Chapter One

A PIONEERING HERITAGE OF LOVE, DUTY, AND PERSEVERANCE

I am glad you have come in; it has been so long since you have gone," Mary lamented. John Andrews had remembered the lament and the deep anxiety it expressed long after it had been whispered. He had just returned from speaking at camp meeting to be at the hospital bedside of his terminally ill sixteen-year-old daughter. It seemed to him, at the time, that he had been gone only a few hours. But it had seemed so long to Mary. Then two nights before she died, there came another troubling reflection. Mary had been unable to sleep, and father and daughter had talked long into the night. "I don't see how mother could have you go away from her and be gone so long," he remembered her observing. He found himself explaining his sense of duty in "the service of Christ" and how sad would be his case in the judgement if he had neglected that. And then on the night she died, her anxiety became a plea: "Don't go away from me at all, Father." The request whispered hoarsely with short and labored breath caught the weary and discouraged church leader by surprise. Did it sting a little? Did it trouble him? She surely had not meant to hurt. But the apprehensions behind the plea haunted him as he thought about it days later. And think about them he did.

Andrews recorded the penetrating reflections and Mary's request in the little notebook that he had kept, recalling the haunting lines of their conversations during the last sad days of Mary's life. And he also noted that he had pondered the implications.[1] Had he given too much? The long absences from his wife, Angelina, and the then young children on the farm in Waukon, Iowa. The many extended times away from home in Rochester, New York, in later years. Mary had been only three or four years of age in Waukon. Why was she remembering this now? How could she remember? What had her mother shared with her that he did not know about? What did he not fully understand? The reflections beside

the hospital bed at Dr. Kellogg's sanitarium in Battle Creek touched him deeply, but also troubled him.

Mary's observations had been supplications rather than accusations. More a plea for a reassuring presence. But did they reveal an element of concern, perhaps a long buried hurt? "Are you going to leave me too?" She needed her father to be near. Having her grandmother sitting by just wasn't the same, particularly when she was feeling so desperately ill and her chest hurt so badly and she knew she was not going to get better.

Six months earlier in April 1878, when the disease first took its hold on Mary in the dim, overcrowded apartment in Basel, Switzerland, she sensed intuitively that this cough that she could not shake was no ordinary, passing winter chest complaint. Under her mother's tutelage, even as a child, she had learned to listen to her body. In the six years since her mother's untimely death, she thought she had taught herself the skill well. There were few others she could turn to. She had to be the nurse not only for herself but for her older brother Charles and for her father as well. She had seen firsthand the terrible effects of consumption on Mrs. Aufranc, who lived on the top floor of the apartment and on other acquaintances. Did she know instinctively that this chest infection was the dreaded consumption?

Later in August, when her father had to go down to Italy to visit some new believers, she had been anxious about his going away just at a time when she might need him to be near. Her father remembered the parting too. The memory had come back to him after the funeral, and he jotted it down. "She arose to bid me goodbye but was so affected that she buried her face in my bosom and sobbed violently. When she could speak, she said, 'Pa, I will try to get well by the time you come back.' "[2] Did it trouble him, knowing he had left when she had been so frightened?

Mary understood the deep-rooted sense of duty and mission that drove her father to push himself so often beyond the claims of family and of health. She understood duty and sacrifice. Did she also sense that underneath the keen sense of duty perhaps there also lay a vague sense of guilt that drove him so intensely? Mary certainly knew that her father felt the burden of mission deeply. It had motivated his whole life. Indeed, it was a commitment to mission she shared. If they did not warn people of the soon-coming Advent, who would? That was why they had gone to Europe. That was why they were living in such an impoverished way. People were dying every day without the gospel. Jesus was coming soon. How could

they live with themselves if they did not extend themselves in every possible way to warn that the end of all things was not far off? Who could stand before the great white throne on Judgment Day when earth and sky fled away and the books were opened if one had not done one's duty? But as her father left, she sensed a dark foreboding about this cough. As it turned out, he had not stayed away long, but to Mary every day seemed like forever. And when he returned, the consumption had her in its vicelike grip.

John Andrews's return to America with Mary had been planned quickly. Perhaps treatment under Dr. Kellogg would help. The doctor had a reputation equal to none, and his hospital was widely respected. Andrews could not bear the thought of the loss of this precious daughter who, since the death of his wife, Angelina, a decade earlier, had grown to mean so much to him. This bright, intelligent daughter had mastered French so well, and her language and editorial skills, even at sixteen, were so important to the success of his evangelistic venture, *Les Signes des Temps*. Finances were scarce, and so they had not been able to afford to take her elder brother Charles with them to America. He would have to stay with friends in Switzerland. But Mary had promised to write to him every day and return healthy. But even as she left, Charles reflected later, he had a sense that this would be their final parting, although he continued to hope.[3] What else could they do but hope? That was what they were meant to do. And both Mary and Charles hoped.

