

A MANUSCRIPT HISTORY
OF THE
STEVENS FAMILY



BY EMORY M. STEVENS
(1858-1937)

Completed in 1933
UNPUBLISHED

The original manuscript for this “History of the Stevens Family” was initiated many years ago by Reverend Emory M. Stevens and his two daughters, Edith and Jeanette. Many hours of searching, reading and writing went into this early, unbound writing. Unfortunately it was written on an inexpensive type of paper that discolored and became quite fragile over the years. As a result, it had to be re-copied. This task, and the yet greater one of bringing the history up-to-date, was tackled by me and my son, Donald E. Stevens.

The new copy, including the photographs, has been done by the Xerox method, which will make it possible to continue the history as the years pass on. I have done my best to find the new information necessary to bring this book up-to-date, and I sincerely hope that I have not missed anyone or placed erroneous information in its contents. If this has happened, however, please do not hesitate to inform me immediately.

I feel we are fortunate to be the holders of such a family history, and I am proud to have had the privilege of being a part of it. This book is for the reading enjoyment of any and all who desire to read it. My only requests to the reader are: Do not abuse it; return it promptly after finishing it; sign the following page and include the date.

Thank you,
Respectfully yours
Norman L. Stevens

Introduction

In 1905 a reunion of the Stevens family was held at Three Springs, Pennsylvania, with a picnic dinner, papers and addresses. Five generations were present, mostly from Huntingdon, Blair, Mifflin and Fulton counties, but two from as far away as California. There was one son of Benedict Stevens, Sr. present.

I am not certain who made the suggestion of a reunion but believe it to have been Ambrose Asbury Stevens. Neither am I now certain who the committee of arrangements was, but Ambrose and Edgar Stevens, and I think Edwinna Stevens, were members of it.

I was on the program to preach the night before to the assembled Clan in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Three Springs, which I did from Proverbs XXVII-10, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not." I was also asked to prepare a paper on the Stevens family, which I did. Around that paper material has been accumulating for the past twenty-eight years. For several years my daughters have been urging me to put the story in permanent form so that the essentials may not be lost. Since the death of Mrs. Stevens, I have put most of my spare time on its compilation and complete it on this my seventy-fifth birthday. It is far from perfect. If I had realized the importance of preserving a family history earlier, many things now conjecture and others gone forever could have been filled in for the persons were living who knew.

I am convinced that in all probability the family descended from the New England Stevens.

They certainly came from Airard Fitz-Stephens the Norman.

C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D: D.C.L., a Protestant Episcopal clergyman of New York City, in 1904, published the genealogy of his family, tracing it down from Airard Fitz-Stephens through England and New England, but did not give the other branches of the family after they settled in New England. I found this genealogy in the library of Chicago University several years ago, and made extracts there from, but not the complete English list, and I now know of no copy nearer than that in Chicago. If I were younger and had the time and strength, much information could possibly be found in the Pennsylvania Archives, in the State Library at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the birth, marriage, will and other estate records at Annapolis, Maryland.

For any who may care to use it, the Bedford County court records, deposited in the court house, Bedford, Pennsylvania, for April 11, 1780, April 16, 1782, and for April 1784 contain the name of Giles Stevens as a constable from Shirley Township, then in Bedford County, now Huntingdon County. The first two at least show that he was a civil officer under the colonial government of the days of the Revolution.

I have entered many instances not of an historical value, but purely for my grandchildren.

The Family Tree of the Stevens Family

Compiled and gathered by Emory Stevens, who was a district superintendent for many years, assisted by his two daughters Edith and Jeanette.

The Name

What is the genesis of the name Stevens?

Eleanor Lexington, in an article published in the Illustrated Weekly Magazine of November 5, 1905, says that Stevens and Stephens are from the Greek word stephanos. The Greek root from which this word is derived means a crown. The old Greek tradition is that in the Classic days a father returned from the Olympic games with the crown of victory on his brow. The crown was of oak, myrtle, laurel or olive branches, usually the latter, twisted into a wreath. These games were instituted in July 776 BC and held every four years. Upon his return home, the victor was received with unusual distinction. Songs were sung in his praise; a place of honor was given him at all public spectacles; he was exempted from most of the public taxes and other honors were bestowed upon him. According to the story, this father greatly elated at his distinction, in honor of the event, named his young son Stephanos. Whether this is the origin of the name or not, Stephanos became a favorite name among the Greeks. Many writers and other prominent persons bore the name, then and since. Thucydides gave his son the name and it was the name of a famous Roman sculptor; the leading deacon of the Christian congregation at Jerusalem and Christianity's first martyr whose history is record in Acts VI-VII was Stephen; ten bishops or popes of Rome took this name as their ecclesiastic designation. Estienna, one of the French forms of Stevens, was the name of a family of scholars and printers of the middle Ages. In Paris other French forms are Etienne and Estevenner. The Spanish form is Esteven; the Italian, Stefano; the German, Steffel; Dutch, Steven; Russian, Stefan and Stepkn, and Polish, Escozegan. The Norman seems to have been Stephen or Fitz-Stephens "The Son of Stephen." The English and American variations of the name are Stevens, Steveens, Steevens, Stevins, Stevyns, Steeuns, Stephenes, Stepheyns, Stephhyns, Schyvyne and Fitz-Stephens. The major spelling of the name at present in England and America is Stevens or Stephens.

The family originally had a coat of arms, which some members of the family use in England and America today. It was a shield. The upper two-thirds, extending down each side to a point, was azure-blue. The other third was a silver white triangle with its point projecting upward between the points of the upper color. In each upper corner of the shield was a falcon in flight. Above the shield but not quite on it was a twisted bast upon which stood erect a "demi-eagle." Below the shield was imitation of a ribbon containing the motto "Je Vis En Zapier" and a star in each end of the ribbon. This coat of arms is recorded in the Visitation of Gloucester, 1623. The original drawing of it may be seen in the British Museum. It is also shown in carvings at Chavenage House, which I take to be the name of the family mansion, and on family tombs. There seem to have been several family mottos besides the one given on their coat of arms, and apparently at

times used on the coat of arms: Vigilans et Aidax; Concilio et Armis; Fides Stephanis; Bude Tyme (apparently old English for bide your time) are some of these.

The Family

Whence came the clan called Stevens? This is the question confronting us. A second is like unto the first in perplexity. What race are they of? Irish, Scotch Irish, Scotch or English, or a kind of mixture of these with a liberal sprinkling of German and perhaps other blood? So far as traced, the family history begins with Airard Fitz-Stephens, a Norman nobleman. This country in a general way was the northern part Gaul – later France – and as a result of its being occupied in the early part of the tenth century by the [] (known as Northern) whose name in the new land gradually changed to Norman, hence Normandy. Airard Fitz-Stephens commanded the ship “[Mora], the flagship of Duke William the Conqueror’s fleet, in his invasion of England in 1066, and the vessel that transported the king. The story told is that his cousin-wife Duchess Matilda, afterward queen, built it unknown to her husband and presented it to him for his personal use. It was scarcely larger than a fishing boat, measured by present-day standards, but as large as any of the fleet, able to carry eight knights with their horses, equipment and supplies, and royally magnificent in its appointments. An effigy in bronze of their youngest son adorned the prow. A trumpet was held to his lips with one hand; the other held a bow with the arrow aimed at England.

The Mora had a rival, the Blanche Nef or White Ship, said by some to have been “the finest of the Norman navy.” It was commanded by Airard’s son Thomas Fitz-Stephens. This vessel was wrecked and nearly all on board lost. Of the commander Rossetti says,

Stout Fitz-Stephens came to the king,

A captain famous in seafaring.”

The Battle of Hastings was fought October 14, 1066, the Saxon king being defeated and slain by Duke William of Normandy, known in history as William the Conqueror, who was crowned king of England on Christmas, although it took him five years longer to subdue all the kingdom. Seldom has one nation been more completely subjugated by another than England by William and his Normans. During these five years of battles, most of the outstanding Saxon nobles were slain. The better portion of the lands of their and of the conquered lesser barons he confiscated on the theory that he was entitled to the throne and they were guilty of treason in warring against him. William made but few earls or barons, but after allocating much of the land to himself, distributed the remainder among his followers according to their prominence or merits, so that the greater portion of the best land of England changed hands from Saxons to Normans and thus gave William a kind of armed land support during his reign.

The Fitz-Stephens received their land allotment in Gloucestershire – now the county of Gloucester, located in the southwestern part of middle England. At least as early as the reign of the fifth Norman king, Henry II, 1154-1189, they were feudal barons in Gloucestershire with their seat at Lyplatt Park.

William the Conqueror (1066-1087) was succeeded by his son William Rufus, commonly known as William the Red, (1087-1100). He was succeeded by his brother, Henry I, the youngest son of William the Conqueror, (1100-1125), and he by Stephen, (1125-1154). The latter was the grandson of William the Conqueror through his daughter Adela who had married Stephen, Earl of Blois, in southern Normandy, being their second or third son. Who was this Stephen Earl of Blois on the River Loire in present France, who was the father of the fourth Norman king of England? This question we have not been able to definitely answer, but it does confirm the fact that the name and family as indicated were Norman, that they were of considerable prominence in Norman affairs, and that probably Stephen Earl of Blois and Airard Fitz-Stephens were related.

Ralph, son of Thomas Fitz-Stephens, commander of the Blanc Nef and grandson of Airard, married Vesta, daughter of the king or overlord of South Wales. Their son Robert was one of the Norman conquerors of Ireland. One of the Fitz-Stephens was present on the evening of December 29, 1170, in Canterbury Cathedral, and witnessed the assignation of arch bishop Thomas A. Becket before the alter of St Benedict by knights Fitzsurse, Tracey, Prito and Morville, and I wonder if he had any part in it.

The descent of the Fitz-Stephenses on the material side has included Earls of Gloucester, Warwick, Surrey and other high and distinguished ones. There have been intermarriages with the royal line of Edward I, the crusader, 1272-1297, and the House of Tudor, a family of Welsh extraction who occupied the English throne from 1483-1603. There was also some kind of a connection with Oliver Cromwell and Chief Justice Sir Matthew Hale.

Sir Philip Stephens was Lord of the Admiralty about the end of the 18th century. Many have been members of parliament. Several have acquired note in literature and one has the Royal Historian of England. The magnificent bronze group of the Wellington monument in St Paul's Cathedral, London, said to be the finest example of plastic work of modern times, is the work of Alfred Stevens.

In 1647 Charles I was tried at Westminster on the charge of being a 'tyrant, traitor and murderer.'" After three days' trial, fifty-five of the seventy-one judges or jurors affixed their names to his death warrant. One of the fifty-five, who is said reluctantly signed, was Nathaniel Stephens of Chevenage House.

The American Branch

All the English, Welsh and Irish Stevens seem to have descended from Airard Fitz-Stephens and his son Thomas. All authorities are in substantial agreement upon this.

John Stephens was the son of Sir Edward Stephens and Annie his wife, sister of First Lord Crewe of Stene. He was named for his uncle John, who was a Member of Parliament. He seems to have been the founder of the American branch, and was a direct descendant of Airard Fitz-Stephens. His house was besieged and captured by the Royalists at Lyplatt Part, Manor of Little Sodbury, Gloucester County, during the difficulty with Charles I. He came over in 1648 with his sons and one daughter and was given a grant of land at Guilford Connecticut, which had been settled in 1639 and was located seventeen miles east of New Haven; an Island not far from his property was named Falcon in Ablusion to Falcon on the coat of Arms. He died in 1670. He spelled his name Stephyns.

The above is from the statement of Eleanor Lexington which is confirmed by C Ellis Stevens, LL.D DCL, a protestant Episcopal clergyman of New York City who in 1904 privately printed the genealogy of his family, tracing it down from Airard Fitz-Stephens through England and New England, but did not give the other branches of the family after the American settlement.

Abel Stevens the great Methodist editor and historian was the greatest church editor and the greatest historian the Methodist Episcopal the church ever produced. Besides his seven volumes, giving the history of Methodism and the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he wrote twelve or fifteen other histories and biographies, in addition to a large number of review and similar articles. Dr James M Buckley said of him, "His mental activity and versatility I never knew his equaled. As a preacher and public speaker, he was very eloquent." For thirty years he was an editor of papers and magazines. His father died when he was eight, and he went into the cotton factory to help support his mother and three younger children by working in the factory from before daylight to eight in the evening for fifty cents a week. He was born in Philadelphia in 1815 and died in California in 1897. I never saw him but have his picture. He wears a very full beard so that most of his face cannot be seen, but he has the Stevens' nose.

When I was a pastor at First Church, Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, 1889-1990, his brother Rev. Joseph Stevens, a Presbyterian minister, 73 or 74 years of age, resided there. He had come to Jersey Shore as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, married a lady of the congregation, and served as pastor for thirty-five years. The congregation then wanted a younger man and he tendered his resignation and retired but remained in the town. He very frequently worshipped in the Methodist Episcopal Church and preached for me several times. We became quite intimate and had many conversations about the Stevens' family and his brother Abel and the hardship of his early days, and that all the children finally had to be distributed among those willing to care for them. For the mother finally died. He had the cast of features and characteristics of grandfather Benedict Stevens Jr. He said that the Stevens family came over soon after the Mayflower. A man of the family had married into one of the Pilgrim families and settled in Malden, four miles north of Boston, Massachusetts. He had four sons, one of whom remained in Malden; one went into New York, one farther west, and one into southeastern Pennsylvania or Maryland. This tradition is wide spread, east and west, fixes the centers of population as they seem to have been in the later years, and locates the time and place somewhat definitely.

In 1902-1906 I was pastor of Pine Street, Williamsport. I had in my membership a Mr. Rickey, whose mother was a Stevens. He had the tradition that the original Stevens came over about the middle of the seventeenth century or earlier, and that he married a lady who either came over on the Mayflower or that her parents had. His mother told him that there was a family tree that she had seen. He was under the impression that it was in existence and in the possession of his uncle D. T. Stevens of New York City. I got my brother Ambrose to try and locate him during his time off as a railway postal clerk while in that city, but he did not have much success in obtaining anything definite.

I then got Mr. Rickey to write to several members of his mother's family, but the only one he could get any information from was an aged sister who had recently been stricken with paralysis. However, this quest was not in vain. It was discovered that in 1896 Philander Stevens, a cousin of D. T. Stevens and formerly a New York City merchant, had published a book entitled Recollections and Incidents of a Lifetime. Philander Stevens was a native of Schoharie County, New York, and was born November 16, 1819. A copy of this book was sent to Mr. Rickey and placed in my hands. It contains a very clear, full-page portrait of the author, and as soon as I saw it I was deeply impressed with the family likeness, especially with the nose, eyebrows, forehead and ears. This was so marked that I got a photograph of grandfather Benedict Stevens Jr. and place the two pictures side by side, when the resemblance, making allowance for difference in age, was more striking than I had at first noticed.

Philander Stevens says that his grandfather Gersom Stevens lived at Danbury, Connecticut, and had been born in Stratford, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in 1741. He was by occupation a blacksmith and held the rank of major in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War. During his term of service, he worked mostly at his trade, shoeing the horses of the troops and repairing the locks of their guns. He superintended the making of the big chain stretched across the Hudson River at West Point to prevent the British fleet from passing up the river and was with Washington at Valley Forge. Philander Stevens says in his book, "I have not been able to trace the genealogy of my grandfather back more than two hundred years. It is well known, however, that their ancestors came from England, if not with the Pilgrims, then very soon after. They were thoroughly New England." His two hundred years from 1896 would extend back to the opening of the eighteenth century, but eighty years or a little more than two generations from the landing of the Pilgrims.

The above would indicate two or three things.

The certainty that the family was originally Norman and descended from Airard Fitz-Stevens.

That this was true of all the English, Welch (through Ralph, grandson of Airard), Scotch and Irish Stevens. The strains of Irish and Scotch or Scotch-Irish and German in our line came in by marriage, although there is a family tradition that in the American family the father or mother were English and the other Scotch or Scotch-Irish, and that the German came in later.

That the family came to America soon after the Mayflower. That there may have been two or more (likely brothers or else blood kin) coming over at the same time, settling in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and that they were closely related either by blood or through intermarriage with one or more of the Mayflower Pilgrims, but that it is

impossible now to trace definitely our family line for a hundred or more years after the coming.

Before I continue the discussion of our immediate family, I want to record a number of things so that my grandchildren and other may have these notations of interest regarding the Stevens family in general. Two or three of the family were pronounced Loyalists at the time of the American Revolution.

Benjamin Stevens graduated from Harvard University in 1740 and was ordained a minister in 1751. He would have been elected president of Harvard University had it not been for his Tory principles. He was an able man of most excellent character with no shadow on his reputation, save his loyalty to King George.

A second was John Stevens of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who graduated from Harvard in 1766 and narrowly escaped hanging in 1776 because of his sympathy with the British. He saved himself further trouble by going to St. John, New Brunswick, and remaining there until after peace was declared.

A third, Shubal Stevens, died in Kings County, New Brunswick, in 1826. It is not clear what part he had taken, other than that he was opposed to the colonists and what they stood for.

Three brothers, Joshua, David and Ebenezer Stevens, born in Wales, were Pennsylvania pioneers. Joshua's son David was a cousin of Daniel Boone and fought in the war of 1812. The name is a very prominent one in eastern Pennsylvania. While writing this history, I examined the Philadelphia telephone directory and found the name in it over 170 times.

The five sons of Thomas Stevens of Stamford, Connecticut, were each granted a house and lot in 1676 for services in colonial wars. Ezra Stevens of Danbury, Connecticut, was an officer in the Revolution.

Samuel Stevens of Massachusetts was a Minute Man at Lexington.

Receipts are in existence for payments made through Elihu Stevens to men sent against Burgoyne. Elihu was a member of the Provincial Congress. His son Lieutenant Colonel Josiah Stevens was in Stark's brigade in the Revolution and one of those who contributed his private means to help pay the army. He was a large landowner in New Hampshire.

Lieutenant Nathaniel Stevens was in Queen Anne's war. He married into the family of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts. There were also marriage connections with the families of Israel Putnam and the Mayflower Whites. Peregrine White, born in 1620, was the first white child born in New England. His father William died shortly after his birth. His mother remarrying had the distinction of being the first mother and first bride in the new colony. In consideration of being the first born of the new settlement, Peregrine White was given 200 acres at Marshfield, Massachusetts, where he creditably filled several minor offices. Zadock Stevens married Phebe White, one of his descendants.

Phineas Stevens (1707-1766), born at Sudbury, Massachusetts, in about 1711 moved to Rutland, then in New Hampshire now in Vermont. In 1723 he was captured by the Abanaki Indians. Apparently after his release he moved from Rutland, fifty miles southeast, across the Connecticut River, to southwestern New Hampshire, and became one of the pioneer settlers of Charlestown. In April 1747, during the King George war, he commanded the fort at Charlestown, repelling the attack of 400 French and Indians. He received a valuable sword for his bravery and remained as

commander of the fort until 1750. In 1749 and again in 1752 he was sent to Canada to negotiate for exchange of prisoners. During these journeys he kept a diary that later was published, becoming part of the state archives.

Edward Stevens (1745-1820) was born in Culpepper, Virginia, and probably was closely connected with our line. He became a colonel of the 10th Virginia Militia in 1775, and the same year commanded at the skirmish at Great Bridge. Two years later he saved a portion of Washington's army from capture at the Battle of Brandywine; he fought with gallantry and marked ability at Germantown, Camden and Guilford Court House, and in 1779 became a brigadier-general. He was a close personal friend of Washington and after the Revolutionary War was over was for a long time a member of the Virginia Senate.

