
Or peg the Southern shoe.*

*Unfinished*

As in all the papers I have copied the spelling of trading is his, not mine.

I somehow feel that it was Andrew's memories of his father's sentiments, more than the news at that time, that set the tone for that poem. I found a draft of something Andrew wrote for the "Essex County History" in which Andrew says,

*".....I have seen the poor fugitive at his home\* being fed and instructed on whom to call as he went Northward."*

What a profound and lasting effect this scenario must have had on a little boy!

So ends 1859, civil war more of a reality then ever.

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\* Home of his father, Doctor Andrew Nichols.

Oddly enough, the only surviving diary during this period of time is Andrew's for the year 1860. Since there was very little letter writing done during that year the diary is of great importance to my story.

It was the year Andrew bought the property he and Lizzie would live on the rest of their lives and the site of Pine Knoll Cottage.

Diaries at that time were very small, three inches by five inches and less than a half inch thick, a size that fit nicely into a gentlemen's pocket or a lady's receptacle. Ladies were partial to the almanac diaries but in 1860 Andrew choose:

Marsh's Pocket Diary  
containing  
a blank for every day in the year  
for the record of  
Interesting Events, Appointments, etc.

Instead of an almanac it contained all sorts of tables for weights and measures, and charts for figuring interest and wages compiled by Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M., author of "The National Arithmetic." There were also pages in the back for the recording of accounts payable and receivable.

It was a good choice and he used it to the fullest, even making notations on the charts. His writing is so copious for the spaces allotted I found some key words impossible to decipher, even with the aid of a magnifying glass.

In the initial entry on January first Andrew noted receiving "from E.P.S. gold studs" and from Nel "Autographs." He wrote to Lizzie the next day and if it weren't for his diary I might never have guessed what the objects were that hid his "bosom!"

*Salem Jan 2nd 1860*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I thank you kindly for that mark of affection which I received from you last night - may that bosom which will be hid by them from public gaze ever beat kindly and warm and remain pure in thoughts actions and words to that fair - eye - more than friendly giver (my own Lizzie)*

*Accept from me this magazine - I was so long in deciding what to give you that the New Year caught me before I was fully prepared for it - when the back numbers are bound together with the Nos. of this year I hope they will be acceptable to you as your present from your Andrew.*

*I give it to you as the standard Magazine of the Country - I think you will like Holmes - Mrs. Stowe and those other contributors to its columns - read them and store them in your mind this year so that when this like the old year shall have departed you can say I have at least learned something that will never be taken away*

*I have already wished you a Happy New Year may it indeed be so and let us say to the New Year*

*Friend, come thou like a friend,  
And whether bright thy face,  
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend  
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place  
And trust to the end;  
Knowing thou lead'st us onward to those spheres  
Where there are neither days nor months, or years.*

*I remain as ever yours*

*Andrew Nichols*

Andrew you really flubbed it! You went to Lizzie's house on New Years day empty-handed and came away with a gift of gold studs. The next day you gave her some second-hand magazines with the promise of more! She might have found a bit of jewelry more encouraging.

In 1861 he gave Lizzie a subscription to "Peterson's Magazine" which cost \$2.00, leading me to think it was the magazine he gave her issues of with this letter. One of the reasons she may not have read as much as he would have liked, could have been because her eyes were so tired from sewing all day. I am sure the light was often poor and eye strain may have been the cause of most of her headaches.

From his diary I learned that in January Andrew renewed his subscription to the "New England Farmer" and, being a great lover of books, he bought the fifth volume of Irving's "Life of Washington."

On January first his balance of \$8.71 was swelled by the following gifts

<i>Aunt Sally</i>	*	\$1.00
<i>M. Turner</i>	**	1.50
<i>Mother</i>		2.00
<i>Grandmother</i>		3.00
<i>Aunt H.</i>	***	2.00
<i>Mary</i>	****	.50

On the seventh he received his share from the rental of the house in South Danvers where he was born, which came to \$13.00, and on the eleventh he received a bank stock dividend of \$52.50.

Andrew may have been poor by some standards but a dollar a day was considered a good wage for a laborer or a mill worker at that time, and there would have been those who would not have thought him so.

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\* His uncle Abel's widow, the former Sally Putnam, mother of Abel the artist and sister of Emmie.

\*\* Margaret Turner, Andrew's mother's first cousin, daughter of his grandmother's sister Judith.

\*\*\* Aunt Hitty.

\*\*\*\* Andrew's sister, who was still a school girl.

On the fourth of January that year Andrew began to earn additional income by writing for his cousins, Charles S. and Robert Osgood. The Osgood brothers were both studying law with prominent Salem firms. Andrew did much of his writing at the Court House in Salem, but was often able to work at home. This was fortunate because his health always declined in the winter months and he was plagued by frequent colds of a very severe nature.

In those days all paper work was done by hand and law firms paid ten cents per legal sized sheet. On a good day Andrew could write twenty-five pages, which paid him an excellent wage when compared to that of the average laborer. His penmanship had to be of a superior quality and the writing done with a steel-tipped pen, which needed frequent filling from his ink pot. The United States had only began the automated manufacture of steel pen tips in 1858.

In spite of his poor health Andrew had a passion for skating and could be found most nights of the week where ever the ice was best. Often Lizzie and Nell went with him. On one occasion he skated at the Rockville Skating Park with his sister, Mary, probably as a chaperone, but the rest of the time he frequented local ponds. On the fourteenth he wrote, *skating on the Mill Pond in P M (outer edges backwards).*

He bought tickets for the lectures that interested him and took Lizzie with him. On the evening of the twenty third they heard George William Curtis of New York speak to the Anti Slavery Society at Mechanic's Hall.

One sober note in January was an entry on the fifteenth. *Grandmother had another stroke of paralization*

On the second of February he mentions her again. *Grandmother seems to grow more feeble. and on the fourth; Grandmother very low.*

Susanna Holyoke Ward, Andrew's maternal grandmother, in whose house he lived, died the next day. On February the fifth he wrote; *Grandmother died this morning at 20 minutes to 3 o'clock aged 80 y. 9 mos. 15 days. I was in her chamber about 1 hour before she died - at 10 last eve. when I went to her bed she said "Joshua" \* a little later she said to me "Pray for me".*

The following day Andrew really put a crimp in his budget. He paid Lizzie's brother \$1.75 for a black vest that John had made for him and 25 cents for the mending of two pair of his trousers. On the sixth he purchased;

<i>Gloves (kid)</i>	<i>\$1.25</i>
<i>My 1st Silk Hat</i>	<i>4.25</i>
<i>Sheep lined Kid gloves</i>	<i>.88</i>

Andrew's grandmother's funeral had cost him about a week's pay. After the silk hat entry Andrew drew a little picture of a top hat.

On the seventh of February a distant cousin, by the name of Hannah Holyoke, wrote a letter of sympathy to Andrew's mother. She was no spring chicken herself, being eighty six at the time. She lived in a house in Boxford that is now the property of the Boxford Historical Society.

The house was built by her grandfather, the brother of the Edward Holyoke who became president of Harvard College. Samuel Holyoke was a Boston merchant and a man of great

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\* Susanna's son the judge, long since deceased.

influence and wealth. When his son Elizur answered the call to be minister of the Boxford church, Samuel built the house to provide his son with a place to live, befitting someone of his prestigious background. The house has detailing more in keeping with a Boston residence of that time than a country dwelling in a rural farming community.

Elizur had nine children but no grandchildren. In 1860 Hannah was the last living descendant of Samuel Holyoke and she never married.

*My dear Cousin*

*I thank you for your note but was grieved at the sad intelligence it contained, though I was not surprised after receiving Margaret's \* letter. Most sincerely, and deeply do I sympathize with your afflicted family for your loss is indeed great, the loss of an own mother can never be fully made up. I feel that I too have lost a dear friend, alas! I have few friends now to lose, and am grieved to part with one I so highly valued. Please to give my best love to Hitty and Margaret, I will answer M.'s letter soon.....*

On the seventh, the same day Hannah wrote her letter to Salem, Andrew wrote; *I went up to see cousin Abel at 5 P M and came down at 7 P M he is very sick I doubt very much if I see him again.*

Abel was dying of consumption as had his first wife, Catherine, and perhaps his second wife, Jemima, as well.