In Michigan the disease worsened, and Mary did not get better. Kellogg had warned her father that it was dangerous to stay so close to Mary, particularly with his own state of health so compromised. Consumption was suspected of being a contagious disease. How or why no one knew.[4] But what was Andrews to do? Mary's late-night question haunted him. It was true, he had left Angelina and the children to fend for themselves while he had given himself to evangelism. Had he been right to do so? Given the urgency of the message, what else could he have done? The message was good news—for the Second Coming would put everything right. Did he wish that he could have more confidence that he would be right on that day? He had to do his best, to do his utmost. How else could he stand? But the tension between the need to be with family and his sense of duty to the cause and the nagging, vague sense of guilt about an unfinished task would not leave him.

Mary did not hold on too long. Hers was the quick consumption. The burial in the Battle Creek cemetery had been a deeply heartrending affair,

though outwardly bright with promise and undergirded with assurance and hope. Her father returned to Europe without her, essentially a broken man. But when duty called, he could not turn aside. How did such a profound sense of duty come to mean so much to John Andrews? This chapter will explore Andrews's family lineage and his cultural heritage in order to understand the influences that shaped the person he was to become.

NEW ENGLAND ROOTS

The deep, sensitive spirituality that lay at the core of John Nevins Andrews had been molded by a New England Methodist self-discipline, along with the keen sense of duty his parents had inculcated in him since his birth. Allied to a powerful intellect, these attributes combined in him to eventually produce one of early-Adventism's most able and influential leaders. His early ministry had helped stabilize the young Adventist community, following the emotional and theological trauma of the disappointment of 1844. His writing skills helped give shape to early editions of the *Review and Herald*. Later he gave valuable service as president of the General Conference at a critical period and then cared for the *Review* alone, during a yearlong emergency. But more than any other service, it was his logic and his reasoning power that had given shape and a solid intellectual coherence to the church's emerging self-understanding. His writing had given the young church intellectual credibility. In some ways he could be considered to be "the brains of the movement," as his mentor and colleague James White has been quoted as lightheartedly saying. In 1878, Ellen White esteemed him as "the ablest man in all our ranks."[5]

It is clear, however, from a close reading of Andrews that while his theological writings pulsated with hope and conviction and an intense focus on the second coming of Jesus, the hope was not an overly joyous one. His pen did not take flight with any strong sense of personal assurance that the day of judgment would be a joy. Andrews only occasionally touched on the bright side of hope. He understood the deep love of God, and preached on it occasionally. But the predominating rhythm one hears throughout his preaching and writing is the relentless drumbeat of duty and the call to obedience. The flip side of such an intense sense of duty was the inevitable compulsion of guilt that motivated him. That was perhaps unavoidable given his theological foundations and his early associations. Joseph Bates believed fervently in the hope of the Advent and in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, but as George R. Knight has clearly

shown, there was a deep strand of legalism and righteousness by works that shaped his theology and his Christian experience. Andrews shared that perspective.[6] He lived in the pre-1888 era—in an Adventism shaped by its "obey and live" theology.

John Andrews was first of all a New Englander. Historian Henry Adams claimed that "the chief charm of New England was harshness of contrasts and extremes in sensibility—a cold that froze the blood, and a heat that boiled it. . . . The violence of the contrasts was real."[7] In some way it seemed that the land itself shaped and molded its people. Passion and sensitivity distinguished New Englanders. They certainly characterized John Andrews and his fellow New England religionists. As Henry Ward Beecher noted, "There is nothing that a New Englander so nearly worships as an argument."[8] Frequently the arguments ended up in court. There was certainly a keen sensitivity about John Andrews that felt deeply any call of duty. The distinctive ethos of his community, its values, and its long theological heritage of duty and accountability provided rich cultural soil that nurtured his conscientiousness, and developed his commitment to service and the welfare of others. Furthermore, his encounter with Millerism in New England in his teens had been especially intense. Its sharp call to duty gave him a lifelong sense of urgency about the imminence of the end of all things.

But what else did it mean for Andrews to be a New Englander? To that study we must turn first. What background of family heritage and inheritance shaped this highly influential Adventist pioneer? What in the environment of his growing up years had molded the man in such a way that it enabled him to make such a valuable contribution to the Adventist Church?[9] What were the key decisions of his life that turned him to a life of total commitment and service to his Lord? The lineage that bequeathed John Nevins Andrews his genetic and cultural inheritance can be traced back clearly for several generations. It delivered to him a rich heritage of New England traditions.