John Stevens, steamboat inventor

John Stevens (1749-1828), born in New York, was noted as a American inventor, engineer and steamboat builder. As early as 1790 he petitioned Congress for legislation to protect American inventors, and through his efforts a bill was passed which was the beginning of our present patent system. Two years earlier he had begun experiments as to the motive power of steam, and in 1792 he took out two patents for marine engines under the new law he had inspired. In 1801, with Nicholas Roosevelt and Robert R. Livingston, he built a steamboat and sought from the New York legislature the exclusive right to navigate the Hudson River by steam. His boat failed to meet the speed conditions imposed. In 1804 he built a twin screw steamship which seems to have been the first of that class. This boat traveled at four miles per hour and its engine is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, DC. In 1807, with his son Robert L., he built the paddle-wheeled steamboat, having sectional boilers and high pressure condensing engines of his own invention, and which he put in successful operation only a few days after Fulton's Clermont. Robert Livingston had joined Fulton, carrying with him the ideas Stevens used in the boat that had failed the speed test on the Hudson, the result being that the Clermont met the five miles per hour test, giving Fulton and Livingston the monopoly of steam navigation on the Hudson. Stevens, thus shut out, took the Phoenix from New York to Delaware Bay, thus being the first steam vessel to successfully navigate the ocean. It ran regularly on the Delaware River for six years. He also placed a steamship in regular traffic on the Connecticut River.

In October 1811, John Stevens established the first steam ferry in the world, from Hoboken to New York City. In the following years he invented many improvements in steamboat and engine construction, and in 1812 designed a circular ironclad floating batter for harbor defense, which was probably the first attempt to construct an ironclad. In 1826 he built a locomotive, after a model of his own, which is said to have been the first locomotive to run on a track in America. Before his death he had suggested a railroad from Albany to Lake Erie and had made the plans for the Camden and Amboy, now a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad system. I raise the questions, without trying to answer them, as to whether it was no John Stevens instead of Robert Fulton who invented the steamboat, and whether Fulton would have succeeded as early as he did had in not been for the information of what Stevens had done, carried to him by Robert E. Livingston when he left Stevens and joined Fulton?

What I want to do is to give a kind of family tradition. When a boy, my mother had told me that grandmother had told her that a relative of grandfather had invented a steamboat before Fulton, and that it had run on the rivers of New Jersey and that he had lived in New Jersey. At the time I thought it was grandfather Sheffler she meant and that it was grandmother Sheffler who had told

her the story. She did not mention the name but simply said grandfather and grandmother. Young as I was, it did not occur to me that it could not have been a relative of grandfather Sheffler, who did not come to this country from Germany until after that period. Later when I thought about it I came to the conclusion that it was a mistake and dropped the matter and never asked her about it. What was my amazement to find the historical facts I have given regarding John Stevens! I am now convinced that it was not Grandfather Sheffler but Grandfather Stevens she meant. I think mother said he was an uncle or great uncle. My daughter Jeanette says she has investigated the line of John Stevens and feels that he could not have been of our line, but never-the-less, here is this tradition, coming at a time when newspapers and books were very few in our family, from which it could either have been obtained or the story of John Stevens' achievements obtained; hence it would seem that it must have come down as a family tradition. If so, how did it arise? The time, the place, the inventions, the running of the boat, all fit. Grandfather and Grandmother Stevens were born at the time John Stevens was inventing his steamboat.

His son, Robert Livingston Stevens (1787-1856), born in Hoboken, NJ, first applied the wave line to ship building, and introduced many improvements in the construction of steamships and marine engines. In 1813 he invented the elongated percussion shell, used by the government for smooth bore guns until long after the civil war. He was the first to burn anthracite coal instead of charcoal in the cupola of an iron furnace, which he did in 1818, and not long afterward used it in his father's steamers. In 1842 the government contracted with him to build an iron man-of-war, but he died before it was completed. It was known as the Stevens Floating Battery.

Edwin A. Stevens (1795-1868) was another son of John Stevens, born in Hoboken, NJ, and like his father and elder brother, was an inventor, engineer and naval constructor. John Stevens' sons succeeded to his large shipping and railroad interests, of which firm Edwin A. was a member. He invented the Stevens plow, an air tight fire room for forced draught in engines, and was the designer of the so-called Stevens battery, constructed by his brother but never finished, although at the outbreak of the Civil War he tried to have it completed and used. At his death he left a large bequest to have it completed and commissioned, but it was not sufficient. It finally passed into the possession of the State of New Jersey, and that state in 1874 sold it to the United States. However it was never finished and was finally disposed of in 1880. However, he built the Naugatuck, which was used in the Civil War. He established a line of steamers on the Hudson. He founded and endowed the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, NJ, leaving it \$1,000,000 at his death.

Ebenezer Stevens (1751-1823), born in Boston, Massachusetts, was a member of the celebrated Boston Tea Party. In 1773 he raised two artillery regiments and one of engineers, becoming a lieutenant in the artillery expedition against Quebec. By 1778 he had arisen to lieutenant colonel. He commanded the artillery at Ticonderoga and Stillwater, and for a time at Yorktown. He was one of the founders of the Society of Cincinnati, became a prominent merchant in New York City, and was a major general of militia in the War of 1812 although more than sixty years of age.

John Austin Stevens (1795-1874) was born in New York City and graduated from Yale. For twenty-seven years he was president of the Bank of Commerce of New York City. He was the first president of the Merchants Exchange. During the Civil War, he was president of the associated banks of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the governmental loans made at that period were floated under his direction, he being confidential advisor of the US Treasury.

Thaddeus Stevens (1792-1868) was born in Danville, Vermont. He was known as the Great Commoner. In 1833 he was elected to the Pennsylvania legislature, serving several years. He is known as the father of the Common School system of this state. He owned Caledonia Furnace and Forge in Franklin County, where Andrew Sheffler Sr. was the chief forge man and where my mother was born. My maternal grandmother Sheffler told how he would visit the furnace, pat children on the head, and say what possibilities were there if they only had the opportunity for schooling. The furnace and forge were burnt by the Confederate forces, either when they marched to Gettysburg, when they passed that way, or when Chambersburg was burned. During his service in the legislature he opposed and conquered the "machine" in his own party. In 1849 he entered Congress, serving two terms. He was early an abolitionist, and opposed not only the Fugitive Slave Law but every concession to the South touching the slave question. He took a leading part in organizing the Republican Party in Pennsylvania. He returned to Congress in 1859, and from then until his death was the leader of the House of Representatives. During the Civil War, he was chairman of its most important committee, the "Ways and Means," and after the War was chairman of the Committee on Reconstruction. While chairman of this Committee, the Confederate officer (I think General McCauslin) came before the Committee to ask that his disabilities be removed and he be restored to citizenship. It was he who had commanded the troops that burned Thaddeus Stevens' furnace. The chairman examined him. "Was it not you who commanded that [my] furnace be burned?" "It was." "Did you not order your troops to burn it?" "I did." "Was not that the chief reason why you ordered it to be burned?" "It was." "And yet you come here asking me as chairman of this committee to recommend that your disabilities be removed, and you be restored to citizenship?" "I do." "Well I like your d--- impudence and will see that it is done."

Thaddeus Stevens was the most radical anti-slavery member of the Lower House and probably of either chamber, and was the most powerful opponent of President Johnson's plan of reconstruction. He was chairman of the House Committee in charge of the impeachment of the President. He spent his later years in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Isaac Ingalls Stevens (1818-1862) was born at North Andover, MA, and graduated from West Point in 1839. He served as Adjutant of Engineers under General Scott in the Mexican War. In 1852 he was made Governor of Washington Territory. In 1855 he suppressed the revolt of the Washington Indians. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was commissioned as Colonel of the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers, rose to the rank of major general, and was killed while leading a charge at the battle of Chantilly.

Henry Stevens (1812-1886) was born in Vermont and was a graduate of Yale and studied at Harvard. He placed the British Museum, Lenox Library, the Congressional Library, Smithsonian Institute and many other libraries and institutions under great obligation, because of his researches, contributions and collections.

John Leavitt Stevens (1820-1895) was born at Mount Vernon, Vermont. He was minister to Uruguay and Paraguay (1870-1873); to Sweden and Norway (1877-1883), and later to the Hawaiian Islands, his title in this mission being changed in 1890 to Minister Plenipotentiary. In 1893 a revolution broke out against the royal government, and Stevens established a United States protectorate over the islands. This action was disavowed by the United States Secretary of State, and Stevens was recalled but was exonerated by the United States Senate. He was the author of several books and for a time editor of the Kennebec ME journal.

Benjamin Franklin Stevens (1833-1902) was born in Barnet, Vermont. For a third of a century he searched the archives of England, France, Holland and Spain for matter relating to America, and for many years acted as purchasing agent in London for American libraries. He was the author of several historical works.

Frederic William Stevens (1840-), grandson of Ebenezer Stevens (already mentioned) and of Albert Galletin, outstanding financier, statesman, diplomat and author. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in the Union Army. For fifty-seven years he was director of the Chemical Nation Bank of New York City.

John F. Stevens (1853-) was born in West Gardiner, Maine. He was a prominent American engineer, and was such for various railroads until 1905, when he became chief engineer of the Panama Canal. In 1907 he served as chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He was vice-chairman in charge of operation of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in 1908, and from 1909-1911 was president of several railways in the Northwest.

Besides these, there more than a score of the American Stevens branch prominent enough to have been mentioned in encyclopedias, biographies or histories, besides those spelling their name Stephens, chief of whom was Alexander Hamilton Stephens (1812-1883). For five years a member of the Georgia Legislature, he was sixteen years a member of Congress before the Civil war and eight years after. He died while governor of Georgia. He was vice president of the Confederacy. He wrote several historical books.

John Lloyd Stephens (1805-1852), a native of New Jersey, was noted as a traveler, archeologist, historian and diplomat. His travels were extensive in Europe, Egypt, Arabia, Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan. In Chiapas, Yucatan and Central America he explored the ruins of forty-four ancient cities. He was long United States Minister to the Central American republics.

Stevens Family Tree

The tree here presented has many lapses in it, which can be filled so far as able from the Stevens story in the former pages.

Airard Fitz-Stephens

Airard Fitz-Stephens was a Norman who commanded Duke William's flagship when he invaded England. Battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

Thomas Fitz-Stephens

Son of Airard. He commanded the Blanche Nef (White Ship) in the invasion.

Ralph Fitz-Stephens

Son of Thomas. Married Vesta, daughter of king or overlord of South Wales.

The Fitz-Stephens had their land allotment in Gloucestershire, becoming feudal barons with their seat at Lypiatt Park.

Several centuries line through England not worked out.

Edward Stephens

Married Annie, sister of First Lord Crew of Stene.

John Stephens

Son of Edward, came to America with sons and daughter in 1648.

Settled in New England.

One family apparently married into a Mayflower family.

From New England, the family scattered south and west.

Giles Stevens

Born in Baltimore County, Maryland, around 1729.

Came to Aughwick or Fort Shirley around 1767-1772.

Children –

Certainly

(Rev) David Stevens, born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1759, died at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, December 15, 1828.

William Stevens, Revolutionary soldier, one of two who escaped from the Wyoming Massacre.

Benedict Stevens, Sr. born February 1, 1772. Died October 21, 1854.

Giles Stevens, Jr.

Probably

John Stevens

Benjamin Stevens

Sarah Stevens (may have been a daughter-in-law)

Benedict Stevens, Sr.

Born at Shirleysburg, February 1, 1773.

Died in Springfield Township, October 21, 1854. Buried in Jordan Graveyard.

Twice married.

First wife, Hannah Gilbert Jenkins. Born in 1772. Probably at Shirleysburg, died at farm near Shirleysburg, September 8, 1828. Buried in old Shirleysburg Cemetery near F.B.T Railroad. Married March 7, 1793.

Children

David Stevens – born December 17, 1793. Died near Altoona

Mary Stevens – born May 18, 1795. Died near Jack's Mountain

John Jenkins Stevens – born December 11, 1796

George Rickets Stevens – born April 3, 1799

Benedict Stevens Jr. – born near Shirleysburg on February 28, 1802. Died October 23, 1883

William Stevens – born March 16, 1806

Asa Stevens – born November 7, 1808

Rebecca Stevens – born September 23, 1812

Second wife, Mary Prosser

Charles Prosser Stevens, born December 10, 1826. Lived but two or three years.

James McKendrey Stevens – born May 12, 1828

Daniel Fletcher Stevens – born May 11, 1830, died February 13, 1913

Giles Emory Stevens – born April 29, 1832

Henry Laughlan Stevens – born May 21, 1836

Nancy Ruth Stevens – born July 25, 1839

All of the above are from Benedict Stevens Sr.'s family record, but only births are given. Apparently he had at least fourteen children by two marriages, eleven sons and three daughters. Eldest was forty-six when youngest was born.

Benedict Stevens Jr.

Born near Shirleysburg, February 28, 1802

Died at Three Springs, Pennsylvania, October 23, 1883

Married Eve Ow, daughter of Hermanus Ow who was married three times, Eve being a daughter of the first marriage. Born July 17, 1804, probably at Shirleysburg, and died at Three Springs on December 31, 1882.

Children

Two died in infancy

Asa S. Stevens – born December 3, 1823. Died in 1911. First wife Elizabeth Adams; one daughter born. Second wife, Sarah Hartline; several children born.

Hannah Jenkins Stevens – born February 17, 1826, died October 7, 1881. Married Henry Stains October 6, 1851; one son and two daughters.

David White Stevens – born April 28, 1827. Killed in Civil War May 8, 1864. Married Mary Booher August 19, 1852. One daughter died in infancy. Had one son and three daughters. William Waters, member of Wisconsin Conference, married Catherine McCoy; children Warren, David (vice president of Rockefeller Educational Foundation), Annie

Samuel Ow Stevens – born January 27, 1829; drowned in Big Aughwick night of November 3, 1844.

George Hermanus Stevens – born August 28, 1830, died April 6, 1863. Twice married. Children: Thomas, William and David.

William Henry Stevens – born December 12, 1831, died June 10, 1901

Catherine Gilbert Stevens – born May 16, 1834, died December 11, 1917. Married Nathaniel Covert December 23, 1852. At least four sons and two daughters. H Thaddeus Covert, Central Pennsylvania Conference, is a grandson.

Rachel B. Stevens – born February 29, 1836, died May 12, 1908. Married Daniel M Heck December 25, 1856. Children: two sons and five daughters. One son, Orlando Graham Heck, was a member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

Benedict Tarring Stevens – born February 20, 1838, died April 19, 1916. Married Mary Heeter June 4, 1863. She died February 1, 1926. Children: several died in infancy. John, Edgar, Ida and Edwinna reached maturity.

Rebecca Jane Stevens – born October 17, 1839, died about 1912. Married twice. First to Abraham Corbin. Children: one daughter. Second to Samuel Weight, a widower. Two or three children.

Frank Dyson Stevens – born March 13, 1841, died April 1928. Married three times. First Anna Bush. Five children: one died in infancy, Arthur Bush, Claudine, Frank Gilbert Haven (member of Southern California Conference), and Kingsley. Married second Annie Hiney. Married third Lara Booher.

Wesley Lee Stevens – born December 25, 1842, died summer of 1928. Married Susan J. Keister November 12, 1868. Twelve children.

Isabel Duffey Stevens – born April 25, 1847, died fall of 1931. Married Harrison Heeter fall of 1868. Children: several daughters, two sons.

William Henry Stevens

Born December 12, 1831

Died June 10, 1901. Buried at Three Springs

Member of Baltimore, East Baltimore and Central Pennsylvania Conferences.

Twice married.

First marriage: Margaretta Sheffler February 18, 1858. Born January 8, 1828, died February 9, 1895. Buried in Three Springs. Daughter of Andrew Sheffler who was born in Germany on January 2, 1796, and died August 9, 1863; buried in Orbisonia. Mother Barbara Ann Miller, born June 17, 1788, died March 1, 1865. Children: James, Andrew, Margaretta, and Elizabeth.

Children

Emory Miller Stevens, and twin who died at birth - born November 29, 1858.

Watson Summerfield Stevens – born September 28, 1860, died November 2, 1863. Buried at Orbisonia.

William Henry Stevens Jr. – born September 11, 1862. Married Elizabeth Handy July 22, 1893. Children: Curtiss C. and Portia B.

Ambrose Asbury Stevens – born March 13, 1868, died November 21, 1906. Buried at Three Springs. Married Ida G. Hamilton September 13, 1889. One daughter died at age two or three.

Second marriage: Catherine Linn, widow of Rev. Hugh Linn. No children.

Emory Miller Stevens

Born November 29, 1853.

Member Central Pennsylvania Conference.

Married Julie Kohler Lesder, born January 12, 1852, died January 3, 1932. Buried at Three Springs. Married December 11, 1883.

Children

Edith May Stevens - born April 4, 1885. Married Jacob Donald Hockman December 25, 1919, born August 21, 1879. Member Philadelphia Conference. Children: Jeanette Stevens Hockman – born March 22, 1923; Constance Amanda Hockman – born July 26, 1924; Barbara Ann Hockman – born December 28, 1927

Jeanette Stevens - born January 25, 1889.

The Family of Giles Stevens

My great-great grandfather was Giles Stevens Sr. He came to Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, from the southwestern part of Baltimore County, Maryland. The nearest town seems to have been Sykesville, although that was just over the line in Carroll County.

How did the family reach Maryland and from where? Baltimore was settled about 1729 or 1730, a hundred years after the Stevens family came to New England. The settling of the city mainly controlled the settling of the contiguous territory. The first settlers of that city were all Catholics, but the Stevenses were Protestants as far back as we can trace them in this country, and our branch were Methodists almost since the beginning of Methodism on this continent. Hence we can at once exclude the early settlers of Baltimore.

However, the charter for Maryland had been granted about a century earlier than the settling of Baltimore, and small settlements had been made, or attempted, in the lower part of the colony some years before the founding of Baltimore, and before the middle of the eighteenth century there was considerable settling in various parts of the colony. About the time of the settling of Baltimore or earlier, Puritans began to come from Virginia; most of these Protestants settled in the southern half of the state along a section of the state into which we have not been able to trace the Stevens family, along Chesapeake Bay, and a long distance from where we find the Maryland location of Giles Stevens.

There are some things to be kept in mind. That there were Stevenses in Virginia. Just how early we do not know, but as early or earlier than the settling of Baltimore. They were around Fredericksburg, Virginia. The town of Stephensburg, Virginia, was founded by Peter Stephens, who had seven sons who fought in the Revolution, two giving their lives, which would indicate that they were there by the middle of the century or earlier. These Stevenses may have come directly from England since there was considerable immigration directly from there to Virginia, but they may have come from New England since the family was scarcely located in New England when they began to move west and south. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were scarcely opened in 1783 [sic] when they entered that colony, and at an early period Puritans from New England began to go by water to Virginia and the Chesapeake Bay region. It should be mentioned that at that date Puritan was a common name for all New Englanders. Only thirty or thirty-five years elapsed from the settling of Baltimore until Giles Stevens came to Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.

