

This letter was written by James Fenwick's wife from dictation. She preserved a copy of it, which had a decided effect upon his son-in-law, Joseph J. White in his later management of the estate. The original letter later came into my hands, with other papers, through a strange series of circumstances which caused the series of letters (addressed) to Benjamin and Andrew Jones to be preserved and to be given to me because of the publicity which had been given to my work with blueberries.

*Written by Elizabeth White around 1950*

James Fenwick to Andrew Jones

May 10, 1882

Lisbon Farm May 10, 1882

Dear Andrew

Your letter of May 5th reached me several days later than if mailed to New Lisbon. I thank you for it as the perfection of a kind, affectionate letter. Yes truly I have been a sufferer for a long while and my physicians lead me to expect such to be my condition the rest of my life, but I believe God is love and ruleth all things: the very hairs on my head are numbered by him. God has manifested this love in sending His blessed son to live and die for my sins. He has become victorious over the grave and has gone to prepare a place for me, that where He is, I may be also.

From to me, He sends his comforter and although hard at times to realize His love in this constant great suffering. (He had cancer of the stomach. *This was most likely added when these letters were typed around 1950. Someone, maybe Elizabeth, crossed it out, but the words are still visible through the line.*) I doubt not all will be made manifest, for does He not tell us? "That as we are known, so shall we know Him." You "hope I have

the consolation of a quiet conscience". My conscience is quiet, knowing I have desired to serve God, striving to do his will, assured that having this desire sincerely, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. This is all my comfort, all my hope. Now your first two questions are answered.

For your very kind offer of assistance in pecuniary matters I heartily thank you, but am most thankful to God for being able to say my business affairs are in far better condition than for many previous years. The cranberry crop has not only paid the current expenses, paying off all the yearly bills, but \$500 or \$600 of accumulated bills and notes of former years, leaving a balance of \$100 or so in the bank.

Immediately upon learning from Dr. Agnew the nature of my disease, I had a lawyer to rewrite my will making my whole estate over to my wife during her life and to my daughter after her death, with my son in law, Joseph J. White as executor. Fearing my suffering might soon become so severe as to oblige the use of anodynes thus unfitting me for business transactions, I have had power of attorney assigned to J.J. White to transact all business in my name. (*Anodyne is a term for painkillers used prior to the 20th century. Today it would be called analgesics or simply, painkillers. In the 19th century, popular anodynes included opium, nightshade, and chloroform, which explains Fenwick's concern about his abilities should anodynes be needed.*) Most thankful are we all to God for enabling us to consider him not only an upright efficient business man, but an affectionate true son, and to feel sure he will keep the estate for all time entirely separate from his own business.

If there is one thing in which I have been deeply interested it was that I might develop the cranberry property and since introducing the water all appeared perfectly

hopeful, indeed certain of keeping outlays year by year within the income itself produces. At the same time providing a living, paying an interest on fifty or sixty thousand dollars by the time I was seventy, should I have lived an entire life to that age I had hoped.

With its cranberries, carp, and strawberries, etc. my hopes were bright. I do not think Joseph can sell this property to the same advantage as to hold it, still there may come seasons of poor crops or sudden foreclosure of mortgages (of which there are about six thousand dollars on it) which possibly may distress him - some day when a little time might save him. This is all the need of assistance I see my estate might require I think.

The Libson Farm you know about except perhaps that I have increased the encumbrance on it by a second mortgage of \$2,000. Directly after the war I was offered \$20,000 for the farm, perhaps it might sell for \$15,000. The stock on the farm was appraised at my son's death, nine years since, at \$3,000. Now perhaps might be worth half that amount. Now my dear cousin I trust you understand (as I wish you to do) the condition of my affairs, let me thank you for your ever kind interest and present generous offer, assuring you that any suggestion you may see fit to make now or any future time will be gratefully received by me or mine.

Another subject of great interest to me God has seen fit to cut off. One which would have proved not only pleasant employment, but pecuniary advantage, the overlooking and transacting business in Mr. Upton's tract, being Richard's share of the Hanover property. Among the rest, working old Mary Ann pond into cranberries, with sundry other similar jobs, requiring thought, knowledge, and experience of nature

which I feel I would use so to have proved myself a great advantage to Mr. Upton as well as bringing me in some \$600 per year, without occupying my time more than I would wish and without manual labor.

It sometimes makes me feel sad to feel that God is cutting me off in the midst of financial success, without it's full realization, but He knows best and I fully trust and pray He has better things in store for me.

I heartily thank God for the loving, good, dutiful daughter and son with which we are blessed who now are so great a comfort in very many ways to Mary and myself.

Once more my dear old friend and cousin let me thank you for your unwavering, sincere kindness to me through life. Although at times I have feared you misconstrued my great timidity in early life, which prevented my advancing in business rapidly. I look upon you as the best friend through life I ever had and sincerely thank God for your loving interest. May God's truest blessing rest upon you during life, bringing you peace and happiness which He alone can give, but which He promises to all who turn to Him with trusting, faithful hearts.

These words as you see are penned by my wife (who now does all my writing) but my own lips have dictated it word by word from my very heart.

Lovingly, your cousin

James A. Fenwick