On the eighth Andrew wrote; *I attended grandmother's funeral at 3 P M Mr Osgood read the will through a blunder of D. Roberts she left all that is \$12,000 to the Osgood children remainder to mother and Aunt Hitty*

This is the only reference I have to his grandmother's will, except his mention of the will being "proved" in court later that month. It apparently did not cause any hard feelings, even though Andrew and Mary were far less wealthy than their Osgoods cousins.

On the ninth he skated on the mill pond all day and wrote; *Nell fainted away. \*\**

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\* Margaret Turner.

\*\* Lizzie's sister.

On Valentine's Day that year Andrew took his pen in hand and (with exemplary penmanship, quite unlike that in his diary) copied a poem to give to Lizzie. The last verse is his.

"I Want"

*"I want (who does not want?) a wife  
Affectionate and fair,  
To solace all the woes of life,  
And all its joys to share;  
Of temper sweet - of yielding will,  
Of firm, yet placid mind;  
With all my faults, to love me still,  
With sentiment refined.  
And as time's clock incessant runs,  
And fortune fills my store,  
I want of daughters and of sons  
From eight to half a score,  
I want (alas! can mortal dare,  
Such bliss on earth to crave?)  
That all the girls be chaste and fair -  
The boys all wise and brave.  
I want a warm and faithful friend  
To cheer the adverse hour:  
Who ne'er to flatter will descend  
Nor bend the knee to power;  
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,  
Wily in most soul to see;  
And that my friendship prove as strong  
For her, as her's for me.  
I want a kind and tender heart'  
For others wants to feel:  
A soul secure from fortune's dart,  
A bosom armed with steel -  
To hear divine chastisements' rod,  
And mingling in my plan,  
Submission to the will of God  
With charity to man.  
I want uninterrupted health  
Throughout my long career;  
And streams of never failing wealth  
To gather far and near;  
The destitute to clothe and feed,  
Free bounty to bestow;  
Supply the helpless orphans' need*

*And sooth the widow's woe. "*

*See, thy lover here doth wait,  
As the dove expects its mate,  
I do so wish that you were mine,  
That I have sent you this Valentine.*

*Your lover A. N.*

*P. S. Of all the blessings in this life,  
Theres nothing like a lovely wife.*

On the third of March Andrew saw his first blue bird and the ground was free of frost "in most places." It sounds like an unusually early spring for New England. He took Lizzie to a series of geology lectures and began to look for a place of his own in earnest.

On Monday the twelfth of March Mr. Hubbard of Georgetown carried Andrew around in his wagon to look at properties.

*saw one in North Andover of 14 acres for \$2000  
one in Groveland of 30 acres for \$1800  
one in Georgetown of 8 acres for \$1200*

Andrew spent the night with the Hubbards and left for Salem at 6 P. M. the next day, after Mr. Hubbard had given him many valuable tips on the grafting of fruit trees.

On Thursday the fifteenth of March Andrew went to see his Uncle John and wrote; *he made me an offer I did not except went to see H. Verry then walked to Mr. Luke Putnams from there to the Plains \* saw Cousin Abel*

Uncle John's price must have been higher then Andrew thought it should be or it may have been fair in dollars and cents but came with other attachments. This is Andrew's first mention of Henry Verry but Mr. Verry and his family will be mentioned frequently from now on. Henry Verry was thirty-eight at the time, sixteen years Andrew's senior and owner of a large farm to the southeast of the Nichols property, on Beaver Brook. His first wife was a Putnam and his second wife was a Pettingell. He had two children by each wife, and was married to his second wife when Andrew bought his farm.

The section of Danvers where the Nichols' farm was located had been called Hathorne since before 1700, and it is interesting to note that the land-owners on a plot plan of that date still had descendants there in 1860. Verry, Preston, Putnam, Wyatt, Cheever, and Towne, all descendants of those early families, will be referred to by Andrew from now on, as they help him with his various plans. The most prolific family were the Putnams and their daughters married into every family in the neighborhood, relating all the families by marriage.

On the seventeenth he wrote, *Mr. Putnam came to see me did not like the farm in No Andover but liked the 2nd place*

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\* The business center of North Danvers was always called "the plains" by the residents of that town.

His entry on the nineteenth was *I went to Danvers in the 7 1/4 A M train to see Mr Putnam stopped to Dinner and from there to Uncle John's stopped over night*

Tuesday the twentieth he wrote, *I staid up to Uncle John's all day came home in the 7 P M train. Made a bargain with Uncle for his farm (if he does not back out) bought a halter*

Two days later on Thursday, the twenty-second of March, Andrew returned to his uncle's farm and received a deed for "20 acres of land worth \$2500 dollars". If Andrew had inherited one fifth of his grandmother's money, as must have been her intention, it would have covered all but \$100.00 of the price!

Five of these acres were on the western side of the Newburyport turnpike and consisted of a pine knoll, an orchard, and a small hayfield. The rest of the property was known as "The Great Field" and went from the turnpike along the Dyson Road across from the Kimball's land, sold to them by Andrew's cousin Abel, and south along the turnpike to the Israel Putnam farm.

When Andrew returned to Salem with the deed he had his hair cut (12 cents) and purchased "cloth for work shirts and overalls." While on the subject of prices, the train trip from Salem to Beaver Brook in Danvers cost 10 cents one way. Many times he walked.

On the twenty-fourth, two days later he wrote: *I went over to Mr. Blacks at Danversport Uncle chgd his deed I walked home had it recorded went home sick with a very bad cold went to bed at 7 P M*

Andrew was not only down with a miserable cold again but, perhaps due to being under the weather, momentarily less optimistic than usual. He wrote the following on the twenty-seventh, after seeing his doctor. I find these the most poignant words of the Pine Knoll story.

*I am now 5 ft 5 inches in height & weigh 130 lbs. not in very good health have just bought a farm of 20 acres & now got to scratch for a living. I wrote to Mr. Hubbard.*

## ANDREW THE YEOMAN

The following day Andrew left his sick bed to catch the early morning train to Danvers. It must have been impossible for him to stay in bed at such a momentous time. It can never be said that, regardless of health, Andrew Nichols let any grass grow under his feet once he had his own place.

He wrote: *stopped at the plains saw Cousin Abel walked up to Uncle John's or "My Farm" cleared out the Carriage House Uncle sold 800 lbs of old iron from it*

The next day he wrote; *I cleared out the Shop in AM went down to H Verry's and dug up peach trees.*

"The shop", an out-building on Uncle John's farm, was now on Andrew's new property and we continue to hear about it as he readies it to be used as his base of operation.

On the thirty-first of March Lizzie must have felt the first real sense of security in their relationship, and I imagine her mother heaved a sigh of relief as well.

He wrote; *I made my will in AM at the Court House and gave it sealed to E. P. S. to keep I walked over in Beverly in the eve with E. P. S. saw a pretty cottage.*

This must have been the beginning of Andrew and Lizzie seriously thinking about what kind of a house he should build. Lizzie had to have been suffering from acute euphoria!

On Monday the second of April he bid Lizzie good-bye and left for Danvers on the late morning train. He wrote, *stopped to Aunt Sally's to dinner then walked up to Henry Verry's to board.*

He stayed with the Verry's that summer, paying \$2.50 a week for a room and three meals a day. Every day, with the exception of Sunday, Andrew labored on his land, which was in poor condition due to his uncle's inability to do the heavy work at his advanced age. All the walls needed mending, fences were non-existent or in need of repair, the orchard unpruned, and the great field too long uncultivated.

In the beginning of April Andrew wrote: *Of the land I bought only 1 1/2 acres by measure was under cultivation last year*

He carefully recorded his daily accomplishments and they are most impressive, but there was so much to do I was reminded of the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dyke!

Andrew's savings were still intact because at the time he received the title from his uncle Andrew only spent two dollars. He gave John and Emmie each one dollar to seal the bargain, the terms of payment worked out at a much later date.

This was fortunate because Andrew needed tools and assorted farm paraphernalia, which he began to purchase either new or at local auctions. On the ninth of April he paid his uncle \$45.00 for his covered wagon. On the same day he wrote; *I moved my trunk & bookcase down to the shop.*

The next day Lizzie's brother, John, "stopped over night" and helped Andrew measure "The Great Field." In preparation for this Andrew had invested in measuring tools and rope. They didn't finish until the following day, and after John left Andrew wrote; *I make my farm out 22 acres & some rods by measure. He had gained two acres!*

He continues: *Start from the Turnpike go down round the pasture and back up to Kimball's fence & road the boundary of my land is 3/4 of a mile & 2 1/4 rods or round my whole farm is 374 1/4 rods 1 foot or 1 mile 56 1/2 rods 1 foot*

On the same day he wrote; *I was appointed by the Governor & Council one of the Justice of Peace.* Talk about the one armed paper hanger with the hives! Even though he already had his hands full, that appointment would bring in supplementary income for the rest of his life.