Rev. James Stevens was born July 19, 1776 in the same locality from which Giles Stevens came. His father was Rezin Stevens, born in 1748. He married Sarah Hood. My father told me that James Stevens looked like Grandfather Benedict Stevens, and that he had heard the two discussing their relationship, in the latter's home, and that they agreed they were related but did not know how near. It is a safe guess that Rezin Stevens was the father, brother, uncle or cousin of Giles Stevens, and that there is a clear tracing back of our family for nearly two hundred years and within about three generations of the New England settlement. Personally I have no doubt, from tradition, from the resemblance as shown by portraits and descriptions, from the tendency of the New England group to move west and south, from the fact that New Englanders in considerable numbers did go to Virginia and Maryland, that we are descendants of those who

came over a little after the Mayflower and married into that company and came to Maryland late in the seventeenth or near the opening of the eighteenth century and that the original settlers in New England were the grandparents of Giles Stevens Sr. or at the farthest the great, great grandparents. I know this has a measure of doubt about it, but if the ancestors of Giles Stevens Sr. did not come from New England, they do tie back to England and to the Norman Airard Fitz-Stephens. There were Stephensons, whose family originally were Stephens, who came to Virginia in 1635 directly from England. May these not have changed their name from Stephenson to Stephens or Stevens – the original meaning the son of Stephen? May I mention again the Irish, Scotch and German characteristics? The original settlers of New England were English, but Irish and Scotch soon followed.

Giles Stevens settled at Aughwick, now Shirleysburg, Pennsylvania. Nearly all the early settlers there were Irish or Scotch-Irish. Captain George Crogan, the chief man there, was an Irishman, charged with being a Catholic which he denied. It is almost certain that, if Irish, he was Catholic, and if Scotch-Irish, he was Protestant. For that was the way they divided. There is no difficulty in seeing how the Irish or Scotch-Irish could come in by marriage. The German of our particular branch, if not earlier, would come in through Grandmother Eve Ow Stevens, who was of German descent.

The name Giles probably came from intermarriage. I understood in my boyhood days that the Giles were somehow related. It did not concern me then, and now there is probably no one who knows. When I lived in Altoona, I met a Mr. Giles who had been postmaster and was two or three times mayor of that city. I thought I would ask him about his descent and what he knew of the relationship of the family, but I did not. He is now deceased.

When did our branch of the family come from Maryland to Huntington County, Pennsylvania?

It is evident that they did not come before 1759, for in that year a son David Stevens was born in Baltimore County, Maryland.

Benedict Stevens Sr. was born February 1, 1773, and the undisputed family tradition is that he was born at Shirleysburg. The assessment list of 1779 for Shirley Township contains the name of his father, Giles Stevens Sr. If Benedict Stevens Sr. was born in Shirleysburg early in 1773, the family could not have come later than the fall of 1772, with the mother in the condition she would be, winter weather, and difficulty of traveling over the kind of roads they then had. So we are pinned down to some date between 1759 and 1772, a period of thirteen years, for their coming. The history of the times further reduces this. In getting at this I will give some history of general interest, but not at all pertaining to the time of the coming of the family. History that goes back further than 1759, but leads up to events more recent than that date.

The region of Aughwick (the town was named after Aughwick Creek, which was Shawnee for crooked) was held by Delaware Indians with a sprinkling of Shawnee and had not been included in the sale to William Penn in 1682. The Delawares were not warlike; the Shawnees were more so, but not being numerous were comparatively harmless. The hills and valleys were mainly kept as hunting grounds but contained at all times a considerable number of small Indian villages. Standing Stone, where Huntingdon is, was a great council place, marked by a tall stone planted in the ground, which gave it the name. At the time of the settlement by the whites, there was a considerable Shawnee village at Aughwick, now Shirleysburg Township, from the site of which I have gathered many flint arrows and spear heads, stone axes, tomahawks and skinning knives. There were several other villages along the Aughwick, and one near Three Springs. There was an

Indian burying ground on the end of Sandy Ridge, back of the lower end of Orbisonia. The Delawares were subject to the six nations of the North, having at an early day been conquered by them, and were always treated by them as an inferior tribe. The trail used by the early traders and settlers in passing from the Susquehanna to the Ohio was probably the same one used for centuries by the Indians. Long after the whites began to use it, it was still only a horse path and was impassible for wheeled vehicles. It led up through Tuscarora Valley, probably leaving the Juniata River at Port Royal, down through Shade Gap Narrows (then called the “Shades of Death”) and down through Black Log of Rock Hill Gap. There was a large tree at the entrance to this gap where the travelers camped and around and against which they built their campfires, until it was burned down; then they built them against the blackened trunk until it was consumed. Hence the name for mountain, gap and stream – Black Log. At Black Log, the trail forked, the southern branch going up towards where Three Springs now is, passing along the lower slope of the end of Jack’s Mountain, then over Broad Top Mountain and into Woodcock Valley. The northern trail ran down past Aughwick, now Shirleysburg, to Drakes Ferry, now Mount Union, then up the Juniata River to Standing Stone, through Woodcock and Hartslog Valleys, up the Frankstown branch of the Little Juniata to near Hollidaysburg, and then over the Allegheny Mountains near where the Pennsylvania Railroad now crosses. It was this trail that gave such early importance to Aughwick Valley and was the only one used in its two branches until 1755 when a military road was made for Braddock’s army, farther south. John Harris, founder of Harrisburg, passed along this trail in 1754 and said that it was three miles from the Shadow of Death to the Black Log and six miles from Black Log to Aughwick, which very closely corresponds to the measured distances of today. He continues, “From Aughwick to John Armstrong Narrows, so called from his being there murdered, eight miles.” These are the narrows through Jack’s Mountain along the Juniata River, between Mount Union and Mapleton. Armstrong and his two servants were killed in March 1744; this shows that early traders and other whites were using the trail although there does not seem to have been any white settlements along it in what is now Huntingdon County, other than an occasional cabin.

George Crogan, an Irishman by birth, came to Pennsylvania in 1742, settling on the Susquehanna five miles west of where Harrisburg now stands. As early as 1747 he began to trade with the Indians, using this trail, and in June 1748 passed over it westward with twenty horses, mostly pack animals. In July he returned eastward, and when in August Conrad Weiser was sent west to conciliate the Indians and win their friendship, he recognized him. Weiser says that on August 17th they “crossed the Tuscarora Hill and came to the sleeping place called Black Log, twenty miles.” This made it evident that the trail had been used long enough to give English names to the localities. The next day, the 18th, they passed Aughwick, but there is no mention of there being any white settlers there at that time, although there seems to have been three or four families.

The Indians at this time were restless because a few whites, without permission and in violation of the treaty of 1682 with Penn, were encroaching on their hunting grounds. Weiser promised the Indians at Aughwick that upon his return he would see that the scattered settlers were removed. In a few weeks, upon his return, a proclamation was issued warning the settlers that they were trespassers and commanding them to withdraw from the Indian Territory. This proclamation was not respected by the intruders, and increased unrest of the Indians was the condition at the opening of 1749.

January 27, 1750 Cumberland County was formed. It embraced most of the territory now covered by Cumberland, Franklin, Perry, Mifflin, Juniata, Huntingdon, Bedford and Blair Counties. In May the undersheriffs and magistrates of Cumberland County set out to keep the promise Conrad Weiser had made to the Indians, to remove the settlers. Most of these were driven off, their cabins burnt. It was in this way that Burnt Cabins, now in Fulton County, got its name. At Aughwick, Peter Falconer, Nicholas DeLong, Samuel Perry and John Charleton were arrested and placed under bonds to appear at the next session of court at Shippensburg, and they also gave bonds to remove their families, cattle and effects. Charleton's cabin was burned and one other in process of erection. It would seem from this that there were only four families living at Aughwick at that time. Richard Peters, Colonial Secretary, in his report of this eviction, made July 2, 1750, said that these settlers had come to Aughwick about three years before. This would make in 1747, the year before Weiser passed and the year George Crogan began to trade over the trail; or if he dates from the eviction, it was 1746. As already indicated the Indians had a considerable village there under chief Half King, and it was a common place for councils to meet.

George Crogan, who had been with the undersheriffs on the eviction expedition and had helped to burn cabins and expel the residents, soon became a trespasser himself. He failed in his trading operations and, to escape his debtors and keep out of prison, fled to the wilds of Aughwick. How soon this was after the visit of the undersheriffs we do not know, but we find him living there in January 1754. From there he made frequent trips westward and kept the Colonial government informed of the doings of the French and Indians, and complained that he could not give clearer and more speedy information for fear of being discovered by his creditors. The Indians also made frequent trips over the mountains, telling the French what was going on at Aughwick, and upon their return telling Crogan what the French were doing, thus pretending to be friendly with both ends of the line. It was this and similar things that made Aughwick the center of activity for that part of the Colony in the French and Indian War.

In the latter part of 1754, Washington began the hostilities of that war by defeating the French and Indians at Great Meadows, a few miles south of the present Pittsburgh, but early in July was himself surrounded and compelled to capitulate at Fort Necessity. Two or three days later (July 6) at Albany, the head chiefs of the Six Nations sold all of Cumberland County and much other territory to Thomas and Richard Penn. After the defeat of Fort Necessity, several of the Indians who had been with Washington brought their families to Aughwick. These were followed by others in August, and George Crogan had more than he could care for and feed. By September they numbered 200 men, women and children. At that time Conrad Weiser arrived with 300 pounds from the colonial government to purchase supplies for them and also for the purpose of holding a council with them to inform them of the sale of their lands. Weiser found there were settlers scattered for three miles around Aughwick and that there were twenty cabins at that place mostly occupied by Indians. That the Indians were a drinking, thieving lot. That Crogan had between twenty-five and thirty acres of corn. That the Indians were continually stealing his corn and pumpkins and milking his cows. That in the woods about a mile from Crogan's cabin a man named Montour and his wife, a squaw, were running a speakeasy and that the Indians were bartering to them everything they had for rum and that some of the magistrates of Cumberland County were supplying the liquor for their speakeasy and that Chief Half King and the other chiefs were as drunken as any of the others. That Crogan, having failed to stop their dissipation, had agreed to give them a keg once a month for a frolic, but that this had not helped things. (The squaw wife of Montour was known as Madam Montour and was a desperately disreputable

character. Later she located in what is now Lycoming County where the town of Montoursville stands, near the junction of the Loyalsock and the west branch of the Susquehanna, the town being named for her.

September 2-8, Weiser met the Indians in council. When he told them of the sale of their lands they were extremely angry. Their homes and hunting grounds had been bartered away from them without either their consent or their knowledge. A few days after this council, Half King, with his family and several other chiefs, set out for the John Harris house at Harrisburg, Harris having visited Aughwick that summer. Half King took sick on the way and died at John Harris' on October 6. Chief Scorrody became his successor as head chief of the Indians at Aughwick. A proposition was now made to remove these Indians to the mouth of the Juniata. This Crogan opposed, and on December 23 suggested the building of a fort at Aughwick for the protection of both whites and Indians from the French. He insisted that the "back settlers" needed the fort. His recommendation did not prevail at that time.

In February 1755 General Braddock reached America to take command of the British forces. Governor Morris wrote Crogan at Aughwick to assemble the friendly Indians from as far north as the lakes to support Braddock in his proposed campaign. Crogan made the effort, but few Indians responded. On May 1 he laid the governor's message before the Indians at Aughwick. They readily consented to march with him the next morning, leaving the women and children behind. They marched, but the women and children marched with them.

May 20, at Fort Cumberland near where Cumberland, MD, now stands, we find Crogan and Montour with perhaps two or three other whites and fifty Indians from Aughwick. Crogan expected the women and children to start on their return to Aughwick the next day, and also expected enough more Indians to arrive to make his force 120. The recruits did not arrive. The Indians were dissatisfied with Braddock and, when the women and children left, all but seven left also. These were all the Indians from Aughwick, or Huntingdon County, or Pennsylvania, who fought with Braddock in the battle in which he was killed.

Soon after the Indians who deserted Fort Cumberland returned to Aughwick, they began leaving, some going to Shamokin and others to Paxtang, now the eastern suburb of Harrisburg, so that by the fall of 1756, they were nearly all gone.

Most of the Delaware Indians left the valleys of the Juniata and the Susquehanna by 1768, moving west of the Allegheny Mountains, but a few lingered; it was not until 1771 that the last left the Aughwick Valley, going to Cattaraugus, NY.

Crogan fought in the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and for his part in that battle the Colonial Assembly passed an act exempting him for arrest for debt for ten years. He returned to Aughwick and revived his project for the erection of a fort there. As the dangers increased, he proceeded to build one himself. It was a kind of log stockade and stood on the point of the little plateau, west of the road entering Shirleysburg from the north, between that and the East Broad Top Railroad, and on the south bank of Fort Run. The Indian village of Aughwick stood between the fort and the creek near where the East Round Top Railroad station now is. Crogan completed his stockade about November 1, 1755. He had about forty men to assist in garrisoning it. His condition at this time was most critical. Aughwick was almost cut off from the lower settlements. Rumor after rumor reached the Colonial Governor at Philadelphia that the place had been captured. Chief Scorrody, who had gone to Shamokin and who was thoroughly familiar with the situation, sent Crogan word to leave or he would be killed. That his fort was the first to receive

the blow of the French and Indians if the cross from the Ohio. A few days after Crogan completed his stockade, the Provincial Government decided to build a chain of forts to protect the frontier. Forts Carlisle, Shippen, Granville, Shirley, Littleton, Loudon and Bedford were to be enlarged or erected. Crogan was given a captain's commission and directed to superintend the construction of the new forts in this region. He at once enlarged and strengthened his own stockade and renamed it Fort Shirley, and in less than two months, by January 1, 1756, had in not only completed but also Fort Littleton, and had sixty or seventy men in each, and had his troops scouting or ranging the trails and woods several miles in every direction from each. Crogan remained in command until March 1756. When his accounts pertaining to the arms, ammunition and supplies he had issues were disputed, he resigned. The accounts were afterward found to be correct. He left the valley soon after his resignation, going to Albany, NY, where Sir William Johnston appointed him deputy Indian agent. He then went to Philadelphia, and later to Pittsburgh, from whence he passed down the Ohio and was captured by the French and was sent to be a prisoner at Detroit. He died in New York in 1782.

Captain Hugh Mercer became his successor in command of Fort Shirley. The garrison was reduced to thirty men when he took command, but he speedily recruited it to sixty.

April 9, Captain Hamilton, who commanded at Fort Littleton, sent a detail to Fort Shirley for Dr. Mercer, though at the same time he sent another to Fort Carlisle for Dr. Prentice, saying that he was afraid Dr. Mercer could not leave Fort Shirley because of the circumstances that the fort was under.

The danger increased and the reign of terror extended. Settlers abandoned their homes and fled to the east of the Susquehanna. Gordon says, "In 1755 the country west of the Susquehanna River had 3,000 men fit to bear arms. In August 1756, exclusive of the provincial soldiers, there were not one hundred, fear having driven them from their homes. It is the belief of historians that Gordon's estimate of 3,000 is much too high, but that his estimate of 100 is a fair statement. Those who remained planted their fields and harvested their crops under guards of soldiers. About this time two soldiers were wounded by drunken Indians at Fort Shirley. The Indians were both killed in the attempt to capture them. There were several murders near "The Three Springs." (This was the location of the three springs a mile above where the town of Three Springs, originally called Scottsville, is located.)

By July 1756, one hundred Indians and fifty French under Chief Jacobs, crossed from Kittanning on the Allegheny River, and August 3 captured Fort Granville, near Lewistown, burning it by shooting arrows with combustible matter fastened to them and ignited. A part of the garrison was absent, protecting harvesters, and thus escaped; but twenty-two soldiers, three women and several children were made prisoners, and one or more of the soldiers were tortured to death. All were carried west of the mountains. One of the prisoners named Girty escaped and was pursued by two of the Indians to the crest of the Alleghenies, where they attempted to recapture him. In the fight, which ensued, he slew one and the other fled. Scalping the one he had killed, he carried his scalp to Fort Shirley. In this incursion of the Indians they either came over the southern branch of the trail to Black Log Narrows and then up through the Shades of Death and down to the Juniata, or along the northern branch to Brakes Ferry (Mount Union) and on down the Juniata, or turned off at Mill Creek and within a few miles of Fort Shirley.

This incursion was to be quickly avenged. Colonel John Armstrong was ordered to cross the mountains and attack the Indians at Kittanning. The troops were to assemble at Fort Shirley. He

had seven companies, that of Fort Shirley being one. He marched from Fort Shirley August 30, and at daylight September 8 surprised the Indians at Kittanning, just as they were preparing to advance again over the mountains to destroy Fort Shirley. Twenty-four of their scouts had already started. They expected reinforcements of French and Indians from Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) that day. The expedition against Fort Shirley was to have comprised 400 and would have marched on the morning of the ninety. Colonel Armstrong badly defeated them, burning thirty houses, slaying many of their warriors, including Chief Jacobs, who had boasted that he could capture any fort that would burn and that he would never make peace with the English until they taught him how to make gunpowder.

In this battle the Fort Shirley company lost seven killed, one wounded, and nine missing. One of the latter was Captain Mercer. He had his arm broken by a shot and was supposed to have been captured. He escaped by lying behind a log, although an Indian passed within six feet of him. For a month he lived on wild plums and a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. After several days he saw what he supposed to be an Indian skulking behind a tree; this proved to be one of his own men in a similar plight to himself. They wandered on together until his companion could go no further and lay down to die. Mercer struggled on six miles, when he too sank down and was unable to rise. A band of friendly Cherokee Indians were at Fort Littleton at the time. These were sent out by Captain Hamilton to scout toward Sidling Hill and Reys Hill mountains and the foothills of the Alleghenies. They came upon Captain Mercer. Following his trail back they found the soldier. Making litters of poles, they carried them both to Fort Littleton. Two months after the battle, although his broken arm was not yet healed, Captain Mercer joined his company at Shippensburg.

Before marching on the expedition to Kittanning, Colonel Armstrong recommended the abandoning of Fort Shirley because of its remote situation and because a well had not been dug. Fort Shirley depended for water supply on Fort Run, which had a high bank next to the Fort along which the enemy could approach in an attack, sheltering himself and thus able to cut off the water supply. Hence Armstrong believed that in case of attack the fort could not be successfully defended unless very heavily garrisoned and that the only forts west of the Susquehanna which could be defended were Littleton, Shippensburg and Carlisle, the latter two not yet completed. By October, Fort Shirley was abandoned, and thus the only protection existing for the settlers of Huntingdon County was deserted. It seems however to have been later reoccupied.

The condition of alarm which we have been giving continued for seven or eight years, from the spring of 1754 until the fall of 1761 or spring of 1762.

During this period the hostile Indians made frequent incursions and kept away nearly all settlers.

The condition prevailing is shown in that the "Land Lien Docket" of Huntingdon County records but two office rights granted for lands before 1762. One was for Barnabas Barnes for a tract in Tell Township, February 3, 1755, and the other to Anthony Thompson on "Little Aughwick", June 25, 1755. Little Aughwick was the part of Aughwick Creek from above Burnt Cabins, Fulton County, down past Fort Littleton to just below Maddensville in Huntingdon County, where the Sidling Hill Creek joins it. From there to the Juniata River it is called "Big Aughwick."

These grants were but a few months before the building of Fort Shirley and Fort Littleton. There were four tracts warranted the same year, near Huntingdon and Alexandria. There were none other than these in Huntingdon County before 1762.

Titles to lands could not be acquired prior to the treaty of Albany, July 1754, but it is a forceful testimony to the dangers of the time that this region, containing such fertile land and situated on the great eastern and western trail, had only these six titles acquired in the next eight years. There were surveys made and lands located by blazing lines in a rough way, through the Aughwick Valley, and an occasional settler's cabin, but nothing permanent.

Captain Crogan surveyed and blocked out much of the best land for himself and others, but that was all.

The old home farm in Springfield Township was one of the Crogan surveys or that time, but was not occupied for several years. After the abandonment of Fort Shirley the Indians rendered residence in the Aughwick Valley and contiguous territory, so hazardous that no one cared to obtain titles to land, however good, cheap and well located.

All this is given to make it clear that the Stevens family could not have come to Fort Shirley before 1762. This narrows our thirteen years down to ten.