THE ANDREWS-NEVINS STREAM

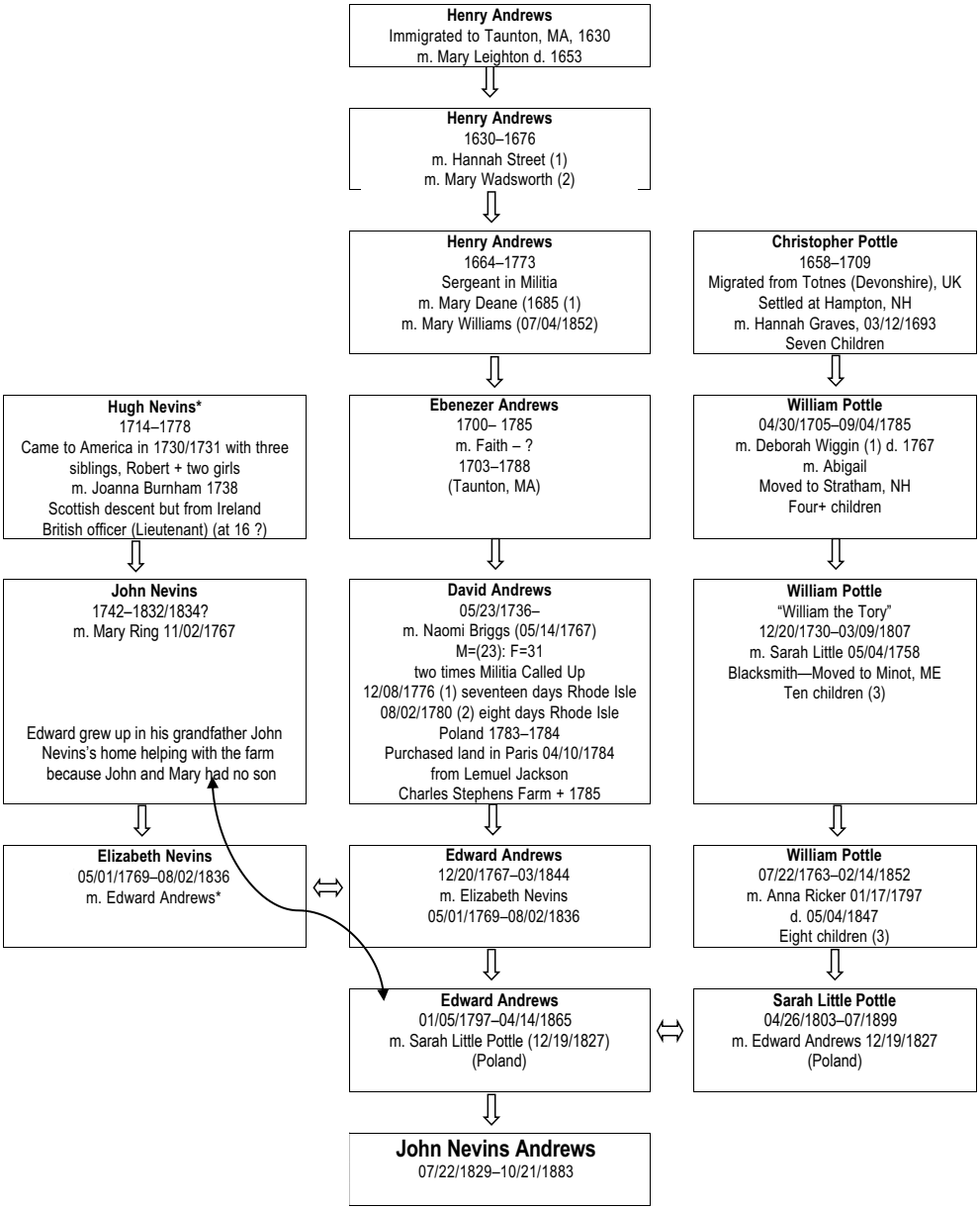
John Nevins Andrews was born on July 29, 1829, in a sparsely settled farming community of southeastern Maine known as East Poland. The nearest large town—the coastal city of Portland—lay thirty-five miles away to the southeast. On both sides of his lineage, Andrews had deep roots in the lush forests and fertile farms of his forebears. On his father's

side, he inherited a New England piety and a pioneering and entrepreneurial spirit that was resourced by a willingness to endure hardship. He could trace his American "Andrews" forebears back through seven generations to a Henry Andrews who had immigrated to the American colonies in 1630, settling near Boston in Taunton, Massachusetts.[10] The second generation had family ties to the Wadsworth family that two generations later produced America's celebrated poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The fifth generation of his forebears saw his great-great-grandfather David Andrews called up to serve as a militia man in the 1776 American War of Independence just months after he was married to Naomi Briggs. His company was assigned to the defense of Rhode Island, but he never saw any fighting. The call to serve was brief, and he was home three weeks later. Four years later he was summoned again in 1780, but that call-up was even shorter. He was back home after a little more than a week spent again in Rhode Island. But his rank as sergeant ever remained as a proud mark of commitment to patriotic duty.[11]

Three years later in 1783, Sergeant David and Naomi Andrews and their family of three moved to East Poland, not far from the newly established home of a John Nevins, a close and respected wartime comrade. The Andrews family friendship with John Nevins was given a permanency when later the two families became linked through the marriage of their children.[12]

