

Here is an EXCERPT from **The Pine Knoll Story** written by Janet Nichols Derouin.
This is an augmented version of pages 553-556 from her AND7.doc file, co-edited in December 2018
by Sandy Ward and Janet to create this stand-alone document.

1856 through 1876

The Stanley family

We are about to begin the twenty-first year of our story – a good time to review some of the principal changes during those years and update a few of the vital statistics.

By 1877, over twenty years had passed since Andrew and Lizzie first met at the Willows, and the first of their courting notes had been passed along by their faithful go-between, Lizzie's brother, John Stanley. At this point in the story, John had reached the age of fifty-two and was the proprietor of shops in Beverly and Amesbury.

The house at 20 Andrew Street, Salem, where Andrew and Lizzie were married, was now owned by Lizzie's beloved mother, Betsy Hunt Stanley ("Marm"), who was approaching the venerable age of eighty, and her mother's sister, Louisa Hunt Ward, who was sixty-four and still in the business of dressmaking. The change of ownership came about through the kindness of their brother Thomas Hunt's widow, Elizabeth. When Thomas Hunt died, Elizabeth paid off the Stanley house mortgage and made a gift of the title, free and clear, to Lizzie's mother. Elizabeth and her son, Frank, a lawyer who never married and was the victim of chronically poor health, still lived in a house they had built on their return from the Orient. Their house was on the corner of Bridge and Pearl, across the street from where Lizzie's sister, Margie, now a house wife of thirty-five, lived with her husband, William Beckerman.

The Andrew Street house was currently occupied by Lizzie's Marm, her aunt Louisa, her brother John, and her sister Nellie. Their brother, Tom, who caused the family much anguish, had died during the Civil War.

Nellie had reached the age of thirty-eight and was very busy with a class to teach, the job of assistant principal and now a teacher of art. She was also using her elocution skills as a professional speaker and commanding respectable fees. She spoke on a wide range of subjects and her talks were not only meticulously researched, and therefore illuminating, but humorous as well. Before the days of radio, movies and television, charismatic speakers were in great demand, and we know from her letters and diary notes that Nellie was enough of a ham to captivate an audience.

The Ward family

The Central Street house of Andrew's grandmother, Susanna Holyoke Ward, where Andrew had lived when he met Lizzie, was no longer in the family. That house had been a wedding gift to Susanna from her father, Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, and was just around the corner from where his dwelling had stood. Over the years that Central Street mansion, as it was referred to, had sheltered many of the doctor's descendants, including the families of his granddaughters Susan and Mary. After Susan's death, her widower, Charles Osgood, and their three children remained on Central Street until he married the lovely Sarah Elizabeth Cook in 1854. From all accounts, Charles' remarriage was with the blessings of the Wards, who were fond of Sarah and found her a most suitable choice to be the step-mother of Susan's children. Mary had returned after the death of her husband, Dr. Andrew Nichols, with her children Andrew and Mary.

Charles and Sarah Osgood now lived on Lafayette Street in South Salem and two of the children of Charles and Susan continued to live with them; thirty-six year old Robert, who was still unmarried and worked as a lawyer and businessman in Boston, and his sister, Susan, thirty-three years of age and a lady of leisure, as was appropriate for a maiden lady of means. Sarah and Charles' sons – half-brothers of Charles Stuart, Robert and Susan – lived there as well and are often mentioned in the diaries; the elder now twenty years old and named Nathan Cook Osgood, and his brother, Albert Edward Osgood, called Bertie by the diarists, seventeen.

The eldest of Charles' children from his marriage to Susan was Charles Stuart, now thirty-eight and married to the former Elizabeth Batchelder. They had five children by 1877 and the three oldest, Bessie, Bobby and Charlie, were frequently mentioned in the diaries. Charles was now a very influential man because, in addition to practicing law, he held the offices of Deputy Collector of Customs for Salem and Registrar of the Registry of Deeds for Essex County.

The Central Street house was finally sold in 1861, after the deaths of Susanna Holyoke Ward and her niece, Margaret Holyoke Turner. The Ward sisters, Mary and Hitty, and Andrew's unmarried sister Mary then moved to Summer Street. Hitty died in 1875.

Mary Holyoke Ward Nichols was now seventy-six and her life had been greatly changed by the death of her sister. I have found it odd that Hitty, the younger sister, had been the dominant one in their relationship from the time that Mary became a widow. Perhaps that was because when Mary moved back into the Central Street family home, Hitty then considered it to be more her home than Mary's. After the move to Summer Street things may have become more equal territorially, but not once since Hitty's death had M.H.W.N. felt the need to write in her diary, "it has been a trying day."

By 1877 M.H.W.N. and her daughter Mary were now in the second house they had rented on Summer Street.

Pine Knoll update

It was now almost sixteen years since the building of Pine Knoll Cottage began in "Velveteen Valley" on Nichols land in Danvers, Massachusetts. The first sill had been laid on the twelfth of April, 1861, the day Confederate General P.G.T. Beauregard ordered the bombardment of Fort Sumter that ignited the civil war. Andrew was now forty years of age and a farmer, nursery man, surveyor, and Justice of the Peace. Lizzie was forty-one and head of a busy household, which she ran with great efficiency, and the keeper of meticulous household expense books. Andrew and Lizzie had celebrated their fifteenth anniversary of happily wedded life in September 1876.