After the winter of 1761-62, there was a cessation of hostilities for some months, and during 1762 and the earlier part of 1763 many land warrants were taken out, mostly along the streams and in the valleys. This would indicate an influx of settlers, but not as many as we might suppose when we discover that many of these warrants were by men from eastern cities and were taken not for the purpose of settlement but for speculation. In the summer of 1763 this all ceased. The Indians became aggressive again. Depredations and murders were committed as near as Bedford, in which vicinity they killed, scalped and took as prisoners eighteen persons; in a panic of fear most of the settlers fled from the Aughwick and other valleys.

A letter from Carlisle under date of August 14, 1763, states that in Cumberland County, principally in the Juniata Valley, 750 families had abandoned their homes and crops from fear of the Indian incursions. July 25 there were 1384 refugees living in Shippensburg, in barns, sheds, cellars, and any place where they could find shelter.

If the Stevens family came to Fort Shirley before the summer of 1763, then they undoubtedly were compelled to leave, and there is no such tradition or indication that they ever left Shirley after once settling there. This narrows us down to nine years.

The settlers began to slowly and cautiously return to their homes in 1764, but there was continued uneasiness and no active movement of population until 1766, when large numbers came from the southern sections of the Colony and from Maryland. That year and the next many surveys were made and many land warrants issued, so that by the close of 1767 most of the best lands in the valleys and river and creek bottoms had been taken up. So we can safely slice off three more years and say that they were not here before the spring of 1767, thus narrowing the time to five years. The truth of this is seen from the diary of Rev. Charles Beatty. In 1766 he and Rev. George Duffield were appointed missionaries to the frontier settlements and to the Indians on the Ohio and during the summer made a two months religious exploring and preaching tour from the Susquehanna to the Ohio. They separated at the mouth of the Tuscarora Valley, where Port Royal now stands, Mr. Duffield going up that valley and Mr. Beatty up the Juniata. Mr. Beatty spent the night of August 27, at the house of John Carmichael, who lived somewhere near

Newton Hamilton. On the next day, Thursday August 28, he wrote, "rained last night and this morning until nine o'clock, when we set out for Fort Littleton, crossing the Juniata at the mouth of Aughwick Creek, and being conducted by the men in whose house we lodged, about twelve or fourteen miles along a small path which led up the river Aughwick, crossing the bends of it a number of times (the land chiefly level and some very rich near the river.) We passed by an old Indian town now deserted, where Fort Shirley was built in the late war. Hitherto we saw but two or three houses. We halted a little while on a natural meadow situated on a bend of the River Aughwick to let our horses feed. After traveling about thirty miles today, we arrived a little before night at Fort Littleton and put up at Mr. Birds, a public house." Here Mr. Beatty was joined again by Mr. Duffield. This statement shows that there was but a sparse settlement in the Aughwick Valley in 1766, although there were some settlers there, for George Irvin that or the next year settled at Orbisonia and there beside the trail built a small one-story log storeroom. We are pretty safe in saying that the family came to Shirley some time during the five years from the spring of 1767 to the fall of 1772. During that period and a little later there was quite an influx of Marylanders into the Aughwick Valley: the Ashrens, Maddens, Lanes, Gutshalls, Remseys, Stains, Browns and others.

John Bailey, a Revolutionary soldier, William Jones, William Ward, and John Robertson, were the original settlers on the upper part of big Aughwick. John Robertson settled on the old home place in Springfield Township. He lived in a house on the west side of the road, between I and the run which flowed down through the meadow from the spring, up at the present house, and on the lower end of the farm, near where the run bends westward and diagonally crosses the meadow on its way to the creek. The last time I was at the old home, the foundation stones of the Robertson house could be seen. There was an old apple tree on another part of the farm, a hundred years old when I knew it, named after him "the Robertson apple tree" and probably planted by him. It had fallen down and a shoot had sprung up from the trunk, reestablishing the tree. It was a prolific bearer, long keeper and of good flavor.

Bedford County was formed from Cumberland County March 9, 1771. It embraced all of the present Bedford and Huntingdon counties and much besides. Coming now to the family tree. It was the family of Giles Stevens Sr. that settled at Shirley, coming from Baltimore County, Maryland. We believe him to have been a native of Maryland. The date of his birth is not known, but Rezin Stevens who was probably a brother or near relative was born in 1748, and since we know that Giles Stevens Sr. had at least one son born as early as 1759, it is not probable that he was born later than about 1735, and it may have been several years earlier. This date would make it only five years after the founding of Baltimore City and would make him about thirty or thirty-five when he came to Shirley, for he did not come earlier than 1765 and more likely about 1769 or 1770. The fact that he was loyal and yet not in the Revolutionary War would make him older than that, for if he had been young enough he probably would have enlisted. The oldest assessment roll, extant, of Huntingdon County, is that of 1779, and in that he is assessed at Shirley and has two horses and three cattle. The next is two years later when he has one house and eleven persons are occupying it, which would indicate the possibility of nine children. In 1783 he was appointed assessor of Shirley Township. In 1784 the assessment and registration is the same as 1781: one house and eleven persons. In 1786 he has one horse and two cattle, and in 1788 two hundred acres of land, which likely was what was later known as the Ashman place, located one mile south of Shirleysburg. For this he was taxed seven shillings and three pence; and he had one horse and two cattle for which he was taxed three shillings and eight pence.

These dates cover the major portion of the Revolution, a part of which was almost as full of alary for the citizens of this part of Bedford County as was the period of the French and Indian War. No one seems to have been killed in the Aughwick Valley, but murders and massacres were numerous in other parts of Bedford County; thirty were massacred in Morrison Cove, and several soldiers and scouts were slain near Hollidaysburg, and in the summer of 1777 a number of persons were killed or captured at Standing Stone, now Huntingdon. Within the bounds of the present Huntingdon County there were numerous depredations committed and settlers were murdered; this became so bad that on June 12, 1781, George Ashman, Lieutenant for Bedford County, wrote the governor that in a few days he would move his family to Maryland for safety, and that many of the inhabitants had left. This George Ashman was one of the founders of the Ashman family and at this time or a little later he resided at Orbisonia, where in 1784 or 1785 with Thomas Cromwell and Edward Ridgley he built Bedford Furnace said to have been the first iron furnace to be erected west of the Susquehanna. This furnace was back of town, against the hill a little west of the present cemetery. When this furnace had run its course, another was built at the entrance of Black Log Narrows called Rock Hill Furnace, and that was fired by large double steam, coke-burning furnaces, in the flat opposite Orbisonia. The two earlier furnaces used charcoal. I remember Tommy Cromwell, whom I frequently way when he was very old and I was a small boy, who was one of the witnesses to Benedict Stevens' will.

In May, George Ashman wrote from Fort Littleton that he had received the militia enrollment of Bedford County, and that it numbered 1456, and that he was forming them for service. One of the military districts or battalions as then called, embraced nearly the territory of Huntingdon County. That old muster roll would reveal some interesting facts, could the names be identified, but the difficulty is that while names are there such as John Stevens, the residence is not given and there were persons of the same name in Morrisons Cove and in Hopewell Township. These evidently were the same general family. They came into Morrisons Cove about the time Giles Stevens Sr. came to Shirley and likely were not further removed than cousins. Shirley had no separate roll. Giles Stevens is not on the militia roll, which would indicate that in 1781 he was past military age. This would tend to confirm the statement that he was born not later than 1735.

There was a William Stevens, a son of Giles Stevens Sr., in the garrison of Wyoming at the time of the massacre. He and Anning Owen, who later became a Methodist Episcopal preacher, were the only two who escaped with their lives. One tradition is they were out scouting and foraging and the other that they were fishing, at least for some reason they were absent from the fort. The tradition is that when they returned, the fort was burned, and they then escaped. Daniel Stevens, son of Benedict Stevens Sr., told me that his father had told him that the William Stevens of the Wyoming massacre was his brother.

Huntingdon County only had one company and a few members of other companies in regular service in the Revolution. Not many of these were from the Aughwick Valley, although the inhabitants seem to have done a good deal of scouting and fighting on their own responsibility. This was chiefly against the Indians and Tories. I do not like to record it, but it is the a truth of history, that Huntingdon County was full of Tory nests; loyal inhabitants feared these more than they did the Indians. One of the worst of these nests was at Shirley. Every evidence is that the Stevenses were not Tories. Another nest was in Hare Valley, four or five miles west of Shirley, across Jack's Mountain, where Jacob Hare lived and after whom the valley was named. He was a Tory ringleader, and the patriots caught him and shaved off his ears, close to his head, as a mark

of what he was. In his later days he wore his hair long to so much as possible conceal his mutilation.

Another Tory was John Weston, living near Water Street, two miles above Alexandria, who in 1778 secretly raised a company and led them to Kittanning to join the Indians. The plan was to return to the county with a large force, slay or drive off the settlers, and give their personal property to the Indians, taking the best lands and improvements for themselves. The plot was most bloodthirsty. The knowledge of their departure spread terror everywhere. The settlers speedily assembled to guard the mountain passes. John Weston led his cutthroats to Kittanning, where they were fired upon by their Indian allies, many of them slain. Even the Indians did not trust them, suspecting treachery. It was a ragged, hungry crowd who came back, rather than the great conquering host they had planned. The guard at the mountain passes captured some of them, carrying them to Bedford jail. Others were killed, and others escaped to the eastern counties, but not one got back home. It is probable that some of the Stevenses were among the guards protecting the mountain passes.

After this, and after the slicing off of Hare's ears, Toryism was pretty quiet in Huntingdon County.

The autumn after the muster we mentioned, peace was declared, but the savages kept up a threatening attitude until the close of the next year. In 1783 a William Stevens was assessed in Dublin Township, his tax being one shilling and ten pence. The assessment rolls of 1786 show that a William Stevens was assessed at Shirley for one horse and one cattle, upon which he paid six shillings tax; the name disappeared from the Dublin Township assessment. In 1788 William Stevens has the same, upon which he paid three six pence tax, but he is also marked as a landlord having 60 acres upon which he paid three shillings eight pence tax. These persons are probably one, the William Stevens who escaped the Wyoming massacre and who was a son of Giles Stevens Sr., brother to Benedict Stevens Sr.

The assessment at Shirley of 1786 lists John Stevens with one cattle and two shillings tax, and in 1788 with one cattle and two pence tax. He probably was a son of Giles Stevens Sr. In 1784 Sarah Stevens was assessed with one house with two white persons in it. She may have been either a daughter or daughter-in-law of Giles Stevens Sr. In 1786 David Stevens (single) paid ten pence tax, and the same in 1788. He was undoubtedly a son of Giles Stevens Sr., and we will discuss him at length in the chapter on the Stevens preachers. The Shirley assessment of 1784 give Benjamin Stevens (white) one dwelling upon which he paid one shilling two pence tax. He also was a probable son of Giles Stevens Sr., although he may have been a son or grandson of Vincent Stevens Sr., since there was a Benjamin in that family as well. Later Benjamin disappears from the Shirley assessment, and a man of the same name appears in Bedford County. At this point I make the notation: One or more Stevenses came into Cumberland County from Maryland at or about the time Giles Stevens Sr. came to Shirley. The tradition is that they were brothers of Giles Stevens Sr., and all the facts indicate that this is true. They went twenty or twenty-five miles further south and located in what is now Fulton County. One of these was Vincent Stevens Sr. Among his sons was Vincent Stevens Jr., father of Rev. Isaac Collins Stevens, Rev. Benjamin Fletcher Stevens. He was grandfather of Rev. George W. Stevens, and closely related to Rev. William H. Stevens and Rev. Scott Stevens, I think also grandsons. I will also list these with the Stevens preachers. Vincent Stevens, who married a daughter of Aunt Kate Covert and granddaughter of Benedict Stevens Jr., was a brother of Rev. George W. Stevens and a grandson of Vincent Stevens Jr.

The sparseness of settlers during the period we have been discussing can be seen from the fact that Huntingdon County was formed from Bedford County in September 1787, having been a part of Bedford County for sixteen years. When formed it was much larger than it is now, yet the new county had but three polling places. One of these was at Shirley and included everything now in the townships of Shirley, Cromwell, Clay, Springfield, Dublin and Tell, nearly half the present county, and the polling place was not crowded. There apparently were only about 500 voters in the whole county.

The date and place of burial of Giles Stevens Sr. is unknown, but it was evidently after the assessment of 1788, for he is then on the assessment roll. It probably occurred between that date and the opening of the new century, and his grave must be in one of the old cemeteries at or near Shirleysburg. We have no knowledge as to who his wife was. How many children had he? We have seen that at one time there were eleven persons residing in his house, which would indicate the possibility of nine children at that time. We are certain of four sons: David born in Maryland in 1759, William born at Shirley in 1773, Benedict, and Giles Jr. The latter removed to Bedford County and there died. Originally his hair was black, but turned white and so remained for several years. About a year before his death it turned black and so remained.

We know of no Stevens family settling anywhere at Shirley or anywhere else in the Aughwick Valley, not the descendants of any thus settling, other than that of Giles Stevens Sr., hence we can fairly put down and add to the four mentioned John and Benjamin and Sarah as daughter or daughter-in-law, indicating six sons and one daughter, or possibly seven sons. We have the dates of but two of them. The assessment rolls, however, may appropriate the order and time of their birth. None were on in 1781 save Giles Sr. David who was apparently the oldest was 21 or 22, just approaching the age of assessment. In 1788 appears William; in 1784 Benjamin and Sarah; in 1786 John. This would indicate that perhaps the dates of birth were David, 1759; William, 1761; Benjamin and Sarah, 1762 and 1763; John, 1765; and Giles between that and 1772. Certainly David and probably all of these were born in Maryland. Benedict February 1, 1773.

The Court of Quarter Sessions records for Bedford County for April 11, 1780, and again in April 1784, includes in the list of constables the name of Giles Stevens, Shirley Township. This shows that he was living at that time and was a civil officer under the colonial government. We now trim the family tree down to –

Giles Stevens Sr. Born in Baltimore County, Maryland, near Sykesville, a town of at present 400 population, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near the Carroll County line. Came to Shirleysburg around 1770, had six or more sons and one daughter, and died there sometime after 1788. One of these sons was –

Benedict Stevens Sr. was born at Shirleysburg, Huntingdon County, then Bedford County, Pennsylvania, on February 1, 1773. He resided for several years in Bedford County, perhaps owned his father's farm, commonly known as the Ashman Farm, located a mile south of Shirleysburg on the road leading to Orbisonia. The house has recently been replaced by a more modern structure. In succession it was the home of Giles Stevens Sr., Benedict Stevens Sr., Benedict Stevens Jr., and William Henry Stevens, the latter having been born there. Later he seems to have lived on a farm near the Enos Mullin place, about half way between Shirleysburg and Orbisonia, or on the farm at the lower end of Orbisonia long the Shirleysburg Road; perhaps on each in succession, still later for eight or ten years he lived in a house just back of the stone mill in Black Log Narrows, a mile above Orbisonia. In 1832 he purchased at sheriff's sale what

later was know as the John Duffey farm, astride the Cromwell-Springfield Townships line, five miles south of Orbisonia from that place to Fort Littleton. Soon thereafter he moved there. After his wife died in 1850 he made his home with his son. He owned this farm until his decease, when David White Stevens and John Duffey jointly purchased it, owning it for a few years when John Duffey became sole owner.

He lived with his son Benedict Stevens Jr., at his farm a mile further south. For several years he was blind, yet he was regular in his church attendance, more than two miles, riding his horse and fording the Aughwick Creek, the horse following the family wagon. Once at least he rode all the way from Orbisonia alone. He rode a little mare that seemed to know his helpless condition and was almost human in her instincts and perfectly safe. When her head was turned toward home, she would find the road there, it mattered not what the distance or the obstacles. He in his blindness never met any accident when he was on her back.

His grandchildren often quarreled as to which should have the pleasure of lighting his pipe or have the privilege of leading him out to the yard where he was accustomed to spend many hours in his chair when the weather permitted.

He was long a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also for many years a justice of the peace. He was that while at Rock Hill, and perhaps longer. The name Benedict Stevens, father and son, was on the records of Huntingdon County as justice of the peace for more than half a century.

In October 1854 a series of meeting were being held somewhere in the neighborhood, probably at the home church, McKendree Chapel, or at Wesley Chapel, four miles south, near Maddensville. (The mentioning of the Wesley Chapel suggests this interesting incident. Just before its dedication, the preachers who were to take part were entertained at the home of Benedict Stevens Jr. When they were ready to start the dedication, and their horses were out and saddled, they said no name had been chosen for the new chapel. One of them in mischief turned to Wesley L. Stevens, a little chap of five or six years, and asked, "What shall we name the new chapel?" At once he came back with "Wesley." That was his own name. "What will you give if we do?" "Five Dollars." "We will do it." That is the way Wesley Chapel got its name. Five dollars was no mean amount in those days. When the subscription was being taken at the dedication that one was made and his father paid it.) During this series of meetings five or six preachers were being entertained at dinner at the home of Benedict Stevens Jr. Among these were Benjamin Fletcher Stevens, Isaac Collins Stevens, and my father William Henry Stevens, these three being supplies under the presiding elder, entering conference the next spring. While they were sitting in the room talking and waiting summons to dinner, someone noticed Benedict Stevens Sr. sink on his chest. They carried him to bed, and in a week he was dead. He suffered no pain. He did not seem to be really sick. No disease was discovered. The machinery of live had just worn out. His death occurred October 21, 1854. He suffered no pain. He did not seem to be really sick. No disease was discovered. The machinery of live had just worn out. His death occurred October 21, 1854, aged 81 years, 8 months and 20 days. He was buried in Jordan's graveyard, a mile south of Orbisonia, in the fork of the roads, one leading up the mountain toward Meadow Gap and Fort Littleton, only now used locally, and the other to Three Springs.

Benedict Stevens Sr. was twice married, first to Hannah (Gilbert) Jenkins. (I write it that way. All the traditions of the family indicate that her maiden name was Hannah Jenkins, and Benedict Stevens Jr. named a daughter after her, and that was the name, and she had a son John Jenkins

Stevens. But the name on the grave stone, made presumably by Henry Stains, the husband of Hannah Jenkins Stevens (and Benedict Stevens Jr. daughter Catharine was Catharine Gilbert), is Hannah Gilbert, so it is safe to say that her name was Hannah Gilbert Jenkins and the family name was dropped when transcribing the headstone, as is generally done in the case of a married woman.

She was my great grandmother. She was born in 1772. The place is not known, but was likely Shirley, unless her family migrated there later. She died at the Ashman farm near Shirley in the fifty-third year of her age, September 8, 1825. Her grave is in the old cemetery at Shirleysburg, just inside of the fence, west of the East Broad Top Railroad. The railroad passed through the cemetery, missing her grave by a few feet. The grave stands alone and is about half way along the length of the enclosure. She was a good Christian woman and the tradition is that she was of fine characteristics. This marriage occurred March 7, 1793. To this union were born eight children, six boys and two girls. All were born in the neighborhood of Shirleysburg. Their children were

FAMILY RECORD	
BIRTHS	BIRTHS
Charles S. Stevens was born 4 th of April 1834	Nancy R. Stevens was born Shirleysburg of July 1839
James H. Stevens was born Tuesday of May 1838	Joseph Edward Stevens was born was born the 7 th of August 1841
G. F. Stevens was born the 11 th day of May 1850	Asa Stevens was born November 2 ^d 1809
John S. Stevens was born the 23 ^d day of April 1854	Rebecca Stevens was born September 23 ^d 1812
Henry Stevens was born the 31 st day of May 1856	
David Stevens was born the 5 th of December A.D. 1793	
Mary Stevens was born May 18 A.D. 1795	
John Ferguson Stevens was born Dec 11 A.D. 1796	
George Ricketts Stevens was born April 3 A.D. 1799	
Benedict Stevens Jr. was born February 24 A.D. 1802	
William Stevens was born March 16 A.D. 1806	

From BENEDICT STEVENS Bible

David Stevens. Born December 17, 1793. Named after his uncle, Rev. David Stevens. He died at or near Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Mary Stevens. Born May 18, 1795. Commonly known as Polly. She married Adam Miller and lived in Hill Valley, near the foot of Jack's Mountain. One of her daughters married Benjamin Chilcote, whose two grandsons are in the Pittsburgh Conference, and a granddaughter married, as third wife, William H. Norcross, over sixty years a member of the East Baltimore and Central Pennsylvania Conferences.