John Nevins's father, Hugh Nevins, of Scottish-Irish descent, came to North America in 1730 as a young British military officer accompanied by his younger siblings. Hugh settled in Massachusetts, and eight years later he married a local girl, Joanna Burnham. Their first child, John Nevins, namesake of the subject of our study, announced his arrival in their military home four years later in 1742. Young John grew up in the South Gloucester region of Maine, and during the American War of Independence he, too, was called to serve in the militia, which was where he served alongside his friend David Andrews. After the war, John Nevins become a surveyor and timber feller and secured a contract helping survey the dense forests of eastern Maine, which were being opened up as farmland to settle the outstanding unpaid salaries of war veterans. Nevins had established himself in East Poland around 1782, after he had helped survey the new district. He is recorded in local histories as the one who felled the first trees, making a clearing for the newly established townsite of New Gloucester, later called Poland. In the clearing he erected the first home and slowly carved a farm for himself out of the dense deciduous

John Nevins Andrews's Ancestral Family Tree



forest close to what is today the village of Mechanic Falls.[13]

The area known as East Poland at the turn of the nineteenth century was called a "town," but in reality it consisted of nothing more than an expanse of forest some fourteen miles across. Slowly it became dotted with widely scattered houses and farms. In 1829, when John Andrews was born there, the widely dispersed population was less than 2,000, made up of "mostly males and females," noted one historian with either a wry sense of humor or an editor who did not pick up the blooper.[14] It was then a "town" primarily for legal and geographic mapping purposes. In 1829, the year when John Nevins Andrews first smiled at his mother, in addition to the scattered farms, there had developed three tiny hamlets in the west, east, and south around a geographic center that became known as "Poland Corner." Even today in East Poland the word *town* is not to be equated with the word *urban.* David and Naomi Andrews were farming neighbors of John Nevins and his wife in East Poland for only a year or so. But it was long enough it seems for David's eldest son, sixteen-year-old Edward, and Elizabeth, John Nevins's fourteen-year-old daughter, to at least get acquainted, if not develop the beginnings of a romantic affection for each other. The very next year, in April 1784, David moved his family of three sons and a daughter to establish a new farm on property he had purchased in a sparsely populated, newly opened district twenty-five miles away in North Paris and approximately seven miles north of Paris Hill village.[15] (See figure 1 for a sketch map of the area.) This was real pioneering. His family arrived only two years after the district's first ever crop of corn had been raised. The undeveloped land clothed in virgin forest required vigorous labor to turn it into farmland. Timber felling, ploughing, and seeding of acreage for pasture and crops came first, along with the building of stone walls for retaining livestock. Then came road and bridge building and the establishment of civic amenities, such as schools and public buildings.

During that first decade on his land in North Paris, from 1784–1794, David Andrews, now approaching his sixties, established himself as a recognized civic leader; although at first most of the new farmers, it seems, hoped they would not be bothered too much by civics at all. The less government the better was their rule, and, besides, there were only about three hundred residents in the entire county area anyway. Thus, in 1792, when the state authorities attempted to incorporate the district around Paris into a township, David's family protested, along with almost the