Their honeymoon cottage had long become "clambered over with greenery" and Andrew had added a second small barn and some hen houses. The grounds around the cottage were now neatly walled and there was a proper gate where drive met the road. The land in front of the cottage had become part nursery, part vineyard. At this point it is fun to look back and reread Andrew's poem to Lizzie, written the winter of 1861, while he labored over the cottage foundation.

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!

Since rhyming these wishes, Andrew had made a life for himself that seems to have fulfilled his poetic requirements almost to the letter. Pine Knoll Cottage had become a happy and well-worn home and was bursting at the seams.

The only thing that Andrew had apparently changed his mind about was the bit he wrote in that same letter on the subject of water. He wrote, "I am tired of water running up and down leaden pipes, and through cocks and filters; I want to see it rise like a Miad, dripping from a well." We can readily forgive him for that change of heart because after all, he wrote that romantic nonsense before he had had to cope with a well, a wife and six children.

Their son William Stanley, called Willie at this point in the story (a name he loathed by the time he was twelve - preferring the more masculine name of Bill - but his opinion cheerfully ignored by the family who continued to call him Willie) remembered Pine Knoll Cottage as "a very happy home" and "a house overflowing with life."

William wrote the following in his memoirs:

Yet there was always the, "spare room," as it was called, for the occupancy of visiting grandmothers, aunts, uncles and other relations and friends. These were always coming and going, and lavishing love on the children and making life gay.

Salem was within driving distance and the friends of both father and mother came frequently to spend a day or an afternoon. Hospitality was always cordial, and we children greatly enjoyed, and profited from these callers. Games were played with visiting children and the pine grove was a place for picnics, and gatherings of all kinds.

Among ourselves there were of course some disputes and minor quarreling but in the whole we were a co-operating and harmonious family. Mother was a peacemaker and could quell most difficulties by her look of disapproval, and father's word was law. There was some mischief and some wrong doing and we were punished. The punishments were not severe but there was something definitely connective about them. Our father and mother entered into our games and gave unfailing interest in our affairs.

By the beginning of 1877, Andrew and Lizzie's first born, Andrew Jr., was fourteen and a half and had grown into an attractive and personable, if somewhat frail, young man. He wasn't especially interested in farming, which was an occupation familiar to him through helping his father, but he showed an aptitude for the natural sciences and mineralogy. This was an interest kindled and carefully nurtured by his aunt, Mary Ward Nichols, and further enhanced by the family friend and brilliant zoologist, Professor Edward Sylvester Morse. The Pine Knoll family and the Morses spent some of their leisure time together and this was heady stuff for an enthusiastic and imaginative boy. Professor Morse was undoubtedly a hero worth worshiping but this association was leading young Andrew to entertain thoughts of goals that were highly unlikely to ever be more than pipe dreams.

Andrew was also becoming a bit of a dandy, with a much greater interest in his appearance than the average country boy, or for that matter, his brothers or father. This attitude can be laid at the Summer Street door, and might have been called a desire to keep up with the "Jones," who in Andrew's case were the dapper Osgood brothers, Nathan and Bertie.

Lizzie, their second child, had died of scarlet fever when she was eight.

John Holyoke, the third of the Pine Knoll children, would be eleven that April. John was full of fun and a marvelous looking boy with an abundance of curly hair and beautiful eyes, but the most unusual thing about John was an intelligence and maturity beyond his tender years. By 1877 he had already made up his mind to become a doctor like his Grandfather Nichols and the interesting thing about this was that his elders viewed John's ambitions quite differently from the pie-in-the-sky plans of his older brother. There was some quality about John that made this pronouncement seem realistic.

Perhaps because of this very quality, John, not Andrew, was becoming the voice of authority among the Pine Knoll siblings, not because John was ever dominant in a bullying way, but instead, because of his being a born leader and utterly dependable.

The fourth of their children was Josh, who was almost nine and John's constant companion and dearest friend. Josh had the sunniest disposition of the bunch and was blessed with a quick, dry wit, as opposed to his brother, John, who was more of a punster. Josh was the most normal of boys with no particular ambition other than to enjoy whatever the day might bring and as a result, when it came to the Pine Knoll children's peers, he was probably the most popular.

Their fifth child was Mary Eliot, always called May. I will add that her early personality traits have shown themselves in the notes she has written in 1876 and those she will write in the future.

Willie, the sixth of the Pine Knoll children, was not quite four, and Nellie, at only two and a half, completed the family. They are still too young at this date to have personality traits worth mentioning.

Pine Knoll's extended family

One of the Nichols relations who had previously been an important part of the Pine Knoll story was Andrew's much older cousin, Abel, whom Andrew loved and admired. When Abel died in 1860, Andrew was devastated. Abel left behind his daughter, fifteen-year-old Florence Jemina, and his son twelve-year-old Lewis Abel. Fortunately Abel's sister Sarah Nichols Berry was well off, had a fine house just off Danvers Square and plenty of room to keep the children. In 1876 Sarah was fifty eight and still very involved in town affairs, as well as continuing the pursuit of her artistic career.

Abel's children were now thirty-one and twenty-five, respectively; Florence resided in Boston with her husband, William Putnam, and their three children. Lewis Nichols lived by himself in the cottage he built on the old foundation of John and Emme Nichols' house, a property he had inherited from his great-uncle, John. Andrew had mentored Lewis and encouraged a course of study at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst so that he could offer Lewis a partnership in his surveying business, a partnership that would continue through the eighteen-seventies.