As a boy I remember seeing the conversion of Adam Miller. It was at a camp meeting in Love Valley, between Shirleysburg and Black Log Mountain, in August 1871. He was then a very old man. Aunt Rebecca Stevens Corbin (that was before she married her second husband Samuel Weight) led him to the altar.

John Jenkins Stevens. Born December 11, 1796. I am quoting names and births from

the record in the old family Bible of Benedict Stevens Sr., but have only the births from that source. I know nothing more of this son than his birth.

George Ricketts Stevens was born on April 3, 1799. He died in Altoona. Married three times. For a period he worked on the canal and later lived near Bedford.

Benedict Stevens Jr. Born February 28, 1802. This was my grandfather and I will discuss him at length under that head.

William Stevens. Born March 16, 1806. He was a plasterer by trade and for several years resided at Birmingham, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. He afterwards removed to Rock River, Illinois. He died at Dixon in that state about 1884. His son John was killed at the battle of Stone River while leading his company in a charge. He had one son who resided in Chicago and may be living. This son was the author of The Black Hawk War, said to be the best history of the Mississippi Valley, of these days, extant; he had one daughter who, if living, must be past fifty.

Asa Stevens. Born November 7, 1808. He was twice married. After his second marriage he moved to Ohio, where he died. At the time of his removal he had three children.

Rebecca Stevens. Born September 23, 1812. She married Henry Laughlin. They resided for many years at Rockhill Furnace, Pennsylvania, and then removed to Mill Creek, Pennsylvania, where her husband died, leaving a large family. She then married a Mr. McGagahan. For a time, they lived at Newton Hamilton, Pennsylvania and then moved to Mill Creek, where she died.

Benedict Stevens Sr. married second his housekeeper, Mary Prosser. She was about twenty-four, and they were married in January 1826, but four months after his first wife's death. She died January 28, 1860, at the Duffey farm, and is buried in Jordan Cemetery. To this union were born five sons and one daughter, as follows.

Charles Prosser Stevens. Born December 10, 1826. He died when but two or three years old and is buried in Shirleysburg Cemetery.

James McKendry Stevens. (This is the way McKendry is spelled in the record, but it is probably after Bishop McKendree.) Born May 12, 1828. He married about 1850 and for a time resided in Perry County, then for the greater part of his later life resided near the western end of Newton Hamilton, and there died. As a boy I saw him frequently. He did not seem to be strong, and as I now remember him I think he must have been tubercular. In the '70s when we were camping at Newton Hamilton Camp Meeting and were short of camp furniture, he hold us to come to his house and get what we needed. I went and got a chair. He had at least one son and two daughters. The son was a prosperous tailor at McConnellsburg, the county seat of Fulton County. Later he served as county treasurer, and is now a successful grocery man in that town. While presiding elder of the Harrisburg District, I was entertained in their home.

Daniel Fletcher Stevens was born May 11, 1830. For years he was a merchant in McVeytown, and later lived in Altoona. For several years he was blind but recovered sufficiently to get around, and at the time of the Stevens reunion at Three Springs in 1905 was the only surviving member of the family of Benedict Stevens Sr., and was able to be present. He died suddenly at Shirleysburg, Pennsylvania, at 7AM, Thursday February 13, 1913, aged 82 years, 9 months and 2 days, and was buried at Three Springs, Pennsylvania, on Friday February 14.

Giles Emory Stevens. Born April 29, 1832. He became a boatman in the days of the canal. Two or three sons of Benedict Stevens Jr., Asa and David and perhaps others in their younger days, worked on the canal boats in the North Branch country and likely worked with or for Giles Stevens. He lived at Wilkes-Barre, and there died about 1883. In 1905 he had a daughter, Mrs. Mary E Shiffer, living there.

Henry Laughlin Stevens. Born May 21, 1836, named for his brother-in-law, the first husband of Rebecca Stevens, his half-sister. Some time in the fifties of the last century a somewhat noted

character called Lottery John Smith lived near or at Newton Hamilton and was so named because he conducted a lottery ticket selling throughout the county in which his farm and farm stead and equipment were offered as prizes. He moved to the outskirts of Lancaster, Kansas, and established a freight line of fifty-two teams across the plains to Denver. He wrote to Daniel Fletcher Stevens, requesting he dig up the shrubbery in his former home at Newton Hamilton, get a half a bushel of locust seed and 500 pine trees about a foot high, load all into a wagon, and with a four mule team bring them to Kansas, offering to pay him one dollar per day for the trip and expenses for his wife and himself. Daniel not caring to go turned the job over to Henry, who drove the mule team to Pittsburgh, where he took a boat down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and up the Missouri River, and then drove to Lancaster, Kansas. Smith put him in charge as general wagon master of the Denver freight line. Henry later farmed, and still later worked at carpentering. He was married three times, and after his second marriage moved to Missouri, then back again to Kansas where he died about 1882. One daughter married a Mr. Hubbard and, when last heard from, lived in New Mexico.

Nancy Ruth Stevens. Born July 25, 1839. She married a man by the name of Postelwaite, who enlisted in the Civil War and was killed at Petersburg. They had a son J. E. Postlewaite who lived at McAlisterville and McVeytown, from whom I obtained the family record. Some years after the War, Nancy went to Kansas, where she married a Mr. Sage, then went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where she was last heard from about 1881.

This indicates that Benedict Stevens Sr. had at least fourteen children by the two marriages, eleven sons and three daughters, and that the oldest was forty-six when the youngest was born.

October 27, 1854, six days after his death, Matthew F. Campbell, Registrar of Huntingdon County, probated his will and issued executor's authority to his son Benedict Stevens Jr. The fee was \$3.56. The will was as follows.

In the name of God, Amen, I, Benedict Stevens, of Springfield Township, County of Huntingdon, and State of Pennsylvania, being weak in body but of sound mind, memory and understanding the mortality of this transitory life do make and publish this my last will and testament, in manner and form following to wit—
First it is my will and I do order that all my just debts and funeral expenses be duly paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently can be after my decease.

Item: I give, devise and bequeath my Plantation to my children, Benedict Stevens, James Stevens, Daniel Stevens, Giles, Henry and Nancy Stevens, share and share alike to their heirs and assigns forever.

Item: I give and bequeath to my daughter Polly twenty-five dollars to be paid in two months after my decease.

Item: I give and bequeath to my daughter Rebecca one cow to be given to her immediately after my decease. Also thirteen dollars in money.

Item: I give and bequeath to my son Asa twenty-five dollars to be paid three years after my decease.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my sons David, George and William One Dollar each and relinquish all claims against them for book accounts or monies paid for them.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Henry and daughter Nancy a feather bed each.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my son James one furrow plow, two shovel plows and one harrow and one feather bed.

And lastly I nominate, constitute and appoint my son Benedict to be the executor of this my last will hereby revoking all other wills and legacies and bequeaths heretofore made by me and declaring this to be my last will and testament. Giving him full authority to sell all my personal property not already mentioned or disposed of and if anything should be left from such personal property after my debts are paid apply it to the maintenance and education of my son Henry and daughter Nancy, and I hereby authorize my son Benedict to collect all outstanding debts, dues and demands to be applied when collected as before expressed.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-third day of September on thousand eight hundred and fifty.

Signed, sealed and declared by the said Testator as his last will and testament in the presence of us:

Thomas T Cromwell

John Booher

Benedict Stevens, Junior

Benedict Stevens Jr. was the third child of Benedict Stevens Sr. and Hannah Gilbert Jenkins. He was born at was later known as the old Zehman farm, a mile south of Shirleysburg, Pennsylvania, on February 28, 1802. He grew to manhood at the place of his birth as a farm boy. All the family traditions are that his mother was a woman of naturally refined sensibilities and of strong religious experience and that he was fortunate in having her care and association until he reached manhood. October 8, 1822, when only seven months past his twentieth birthday, he married Eve Ow, the bride being only three months past eighteen. Her father was Rev. Hermanus Ow, a preacher in, and at one time publishing agent of, the United Brethren Church. By birth he was a German and was brought to this country by his parents in childhood. (For further reference see chapter on preachers.)



Eve Ow was born July 17, 1804. The place is not known, although she apparently resided at Shirleysburg at the time of their marriage. Her father was married three times. She was a child of the first marriage, although we do not know the maiden name of her mother. She died at Three Springs on December 31, 1882. To this union were born fifteen children, eight sons and seven daughters, eighty-eight grandchildren, and at this writing, 129 or more great-grandchildren, and a large group of great great grandchildren.

They began housekeeping in Love Valley, a mile or two east of Shirleysburg, near the foot of Black Log Mountain. Later he moved to his father's farm (the Ashman place and his birth place). We do not know the date, but likely the date of his mother in 1825 would approximately fix the time. In Love Valley and at the Ashman farm they lived for about ten years. In the spring of 1832 they moved to the new farm purchased by his father, later known as the Duffey Place. As already indicated, their farm lay astride the Springfield-Cromwell township line. As long as I can remember the farm buildings have been near the southern line of the farm, probably being located there because of a fine spring, but at that time the house was on the northern end. Just beyond the brow of the hill and to the east of the road leading to Orbisonia and overlooking Aughwick Creek, unless there were two houses. They occupied the second story of the building. It was here my father came near drowning in the well. His mother was doing the family washing. He was a little chap of two years and was playing in the yard. She went to hang up clothes and when she returned he was gone. She saw the family cat looking into the well and mewling. Running to it she found him in it unconscious and sinking for the last time. (Persons drowning usually sink two or three times.) She pulled him out by the hair.

As already noted, Benedict Stevens Sr. moved from near Orbisonia to this farm. Here he lived for several years, and here his second wife died. After his death it was purchased by David White Stevens, son of Benedict Stevens Jr., and John Duffey. In the late fifties or early sixties, Duffey became sole owner. It is still in the Duffey family. It was long one of the finest farms in the region but for many years has been unkempt; the buildings are falling down and the fields fast reverting to the forest condition.

In discussing Fort Shirley and the settlement of Giles Stevens Sr. there, we several times mentioned Captain George Crogan. He seems to have surveyed much of the Aughwick Valley. One of these surveys was a tract of land ten miles south of Fort Shirley, which was warranted July 7, 1762, and embraced six hundred ninety-three and ½ acres and an allowance. This later was divided into four or more tracts, rutter, Baker, Stevens and apparently the Meadow Gap in whole or part and the Jacob Becher and Madden farms may have been included in whole or part. (At this writing I do not have the survey before me.) The tract ran one and one-half miles along the Aughwick Creek and from the creek to the top of Black Log Mountain. Benedict Stevens Jr., probably in 1834 although the record says 1836, purchased from or through Thomas Orbison the one hundred and fifty acres then known as the John Roberson Improvement, of this survey, which was to become the Stevens home. The purchase price was six hundred dollars (\$600).

The Pennsylvania Assembly passed an act of Property Appraisal April 10, 1835. Under this act the Huntingdon County Commissioners appraised this tract of 149 acres and 20 perches, December 26, 1838, at one dollar and fifty cents per acre, exclusive of buildings. They moved into the new home in the spring on 1834. The land was mostly uncleared. A field of two or three acres known as the Little Meadow on the Aughwick Creek and a field of about the same size on the rising ground where there was later a little private graveyard, but that was about all the cleared land. It was heavily covered with pin and other species of oak and hickory, difficult to fell and some of it difficult to work up when down, especially the pin oak, but during the succeeding years father and sons cleared a very fine farm.

In 1784 John Robertson had started a small orchard in the upper field. For more than a hundred years one of the trees bore apples. I have often gathered from or under it. The apple was named the Robertson apple from the planter of the tree. The original tree was blown down but not entirely out of root, and from the trunk a limb grew up and renewed the tree. Later when land had been cleared a considerable orchard was planted above the barn.

Rev. Hermanus Ow visited them and had in his saddlebags several apples, which he gave to his daughter for the children. She divided them between them, charging them to keep the seeds. These she planted, and from them grew four apple trees. One stood at the south end of the barn and was very tall and known as the white apple. It was very hard, a fine keeper, and delicious in March and April. Another was the grinding stone named because of its shape. It was green, flat-shaped and very large. The tree was large and wide spread. One season we picked more than forty bushels of apples from it after many had fallen. Near this tree stood a third, rather tall, known as the dumpling apple because it was used to make apple dumplings. The fruit was white, large, bell-shaped and a splendid cooker. The fourth, a little further up the hill, bore a delicious dark red apple called, probably from its color, the coal apple. While the orchard was nearly gone upon my last visit to the old farm, one or two of these trees remained.

Down the road, three or four hundred yards, just below where the Spring run and the one from the mountain united, stood a house which was the original John Robertson house. A pile of stones and one or two apple trees marked the site. Just opposite that and about one hundred yards west on the bank of what at one time must have been the bank of the run had been the site of an Indian village, where numerous arrowheads and flint implements were found in our boyhood days. On the site of the present building there was a small log house, a story and a half high, one room in each story. The second story was reached by a ladder, and later by what were known as mill stairs, differing but little from a ladder save that they had stops instead of rounds. The family slept on the second story. When the preacher came, which was frequently, grandmother

hung up sheets to make a kind of private room for him. Later the log house was remodeled and board partitions made. In 1841 the present house was erected, though somewhat enlarged later. When completed it was the finest house in that region. The old house was left standing at the rear and was used as a kitchen and a second room next to the new building, as a dining room.

The spring or water across the road had fixed the location of the house. This spring never failed. Free stone, soft water and almost ice cold, never changing its temperature, and was noted for miles a few passed along the road without stopping at it. Few of the younger generation know that, where the house, large yard and garden, outbuildings and barn are located had been a rock batter washed, during the glacial or some other period out of the ravine along which the road went to Meadow Gap. These stones and rocks were covered and it was long one of the most beautiful farm building locations between Orbisonia and Fort Littleton – some say Mount Union and Fort Littleton. Sad that for many years the buildings have been only irregularly occupied and have become dilapidated, the yard and garden fences down, the shrubs and flowers destroyed, the spring partially filled, the orchard represented by a half dozen half decayed trees, and where the farm fences ran, fence rows with trees nearly large enough for saw timber.

The primitive conditions and wildness of the region are indicated by the fact that cooking was done mostly at fire place and for heating other rooms so far as they were heated, by the ten plated stove, so called because they were built of ten plates held together by rods and nuts and were just coming into use. They were made by the charcoal furnaces and forges – twenty-eight or which were located in Blair and Huntingdon counties. They burned wood, were long used for heating and other purposes. I remember that during the Civil War, when mother and we children lived in Orbisonia during the winter, to save labor and fuel such a stove was used mainly for cooking. We used many buckwheat and other cakes, which were, baked on top of the stove, instead of in a pan or on a griddle, the top being cleaned and greased. I was a little chap of about six. Mother put me to baking cakes on top of the stove, which was three or more feet from the floor. To reach the stovetop I used a chair and took the batter in a cup in place of spoon, ladle or dipper, climbing up and down with each cup. I had often thus helped mother with the meal, while she did other work or ministered to grandmother Sheffler who was invalid, aged and confined to her bed and needed care much of the time. In this case something happened and I let the cup fall and it smashed on the floor. To me it was a great disaster, for it was the first dish I broke. Many have followed since. Being the oldest and having no sister, I was thus early put to helping mother in almost all kinds of housework and learned to do everything: cooking, sweeping, cleaning, washing, ironing, dishwashing, etc. In cooking I learned to do everything save baking. In my own house I have often prepared the meals when the children were small or Mrs. Stevens absent or sick, and have gotten meals for unexpected guests. I was home at father's on a vacation when mother was taken violently ill. Several men had come to see father. I had mother go to bed, and I prepared and served the dinner; and the way they ate and what they said indicated they thought it a good one. They never knew who had prepared it. In the boyhood days, I greatly resented being made a girl, but many has been the time since I have been thankful that I learned to do housework in those days.

Since I have digressed to give this personal cup-ten plate stove episode, I may as well continue to digress and give some personal incidents about that Orbisonia home. A pear tree stood just over the fence in the neighbor's garden. We were to have all the pears fallen on our side, and we youngsters would tumble out of bed in the morning and rush down stairs and out into the garden, often half-dressed, to get the pears. First arrived, first served. One morning I got down first and

with Watson at my heels and neither of us having enough on to be admitted into society. I saw a fine pear near the fence. The neighbors kept bees under the tree. As I grasped the pear, my first bee stung me right between the eyes. It was my first bee sting. Both eyes were soon swollen shut. Doctor James lived just across the street and mother took me there. The doctor laughed at my blindness, which I thought most cruel, for I was sure if I lived I would never see again. He put something on which soon began to act and the eyes opened, and I was given permission to spend the day with his boy Harry of my own age. Harry became a fine physician and churchman in Harrisburg, where he died.

I think I will just go on with bee and similar stores. When a boy on the old farm, I was mowing out fence corners when the point of my scythe struck and lifted out a bumblebee's nest. I had a snag in my trousers' leg and no undergarment on that part of my body. The bees were very angry at being disturbed and attempted to alight on me. I fought them off; but one settled on my leg and, before I could get him; tucked into the hole in the garment and started to sting. I slapped and tried to kill him, but he went down the whole length of the leg, stinging as he went, before I got him.

There was a very fine ledge of limestone on the first bench of the mountain a few hundred feet from the foot. Here we quarried stone to line the farm, burning it in heaps of woods, coal and stone on the flat below know as the bottom. The ascent was too steep for a wagon and was decent for a sled when snow and ice was on, so we hauled the stone down on a sled when the ground was bare. The horses could haul the sled up and bring down any quantity the sled would carry. It was difficult to turn the team and sled at the quarry, so Father suggested that a hundred yards or so down the road he would cut out the brush going off at an angle so that I who was doing the hauling could drive in there and come around to the quarry with the team and sled along side of it and could thus turn right down into the down hill road. I went down with a load of stone and he began to cut. When I came back I drove into the new road and drove up to where he was cutting, for he was not quite through, and stopped my team to wait. I stopped there at what had been a log, but it was entirely decayed. In a few minutes one of the horses began to paw the decayed matter and dug out one of the largest yellow jacket nests I ever saw. They swarmed onto the team for the sled. I could not go to either side or on for the timber. The only thing to do was to back out, with bare ground, a heavy sled reversed and a frantic, plunging team, which was an extremely difficult and slow process. By the time I got them backed out they were covered with lumps where the jackets had stung them and I had been stung on about every place one could get at me.

I was plowing in the field in the bend of the creek and nearly done when I turned up a large yellow jacket's nest. They swarmed over the team and myself, severely stinging. I finished the plowing by rushing the team through that place when I came to it in the few furrows I had to finish.

A bee stings once, loses its stinger and dies. A hornet usually strikes once. They will often come considerable distances, straight as a bullet from a rifle, strike as though you have been hit by a thrown pebble. At such times they seem to use the vicinity of the eye as a target, as I have frequently experienced when as a boy I have been stinging their nest. A yellow jacket just goes at you and stings until he gets tired.