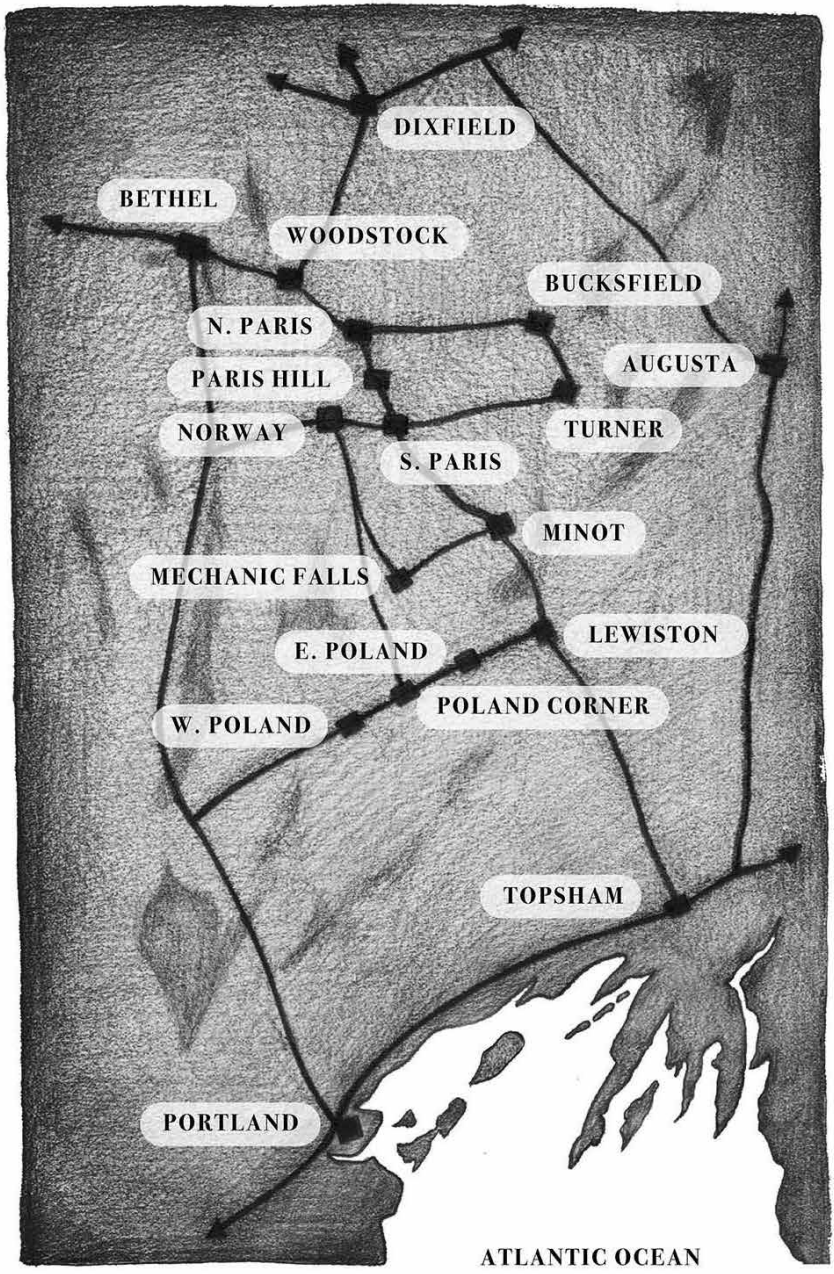
entire roll of eighty-four registered voters. He and his three sons signed the remonstrance to the legislature. They did not want to pay the extra tax that town incorporation involved. The protest was unsuccessful, and the act of incorporation was passed by the legislature anyway in 1793.[16] Civic duties could not be avoided. In the late 1790s, Great-Grandfather David took his turn as the Moderator of the Town Selectmen, whose responsibility it was to administer matters of local community and municipal concern overseeing the assignment of civic responsibilities. His sons, Andrew, Abiezer, and David, and son-in-law, John Gray, who had married his daughter Rhoda, also became involved in civic affairs and carried minor official roles in the township, such as "Road Surveyor," "Hog Reeve," "Tythingman," and "Fence viewer."[17]

Where the David Andrews family initially went to church is not known. A Congregational meetinghouse in the village of North Paris was not erected until 1817. Methodist class meetings started in the district in 1812, and a Union church (which the Methodists shared part-time with the Baptists) was built in 1829.[18] Much of the piety in this rural community was family based until populations expanded enough to warrant the building of a church or meetinghouse. Elder James Hooper, the pastor of the Baptist church in the center of Paris Hill village, noted that although the scattered population stood at about 2,000 in 1830, only about 350 people regularly attended services in the three denominations operating at that time in town.[19] Church attendance in the outlying hamlets around Paris Hill was probably higher, for there were more Methodist churches and the class system was more effective in engaging people—if attendance patterns at Woodstock, five miles away from North Paris, were any gauge of things.[20]

Although David and Naomi's new farm was about twenty or so miles from the Nevinses' farm at Mechanic Falls, the families evidently kept in touch with each other. Certainly the teenagers did. At some time around the year 1790, Edward Andrews and Elizabeth Nevins married, and Elizabeth became part of the Andrews clan in North Paris.[21] The tie cemented the close bonds between the two families, and the marriage proved to be a fruitful one, producing a brood of ten children, five boys and five girls. These children grew up to become prominent in the life of the farming hamlet of North Paris and in the Paris Hill village community. They provided a closely connected network of uncles and aunts, which was to have an important impact on the church pioneer's upbringing.

The fourth child in Edward and Elizabeth's family was a boy also

JOHN ANDREWS'S BOYHOOD ENVIRONS
SOUTH CENTRAL MAINE



named Edward, after his father. This second Edward was born in 1797, the year America made its first transition from one elected president to another as John Adams, the second president of the new republic, was installed. This second Edward grew up on the North Paris farm with his three older and three younger siblings until, at the age of seven, he went to live with his maternal grandfather, John Nevins, back in East Poland. Grandfather Nevins, sixty years of age at the time, had no son of his own, and tilled his land with the assistance of his wife and three younger, unmarried sisters. It was agreed by the family, therefore, that seven-year-old Edward would be "given" to his mother's parents to care for them and help them with farm chores. Although he became a surrogate son, he was never formally adopted. But this meant he was not on the North Paris farm when his mother gave birth to his three youngest siblings—Sullivan, Dorcas, and Charles.