That month he began to plant in "The Great Field" He planted rhubarb, asparagus, Stickney and Jackson White potatoes, and Early Hill peas. In the "little field", which was on the other side of the turnpike, he planted barley and red top timothy.

The neighbor he was boarding with, Henry Verry, and another neighbor, Ed Wyatt, helped him when he needed something done that required a horse and horse drawn equipment. He paid them \$1.75 a day, sometimes in cash and at other times by working on their farms in return.

Cousin Abel's son, Lewis, began to help Andrew after school. It was obvious that all of Andrew's friends and young relations were interested in his new venture, if one can judge by the number of visitors he had.

One entry that interested me was his method of stretching what manure was available to him by mixing it half and half with "wool waste," which was free for the taking from the mills.

April ends with; *I was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace before Mr. Chas. & Alfred Kimball.*

On the first of May he bought a horse to pull his newly acquired wagon. She must have been something pretty special because he paid \$115.00 for her. The entry for that day was; *I went to Salem I bought an Iron Gray Mare from Bennett. I led her home.*

She must have had a pet name but I found no reference to it. Her refers to her only as "the colt." Whenever he took her to Salem, Beverly or Marblehead she was treated to two quarts of oats, which cost him 12 cents.

The beginning of May he planted a number of apple trees and on the twelfth he wrote; *I planted corn for the first time in The Great Field Mr Cheever Mr Verry & horse helped me Some apple trees in bloom.*

On the thirteenth, which was a Sunday, he writes; *I staid up to Danvers Cousin Abel Nichols died at 8 AM aged 45 years he leaves two children Florence 15 years & Lewis 9 years.*

The same day he wrote a touching note to Lizzie about Abel's death.

*Danvers May 13th 1860*

*Dear Lizzie*

*One pure spirit has left us on this bright and lovely morning and gone to the nearer presence of his Father to be at rest - It seems meant that my cousin should have gone Home on such a morn as this - At Eight o'clock he breathed his last - after years of illness of suffering & of pain a purer soul I think never lived with in my little circle of friends - He was generous to a fault he felt for others when they were in any way wronged - He was very much like my Father - and in many ways during his sickness he put me in mind of him - He often talked to me about death as a thing that he longed for - that he might be with the loved and lost of other years. He is gone - may we follow his example. Yours truly*

*Andrew Nichols*

The loss of his cousin, who was an old and trusted friend, must have been devastating. While Abel was alive Andrew had someone with whom he could reminisce about his father, the doctor having often played a fatherly role in Abel's life as well. No one would ever fill the void left by Abel's death.

After Abel died his mother, Sally, and his sister, Sarah, continued to live in the center of Danvers with Florence and Lewis.

Since Sarah Page had returned from Italy with her family she had made her home with Abel, and must have been estranged from her husband because he was farming in Beaufort, North Carolina.

Sarah's painting skills had developed greatly during the years she spent in Italy and on her return to Danvers she began to take commissions for paintings of various subjects, including portraits.

In view of Andrew's feelings about his cousin, Abel, it is not surprising that from then on Andrew and his sister, Mary, should have had such an unusually close relationship with Florence and Lewis.

## OFFICIALLY ENGAGED

On Tuesday the twenty-ninth of May Andrew took a day off and he wrote; *I went to the Plains met the 7 AM train from S. took E. P. N. \* & M. S. to Georgetown to see Hitty Hubbard we came home through Boxford stopped at Mrs. Verry's to tea then stopped at Aunt Emmie's went up to the grove \*\* carried them to the Plains to meet the 6 1/2 train to Salem.*

This would have been Lizzie's first introduction to some of Andrew's North Danvers friends and relations.

On the thirtieth he wrote; *I show the Botanical Club up in my grove they picked out a house lot for me.*

On the twenty-third of May he enjoyed the first fruits of his labors when Mrs. Verry cooked the first of his peas, which they ate with "turnip and radishes".

The only unusual expenditures he listed in May were a necktie which cost twelve cents and *263 ft. sp. rails @14.00 \$3.68*

Even though Andrew was battling yet another cold he took a trip with Lizzie on the fourth of June. It was a beautiful day and he wrote; *I went down to No. Berwick in the 8 1/4 AM train with E. P. S. we stopped at Kittery on our way back and went over to the Navy Yard saw guns at the Armory.* This is the first trip where Andrew doesn't mention having a third party with them.

On the sixth of June he has an entry that will wring the hearts of anyone who has ever planted a vegetable garden in the country! *Black birds pull my corn up very bad.* I guess that pretty much says it all! The next day Lizzie's brother John arrived in the morning and the corn was replanted.

By the fourteenth of June Andrew was beginning to hill his potatoes and cultivate his corn. He wrote; *Strawberries are ripe.*

It wasn't until the twenty-sixth of June Andrew wrote; *set out Tomato plants, cucumbers for pickles.* He then began to clean, rip, and wash cloth bags for his hay caps. On the last day of June he wrote, *I dug the 1st new potatoes & had them for dinner & 2 mess \*\*\* of Peas.*

On the Fourth of July he made it to Salem for the parade and the fireworks; his schedule much more to his and Lizzie's liking now that he was his own boss but this too would pass when he began to have his own deadlines on the farm.

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\* Interesting slip of the pen!

\*\* The pine grove that gave Andrew and Lizzie's new home its name.

\*\*\* A "mess" of any fresh vegetable is a very New England expression. It meant enough of the vegetable to make a meal.

By the sixth of July Andrew had begun haying. He wrote; *I commenced Haying Mowed down the Little Field 27 Cocks & 6 Cocks in the Great Field Mr. Daily\* helped me.* On the seventh he mowed. On the eight, which was a Sunday, he stayed at the farm because of the haying. He put hay caps on the hay he had cut for his uncle and wrote to Lizzie. This was obviously prearranged because she wrote to him on the same day and I think they must have had a difference of opinion about his being in North Danvers instead of Salem.

*Danvers, July 8th 1860*

*In accordance with my custom on Sunday when not by your side I take my pen in hand to try in some way to make up for my absence.*

*You have been quite fortunate this year not to have received more of these. If I wronged you or hurt your feelings on the night of the 4th Lizzie dear - forgive me and forget it - It was for your good. - I began Haying on the 6th I got two loads in yesterday, and all my hay out today is covered with hay caps.*

*I have got along very well so far at farming though I have been unfortunate in three cases - Every one up this way asks me when and where I am agoing to build I want you to come up and tell me where and I hope soon to be able to tell you when Then I shall want you to tell me when we ----- .*

*Three years ago the 15th of this month in a letter that I wrote to you I said I could not think of being engaged for two or three years and that if our love could not stand that test it could not be worth much - The time has past, we love each other tenfold more - and now I will say what I said before - We are engaged Engaged for what?*

*To be loving husband and wife, to join our lives our works together - to love and honor one another until death doth us part. Lizzie do you not look forward with pleasure to that Happy day? Enough I know you do May our Heavenly Father guide and guard us until that day and cause us to look back upon it as the day we began our true life.*

*Accept this from your*

*Andrew*

Well, I for one will be glad to get them married. Ever since page one I have been saying to anyone who would listen, "if I can just get them married" and they have finally made their "intentions" public.

If I hadn't found Andrew's copy book with duplicates of the letters he wrote to Lizzie I would marvel at his powers of total recall when he refers to what he wrote when, but all he had to do was take out his copy book and read it. I wonder if Lizzie knew he made copies of everything he wrote to her.

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\* A man who owned a house on a small piece of land, sold to him by Andrew's uncle, John. Mr. Daily hired himself out as a day laborer.

From Salem, Lizzie wrote to Andrew as previously arranged.