In the meadow near the garden fence was a tree we called the bellflower, although from grafting it produced three or four different kinds of apples in addition to that kind. Father had several

hives of bees on a bench just inside of the fence. I came home on a vacation, whether at school or after I began to preach I do not remember, but I arrived between twelve and one, just after the family had dinner. Mother got mine ready and while I was eating someone called that the bees were swarming. I quickly finished my meal and went out and found that a hive had sent forth a large swarm, which had settled on top of the apple tree. Father said, "I do not know what to do. I do not like to cut that limb to get them down." I said, "You do not need to cut it. Bring that barrel down here." I placed it (a large, strong one) under the tree, got a sheet or tablecloth and spread it on the ground, and took the hive, which was the old-fashioned box kind, and placed it on the cloth. I told Ambrose, then a half-grown boy, to climb the tree. I handed him an axe and got up on the barrel and told father to hand me the empty hive, straightened up, holding the hive open side up, above my head as high as I could reach and directly under the bees. I told Ambrose to strike the limb hard with the axe and jar the bees off. He struck, and some bees fell into the hive. I supposed all had fallen when only a few had been jarred off. I removed the hive, and when in the act of handing it to father, Ambrose struck the second time. When I got up on the barrel my hat had fallen off. Father had picked it up and said I had better keep it on, but I replied no, I do not need it. Hence my head was utterly unprotected by either the hat or the hive when Ambrose struck the second time, and hundreds of bees came down on my head and shoulders. All I could do was to stand perfectly still, holding the hive to one side at arms length, hardly daring to breathe, while the bees climbed up over my face, mouth, nose, eyes, ears, to the top of my head and then flew back to the limb. I remember today just how it felt. When all were up, I raised the hive; Ambrose knocked them all in, and I handed the hive and bees to Father, who placed them on the sheet to remain until night, when they were transferred to the bench and thus went to housekeeping. One bee had become tangled in my hair and stung me on the top of my head. It resulted in a severe headache for the rest of the afternoon.

I think I will tell one more bee story. Grandfather had been sick for several weeks and was just getting out a little when one of his hives swarmed and started straight for the mountain. Some of the boys followed until the bees settled on the top of a slender but very high tree. The Stevens boys were all good shots, and one told the rest to go back to the house, get a cloth and hive and rifle and bring them, and he would shoot off the limb and thus drop the bees down. When they reached the house, Grandfather said he would go back with them. He stood a little distance from the tree, watching the shot, which clipped off the limb; but the bees had no sooner struck the ground until they flew for grandfather. He threw himself on the ground, rolling to get rid of them. The boys took brush and beat them off, but they so stung him that he nearly died, and it was a considerable time before he recovered. They thought it was the odor of the medicine he had been using that caused the bees to attack him.

I have wandered far from the house in Orbisonia and my pranks there. It was there I killed my first chicken. We had a lot of peeps. When feeding them I stepped on one. I remember yet how it looked and how I felt.

To the rear of the lot was a run. I wanted to go fishing. Mother got a switch, tied a twine string to it and a bent pin for a hook, put a worm on it, and I went to a hole in the run. Soon I had a bite. I jerked up and a stone cat flew out on the bank and began to kick, had I grabbed him in my fist to keep him from getting back in. I only held him a moment, for I had driven one of his horns into the heart of my hand. That was my first fishing experience.

I was playing on the banks of that run with other boys, some much older who were chewing tobacco. They wanted me to chew and told me how good it was. I took a piece and began to

chew vigorously to masticate it, and then swallowed some of the juice. It was not long until I was deathly sick and vomiting. As I lay there on the grass I was sure I was going to die, and I was equally certain I was not fit to die. That was the end of my tobacco chewing. Years later I began to smoke; just when or where I learned this I do not remember, but I became quite fond of it. During the first term I taught school, when in Huntingdon attending the annual teacher's institute, about half a dozen of us walking along the street were puffing our cigars when someone in the crowd said, "What would we think and say if we saw one of our scholars doing this?" I said, "I know what I would think and say, and I will throw my cigar into the gutter and quit if the rest of you will." All cigars went into the gutter. I never smoked afterward, and so far as I know none of the rest did.

It was here I first went to school. It was a summer pay school of a few weeks. The teacher was a lady, a Miss Templeton. I cannot recall her first name, although remembering where she lived and who her relatives were. She was a fine woman and became Mrs. Downey, moved to Pasadena, California, where she died. My first winter term the teacher was a Pennsylvania German from out in the country, named Shenefelt. In those days they burned wood to heat the schoolroom. This teacher also had the contract for furnishing the wood. To save wood he would build the fire as late as possible and not often fill the stove after the first filling after noon. He wore a long coat something like a Prince Gilbert. As the fire would begin to go down and the room cool, he would stand in front of the stove with his back to it and spread open his coat tails and warm himself. This kept what little heat there was from getting to the pupils on the side where he was. In consequence I froze my feet. I presume others did the same. He later became a candidate for sheriff of Huntingdon County, but never moved there.

That was the period of the Civil War. When Gettysburg was fought we could hear the guns on the day of Pickett's charge. Two or three days later, word came that prisoners were coming through. Mother and several other women went up above town near Black Log Narrows and took me along to see them come in. As the big army wagons trundled past, loaded with wounded, I saw a dead man strapped to a running board between the wheels. I suppose I saw him because of my height, being less than five years old. When I told the story when we got home I was laughed at and told that no such thing had happened. A half-century passed, when I employed an old soldier as a supply. One day when in his parsonage he was relating some of his army experiences. He told how he was a boy of eighteen in the cavalry at the time of the battle of Gettysburg, and during the battle was with a squad scouting to the south. They were trying to get back to their command when, from a hill near Greencastle, Pennsylvania, they discovered the head of the Confederate wagon train (it was thirty miles long) under General Imboden, loaded with wounded, approaching, leading the retreat. They had exhausted their ammunition, having only two cartridges each. The lieutenant in charge said, "It is evident the battle is over and the rebels are retreating. We do not have much ammunition but we have our sabers. There seem to be but few guards and they are scattered. We can hide in these woods and, when as many wagons passed as I think we can manage, we will charge down the hill, cut the train and turn them up toward Mercersburg. But do not fire unless you must but wave your sabers and yell as though there were many of you.

They charge, cut one hundred and twenty-five wagons that had in them about five hundred wounded, besides the drivers. One of the charging party was killed. I think the lieutenant. They crossed the mountain to McConnellsburg, down to Fort Littleton, Burnt Cabins, Shade Gap and Orbisonia to get to the railroad at Mount Union. I asked him if any of the wounded had died. He

said so far as he knew only one had died near Shade Gap. I then told him what I had seen. He said, "You are right. We took him out of the wagon and strapped him to the running board because of the other wounded men in the wagon, and that night we camped just below Orbisonia and buried him behind a barn." That barn was the old Thomas Cromwell barn, afterwards burned and replaced by a larger and better one.

I think it was at the time of Gettysburg, but am not certain, that word reached us that troops from the direction of Mount Union were coming through and were short of rations. The town made up all the food and coffee they had. The instructions were that the men were on forced march and could not halt. As they came, we stood at the curb, I among them with my tray, and as the troops marched past they took what they could in their hands and marched on. That was in the late afternoon. So far as I know that was the first time I went hungry to bed, for supper was very scant all over town.

Later Uncle Wesley L. Stevens' cavalry regiment camped for several days where the East Broad Top Railroad now crosses Black Log Creek. Mother made up a lot of cookies and other good things and sent me down to camp to give them to Uncle Wesley. It was not far, what would be two or three squares, but it was all I could carry that distance. When I got there Uncle had ridden up to his old home at Grandfather Stevens', five or six miles south. His tent mates said they would take care of the things for him, and I gave them the provisions. The war was over before Uncle knew that anything had been sent to him.

There lived in a half log cabin, half house a little below where we lived and across the run, a little sawed-off fellow named Jimmy Knobb. He never had much of this world's goods and lived a kind of hand-to-mouth existence, with often not much in the hand. He was drafted and was not long in the service until he began to bitterly complain about the rations. He had never lived so well, but he would say "If I were only home to get ham and eggs," something Jimmy had rarely tasted when home, but it was his idea of sumptuous living. After a time other recruits joined the regiment, and some from Orbisonia told what kind of ham and eggs Jimmy had been accustomed to. The boys so everlastingly teased him about his ham and eggs that he deserted. Instead of hiding, he came home. One afternoon a provost guard appeared at the log cabin and arrested Jimmy. I with other boys stood on the bank of the run opposite the house watching them take him away mid the tears of his wife and children who were sure they would shoot him. I do not know what punishment was bestowed upon him, but Jimmy came back at the close of the war.

Wading in the run I found a bayonet. It was in good shape and seemed almost new. I had it for some time, and then a number of furloughed soldiers were going about two miles south of town to capture a deserter. One said if he only had a bayonet for his gun. Some one told him that I had one. He came for it promising to return it next day. That night they went out and secured the deserter. It was reported that he was hiding in the chimney. He afterwards was captured and starved to death on one of the northern prisons. I never again saw my bayonet, and often felt that if I had it, it would be a real memento of the Civil War.

In Orbisonia there was a young girl, beautiful in person, sweet in manner, refined in character, Annie Bush. She and Uncle Frank D. Stevens were schoolmates and lovers. In 1866 she became his bride. He was captured twice. She spent a good deal of time at our house, and if she heard Mother had a letter from Father was sure to come to see if he had said anything about Frank. Near the close of the war he was exchanged. I was up-town when someone told me he had been exchanged and was at Mount Union and would be up on the evening stage. I ran home as fast as

my lets would carry me. There was a side gate. Mother was in the garden. I tried to get the gate open and it stuck. I was crying. Mother wanted to know what I was crying about. I told her it was not because I could not get the gate open but was because I was so overjoyed that Uncle Frank was out of prison, for in those days Confederate prisons were very real and desperate things even to children. How I watched for the stage that evening, but it had not come when I had to go to bed. The next morning when I arose Uncle Frank was in bed. I waited around for him to get up until school time. I asked my mother why he stayed in bed so late. She said that the rebels had half starved him and marched him around so much. The fact was he had spent most of the night at the Bush home.

It was the last day of school. In those days the teacher was expected to give the pupils a candy treat the last day. Mother said I might go to school, get my books and treat, and then come home and probably Uncle Frank would be up by that time. This I did, and when I got back he was up and in his uniform. The shoulder straps and brass buttons all attracted my admiring eyes, and when he put on his crimson sash I thought him the finest looking chap I had ever seen, and that impression abides. One day I was playing with another boy of about my own age in the middle of the road. It was toward evening. Looking down the road I saw two soldiers tramping along, one in tall officer's uniform and the other short and in the uniform of a private. I remember the latter looked to me like a colored man. He was sunburned nearly black. I said to the other boy, "That tall soldier looks like my Pap." (That was what we youngsters called him.) But he was not expected home and I thought it was someone who just looked like him. So I thought, until he got near and smiled at me. I think that was the time when he came home with \$40,000 of the men of the regiment's pay to be distributed to their families. My youngest brother Will was just so he could run around a little and was beginning to talk. He had been born several weeks after Father had enlisted and was nine months old before Father saw him. When Father went to bed that night, Will was in bed and asleep. The bed stood a few inches from the wall. Will awoke and, discovering Father, started to run on his hands and knees to the rear of the bed crying, "Mamma, Mamma, there's a man in bed." Reaching the far edge he tumbled to the floor and yelled, "Mamma, Mamma, there's a hold in the bed."

When we got the word of the surrender of General Lee, a celebration was organized. Every house was to be illuminated. This was done by taking tallow candles, which was the chief means of light, kerosene lamps were just coming into use, and the candles were caused to stand upright by either dropping a little of the melted candles on the window sill and top of the lower sash, or by taking a potato, cutting a hole in it, and sticking the candle in the hole. Nearly every house in the town was illuminated in every front window, upstairs and down. I thought nothing could be more splendid, and while I have seen many finer displays since, none of them have surpassed them or appealed to me as these did that night. Nearly everybody was excited and happy. Near the center of town was a blacksmith shop, owned and run by a man named Grove. He had a family of several boys. But Grove was a Democrat and was know as a copperhead. The Republicans called the Democrats copperheads, especially if they sympathized with the South. The Democrats reciprocated by calling the Republicans blacksnakes. We did not care to play with the Grove boys. One of them married Aunt Lou Lender, Julia's sister, and we know him as Uncle Jim; I never saw any copperhead disposition in him. The night of the celebration for some reason, deliberate or unintentional or unavoidable, the Grove home was not illuminated. Simon Gratz and someone else, I think Thomas Cromwell, were on the committee and they were very much exercised over the darkened Grove home. I heard Gratz angrily declare what they would do with those copperheads if they did not light up, and they hustled toward the house. Just what

came of it I do not know, but I felt that night the Groves were real rebels and ought to be treated as such.

One day in June we heard that Father and several other discharged soldiers were at Mount Union on their way home. Some of us six and seven year old boys started down the road to meet them. We tramped barefooted through the dust until we thought we must be near Mount Union. It was ten or more miles from Orbisonia. I now know we had not gone more than a mile. We got back in time for supper. Night came on and Father had not come. We pled to stay up, but Mother sent us to bed with the promise she would call us if Father came. It seemed we were hardly asleep until we were called. We tumbled out of bed and down the stairs and out on the street with nothing on save our nightshirts, to have Father order us back to get some clothes on. He had three horses, Jim his saddle horse, presented to him by the regiment; Dolly, a large mare used as his pack horse; and Jack, a medium-sized colt whose feet were misshapen, which he had bought from a family trying to get north. I do not know which horse Watson or Will rode, but I was assigned to Dolly's back on the way to the barn. On the way down she moved her skin as a horse will do sometimes, and I was nearly shaken off and mightily scared.

Back in the house, all three on his lap while Mother got him supper, Father told us that he had an eagle in his pocket. We were most eager to see it and much disappointed when he took out his discharge. It had an eagle on it, and the soldiers had gotten to calling their discharge papers eagles.

Among the things father brought home was his camp chair, made of hickory strips and given him by a Captain Wilson who had been detailed from the regiment to General Hancock's staff. A few days after Father showing it, some neighbors threw it together. It caught Watson's finger and tore off the nail. The chair is still in possession of the family. I had it at one of the regimental reunions and ten men begged the privilege of sitting in it.

Father brought home a bolt of fine Confederate officer's uniform cloth. It was a kind of steel gray and very good quality. He had obtained it from a Confederate wagon which had broken down and been abandoned in General Lee's last retreat, a few days before the surrender at Appomattox. Mother made it up into suits for us boys, and since I was the oldest and largest I got more of it. We had never had as good suits, but wherever we went we were called rebels and I was glad when the clothes were worn out.

Father also brought home an officer's candlestick, which is still in the possession of the family. The night Petersburg was captured he was with the hospital corps, and the next morning he was riding rapidly to overtake his regiment when Jim's foot struck a piece of metal which flew out in the brush at the road side. He dismounted to see what it was and found it to be the candlestick, which an officer had lost in the attack of the night.

I remember when the body of Colonel Isaac Rodgers was brought home, the funeral service and interment. The casket was in the stone house near where the East Broad Top Round House now is. His face, which was very discolored, his uniform and his sword in the casket with the body, are all vivid.

A few weeks after Uncle David Stevens was killed in the wilderness, we went to McKendree Church for a memorial service, riding in a farm wagon, and after the service we went to Grandfather Stevens' house for dinner. During that war period I detested the crust on bread, something I am now very fond of. Mother would cut off the crust and eat it. Then there came a

traveling dentist who pulled her teeth. After several weeks he brought her an artificial pair. I had never seen such a contraption, but I confided to Watson that we would not have to eat crust any longer. Mother could eat them now.

A few weeks after Father returned from the war, he bought mother a Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine. It was the first machine worked by feet brought to town. There were two or three small machines run by hand. Many came to see the curiosity.

A few weeks after Father's return, he took Mother and the two younger children to Gettysburg, to the dedication of the monument. They drove. All could not be taken, and I agreed to remain behind on condition that after their return Father would take me to Grandfather's and let me go fishing. Father cut me a fishing pole, which was very crooked. I objected and said you could not catch a fish with a pole as crooked as that. Father baited the hook to show me and soon had a nice fish. Then he gave me the pole and went to mowing in the meadow that bordered the creek. I was in my bare feet and waded into the water. Soon I discovered something black on my foot. I threw down my pole and raced out of the water, yelling at the top of my voice that a snake had bitten me. Father came running. It was a leech. That was my second fishing experience. It is a wonder I ever became as fond of fishing as I have been.

In these personal incidents I have departed far from that home in Springfield Township. To return.

There were but few, if any, matches in those days. The fire in the fireplace had to be carefully covered with ashes so as to keep enough coals alive to start the fire next morning. I have heard the Stevens boys tell how in winter they would get up and find not fire and would have to go a mile to a cabin to get coals or fire to start the fire in the fireplace before they could have breakfast.

One morning before daylight, soon after they had moved, Grandfather started down to the old home at Duffey's to bring up a hive of bees he had left there. On the way down, a pack of wolves ran across the road and up the mountains. He had two dogs with him, a large and small one, and these took off after the wolves. He soon heard the fighting and growling of the dogs and wolves. The larger dog came back to him, but the smaller one did not come back and Grandfather supposed the wolves had killed him. Several weeks later the little dog was found near what is now the lower end of the farm, near the road, where he had crawled in an effort to get home. His throat was cut. He was only a skeleton and barely alive. The children fed him warm milk with a spoon; it would run out the cut in his throat, but they nursed him back to health.

This reminds me of a circumstance which occurred when we lived on the farm. We had a flock of sheep, which fed, on the mountain side, returning each evening. The leader of the flock was a large ram. One evening the flock returned without him, and search failed to find any trace of him. Nine days later Father accidentally found him. A wood road running along the mountain had a large tree fallen across it. The sheep in jumping this log had fallen on his back and wedged among the rocks. He was so emaciated that Father had no difficulty carrying him home. The sheep recovered.

We had two dogs, a larger and a smaller one, which were very fond of hunting rabbits. We took them out at night and they would chase a rabbit until he would hole in a tree or log, and they would go to the place carrying a pine torch and cut out. The dogs would go off alone hunting but would never go on Sunday. When they did they would come sneaking back as though they had

done something desperate of which they should be ashamed. Just how they knew it was Sunday we could never understand, unless it was the fact that the whole family was dressed up.

There was in the Baltimore Conference at the time a very eccentric German preacher named Jacob Gruber. His mother had been killed by a dog, and ever since he had nothing but enmity for dogs. He frequently stopped at Grandfather's. He was very particular about his horse and every hair had to be brushed into its exact place when it was curried. Hence the boys hated to see him come and would have battles among themselves as to who was to care for Father Gruber's horse. One morning the dogs were lying on the wood pile and Father Gruber was in the yard. He would pick up sticks and stones and throw them over the fence, but the boys noticed that the stones fell near the dogs, when one of the stones hit the little dog which ran off crying. Old Father Gruber said, "Well now, little doggie. Did I hit you?" That was what he had been trying to do, and the boys quarreled more than ever who was to care for his horse.

Hannah and one of the boys went into the mountain after the cows and he was bitten on the foot, supposedly by a rattlesnake. She dug down among the rocks to see if she could find what had caused the wound. It is a wonder she was not also bitten. His foot and leg became very much inflamed and he was very sick from it. An application of salt and onion finally drew out the poison and he got well.