Young Edward became very close to his maternal grandparents, and he remained with them in East Poland until his thirties. It was from within this district that Edward met his future wife, although he did not marry in a hurry. In 1827, at the age of thirty, he wedded twenty-four-year-old Sarah Pottle. She was also from a long established, hardy pioneering family in the East Poland neighborhood. Edward and Sarah spent their first two years of married life farming in the woods of East Poland. Two years later, Sarah gave birth to a son whom they named John Nevins, thus continuing the name of the heirless maternal grandfather now in his late nineties. Did Edward and Sarah hope that they might inherit the East Poland Nevins farm? As it happened, Grandfather Nevins lived to be more than one hundred years old, dying about 1832 or 1833, and then his three unmarried sisters stayed on the property, managing it competently right up into the late 1840s. The farm managed by Andrews's three maiden great aunts would become a place for nostalgic visits by the Andrews descendants in later years.

Two years later, after the birth of John Andrews, Edward and Sarah moved back to Paris to live again among the Andrews clan in North Paris. Town registers record the purchase of a house by Edward on June 22, 1830, for forty-five dollars, which seems to indicate a fairly small home without acreage. Edward and Sarah seem not to have prospered as well as his siblings. Edward followed the life of a farmworker in the Paris Hill area. He is listed as a "laborer" in the town register rather than as a "yeoman," the term normally used at the time for a farmer-landowner.[22] But there was no shortage of work for one with practical skills, energy, and strength. New road constructions were constantly being approved

by the local county, bridges were needed over streams and rivers, private homes and public buildings seemed always to be in demand, and then there was the regular if more seasonal farmwork.

THE POTTLE-RICKER CONNECTION

On his mother's side, J. N. Andrews also inherited a tradition of hard work and a stalwart pioneering spirit willing to endure hardship. Sarah, his mother, was a member of the Pottle family whose forebears, five generations earlier in 1693, had migrated from Britain to America. They had come from the town of Totnes, six miles inland from the Devon coast in England. John Andrews's great-grandfather on his mother's side, the third generation American, William Pottle, moved to Minot in Maine and established a successful blacksmithing workshop to service the rural community around him. Like the other towns in the area, Minot had its emerging hamlets to the west and east and bordered the Poland neighborhood where the Nevins family had settled. Blacksmith Pottle had been keenly interested in local state politics, and his stout loyalty for the British acquired him the sobriquet "William the Tory." The family made a lasting impact on the community, which is still commemorated today in the name of the steeply inclined Pottle Hill Road that gave access to their hilltop home. In 1758, William married Sarah, a daughter of the distinguished Little family of the same village, and together they produced ten children, one of whom they also named William, who continued the family tradition of blacksmithing. This fourth generation maternal grandfather of John Andrews was born in the midsummer of 1763 and grew up in the town of Minot. At the age of thirty-four, he took as his bride the pretty twenty-three-year-old neighborhood belle Anna Ricker, whose father was of German descent. This marriage of his maternal grandparents again linked two well-off families proud of their accomplishments.[23]

Grandmother Anna was a younger daughter of Jabez and Molly Ricker, who had established themselves and their family of ten children on a farm in the southern part of the town of Poland. Jabez's German family heritage flowed down through immigrants who had come to America in 1750 following a period of farming in the Jersey Islands in the English Channel. In 1794, twelve years after John Nevins had settled in East Poland, Jabez Ricker, by that time a reasonably well-to-do New England farmer and miller, and his wife, Molly, fell in love with a stretch of densely forested hill country a little less than two miles south of the

hamlet that was developing at Poland Corner. The property boasted a very simple one-chimney frame house, but its real attraction was a fine hilltop spring producing eight gallons of fresh water a minute.[24]

The Rickers liked to relate that on their very first day, even as they were still in the midst of settling into their one-chimney home, two hungry travelers arrived on their doorstep looking for breakfast on their way through the un-roaded forests to Paris Hill. Other requests for meals and overnight lodging soon followed as travelers heard word of the hospitality the family had proffered. There was nowhere else to go. Thus the family realized as they settled into their new hilltop farmhouse that they were very strategically located for travelers. They quickly set about enlarging the house and adding extensive stables and a barn. Three years later in 1797, the year Anna was born, the enlarged home became "Mansion House," and a sign set out on the roadside announced it as an inn. Grandmother Anna, therefore, grew up helping with the routine tasks of innkeeping, but also the fine art of providing hospitality. Over the years the route past their hilltop home became a major stopping place on the main stagecoach route between Portland and Canada, and the family business thrived.[25]

Grandparents Anna and William Pottle apparently stayed in the Poland district and produced eight offspring of their own, four boys and four girls. Their third daughter, whom they named Sarah Little Pottle (after William's grandmother, Sarah Little), was born in 1803. It was this Sarah who, at the age of twenty-three, married thirty-year-old Edward Andrews in a Saturday wedding the week before Christmas in the winter of 1827. How the couple met each other is not recorded, but their homes were only fifteen miles or so apart. Town records note that all three families—the Nevins, the Pottles, and the Rickers—were actively involved in leadership of the old order Congregational church that had begun meeting in Poland Corner. In 1825, two years before Edward and Sarah's wedding, the congregation had erected a large, new church building at the road junction that was becoming an important marketplace.[26] Church may have been the place of connection for the couple. Records show they were still in the East Poland district eighteen months later when, on July 29, 1829, John Nevins, their first baby, arrived. Sometime shortly after this event, the family moved back across to North Paris to live.[27] After they left, the East Poland farm remained in the care of John Nevins's three unmarried sisters.[28]