Salem July 8th 1860

Dear Andrew,

I have not written for so long a time I have almost forgotten how, I have not been out today it has rained so much. What with the rain and not seeing you the time passes slowly I miss you so much. I have been very tired since the 4th but feel very much rested today. Friday eve. we spent at Miss Townsends she was very sorry you had returned to Danvers as she would like to have had you with us. Mrs. Nourse called yesterday to invite us there Monday eve., her respects to you, would be happy to see you. I wish I could write a decent letter before I begin I think of a thing I want to say the instant I commence they are gone. I do wish mowing was over and you did not have to stay up Sundays then you would not have the task of reading this nonsense. Darling Andrew do be careful and remember the rules I gave you and do not work hard. One week before I shall see you how long it seems once they passed and I hardly noticed them Sunday had no charm it brought no loved one to my side I was dissatisfied with myself and the world I thought all men false and selfish but you have taught me better I can never thank you enough I will love you if that will in any way compensate. Since I knew you I have been lead to study nature and from that to that being above all others whom watches over us. O, Andrew if I were more worthy of you. May heavens blessings fall upon you is the wish of one who loves you.

Lizzie

Wed. July 11th 1860

Dear Andrew

This is the first opportunity I have had since Sunday to write Monday eve., we went to Mrs. Nourses I did not enjoy it very much I was thinking more of a young gentleman in Danvers than what was going on around me. Yesterday Sarah Allen and Lizzie Nourse, took tea and spent the eve with us. We had an invitation to a pic-nic this afternoon the girls have gone I refused as I shall not attend any pic-nic without you. What a beautiful day we have had I suppose you will say we have had too much rain don't complain it is all right it is so dark I can hardly see I must close by bidding you good night with a wish to see you soon.

Lizzie

Lizzie's frustration at finally being able to show off her officially betrothed, only to have him desert her to get his hay in, is rather amusing. She had a lot to learn about a farmer's life but Andrew was charmed with her letter and I guess that's all that really counts.

Thursday July 12th

Dear Lizzie

I have just received through John one of the best letters that I ever received from you - It is full of love and that thought full care you have for me - That love will more than pay me for what I have done for you. Yours truly  
Andrew

Andrew continued to get his haying done with the help of his neighbors and each day he recorded the number of cocks. With the end in sight he went to Salem to see Lizzie on Sunday the fifteenth.

He finished on Monday and wrote; *I went up in the 7 AM train Did not have Mr. Daily but had Mr. Cheever Got in 3 loads & finished haying.*

*1860 7 1/2 tons & on my part of the farm*

*1859 7 1/2 tons we finished 18th of July*

*1858 6 1/4 tons we finished 29th of July*

Now that the haying was over Andrew began to make up for lost time with Lizzie. On the seventeenth of July he wrote; *I washed & oiled my wagon in AM I went to Salem Went down to West Beach \* in PM with E. P. S. & to Wenham Pond home by Danversport.*

The following day he nailed down a carpet in his shop, which he had papered on a rainy day when he couldn't do his haying.

The following Sunday Andrew went to Salem and in the evening he and Lizzie "went out in the garden" while calling on the Tuttlles.

Lizzie returned to North Danvers with Andrew the following morning and stayed for the week. He doesn't mention where she stayed but I surmise he made arrangements for her to board at the Verrys.

The weather was very cooperative and it must have been a blissful time for the two of them. During her stay Lizzie was introduced to many of her future neighbors.

On Lizzie's first day at the farm they picked "Blackberries in Mr. Preston's Pasture." The Prestons, Andrew's neighbors to the west, had been related to the Nichols family since Eunice Nichols sister, Mehitable, had married Captain Levi Preston. \*\*

During their week together Andrew and Lizzie spent some of their precious time with Mrs. Verry and Aunt Emmie and on the twenty-seventh they went to "My Orchard & ate some Early Harvest Apples in the PM went a berrying"

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\* A beach in the northern section of Beverly called Beverly Farms.

\*\* Captain Levi Preston and Major Andrew Nichols fought in the Revolutionary War, as did the Major's father, Samuel. Samuel Nichols was in his sixties when he literally laid down his plow, sold his farm, picked up his gun and went off to fight beside his old friend and neighbor General Israel Putnam.

In one of the Danvers Historical Society publications there is a delightful account of a conversation the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain of Chelsea had with Captain Preston. Judge Chamberlain is quoted as saying, "When I was about twenty-one, and Capt. Preston (born in 1752), was about ninety-one, I interviewed him in his own home as to what he did and thought sixty-seven years before on the 19th of April 1775....."

Capt. Preston, what made you go to the Concord fight? The old man, bowed with the weight of four-score years and ten, raised himself upright, and turning to me, said, "What did I go for?"

Yes, I replied, my histories all tell me you men of the Revolution took up arms against intolerable oppression. What was it? "Oppression, I didn't feel any that I know of." Where you not oppressed by the Stamp Act? "I never saw any stamps and I always understood that none were ever sold." Well, what about the tea tax? "Tea tax, I never drank a drop of the stuff, the boys threw it all overboard."

But I suppose you have been reading Harrington, Sidney and Locke about the eternal principle of liberty. "I never heard of these men. The only books we had were the Bible, the Catechism, Watt's psalms and hymns and the almanacs."

Well then, what was the matter? "Young man, what we meant in fighting the British was this: We always had been free and we meant to be free always!"

On one of their days together Charles S. Osgood appeared with Willie Holyoke, who had come from Syracuse, New York, to stay in Salem with the Osgoods, and Andrew and Lizzie showed them around Andrew's new property.

On Lizzie's last day, Saturday the twenty-eighth of July he wrote: *I took a walk with E. down around Kimballs & Laurences in AM in PM we helped Mr Verry get in his oats he carried us to Salem with my horse in eve.*

Andrew stayed in Salem the next day and spent most of it with Willie Holyoke and the Osgoods. They all went to church and then he stayed at the Osgoods until after tea, when he went to Andrew Street and saw Lizzie.

Their time together continued into Monday, the first of August, when Andrew wrote; *I went to the Plains had my horse shod from there to Salem took E. P. M. E. & M. A. S. \* and carried them to Lynnfield to the Pic nic of the Crombie St. Society \*\* carried Marg. \*\*\* over to Mrs. Verry's with me to spend the night.*

Andrew now had the modern equivalent of "wheels" and seemed to have been making the most of his new mode of transportation.

On the second he wrote; *I carried Marg. down to the Essex Lakes to Meeting of the E. Inst. \*\*\*\* found E.P. & N. S. & my sister there I went out on the Lake after Pond Lilies Carried them - all 4 to Salem - stopped to hear the band play got home at 10 PM.*

This is the first time I have found any mention of Andrew's sister, Mary, being in the company of the Stanley girls, but if only out of curiosity, the girls must have all known each other by sight. Mary Nichols and Marg. Stanley were the same age, and quite a little younger than Lizzie and Nell.

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\* The three Stanley sisters.

\*\* The Congregational Church Lizzie's family belonged to.

\*\*\* Lizzie's younger sister.

\*\*\*\* Essex Institute.

Meanwhile in the village of Boxford Hannah Holyoke had taken her pen in hand again to drop a few lines to her Salem relations and extol the virtues of the country landscape.

*Thursday Aug. 2 60*

*.... I am very well, but have been troubled for a few days with a lame hand, my neighbours say it is Rheumatism; it is better now.....*

*I hope you have not given up the idea of coming here! I think it would do you all good like a medicine. Late as it is in the season, the country never looked handsomer.....*

*Wish I had something that would interest you to communicate, but the incidents in a solitary life like mine, are few, and far between, yet I think if I could see you, I should find something to say.....*

Wouldn't you have thought that Andrew would have dropped in to say hello to the poor, old, lonely soul on one of his trips to North Andover or Georgetown which would have taken him through Boxford, and right past her door-step? It may be that he didn't keep his mother abreast of his various travels and preferred not to have her receive a letter from Hannah telling of his having been in her neighborhood.

On the third of August Andrew finally got back to the business of farming and began to hoe his corn, but a day later he was saved by rain and took the train to Salem to be with Lizzie.

*They made plans for another outing and on the seventh he wrote; went to Plains & met E. P. N. & M. S at 7 AM train we went to No. Andover got there at 9 1/2 spent the day\* we went berrying\*\* got 5 qts. We started from there at 6 1/2 got to Salem at 10 PM I took John with me to Danvers got there 12 PM.*

*The next day he wrote; John slept in the shop. I worked up in the orchard in the AM with John. A very Severe thunder shower from 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 Lightning killed Mr. Verry's cow within 100 feet of me - very hot.*

When Lizzie heard about that, with her terror of electrical storms, she must have had misgivings about life on a farm!