Snakes were very plentiful, especially copperheads. In the old meadow below the barn cows were pastured. Wesley had been sent after the cows. As he trotted along he felt something cold wrapping around his bare foot, and looking down saw a copperhead dangling about his ankles. It had struck at him and caught its fangs in the frayed-out part of his pants leg. He screamed at the top of his voice and ran for the house. Grandmother ran out to see what was the matter, saw him jump the fence and run for the house. She met him and, with a club, dispatched the snake. No harm resulted, but Wesley was very cautious for a good while when he went to that meadow.

As I said, Grandfather and his sons were good with the rifle. Once Grandfather watched the tip of ears down over a bank, supposing it was a deer feeding along the bank, and prepared to shoot as soon as it would show high enough. When it did it was a pig.

Out along the creek was a white chipmunk. It would be seen until Frank caught it. At another time having wounded a squirrel and it had gotten into a hole in a tree, he reached into the hole, and the squirrel fastened on his hand. He pulled it out and slapped it around the tree killing it before it let go. He had a quite sore hand for a time.

After Father had been preaching he came home, riding long into the night, and it was midnight before he got home. The next morning Grandmother called him and told him there was a turkey gobbling on the mountain and, if he wanted turkey for his Christmas dinner, he had better get it for she had nothing but chicken. He hurriedly dressed and went up to where the turkey seemed to be. He came into an old mountain road, formerly used by the colliers to haul their coal when the mountain had been chopped off a few years before. As he stepped into the road the turkey stepped down into the road and with a single stride was across. Father fired. He was never certain whether he had the gun to his shoulder or not but though he did not have it up. The turkey had disappeared. He had not heard it run or fly. He stood a few moments and, nothing indicating what became of it, proceeded to reload his gun, when he saw a wing fly up in a hollow where a tree had fallen out. It was the dying struggle of the turkey. He had cut its throat with the bullet. It was very large, weighing thirty pounds.

The preachers who came were frequently fond of fishing. Father carried the bait for William Gwynn, the father of Mrs. Brady. Brady was my successor on the northern end of my first charge. They are both dead. Another was Richard Hinkle. It was his first charge. He carried his grammar and other books with him and studied them on horseback. They fished a great deal, catching them with gigs. The Aughwick was full of pike and eels and shad and other fish, many of which have disappeared, but in those days were very abundant. They would catch them and salt them down for use in the winter.

There were itinerant shoemakers who came into the homes and made shoes for the whole family. They only got one pair, and that had to last them until next fall. Grandfather would take the hide of a steer to one of the tanneries and have it tanned. From this the shoemaker would make up the second outfit of footwear. He would begin at the oldest and work down the line. The winter would be pretty well on by the time he had reached the youngest. Early mornings the boys would go for the cows and chase them up to stand where they had been lying and thus warm their feet. Grandmother took the wool from the sheep and carded it, then spun it, and then wove it or knitted it according to whether she was going to use it in knitting or weaving. I remember when I saw her carding comb, her wheel, large reel for winding yarn and the whole outfit; whatever became of it I do not know.

Speaking of having the skin tanned of the slaughtered beef. Grandmother, in the late fifties, sold a calf she had raised and with the proceeds bought a Bible for each of her family. Father carried his through the rebellion. Always preached from it and used it in all his hospital work and wherever he needed a Bible. At one of the regimental reunions I had it and men turned to passages in it and quoted them to me, which he had used in the hospital when they were there. My daughter Jeannette now has it.

Benedict Stevens Jr. lived at the old home, clearing the land and tilling the farm until 1858 when they removed to Three Springs, then Scottsville, where for a few years he engaged in store keeping. January 16, 1860, he rented the farm to his son, David W Stevens. In 1852 or 3 David White Stevens purchased from him an acre or two on the lower end of the farm and built a house and occupied it as his home until about the time of his entering the Civil War. About 1861 Benedict Stevens Jr. moved again to Three Springs, where Eve Ow Stevens died Dec. 31, 1882, in the 79th year of her age. Benedict Stevens Jr. lingered about ten months and passed on Oct. 23, 1883, in the 82nd year of his age. They lived together more than sixty years, died within ten months of each other, and rest side by side in the Three Springs Cemetery.

Benedict Stevens was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1820, and Eve Ow was converted about the same time, perhaps in the same meeting.

Their religious lives were most pronounced. They had scarcely moved to the house on the John Duffey place until they joined in forming a Class at the McKendree Chapel as it was afterward known. The charter members of which were Benedict Stevens Jr., Eve Stevens, Benedict Stevens Sr., Samuel Booher, Mary Booher, Sallie Chilcoate, Alva Chilcoate, and Catherine Chilcoate. Benedict Stevens Sr. is supposed to have been the first class leader, although it may have been Benedict Stevens Jr., since he was the class leader for many years. The original chapel was built in 1843-44 and cost \$90. Benedict Stevens Jr. made the shingles covering the chapel. The original trustees were Benedict Stevens Sr., Benedict Stevens Jr., Samuel Booher, and Alva Chilcoate. They always observed family worship. It consisted of singing a hymn, reading a portion of the word and offering prayer.

In the second home they had on the lower end of the farm they had their secret closet. At a stated hour they would go to their place. Grandfather into the parlor and she to a room over the living room on the other side of the house. I do not know where his closet was in the original home, but Grandmother had one upstairs where she spent a portion of time in the morning and for many years in the evening after the milking was done and she had put away the milk she knelt on the floor behind the spring house door and thanked the Lord for having kept her through another day. Several years ago I was with several of her children over at the old home and one of them (Wesley) said he wondered if the owner would care if he took the clasp off the door as a souvenir. I told him I would go to the house and see. The man said he might do so if he placed as good a one on. When I got back to the group and reported, uncle fished a clasp, staple, nail, hammer, and everything necessary out of his pockets and proceeded to remove the one and substitute the other. He had come fully prepared and to him the old clasp of the door was very sacred.

It was seldom she missed church two and half miles distant. She usually rode horseback, with one child before her and another behind her on the horse.

Benedict Stevens Jr. had but few books and small educational advantages. His schooling was represented by a few terms of three months during the winter season, yet he improved what he had and for several years was an acceptable teacher in the common schools.

For some forty years he was Justice of the Peace. That fully expressed his relations to the community. Milton Speer, noted as a jurist and a member of Congress and the father of the Presbyterian Missionary Secretary, Robert Speer said of him that he knew more law than half of the lawyers at the Huntingdon bar did and that he was the best Justice in the country. But few transacted as much business pertaining to his office. His reputation caused people to come from far beyond the township, but perhaps no other justice had so few cases in court, certainly none who transacted the amount of business he did. He sought to settle disputes and to reconcile enemies and generally the case got no farther than his own office. Some of his commissions still exist. He was a man of strong and rugged physique, but in his latter years he leaned heavily on his cane. His eyesight, which failed as the years multiplied, was restored before his death some years, and he could read and write without glasses. His message from his deathbed was "I have traveled more than sixty years to reach the heavenly city, and I expect to see it soon." This testimony was the expression of his life. None of those who had intimately known him ever doubted it.

I here give a copy of a letter written by him to his brother William, at Mount Norris, Ogle County, Illinois, and mailed at Orbisonia, May 10, 1851. It was not enclosed in an envelope since it was before the time of using envelopes for letters, the address being written on the back after it was sealed with red sealing wax. I give it just as written, with spelling, grammar, capitalization and punctuation uncorrected.

Huntingdon County Springfield May the 9th 1851

Dear Brother and sister through the Blessing of an all wise and Merciful providence I wonst more imbrace the favourable opportunity of addressing a line to you to let you know how we are we are well a present Except myself I am so afflicted with pains that I Can Not say that I am ever well, I am Not able to Work at any time and Do Not Ever Expect to be I Hope these Lines may find you and your in Good health. Father is mending slowly he is just beginning to hop around the house with his Crutches His

Health otherwise is as Good as Could Be Expected under Existing surcomstances. He has been with us a good deal of the time But is Now at home. Old Elender Downs is Keeping House for them. Jane is married and Lept he Married Isabell Linck and has moved over to perry County our Children is all single asa was married But Buried his wife last august he has one Little Girl Near four years old she is with us I Expect Hannah will be Married soon we have had winter weather Just such as you Rote to me and our wheat & rye crops look very bad. The spring is cold and frost; the fruit is all killed. The weather is so backward that there is but one man in all the neighbourhood has planted any corn & he is only planting today. It has been so sickley through the winter. A good many children has died and some grown people our brother George P. Stevens has buried his second wife last fall and is married again long since. I cannot five her name. He had to leave the council for some misdemeanor. The last I heard of his he was living near Bedford. The friend is all well so far as I know. Our David, George, William & Cathrin all imbraced religion last fall and joined the Church and is gitting along well. William is one of the most devoted young men I ever saw. I received a letter from brother Asa the same day I received yours. He is living in Wyaniott County Lower Sandusky and was all well at that time and raising large crops of corn. My term of office expired this spring but the people reelected me for another term. I find it very troublesome, but as I can not work I can still attend to it which is a small help to me.

No more at present. But remains your affectionate brother until death. Benedict Stevens

The pain he is suffering and the crippled condition he is under came from an accident. Driving a one-horse wagon along the creek in the neighborhood of the deep hole, the wagon went over the bank and threw him out, crippling him so that he never fully recovered and walked with a cane.



Eve Ow Stevens was handsome in her prime and as sweet and beautiful in character as in person. She was an almost ideal wife and mother. The mother of fifteen children, she raised thirteen of them to manhood and womanhood. She did this without a sewing machine or washer or wringer or any modern appliances to lighten the household drudgeries or speed the work. She spun the yarn and knit the stocking to make them comfortable. Her needle made the garments that clothed them. Generally without help, being her own servant until some of the children became old enough to give their aid, yet always sweet, patient and uncomplaining. When her boys and girls were wayward it was her faith and prayers that became the mightiest force in their salvation, and when they found the Lord her joy was as great as theirs and when they went out into the world it was her love and thoughtfulness that provided the word to go with them.

The following children were born of this union (in addition to two children who died in infancy and are buried at McKendree Chapel in Huntingdon County)



**Back: Asa Shinn, Benedict Tarring, Frank D., Wesley L.
Front: Catherine Covert, Rachel Heck, Rebecca Corbin, Isabell Heeter**

Asa was born in Love Valley near Shirleysburg, Pennsylvania, December 3, 1822. He was in early life a tailor. He later worked on the canal as a boats man, and still later as a merchant. He was twice married. The first wife, Elizabeth Adams of Duncansville, Pennsylvania, died a few years after their marriage, leaving one daughter. Asa married again, Sarah Parsons (ed. Most sources including Sarah's death certificate state her maiden name was Hartline) of Mill Creek, PA, and several children were born. Asa died in 1911 near Three Springs and is buried at the Three Springs Cemetery.

Hannah Jenkins was born February 17, 1826, in Love Valley. She met with an accident when a child, by which her back was deformed. She married Henry Stains on October 6, 1851, while on a visit to Three Springs. There were three children, one son and two daughters.



David White was born April 28, 1827, probably in Love Valley. He married Mary Booher on August 19, 1852. They had one son and four daughters. The son became William Watters Stevens of the Wisconsin Conference (see preacher chapter). One daughter died in childhood. One married Thomas Wear of Orbisonia; one married John Puckey of Orbisonia; and a third married Wesley Irvin of Pogue, later of Altoona.

David White Stevens enlisted in the 12th Pennsylvania Reserves and was killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, on May 8, 1864, and was buried on the field at his own request. He was a non-commissioned officer of the regiment. Being driven back, he came up with a squad of men who came up with a squad of men who were having trouble with a prisoner and appealed to him for help. He ordered the prisoner to behave himself and go along; the latter picked up a loaded rifle and shot him through. The rest of the guard wrenched the gun from the prisoner's grasp and beat out the prisoner's brains with it. They then carried Stevens back on his own blanket and laid him under a pine tree. The next day his brother Frank found the body and buried it. A day or two later, Frank returned to the grave with his brother William and found that a shell had gone into it and exploded.

Samuel Ow was born on January 27, 1829, and drowned in the Aughwick Creek the night of November 3, 1844. They were coming from McKendree Chapel. The dam at the furnace and forge near the church had backed up water for a mile and a half. They had to cross in a skiff. The night was very dark and the water high. In crossing, the boat was turned down stream, when one on the shore threw a light. They saw that instead of crossing the creek they were going down stream; the one at the pole attempted to quickly turn the boat and it upset. Two were drowned, a Miss Booher, sister of the wife of David White Stevens, and Samuel Ow. When found, the bodies were clasped in each other's arms.

George Hermanus was born August 23, 1830, probably at the Ashman place near Shirleysburg. He first married on August 18, 1852, and died April 6, 1863. He was married to a second wife. He left three sons, Thomas, William and David. Thomas has been dead many years. David lives in Altoona, and William is living in Los Angeles, California.

William Henry was born December 12, 1831. He married February 13, 1853, and died June 10, 1901. (He will be treated later at length.)

Catherine Gilbert was born at the old home in Springfield Township Huntingdon County, on May 16, 1834. She married Nathaniel Covert on December 25, 1852. He was a merchant of Meadow Gap – larger than is now – for many years. They moved to Three Springs, where he continued the mercantile business, and died there. There were several children. A son Frank was killed at a sawmill. He is the father of Rev. H. T. Covert of Central Pennsylvania Conference. One daughter married All Stake and is the mother of a local preacher. One married a brother of Rev. George W. Stevens. There were at least three other sons. One died in Three Springs on December 11, 1917. Both Catherine and her husband are buried there.

Rachel B (presumably Booher) was born at old home on February 29, 1836. Because of this she had one birthday each four years! She married Daniel M. Heck on December 25, 1856. They lived in Three Springs. He was a carpenter, and in addition long ran a star mail route. They had five daughters and two sons. One of the latter, C. G. Heck, was in the Central Pennsylvania Conference. She died at Three Springs May 12, 1906. Both she and her husband rest in Three Springs Cemetery.



Benedict Tarring was born at old home on February 20, 1838. He was a cavalry soldier in the Civil War. While resting in his tent, some of the boys in the regiment began to torment the colored boy of the colonel, threatening to hang him. The boy thought they meant it, obtained an army pistol, and fired. The ball went into the Stevens tent, struck him in the wrist and higher up, shattering the arm in two places. It was an ugly wound that left the arm permanently weak and resulted in his discharge. He came home and formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Henry Stains, who was a marble cutter. Later he engaged in the mercantile business in Three Springs. On June 4, 1863, he married Mary Heeter, daughter of Associate Judge Heeter (later) of near Three Springs. Several children were born, but all died in infancy

save John, who for many years has been post master of Three Springs; Ida, who married Siege Ashaman and died May 15, 1912; Edwinna, who for many years remained at home caring for her parents and since has been a teacher; Edgar, who long was engineer of the oil pipe line near Shirleysburg, and who died in 1922.

Benedict Tarring and his wife both died in Three Springs and are buried there, he April 19, 1916, and she February 1, 1926.

Rebecca Jane was born at old home on October 17, 1839. Soon after the Civil War, she married Abraham Corbin, who soon died. He was a Civil War soldier. One daughter was born. After several years she married Samuel Weigh, a widower, a Civil War soldier, and a school teacher. There were three children born. In the latter part of the last century they moved to Pasadena, California, where she died about 1912. Later he died.



Franklin Dyson was born at old home March 13, 1841. In 1862 he enlisted in Co. 1, 12th Pennsylvania Reserves. He was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, being scalped by an exploding shell, his scalp thrown down over his eyes. He was twice captured. The first time he spent ten months in a southern prison. The second time he had been promoted to lieutenant and was in charge of the advance. The Confederates charge in full line of battle. His men broke and ran. It was long supposed that he had been killed; some one said he had seen him waving his sword and begging his men to stand, and when he looked again Frank had disappeared. The first word of him was when one of his brothers saw in a Richmond paper that among the prisoners was a brown eyed, gray eyed lieutenant named Stevens. Frank had different colored eyes. The enemy had captured him and, supposing that he knew the battle plans, demanded that he give them, and when he refused they put a rope about his neck and stretched him up until he was unconscious. He served some weeks after the war had ended and his term of enlistment had expired. He had trouble collecting salary for this extra time. Finally when Grant became president, he wrote to him and received his voucher. He was one of the guards who stood over the casket of the martyred president Lincoln.

After the war he taught for a time, and then engaged in the hardware business in Mount Union where he remained form many years. He then removed to Pasadena, California, where he continued in the hardware business for the remainder of his life. He died there in April 1928, and is buried there.

His first wife was Annie Bush, who died in Mount Union; his second wife was Annie Hiney, who only lived a short time; and his third was Dora Booher, who died some years before he died. The last two were from the vicinity of Mount Union. There were five children born to the first marriage: Arthur S., who is in the undertaking business in Pasadena; Claudine, who married William Bensheff, and lived in Pasadena; Frank G. H. Stevens, D.D., a member and Secretary of the Southern California Conference; Kingsley, who died in Los Angeles; and a daughter who died in infancy.



Wesley Lee was born at the old home December 25, 1842. He served three enlistments in the Civil War. In 1861 he enlisted in the 110 Pennsylvania. After several months he made a bet with one of his comrades that he could secure a discharge from the Army. Chewing walnut leaves until his mouth and tongue were thoroughly coated, he went to the surgeon, who sent him to the hospital to bed. After several days, Wesley pretending to feel worse, the surgeon ordered his discharge. Wesley protested that there was nothing wrong

with him. The surgeon declared he must think he knew nothing, which was the truth, and Wesley had to leave and go home. After a few weeks he enlisted in an eight-month cavalry regiment. What that enlistment expired, he enlisted in the 202 Pennsylvania, where he served until the close of the war.

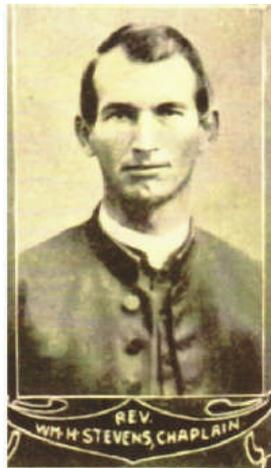
After the war he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law Covert. After several years he entered the hardware business, first in Three Springs; he later bought out his brother Frank in Mount Union. After several years he disposed of this and went to Pasadena, where he became a partner of Frank. He later located in Long Beach, California, where he continued the hardware business. He died in Long Beach in 1928, his wife dying several years earlier.

November 12, 1868 he married Susan J. Keister. There were twelve children born, five boys and seven girls, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. It was a boast of the family that there were never any physicians in their home when the children were born. At least two are now dead. The remainder live in or near Long Beach except one who married and lives in Nebraska.

Isabelle Duffey was born at the old home place April 25, 1847. In 1868 she married Harrison Heeter, son of Judge Heeter of Three Springs and brother of B. T. Stevens' wife Mary. Her husband had been a Civil War soldier and had ridden with Sheridan in his famous ride "To Winchester twenty miles away." He, with a few other cavalymen, had been at the railroad to be remounted, and Sheridan ordered them to return with him. They lived, save for a few years, at or near Three Springs, where he died a few years ago, about 1929. He had long been the class leader at Three Springs. She died there in the spring of 1931, being the last of the children of Benedict and Eve Ow Stevens. They are both buried in the Three Springs Cemetery. There were several children born to this family.

It is to be noted that, of the sons of Benedict Stevens, five enlisted in the Civil War. There was simply a line between the Baker and Stevens farms. The boys went to school together, hunted and fished and worked together, and gave eleven soldiers. Others of the Stevens tried to enlist but failed because of health. None were ever drafted. The eleven furnished three commissioned and several non-commissioned officers. Four were killed or died in the service. Two or more were wounded. In addition, four of the Stevens sisters married five ex-soldiers.