It is of interest for this study of John Andrews's life that Ellen

Harmon, between two and six years of age at the time (1829–1833), also lived in the Poland community. Her parents had gone to try their hand at farming in the southern part of the town only one mile from Poland Corner. The Harmon house, still standing on Jackson Road, East Poland, was on a hill on the northern side of the picturesque midrange pond, and if the trees had been cleared (which they were not), the Harmon family would have been able to see the imposing Ricker homestead and hotel directly on the opposite side of the lake, about a half-mile away as the crow flies.[29] Though they were certainly from a lower economic and social background, the Harmons would have been very much aware of the large Mansion House or the Wentworth Inn, as it was sometimes called, and of its owners, the Ricker family. The Ricker home was a local landmark, and the Harmons drove past it on their journeys to and from Portland. Quite possibly the families intersected also at the local general store, the blacksmith, at church, or at the annual July 4 Independence Day celebrations in town. But whether or not the Harmons were acquainted at the time with the Nevins family, it is intriguing that Ellen Harmon and John Nevins Andrews, whose lives became so closely intertwined in the years after they had both heard of William Miller, had spent several years as children growing up in the same rural community. In such close proximity to each other, despite the class difference, they had been shaped by the same kind of cultural and spiritual values. In the years that followed, however, Ellen moved with her family back to Portland, to life in the city. John Andrews, in contrast, spent his school years in a quiet rural community in the hills.

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1. JNA Notebook, "In Memory of Mary Andrews," 1878. CAR.

2. Ibid.

3. CMA to "My Dear Father," Nov. 26 and Dec. 10, 1878. CAR.

4. The transmission pattern of tuberculosis was not discovered until 1882 when Robert Koch of Germany demonstrated it in his studies of the bacillus. See Roland J. Evans, *The Pursuit of Power: Europe 1815–1914* (New York: Viking Press, 2016), 397, 398.

5. The comment was made in defense of Andrews to complaining Swiss brethren after he had been working among them for four years. EGW to "Dear Brethren," Aug. 29, 1878, EGWE-GC. A copy of the letter was sent to Andrews. See EGW to WCW, Dec. 11, 1878, EGWE-GC.

6. George R. Knight, *Joseph Bates: The Real Founder of Seventh-day Adventism* (Hagerstown, MD: Review and Herald®, 2005), 83–88.

7. Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, Co., 1907), 7.

8. Henry Ward Beecher and William Drysdale, *Proverbs From Plymouth Pulpit* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1887), cited in David Chrystal and Hilary Chrystal, *Words on Words: Quotations About Language and Languages* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 177.

9. Frederick Hoyt captures well the New England background of Ellen White in "Ellen White's Hometown: Portland, Maine, 1827–1846," in *The World of Ellen G. White,* ed. Gary Land (Hagerstown, MD: Review and Herald®, 1987), 13–32. This background also helps to provide understanding of the environment in which Andrews was raised.

10. Some branches of the family sought to link the New England Andrews family with the eminent Bishop Lancelot Andrewes (1555–1623) of London, whose claim on history was that he served as chaplain to Elizabeth I and as the convener of the committee that translated the King James Version of the English Bible. There is no link. The good bishop Andrewes, as a prelate of the church, was celibate. Compare Alfred Cole and Charles F. Whitman, *A History of Buckfield, Oxford County, Maine, From the Earliest Explorations to the Close of the Year 1900* (Buckfield, ME: n.p., 1915), 336, and Robert L. Ottley, *Lancelot Andrewes* (London: Methuen, 1905), 108.

11. His tombstone in the Fobes (sometimes spelled Forbes) District Cemetery in North Paris is inscribed "Sergt David Andrews, Mass Regt, Rev War." See also Frank Augustus Briggs, *Paris, Maine Soldiers of the Revolutionary War and their Descendants* (Kennebunk, ME: F. A. Briggs, 1937).

12. A helpful annotated genealogical summary of the Andrews family that includes the Edward Andrews branch has been assembled by Miriam Andrews of Gorham, Maine, a descendant of John Andrews's uncle Alfred: "Genealogy of My Branch of the Andrews Family in New England." See Miriam Andrews to Dr. J. N. Andrews, Nov. 7, Dec. 14, 1964, CAR.

13. The farmhouse was eventually replaced, but a historic marker on the new house commemorates the pioneering labors of John Nevins on "Empire Road," about one mile west of Mechanic Falls going toward West Minot. Mary Bennett, ed., *Poland: Past and Present 1795–1970* (Poland, ME: Poland Anniversary Committee, 1970), 12.