The following day he wrote; *Mr Osgood & wife called and on the day after that I rode up to No. Andover with David Pettingell & H. Verry to buy\*\*\* chickens called at Mr. Hubbards.*

On the fourteenth of August there is an unexpected change in Andrew's boarding arrangements and he wrote, *I went to Uncle John's to Lodge Mrs Verry sick*

It turned out that he decided to only take his meals at his uncles, preferring to live in his newly renovated shop. On the sixteenth of August he wrote; *I went to Ipswich with Mary & Florence\*\*\*\* carried Dr. Osgood - took E. & N. S. and rode around Ipswich went to walk with Lizzie then in PM I brot. Mary and Florence to Uncle Johns.*

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\* They must have visited the farm where "Hitty" lived, and Nell had made a visit earlier.

\*\* At that time of year they would most likely have been picking high bush blueberries.

\*\*\* Andrew spells "buy" this way throughout the diary.

\*\*\*\* Cousin Abel's daughter.

On the day after the Ipswich excursion Andrew began to market apples and potatoes and wrote; *I went to Marblehead to Market for Uncle with 4 1/2 bu. of Apples of his & 1/2 bush. of my own. I got \$3 1/2 for him market rather dull got home at 4 1/2 saw Cousin Epes & family at Salem.*

Cousin Epes was Samuel Epes Turner, but always called Epes, the brother of Margaret Turner who lived with the Wards on Central Street in Salem. Margaret's health had been poor that summer, which may have been one of the reasons for their visit, but it was their annual custom to escape the summer heat of Baltimore. Mrs. Turner, the former Clara Miller, and their children would spend the first part of the summer in Wareham with Clara's parents, Epes joining his family during the latter part, when they all went to Salem and visited the Wards.

The following day there was another severe storm and he wrote; *thunder shower struck John Osgoods house in the Plains Whirlwind took roof off Pickering School in No. Salem & tore up trees.*

In August he paid his first tax bill of \$10.34 for his North Danvers property. It was a good thing that the South Danvers house rent and his bank dividends continued to roll in because all he had earned that month was 65 and 35 cents for apples, 10 cents for Danish White cucumbers, and 13 cents "for carrying a person to the Plains"!

Every day now Andrew was harvesting in his garden or orchard, and going to market in Salem or Marblehead with his produce and that of his uncle. Mrs Verry continued to be unwell and he stayed on in his shop. On market days he generally had dinner, which would have been the meal served in the middle of the day, at Central Street so he was able to spend some time with the Epes Turner's family while they were there, and get some meat three or four times a week.

It seemed to have been "business as usual" for Andrew on Lizzie's birthday, and nothing in his expense account indicates that he purchased a gift for her, but the day after he stopped and picked up Lizzie's mother on his way home from the market in Marblehead. Andrew brought Mrs. Stanley back to the farm and gave her the tour, putting her on the 6 1/2 PM train for Salem at Beaver Brook.

He took a day off from digging potatoes, picking apples, and cutting corn stalks to go to the Verrys and get 25 flour barrels. He then cut one of them in half to make two tubs. Do you suppose they were for the laundering of Andrew's clothes, himself, or both?

By September Andrew was able to go to Salem each Saturday and had begun to attend both his own church and Lizzie's each Sunday. Most Sunday evenings he and Lizzie walked over to Beverly and visited with the Tuttlés.

On the seventeenth he wrote; *I am 23 years old to day I went to Boston at 8 AM with E. P. S. to the 9th Ex. of M. M. C. A. & Fair spent the whole day got home at 7 PM.*

By the 22nd he had finished cutting and bundling his corn with the help of Mr. Cheever and Mr. Verry, and was picking Bartlett pears.

On the 25th he wrote; *Cattle Show at So. Danvers No Horn Cattle at Show went to Salem AM to market H. Verry went with me & took back my horse I went to the meeting of E. A. S. \* Hon. A. W. Dodge chosen president Tornado at Danvers at 4 1/2 PM blew 5 of my Apple trees up by the roots broke off 5 of my pines 50 locusts blew down 5 barns chimneys etc.*

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\* Essex Agricultural Society.

There certainly was some dramatic weather that year! Lizzie's brother John must have taken pity on Andrew because he went to the farm with Andrew the next morning and helped him pick up apples.

On the twenty-ninth of September the farm had its first killing frost and Andrew began to pick the rest of his apples to be made into cider, finishing the picking on the eighteenth of October.

The twentieth Andrew wrote; *I saw the Prince of Wales at Salem Depot.* The future King Edward the VII of England had arrived in Salem that day, as part of a tour he was making through the eastern states.

Andrew had also begun to market potatoes as well as fruit. On the twenty-third of October he wrote; *Rain Storm Fixed up my funnel in my shop I had a fire in it Picked over apples went down to Verrys to dinner.*

It sounds rather snug and cosy in his shop/office, with a nice fire in the stove, paper on the walls and a rug on the floor! He had even tightened up the windows after a particularly bad rain storm earlier in the month. The weather cleared on the following day and he dug the last of his potatoes.

The evening of the twenty-fifth he wrote; *went to Pettingells to a husking home at 11 1/2 PM.* It sounds to me as if he enjoyed himself, not to get to bed until that hour. Andrew had begun to husk his own corn and George Towne helped him husk and deliver it to the Verrys. The night of the twenty-eight he wrote; *heard the wild geese go over.*

The beginning of November Andrew began to sell his hay, and sold a load to Dr. Snow. He wrote; *Gross Weight of Hay 2640 - worth \$16.30.*

On the thirteenth of November Mr. Verry and Andrew took a wagon load of their apples to a cider mill in Middleton and Andrew took six quarts of it with him to Andrew Street the next day. He wrote; *found Miss H. B. Hubbard there staid to tea after tea we all went to Walk to see the Illuminations & the Procession in Hon. of the election of Honest old Abe.* Judging by this entry, Abe must have gotten Andrew's vote along with the vast majority of Massachusetts voters.

## A CONTRACT TO BUILD A COTTAGE

On Friday, the sixteenth of November, Andrew met the man who eventually built Pine Knoll Cottage.

Andrew had made a meticulous drawing of a first and second floor interior that is dated October 13, 1860. He and Lizzie had decided on the placement of closets, stairs, fireplaces and even the porch and bay window. He also had a plan for a simple Gothic cottage from an architect named Devereaux. According to the notation on Mr. Devereaux's plan the framing lumber would be pre-cut and delivered to a Salem wharf. It sounds like an 1860 version of today's prefab.

All of these papers are worn and covered with pencil notations. Andrew must have talked this all over with his friend, Goodell, because Goodell suggested Andrew talk to Mr. Jacob Potter, which Andrew did on that Friday.

He wrote; *I saw Mr. Potter, Mr. Goodell's Carpenter from Lynn about House.* Andrew was evidently impressed by what Mr. Potter offered to do for him because he continued to meet with him, finally signing an agreement on the last day of 1860.

On the seventeenth he wrote, *AM Hay for Dr. Snow net 2190 lbs PM loaded a load for Mr. Morrison of Dan. Center net 2365 lbs. paid sold so far 7215 lbs.*

On the nineteenth Andrew had some drills made and on the twentieth the cellar hole for his cottage was begun. *Geo. Towne helped me I dug round rocks drilled & blew one - worked up in the orchard & commenced my cellar to house.* They "blew up" more rocks the next day.

I would love to know what Andrew's mother and Lizzie thought about him setting off dynamite charges. There certainly was a casual attitude about such things back then.

On the twenty-second he wrote; *Saw Carpenter about House in PM went down in town in the eve & to walk down to Sarah's.*

The next day he wrote; *J.W.S. came up with me I leveled lot for House in AM Went to the Plains in PM with H Verry Daily offered to dig my cellar for \$20.00.*

When Andrew arrived in Salem on Sunday the twenty-fifth he found that his mother's cousin, Margaret Turner, was very ill. From a letter written by Hitty we know that she was suffering from an inoperable tumor. Dr. Mack consulted first with a Dr. Peirson and then with a Dr. Kimball of Lowell, who was skilled in such operations. It was determined that she would not survive such a procedure. Dr. Peirson did perform "an operation of tapping" on two occasions after the diagnosis, and each time "the same quantity of water (24 pounds) was taken from her".

On the twenty-ninth, which was Thanksgiving Day Andrew attended Lizzie's church with her and had Thanksgiving dinner at the Stanley house. After dinner he and Lizzie visited the Tuttle's.

By the fourth of December Mr. Daily was working full time on the cellar hole and North Danvers had its first snow fall of the season, four inches which came in the night, and Andrew commented the next day; *1st. sleighing of the season. I staid in office and washed Harness with castile sope and oiled Boots in AM.*

On the eighth he wrote; *went a skating for the 1st time On Mill Pond 2 hours in PM.*

Mr. Daily continued to work on the cellar every day with spasmodic help from Andrew and on the twelfth they had to break through six inches of frost and eight inches on the following day. Winter had begun in earnest.

Once more Andrew was taking what work he could get by writing for his cousins and once again enjoying the good skating. He wrote, *skating on the Mill Pond at 4 PM with E.P & Marg. S their first my second skate.*

On Monday the seventeenth he stayed in Salem and wrote, *Cousin Margaret Turner very low - telegraphed to Cousin Epes. \**

On the eighteenth he wrote; *I staid at home Cousin Margaret Turner died at 11 o'clock AM age 58 years 2 months.* Epes arrived at six-thirty the following day and on the twentieth Andrew wrote; *Cousin Margaret's funeral at 3 1/2 PM Charles and George Holyoke \*\* present She left \$12,000.*

Again from Hitty's letter we know Margaret had suffered terribly during the last few weeks of her life, and Hitty wrote; *She died on Tuesday at 11 AM and Epes did not arrive till evening - It troubled me much, but Dr. M. said "if she were my sister I should rather not see her alive then to see her in this suffering state." She said a few words to the Dr. about a half hour before her death and after that I told her that we had received a letter from Epes and that he sent his love she said "thank him. Is he here" I said no but he will be to night "glad of it" she said and in a few minutes a change came over her & she said "I die without pain - God Bless Good night Good night".....It seems to me Epes got there in record time, considering that he had to make train and boat connections!*

Andrew stayed in Salem until after Christmas and he began his Christmas Day entry by writing "Merry Christmas" and continued, *I Received from Cousin Epes a ring from Cousin Margaret in a letter from him.* He had a new pair of ice skates, and they must have been a Christmas gift because the expenditure doesn't appear in his meticulous accounts. He tried them out on Christmas Day in the company of Lizzie and her sisters.

On the twenty-sixth he returned to North Danvers and began to chop wood each day, while Daily continued to work on the cellar hole.

On the same day Hannah Holyoke sat by her fire in the wilds of Boxford, took her pen in hand once more, and wrote a second letter of condolence.

*....Your letter with the sorrowful intelligence of the death of our dear friend Margaret came safely, most sincerely do I sympathize with you, for I do feel that I too have lost a friend. I was in some manner prepared for the sad news, had hoped she might have been spared to us yet a little longer. I have lost so many dear relatives and friends, I am pained to part with one so highly valued. You must miss her very much, she resided so long with you, am glad Epes came on 'tho late. I thank him for his kind remembrances...*

Now there were only Mary Holyoke Ward Nichols, Hitty Ward and Andrew's sister left in the huge house on Central Street. The neighborhood had been slowly changing over the years and most of the properties around their home were being used for business purposes by 1860. It was time for the Ward sisters to find a more suitable place to live and Andrew's mother and aunt were faced with the formidable task of cleaning out the house they had inherited from their mother and putting it on the market.

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\* Samuel Epes Turner, who was Margaret's brother and lived in Baltimore, Maryland.

\*\* Margaret's nephews.

Andrew was also making major housing decisions and on the thirty-first of December Jacob Potter and Andrew Nichols signed a contract for Mr. Potter to build a house, to be completed on or before "the 16th of May next."

It is a six page document, written, by Andrew, that goes into every possible detail, right down to the placement of the clock-shelf in the kitchen, the type of nails, screws, latches and locks. Andrew had done his homework. Mr. Potter was to do everything to Andrew's specifications, even to the painting of the house with two coats in two colors of "good paint."

It seems unbelievable to me but there is no mention of any money down, only an arrangement for Andrew to pay five hundred dollars at the time of completion with a note for three hundred and fifty dollars, to be paid on the fifteenth of June!

So ended 1860. According to Andrew's reckoning in the dairy his earned income from the farm for 1860 was \$66.70. His total income was \$664.12 and his expenditures were \$436.54, leaving him in the black by \$227.58. Actually, that wasn't bad when one considers that he had so many initial expenses that year. In October and November alone he paid Verry, Cheever and Daily \$43.50.

In December he bought a game for 15 cents to give to H. Otis Verry, who was eight, and a new diary for 1861 that I'd give my eye-teeth for, but it is missing.

There were three pages of miscellany at the back of his diary that are unrelated to the year's events.

On the first page he wrote; *At 3 years old 1840 I found \$5.00 bill I went to Lynn Mineral Springs Hotel with Grandpa Ward. I remember when he drove away the cow. I remember the old Log Cabin drawn by oxen in Harrison's time. \* I remember that I joined the Washingtonian. I remember when the old Danvers Light Infantry Armory fell with a crash.*

*I worked for Uncle Abel the summer of 1844 for the first time and in 1845 for him most of the time for Uncle John part that I was up to Uncle Abel's. he died the 25th of April 1846 from a cold.*

*In the summer of 1846 I worked for Uncle John  
" " " " 1847 " " " " "  
" " " " 1848 " " " " "  
" " " " 1849 " " " " "*

*I went to Mr. Emery school Dis. 11 S. Danvers. Summer of 1850 I worked part of the time for Albert W. Quimby & rest for H. Verry & uncle.*

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\* A model of a log cabin, constructed during Harrison's campaign to be used on a horse-drawn float in a Danvers parade.

The next entry was headed:

1859	<i>Books Lent</i>	1860
<i>Sept. 23 Coles Am. Fruit book to H. Verry</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>March 20</i>
<i>Oct. 17 N. E. Farmer 1855 E. P. S.</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>March 30</i>
<i>Oct. 22 Dr. H. M. Guide to E. P. S.</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>June</i>
<i>Nov. 11 Vol 1 &amp; 2 Hist. of Mass. E. P. S.</i>		
<i>Nov. 23 House Hold Words to E. P. S.</i>		

1860

*Mar. 28 Irwings, Washington 3 vols. to E. P. S.*

(Poor Lizzie with all those tomes to read and return. I wonder if she knew that the loan of them was carefully recorded.)

On the third page was a list of "Mother's Property"

<i>34 Shares Salem Lab.</i>	<i>@ \$</i>	<i>80.00</i>	<i>\$ 3,520.00</i>
<i>12 Eastern R. R.</i>		<i>66.00</i>	<i>792.00</i>
<i>4 Eastern R. R., N. H.</i>		<i>66.00</i>	<i>264.00</i>
<i>7 Western R. R.</i>		<i>110.00</i>	<i>770.00</i>
<i>18 Northern R. R.</i>		<i>47.00</i>	<i>846.00</i>
<i>7 P. S. &amp; Ports. R. R.</i>		<i>95.00</i>	<i>651.00</i>
<i>4 B. &amp; Worcester R. R.</i>		<i>106.00</i>	<i>424.00</i>
<i>3 N. Y. Central R. R.</i>		<i>71.00</i>	<i>213.00</i>
<i>4 Vil. Bank</i>		<i>103.00</i>	<i>515.00</i>
<i>5 Mercantile Bank</i>		<i>95.00</i>	<i>476.25</i>

## THE UN-UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

On the fifth of January 1861, a group of United States senators from the south met and held a caucus on the subject of secession. South Carolina had seceded in December of 1860, and by the first of February, 1861, the states of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas had followed suit.

On the fifteenth of February a General Convention was held in Montgomery, Alabama and Jefferson Davis was elected president of the newly formed Confederacy.

President Buchanan had always been a supporter of the Southern view, but was also a great believer in the Union. He never dreamed the South would make such a bold move.

In spite of his long record of distinguished statesmanship Buchanan was at this point a tired old man of seventy years and a lame-duck. By the end of January his cabinet had begun to fall apart over how best to handle the situation and by the middle of February he had been reduced to a frightened hand wringer, counting the days until his release from the presidency.

While these events were taking place New England was locked in the grip of winter and Andrew was champing to get on with his house and farm, both of which were temporarily on hold.

Andrew and Lizzie were seeing each other too frequently to communicate by mail but Andrew, ever the romantic, did write some "free verse" and sent it to "Lizzie from her Lesser Half."