14. Ibid. See also Alvan B. Ricker, Bert M. Fernald, and Hiram Ricker, *Poland Centennial: September 11, 1895* (New York: Andrew H. Kellogg, 1896), 58–64.

15. Land records indicate that he purchased the property (lot 21 and a one-fourth of lots 19 and 20 in the seventh range) on April 10, 1784. See also William Berry Lapham and Silas Packard Maxim, *History of Paris, Maine, From Its Settlement to 1880, With a History of the Grants of 1736 & 1771, Together With Personal Sketches, a Copious Genealogical Register and an Appendix* (Paris, ME: n.p., 1884), 69, 70. See the town map on page 35. The properties are located at the end of Everingham Road, adjacent to the Fobes Cemetery.

16. H. E. Mitchell, B. V. Davis, *The Paris [Maine] Register, 1906* (Brunswick, ME: H. E. Mitchell & Co., 1906), 15, 18.

17. Lapham and Maxim, 94–96. The General Court of Massachusetts in the 1670s legislated a number of civic roles to oversee public order in New England. The law of

February 4, 1679, specified that the tything [sic] man was duty bound to seize liquors sold without license, and also "to present the names of all single persons that live under family government, stubborn and disorderly children & servants, night walkers, typlers [*sic*], saboath [*sic*] breakers, by night or by day, & such as absent themselves from the public worship of God on the Lord's dayes [*sic*], or whatever the course or practise [*sic*]of any person or persons whatsoeuer [*sic*] tending to debauchery, irreligion, prophaness [*sic*], & atheism among us, wherein by omission of family government, nurture, & religious duties, & instruction of children & servants, or idleness, profligate [*sic*], uncivill [*sic*], or rude practises [*sic*] of any sort." A fine of forty shillings was decreed for those that refused to serve in the role. "Hog reeves" ensured hogs were properly tied by their owners and "fence viewers" were responsible for ensuring that fences between properties were appropriately maintained. Fences had to be "hog tight and horse high." Good fences made good neighbors. http://www.olgp.net/chs/mayors/officeholders/positions.htm, accessed June 10, 2012.

18. Martin Dibner, *Portrait of Paris Hill: A Landmark Maine Village* (Paris Hill, ME: Paris Hill Press, 1990), 15–21.

19. Ibid., 18.

20. William Berry Lapham, *History of Woodstock, Maine, With Family Sketches and an Appendix* (Portland, ME: S. Berry, 1882), 82–85.

21. The birth of their first child occurred on October 17, 1791. Named John, this eldest uncle of the church pioneer was later to prove helpful in getting his nephew, John Andrews, economically reestablished in Waukon, Iowa, in the 1850s.

22. The house and lot he purchased were from a Peter Chase. Lot 22 is noted as being "bounded by a pile of stones" in "range 7" of the lots. On March 21, 1832, the following year, there is a record of Edward Andrews selling sixty acres of the "easterly part of the lot" for $350.00 to Alfred, but this appears to be a record of the older first Andrews selling off part of his farm to his son. *Oxford County Deeds* 30:146. Oxford County, Paris. In 1837, the same Edward sells another two acres "by measure," again to Alfred.

23. Twelve months earlier, Anna's elder brother Wentworth had married William's elder sister Mary. Hiram Ricker, *Poland Spring Centennial: A Souvenir* (South Poland, ME: n.p., 1895), 14. Ricker Memorial Library, Poland Corner, Maine.

24. Ibid. The Rickers purchased the land from some Shaker community families, which enabled the Shakers to consolidate their struggling village twelve miles south at Sabbath Day Lake—a place that remains to this day a notable historic site. Book can be viewed at http://archive.org/stream/polandspringcent00south#page/n5/mode/2up.

25. Ibid., 13, 22. For further details of the development of the Poland Springs Hotel and the bottled water industry that developed at the site, see Ricker, *Poland Spring Centennial.* In later years, the Ricker family developed the enterprise into the mammoth Poland Springs Resort Hotel after Wentworth Ricker's "discovery" in 1844 that the spring water had remarkable curative properties. Poland Spring water is still marketed widely in New England to this day.

26. Bennett, *Poland: Past and Present.*

27. The aged and widowed Grandfather Nevins died sometime in the early 1830s, and perhaps it was in connection with this development that Edward and Sarah decided to move to North Paris to live among Edward's own brothers and sisters in the Paris community.

28. Persis Sibley, who married John Andrews's uncle Charles Andrews, who was a lawyer, notes in her diary that the aged sisters had cared for the farm well and were still spritely in 1844. She and her husband, Charles, visited them on July 15, 1844. Persis married Andrew Black after the death of Charles. Her diary is known as the Persis Sibley Andrews Black Diary (PSABD) and is held in the Maine Historical Society Library in Portland, Maine.

29. JNA Notebook, "In Memory of Mary Andrews," 1878, CAR.