*For my part I am weary of city life, and sigh for the Great Mother. I see the waving of trees, but they are rooted in a church yard or grow between flag-stones. I hear the notes of singing birds, but they are pewter canaries at sixpence apiece. I am tired of water running up and down leaden pipes, and through cocks and filters: I want to see it ride like a Miad, dripping from the well. I am haunted by "stoops" and have a sort of green sickness for porches clambered over with greenery. I wish for other flowers than artificial, and desire to look upon rain not as an inconvenience, but as a blessing to the crops.*

*I'd kind o' like to have a cot  
Fixed on some sunny slope: a spot  
Five acres, more or less.  
With maples, cedars, cherry trees,  
And poplars whit'ning in the breeze.  
It would suit my taste I guess,  
To have the porch with vines o'er hung  
With bells of pendant wood bine swung;*

*In every bell a bee;  
And round my lattice window spread  
A clump of roses white and red.  
To solace mine and me,  
I kind o' think I should desire  
To hear around the lawns, a choir  
Of wood-birds singing sweet:  
And in a dell I'd have a brook,  
Where I might sit and read my book.*

*Such should be my retreat  
Far from the citys crowds and noise  
There would I hear the girls & boys  
(I'd have some two or three)  
And if kind Heaven should bless my store  
With five or six or seven more  
How happy I should be!*

The sap had begun to run by the time Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated on the fourth of March and in North Danvers Andrew's cellar hole was finished and his dry stone foundation close to completion.

At half-past four, on the morning of April the twelfth, the Confederacy attacked Fort Sumter and four hours later Jacob Potter laid the first sill of Pine Knoll Cottage. Because of this coincidence, Andrew and Lizzie's children never forgot the date when the building of their home had begun.

Three days later, on the fifteenth, President Lincoln called for volunteers to preserve the Union and protect the Capital. There was an immediate and overwhelming response from New England.

Along with hundreds of other young men Andrew rushed to volunteer, only to be turned down. Times had changed since the American Revolution and in order to participate in the War Between the States there was a physical examination to pass. Lizzie and his mother were greatly relieved but Andrew, who believed so fervently in the cause, would regret his inability to serve his country for the rest of his life.

There are written references by his daughter Mary Eliot, to her father having had military training before the war. During the years Andrew lived on Central Street he had been a member of the Salem Second Corps Cadets, famous as far away as New York for their outstanding band, but it was in reality a social organization made up of the elite of Salem youth. They met in the beautiful old Peabody Mansion, drilled regularly in splendid uniforms, and vacationed at their camp-ground in Boxford. The corps in no way prepared anyone for war, except for being able to keep in step.

Because of Andrew's sensitive and reticent nature I have to feel that it was just as well he stayed behind. If he had gone to war and his life had been spared the mental scars from such an experience would have run so deeply the history of Pine Knoll would have been a very different story.

While droves of eager volunteers were being enlisted and trained to defend the Union, Andrew once more channeled his energies toward improving his new farm.

One month after the President's call to arms, a group of volunteers from the "6th Massachusetts Regiment" left New England and headed for Washington to help protect the nation's capital. While marching through the city of Baltimore they were suddenly attacked by a frenzied mob of Maryland secessionists.

The riot that ensued produced the first casualties of the war and Samuel Epes Turner's wife, Clara, wrote to Andrew's mother the following week, giving a most interesting first-hand account of the event.

Baltimore, Sunday Evening  
April 28, 1861

Dear Cousin,

Your kind letters received in due time. We were glad to hear from you, and to find that you had all been well during the winter, though very much alone and lonesome. We intended writing you last week, fearing the recent disturbances in our midst might have made you somewhat anxious for our safety. The particulars of the kind "reception of the Massachusetts Regiment have already reached you through the newspapers. It was a sad affair and as sudden and unexpected to us (authorities and all) as to them. Strange to say, too, it had the effect of crazing our citizens. At a meeting in Monument Square that afternoon, "the blood of Maryland spilt in our street by "Northern invaders" was dwelt upon, while the blood of Massachusetts which flowed first was unnoticed. Saturday and Sunday were days not soon to be forgotten, particularly Sunday. Nearly all the churches were closed. The streets were thronged with people, every man with a gun or some other weapon, rushing on as if in search of an unknown, unseen enemy. The excitement went on for a day or two longer. "Union" men were mum for fear of endangering life and property. Some men requested to leave the city, and all felt anxious. The Legislature was convened and we expected to glide into (by secret session) the "Southern Confederacy," but the latter part of the week has again developed the "Union" sentiment in our midst, and we have strong hopes that the "Stars and Stripes" will again be ours.

Previous to this riot, it was supposed the "Unionists" and "Disunionists" were about equal. Some thought the former much the more numerous. Some of our wealthiest and most fashionable people are Secessionists and encouraged the mob, which I think accounts for the strange measures, adopted by our Mayor and Governor, not knowing on whom they could depend. The life of the latter was in danger, and it seemed at first as if everybody was mad, candidates for a lunatic asylum. The Legislature has not decided for immediate Secession, but leave it to the people. So everything looks hopeful. Such a change in a week!! You can form no idea of it. Business seems ruined for the present. No collections can be made and fuel and provisions are going up, up, up. I think another week will change that. Many people have left the city and others are going. We shall remain, as we do not consider it safe to do so. We are not alarmed but since last Sabbath very anxious.

Our streets are enlivened by martial music and boom-a-lassies are promenading, with the ladies, or drilling to an admiring crowd of "mottley hue." We understand, that the North is fully roused now. We hope it is. We began to fear there was not enough patriotism in the country to save it, and Lincoln does not seem to be the man for the Times. Poor man! I pity him. It seems as if prompt measures should be used now to put down rebellion. Weren't you rejoiced to get "Anderson" \* out of "Fort Sumpter"? His wife must be very proud of him. He is the hero of the day and deservedly so.

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\* Major Anderson, the officer in command of Fort Sumpter, had been given permission to surrender at the first sign of trouble. The leaders in Washington knew the fort to be indefensible under conditions at that time. Anderson chose otherwise and his official report was:

"Having defended Fort Sumpter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burnt, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge walls seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat; four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions remaining but pork, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard - being the same offered by him on the 14th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities - and marched out of the Fort on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

Robert Anderson

Major 1st Artillery, Commanding"

*Epes is desirous of returning to Massachusetts, thinks Baltimore will always be a "mob town" but 'tis no easy matter to move and I reckon we shall be compelled to cling to Maryland, and I trust she will be compelled to cling to the "Union."*

*Where is the boasted enlightenment and Christianity of this the nineteenth Century, when this country so glorious in its memories, so rich in every blessing is upon the eve of Civil war!! South Carolina has a great deal to answer for.*

*We received a letter from Maria\* last week. She will not leave for Minnesota until May, unless compelled by disorders in Louisville, which I think are not anticipated. Willie\*\* coughs still, in other respects seems very well. I am getting out a little, have been to church twice. My limb still swells some, but it is a great deal better.*

*Have you read "Elsie Venner?" The tale is disagreeable, but there is a great deal in the book of truth, beauty and power. I am provoked that Holmes should have ended it so. He ought either to have had a heroine for his hero, or left him single and mayhap given us a sequel some of these days. I've just finished "Essays and Reviews; no wonder it is stirring the English Bishops.*

*Son sends his love to all. Tell Mary he is reading "Sallust" and "Cicero" in Latin. Good bye. Give a great deal of love to Cousin Hitty also Mary and Andrew and reserve a slice for yourself.*

*from your affectionate*

*Cousin Clara*

The book "Elsie Venner" was published in 1861 and became an instant best seller. The story had been serialized in the Atlantic Monthly, the first installment coming out in December of 1859 under the title of "The Professor's Story."

Holmes, a Boston Brahman, was the darling of the literary world around Boston and a much loved figure, possessing a wonderful sense of humor as displayed in much of his writing.

Aside from that, anything Holmes wrote would have been of particular interest to the Ward and Osgood families. Holmes' sister, Ann Holmes Upham, lived in Salem and the families were on intimate terms, Ann being one of Mary and Hitty's closest friends. Dr. Holmes visited Ann's home frequently and must have known Epes and Clara Turner as well.

"Elsie Venner" was a great departure from his usual offerings and he claimed to have written it to test the doctrine of "Original Sin." He received so many letters and the book stirred so much controversy Holmes felt obliged to add an additional forward to each new edition. In the second edition, printed in 1883, he stated that he was exploring "the doctrine of inherited moral responsibility for other people's misbehavior." In the 1891 edition, when he was very elderly and living in Beverly Farms, he said it "was not written for popularity, but with a very serious purpose...."

It has been said that Holmes wrote this book because of his growing concern about the resurgence of Calvinistic Congregationalism in New England. This is interesting because it is precisely what Lizzie had been subjected to in her church. It was actually a rebirth of the Puritanism that created the climate for the witch trails and the real life scenario that inspired Hawthorne to write "The Scarlet Letter."

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\* A Holyoke. Her father, born Edward Augustus Turner had changed his name at the request of the original Dr. E. A. H.

\*\* Also a Holyoke. He and Maria were brother and sister.

Even Hannah Holyoke, isolated in rural Boxford, makes reference to the problem in a letter of an earlier date:

*We were surprised, and I must say provoked that Old Nehemiah should have such an influence over a daughter of the great Mr. Choate! how came he to have any intercourse with that hot headed Calvinist? he surely could not be one of his deluded flock! What a calamity it is to be frightened out of one's senses! I cannot conceive how a person of common understanding can believe such nonsense - Perhaps our having heard such preaching, if preaching it can be called, so long it has hardened all sensibility, that it does not affect us.*

It is evident from her remarks that her father was not a preacher of that ilk. Fortunately, the free thinkers and influential men of letters at the time were of the same opinion as Hannah and Dr. Holmes, causing the Calvinistic approach to Congregationalism to die a natural death before the twentieth century.

## ANDREW AND LIZZIE'S COTTAGE

While Jacob Potter and his carpenters continued to progress on the new house Andrew tended his farm and supervised the building of a driveway and a small barn.

I will quote Lizzie's daughter Mary Eliot on the subject of what Lizzie was doing in her spare time while Andrew forged ahead on the completion of Pine Knoll: *Lizzie began making personal linen, hemming her sheets, making and embroidering pillow cases, hemming table clothes and napkins to fill her chest which she knew must be filled before she was ready to name the day.*

Just what Lizzie needed was more sewing! But I'm sure her spirits soared when she had time to work on her own things.

Lizzie must have had her chest full of linens when the Pine Knoll buildings were completed because, by the beginning of summer, the date for their wedding had been set. The ceremony would take place on September the fifth.

The newly completed cottage was thirty-six feet long and sixteen feet wide with no indoor plumbing. Any water had to be hand carried into the house from the new well in the dooryard.

In spite of its modest size the cottage was very attractive with its cedar shingled roof, a trefoil window at the end of each gable, freshly painted clapboards (two coats) and the Gothic style exterior trim boards and doors painted in a contrasting color.

Inside the Gothic feeling was continued on the first floor. In the "setting" \* room the mantle shelf and fireplace surrounds, as well as the interior doors (which had glass knobs) were of the Gothic style and made of black walnut with an oil finish.

Above in the bedrooms, or chambers as they were called then, the doors and woodwork were of clear pine, and also oiled. In fact none of the interior woodwork was painted, an oil or varnish finish being in vogue at the time.

The kitchen was under the "setting" room and due to the house being built on a slope, it was possible to enter both the first floor and the kitchen at ground level. The doors and shelves in the kitchen were of chestnut.

Now the cottage needed furnishing and how fortuitous it was that at the same time the cottage was completed 11 Central Street was being dismantled. There, for the asking, were a plethora of bedsteads, washstands, chairs, tables, crockery and assorted household necessities to choose from!

The only major purchases to be made were a new cook-stove and ice-chest for the kitchen. The first Pine Knoll ice-chest was made of pine, painted to look like oak, and literally a chest. It opened like a chest or trunk, and the lid could be locked. Inside was another cover of wood with metal attached to its underside. It fit snugly and had a wooden knob. This meant that when the ice chest didn't need to be secured the outer cover could be left open. The interior cavity was lined with metal and had wooden rack-type shelves and a drain in the bottom. A space of about two inches between the simulated oak exterior and the metal interior was packed with fine bits of charcoal to provide insulation.

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\* Andrew refers to the sitting room as the "Setting Room" through out the contract.

When the carpenters left Andrew began to tidy up around the new building and, in the old tradition of New England, accepted divisions of his friend's and neighbor's flowering bushes, plants and vines to enhance the cottage. He planted Mock Orange, Flowering Quince and Lilacs around his foundation, and a Wisteria root by the little barn. He brought home the roots of Virginia Creeper or Woodbine to satisfy his "sort of green sickness for porches clambered over with greenery," and John Stanley brought him Lily-of-the-Valley plants from the Andrew Street garden.

By the end of July, while the North was reeling from the disastrous news of the Battle of Bull Run, Andrew was once more a virtual Whirling Dervish. On top of everything else, the placement of the furnishings and final accessorial chores had fallen on him to take care of.

For the sake of propriety it would have been out of the question for Lizzie to spend any great amount of time at the cottage, since Andrew was now living there all by his lonesome. She wouldn't have dared risk her good reputation by entering the house with out a chaperon. While most of the decision making was obviously a joint effort, Lizzie remained, for the most part, in Salem. She had a great deal of her own work to do, which at this point included the making of her wedding-gown.

He sent her this note in the midst of his "setting up housekeeping" activities. It was probably written while he was at Central Street eating meat and collecting some additional household odds and ends.

*Salem August 14th 1861*

*Dear Lizzie*

*Enclosed find Two Dollars on a paper that has the figure 2 on it, for curtains. Come up Friday rain or shine if it rains I will be at B. B. Depot for you in a waggon in haste*

*From Yours Truly*

*Andrew Nichols*

The following note is from Pine Knoll. Andrew briefly addresses something that was bothering Lizzie and ends with a great bit of dry humor.

*Danvers Aug. 19 1861*

*Dear Lizzie*

*I used the 1 doz. best Tassels in the front room (two on ventilation) there is now 4 windows besides the 2 small ones in our chambers they will use the other dozen. I guess we better have them. I want you to get 12 yds more of cord. I am as ever yours truly and your yours soon for ever death only parting us.*

*Andrew Nichols*

*Keep up a good heart and spirits for all things will work together for good. In haste. John impatient to go to the cars, thinks I am making my will A.*

The next letter is the last of the letters from Lizzie's candy box and so it ends Part I of the Pine Knoll story. As usual Andrew was pouring his heart out on paper, while sitting by himself in his new cottage, on the eve of his marriage to Lizzie.

Danvers Sept. 1861

Dear Lizzie -

I am at last seated in my own house writing the last letter to you before we are married. I have always looked forward with pleasure to that day ----- and with no less pleasure tonight because it is so near. I love you more truly now than when we first made our vow over four years ago. Those years which by a Heavenly Father's watchful care have passed so happily together. I can but feel Lizzie that our Father in Heaven has been watching over us and approving of us and our love. If we have planned to be together at any time we have met and passed those days with out one thing to mar in the least the pleasures or to wish in any way that they might have been otherwise. Lizzie, I am yours until death doth us part, and may that day be far distant. But God knoweth best, He doeth all things well. We will thrust him as in the times past and try to serve him well. We will travel lovingly the path to which He seems to direct us. We will Perform dutifully that work which He sets before us. Father be with us now and through all the trials that thou see eth best to send and be with us and strengthen our love for thee, our love for one another and may we be the Instruments of doing some good to the Human Race. And when our work is ended here may we be received into thy nearer presence, and unto thy will we give this promise for ever more. Amen.

Tomorrow evening at this time, God willing, I shall have given in the presence of those I love what I have given in your presence alone. My heart and hand. Resigning my solitary life to one I know will watch over me with the tenderest care.

And now as Miss Lizzie P. Stanley ----- a name that has followed from birth ----- through tottering childhood ----- happy school days ----- Virtuous Maidenhood, as the kind and loving sister, dutiful daughter, and the faithful and true betrothed ----- to the bridal hour. I bid you a kind, a loving, and a happy adieu ----- To welcome you as Elizabeth P. Nichols, my faithful and loving wife.

From yours truly,

Andrew Nichols

In this part of the story I have included everything that Lizzie and Andrew chose to preserve from their courtship days. My reluctance to omit a single word they wrote to each other stems from the fact that these letters are the only first hand account of what Andrew and Lizzie were thinking and feeling, and what was important to them. Their letters, in spite of all the repetitive trivia and expressions of young love, seem to me to be very revealing about their true natures. It is our only opportunity to get to know Andrew and Lizzie, except through the words of others, and for this reason I feel their courtship letters are of special importance.