William Henry Stevens



William Henry Stevens was born near Shirleysburg, Pennsylvania, on December 12, 1831, and died at Shelby, Iowa, on June 10, 1901. He helped to clear the old home farm and threshed the crops with the old-fashioned flail, having first cut them with the cradle and raked the sheaves with the old-fashioned wooden rake and bound them with a handful of straw from the sheaves. In his young manhood he chopped 600 cords of wood for the old charcoal furnaces. His education consisted of a few three-month terms of winter schooling, where the main thing taught was the three R's: reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. He went to Cassville Seminary for one term; he was a plasterer by trade, and assisted in plastering the walls of that institution. On September 8, 1850, he was converted at camp meeting, held on the Booher ground. On May 31, 1852 he was given exhorters license, and on June 9, 1854, John Collins, presiding elder, licensed him to preach. For a few months he served a charge as second man under the presiding elder, possibly Schellsburg. In March 1855 he was received into the Baltimore Conference, passing into the East Baltimore at the time of its organization, and from that into the Central Pennsylvania when it was organized.

His appointments were Schellsburg, Bedford Circuit, Pleasant Grove, Schellsburg, Bald Eagle, Chaplain in the US Army from August 1862 to 1865, Emporium two years supernumerary, Shade Gap, Saxton, supernumerary from 1875 to 1890, and superannuated fro 1891 to 1901.

In the summer of 1862, at the request of his parishioners, he recruited part of a company of which he became second lieutenant. The company became Company H of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Gen. James A. Beaver, later governor of Pennsylvania, and at the time of his death, one of the judges of the State Superior Court. Though a strict Presbyterian and having nearly a score of applicants for the position, mostly from his own denomination, Beaver tendered Stevens the chaplaincy because he said he desired to have active religious work carried on among his troops. At his funeral, a member of his regiment said of this period of his life: "He was wherever needed most; often on the firing line looking after the wounded and caring for and comforting the dying. I have seen him trudging on all night on the march, carrying the muskets of exhausted soldiers, while they and their luggage loaded down his horse. Walking on guard beat at night near his tent, while all the camp was silent, I have paused to listen to his pleading at a throne of grace for the boys under his care and their loved ones at home." Hundreds were converted during the three years of his service with the regiment. At one time the regiment had not been paid for nine months. When they were finally paid, he was sent to Center County, Pennsylvania, with a satchel containing \$40,000 in several hundred separate packages for the families of the regiment. These he delivered in person. Upon his return to camp, Jim, a fine riding horse, fully equipped, was presented to him as a mark of the regiment's esteem. He rode the saddle so long as he needed one, until about 1895.

During his term of service, he contracted a fever while ministering in the hospitals. He was taken to the railroad station in an ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the rear end from the knees down, and sent home to Orbisonia, where his family lived. There he lay in bed for weeks. One evening his wife sliced radishes and placed them on the table. From his bed he saw what she had

done and asked for a slice. She told him the doctor had said anything like that would kill him. He replied they say I cannot live anyhow and I may as well die eating what I like. Later she left the table, going outside. He threw himself from the bed, crept through the door to the table, got a piece of radish, and collapsed. When his wife returned, he was in a half-unconscious condition under the table. She summoned neighbors to help put him in bed. He soon fell asleep, and they waited to see him die. One of his old comrades came in and said to his wife, "You go to bed and I will watch, and if there is any sign for worse I will call you." He slept to the latter part of the night; when waking he said to the watcher, "They say I am going to die, but I am going to get well. That is the best sleep I have had for weeks." He again went to sleep. When Doctor James came the next morning, expecting to find him dead, he said, "Give him all the radishes he can eat." In six weeks he was back with his regiment.

Returning from the war with impaired health, he accepted an appointment at Emporium in Cameron County, but in the early fall was forced to get a supply for the rest of the year and, in the following March, asked for a supernumerary relation, which he sustained for two years. In 1864 he purchased half of the old home place, buying the other half in 1867. Here he located. After two years he served Shade Gap Circuit for three years, living on the home farm one year, one year at Shade Gap, and the third at Burnt Cabins, and Saxton Circuit, which then embraced Dudley, Saxton, Riddlesburg and Hopewell charges. He also organized and served Robertsdale. During this period he had with him a second man, first W. E. Heck, and later James Pennington. His health failing a second time, he asked for a supernumerary relation, removing to the old farm. He sustained this relation from 1878-1890. In 1891 he asked to be superannuated, and so contained until his death. In October 1898, he removed to Shelby, Iowa, where he spent the remainder of his days. On June 2, 1901, he preached his last sermon, from Revelations 32, 5. "There shall be no night there." At the prayer meeting on Thursday evening, he gave a most joyous testimony and afterward wrote to his son, "My happiness does not depend on or come through things seen, but through the things that are eternal." On June 10 he came in from the garden, complaining of a severe pain near his heart, and in fifteen minutes God had taken him. During the years of his retirement, his interest in the Church never slackened. Beyond his strength he labored to assist his several pastors and to save souls. At one time for several months he had general charge of Shirleysburg Circuit, Rev. Alex. Lamberson being his assistant. At another time the same thing occurred with Three Springs Circuit.

His neighbors repeatedly elected him to township offices such as road supervisor and school director, and in 1888, when the Prohibition Amendment was before the state legislature, he was elected to that body by a large majority although he had practically not entered the campaign. He refused a reelection in 1890 because the work for which he had been elected was done, and he was a Methodist preacher, not a politician.

It is said he was the only man who ever refused a reelection to that office. His remains were brought east and laid to rest in Three Springs Cemetery. Memorial services were held at Shelby, Iowa.

On February 18, 1858, he was married to Margaretta Sheffler by Rev. George Dunlap, near McKendree Chapel, Huntingdon County. She was the daughter of Andrew Sheffler and Barbara Ann Sheffler.

Andrew Sheffler was born in Germany on January 2, 1796. There is a tradition that they were Catholics and that there were several priests in the family. Andrew, although raised a Catholic,

never was a member of the Catholic Church. A family tradition says that he was to be confirmed and admitted on a certain Sunday morning. It was the rule to eat nothing that morning. On his way to church he passed under a heavy-laden cherry tree, when the fruit was just ripe. Reaching up, the boy plucked a cherry and ate it, but before he had taken a second he remembered that he was to fast. When the priest asked him whether he had fasted, he said that he had eaten nothing except a cherry. The priest told him to stand aside. He went away saying that if a cherry could keep him out of Heaven he would not want to enter. A short time later, the mother, apparently a widow, and four sons, Andrew, George, John and Adam, migrated to America. What became of the mother we do not know. George's uncle took him to Cincinnati to make him a Catholic priest. John seems to have also gone west. Adam went to Pine Grove Furnace, Cumberland County, and became very active in the church there. He married a sister of Barbara Miller, who became the wife of Andrew Sheffler. They had at least one daughter, who married Isaac Fleming, superintendent of Pine Grove Furnace, and finally went to Los Angeles where they died. Pine Grove Furnace was in the heart of South Mountain. When I was on the Harrisburg District, I occasionally went there to preach. The furnace was gone, but there was a brick plant there. The house was still standing in which Adam Sheffler had lived, but when I went to the graveyard where they were buried, I found large trees grown over most of the graves and but few marked.

Andrew Sheffler and his wife presumably went to housekeeping at Caledonia Furnace. Here for many years he was a chief forgerman. The furnace was burnt by McCauslin at the time he burned Chambersburg. Around 1840 he and son James leased Valley Forge, situated in Bear Valley, two or three miles from Loudon, Franklin County, and ran this for several years. Around 1849 they purchased Malinda Furnace and Forge, situated at the Aughwick at McKendree Chapel, Huntingdon County. For a time they prospered here, and then disaster overtook them. First their barn burnt with all wagons, harness and livestock. It was never certainly established how it caught fire, but it was believed that it was through a drunken driver. A few years later the panic of the late fifties came on. It was impossible to sell their iron. They weathered the storm for a time, and then went to the well. James went to Rossville, Indiana, where his wife, a daughter of Dr. Tompson, died, leaving five or six sons and a daughter. He married again and died at Rossville, Clinton County, Indiana, about 1870.

Andrew Sheffler and his wife came and made their home with their daughter Mrs. Margaretta Stevens. He died at Orbisonia on August 9, 1863, aged 67 years, 7 months and 7 days, and is buried there. He was converted near Orbisonia (presumably in the old Rockhill church) in young manhood. He always insisted that the family speak English in the home, for he was so German in his speech that he said if the rest spoke German he would not be able to speak English.

Barbara Ann Miller was born June 17, 1788 and died at Orbisonia on March 1, 1865 in the 77th year of her age and is buried there. Her parents and the place of her birth are unknown, other than they went to Ohio at an early date, where they presumably died. A tradition says that her father or grandfather was an English soldier, either in the French and Indian Wars or in the Revolutionary War, and remained here. It must have been in the French and Indian War that the cabin was burnt by Indians who attacked while the mother with her baby girl lay in the garden behind a row of current bushes. She was afraid the baby would cry and reveal them to the Indians. We have no knowledge of how many there were in the family. One sister married Adam Sheffler.

There were at least two brothers. One who lived and died at Fosteria, near Bellwood, and a second who kept a drug store at Chambersburg. When McClausin burnt Chambersburg, the tradition is that he went back to the store for some purpose and found two Confederate cavalymen searching the store. He drew his revolver and shot them both, locked the door, and departed. The store stood on the corner of the public square, and when I was on the Harrisburg District I went into it. I found a young man in charge and asked him about the truth of the story. At first he was reluctant to tell me anything, but when I explained who I was and why I was making the inquiry, he opened up and said that he thought the story was true for, when the store was to be rebuilt, they found two pistols, two sabers, belt buckles and buttons amid the ashes.

Andrew, the second son, presumably born at Valley Forge, was a shoemaker. He married a Miss Fleming of Lancaster County. I think she was a sister of Isaac Fleming. He carried on a shop in Orbisonia, and then about 1866 he moved to Rossville, Indiana, where he died in 1870. They had two or three daughters. Elizabeth was born at Caledonia. She married Isaac Utts, a blacksmith who was a class leader. They lived in Kishoquillas Valley for a time, and then came to Meadow Gap where he ran that shop. Afterward they moved to Orbisonia where he ran a shop for a long time and where he died on January 22, 1898, in his 78th year. His widow went with her daughter near Belleville, and there died on April 28, 1902, in the 76th year of her age. Both are buried in Orbisonia. They had two sons and several daughters. E. Z. Utts of the Central Pennsylvania Conference is a grandson.

Margaretta was born at Caledonia Furnace on January 1, 1828. She was a devoted wife and mother. Her last days were full of suffering, not being able to lie down for nine weeks, but she endured with patience. In one of her exultant moments she said, "Not a cloud! Not a cloud hangs between me and the sky!" She died February 9, 1895, at the old home. The blizzard, which had raged for more than twenty-four hours, prevented her interment until the 13th. By that time the roads had been shoveled so that her body could be taken to Three Springs. Scripture and prayer at the home were conducted by her son. The services in the church at Three Springs were conducted by her pastor Rev. W. H. Stevens, and she was laid to rest on Benedict Stevens Junior's lot. Six years later, when her husband died, his body was brought to Three Springs. While it was in transit, his son had her body raised and placed on a new lot, and his was laid beside her. She often said that when she was married her mother was sick. There was no one to do anything. She cooked her own wedding dinner; when it was ready she changed her clothes. After the ceremony she lifted the dinner and sat down with her guests.

Children born to William Henry Stevens and Margaretta:

Emory Miller Stevens and Kate. Twins, but the other did not live and is buried in Maryland, two or three miles north of Cumberland.

Watson Summerfield Stevens. He was delicate from birth, born on September 28, 1860, at Pleasantville, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and died on the Baker farm near Meadow Gap on November 2, 1865. He is buried in Orbisonia.

William Henry Stevens Jr. was born on September 11, 1862, at Fort Matilda, Pennsylvania. He was nine months old before his father saw him, being in the Civil War. He said no son should be called for him, for it soon would be old Will and young Will. But when his wife wrote him of the birth of a boy and that she wanted him named for his father, he answered that he might never see him and she might do as she pleased. In young manhood, he went to Chicago where he

engaged in the carpenter trade and where he married Elisabeth E. Handy on July 22, 1893. She was from Antwerp, Ohio. They located in Berwyn, Cook County, Illinois. Their children include:

Curtiss C. Stevens, born on April 19, 1894, married Augusta A. Huebener at Berwyn on December 23, 1925. To them were born: Portia Elizabeth Stevens, on September 24, 1926, at Aurora, Illinois, and William Henry Stevens, on October 22, 1929 at Lakewood, Ohio. Curtiss C. Stevens works for the General Telephone Company and lives in Cleveland, Illinois.

Portia B. Stevens, who is at home, was born July 3, 1895, and teaches in the Chicago public schools.

Ambrose Asbury Stevens was born at the old home on March 13, 1868. He married Ida G. Hamilton of Saxton, Pennsylvania, on September 13, 1899. A daughter was born who died in infancy. For fifteen years Ambrose was a successful teacher in Huntingdon and Bedford Counties. For the next five years he was in the military service. In the spring of 1905 he was struck in the eye by a hot cylinder. He partially lost the sight of that eye. The other eye became affected, and he came home on the fifteenth of November and was never able to go back. He died on November 21, 1906. He is buried in the cemetery at Three Springs.

Emory M. Stevens was born three miles north of Cumberland, Maryland, on November 29, 1858, at a place then called Pleasant Grove, now called Foulk's Mill. His father was absent at the time on a large circuit. When he got home, one twin was dead and the other nearly so. He took the living one and fed him some hot milk, then went to a room with the infant in his arms and,



kneeling down, dedicated it to the ministry to become his successor, if the Lord would spare its life. When they weighed him four weeks afterward, he weighed by four pounds with all his clothes on. He grew a pound a week for the next several weeks. The house where they then lived had been built for an almshouse. Before it was occupied, an election changed the political complexion of those in power, and the building was sold and a new one created on another site. A Mr. Hinkle, brother of Richard Hinkle of the Baltimore and later the Central Pennsylvania Conference, bought it and made a farm building of it but, since he did not need more than half of it, he rented the other end to the church for a parsonage. In that way I came to be born in an almshouse. When McCauslin burnt Chambersburg, he tried to escape by going west over the National Pike. General Averill had followed him up from Virginia and was between him and the Potomac River. When he got to the vicinity of this house and a mill that was near, the Federal forces in Cumberland came out to meet him. Near the house, there is a depression along which a small stream flows. The hills are rather high on either side, the Federal line on those next to Cumberland, and the Confederate line on the opposite hills. The first shot the Federals fired was too low and struck the house. The old mill, long since disused, has a few shell holes in it. The battle was of short duration; only one man was killed, on the Confederate side, for while the battle was in progress, McCauslin's scouts discovered a woods road to their rear leading down to the Potomac. He slowly withdrew his troops down that road, crossed the Potomac into West Virginia where Averil overtook him three days later. His troops were so defeated and scattered that they were never afterwards an organization. An uncle, B. T. Stevens, was a part of Averil's command.

From there, the family moved to Pleasantville, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and from there, to Port Matilda. There was no parsonage at Port Matilda, and one was built. I was greatly interested in this process. A man name Jones, afterward a member of the 148th, was the carpenter. One day

I went into the house and saw him placing an old-fashioned protection for the pipe in the ceiling. It was called a crook. I asked him what that was for. He said that he had heard that I was a pretty bad boy and that it was being placed there to drop me through as far as the arms, to then go below and paddle me. I was properly impressed with the procedure. It was while we were here that the Bald Eagle Railroad was built down the valley. The whole town went to see the first train. I thought it ran down the street, without ties, rails or any such contrivances, and I still think so. Father went to war at that time. I have no recollection of his going, but that fall and winter several things happened in addition to the railroad train and the street. My brother Will was born. The baby was placed in our crib, and we held a very serious conference as to where we should sleep.

Then I went on my first nut-hunting expedition. I had a hatchet. I went up in the woods in back of the house and began to dig in an old decayed log with it when I unearthed a quantity of hickory nuts. I suppose there were not very many, but I thought so and got Grandfather Sheffler to help me get them to the house. I submit that was better use to put a hatchet than cutting down a cherry tree, even if some squirrel had to go hungry.

When spring came on we had eggs for Easter. We had several chickens. A slight snow fell the night before, and on Easter morning Grandfather tracked one of the hens out into the woods to her nest, and we had eggs.

The spring of 1863 we moved to Orbisonia, where Mother's younger brother lived, and remained there until the fall of 1865 when we removed to the Baker place near Meadow Gap. Grandfather and Grandmother Sheffler had died in Orbisonia, and Watson died of Diphtheria in the Baker house. We all had it. I mean all the children. Will was unconscious in Father's arms, when he suddenly aroused and asked for a chestnut. From that moment he began to get better. I did not have it quite so bad as the others. Toward spring Father came in from Grandfather's, where he had been building fence, and said he had seen a rabbit and would take us out to get it. He took us out toward the woods, and we saw the rabbit sitting. He fired at it and it did not move, and thus he did five times, lowering his aim each time. The fifth shot, it ducked its head. The sixth shot went through its head. When Father picked it up, it had a hole through its ear. The fifth ball had gone through its ear, but it had not moved, save to move its head.

The spring of 1866 we moved to Emporium. On the way we spent Sunday at Unionville with a man who resided in the house that stands near the station. He had a deer in the bar, which was my first sight of that animal. When we reached Emporium, we found the parsonage, up by the courthouse. Stumps were everywhere. The main street of the town was full of them. The year we were there, a deer was chased by dogs into the town; it jumped into the butcher's yard, opposite where the Methodist Church and parsonage now stand. He killed it with his revolver. There was a large stump in the yard. It had been pulled and lay on its side. Will had climbed up among the roots, when he began to scream. Mother went out to see what was wrong and found a green snake above him, coiled on a root. We got a blue kitten, called a Maltese. It was a great curiosity as well as a pet for us. We named it Minnie. It would play with Will, rolling marbles and lifting up the carpet with one foot, feeling under and hunting for the marble when lost. When Will would get a piece of bread and butter, he and Minnie would go into a corner to eat it, he taking a bite, then offering to Minnie, and then she would take a bite. At night Minnie slept with us two boys.

When we left Emporium, we took Minnie along. We obtained a Tom and took him along. She was a great mouser. Rats, mice, rabbits, squirrels and pheasants were common prey. Her kittens became distributed all over that end of Huntingdon County. When they were any place where she did not want them to be, she would carry them by the nape of their necks to where she did want them. One day the dog was more familiar with her brood than she thought he should be, and she sprang on his back, biting and clawing. He ran down through the yard yelling, with Minnie on his back. When at Emporium I went to school in the two-story schoolhouse, which stood, on the hill opposite where the Methodist Church now is. There was no church then, and services were held in the second story. Our teacher kept the key, and when the teacher of the second story wanted to punish any of her pupils, usually by whipping them, she would come down and get the key from our teacher to lock the door, for she felt sure they would escape. One day I was kept in the noon hour because I had not gotten my lesson. I was to memorize the multiplication table. Afterward the teacher took me on her lap and asked me if I got nursed any. I said, "Not since I got big." I was about eight then.

Father's health failed in the fall, and in March 1867 we moved to the home place. As we went down the river to Lock Haven, the river was full of logs, millions of them. For many miles they were packed so close that one could have crossed by stepping from one to the other. At the rear of the drive, as the lumbermen called it, were large rafts with shanties on them for horses and men at night. The men and teams were busy on both sides of the river, pulling in the logs that had gotten stranded. They were taking them to Williamsport where, for seven miles, there were great wooden piers in the river. These started near one side and extended to the other side. They were square, made of large pieces of timber bolted together at the corners and filled with stones. There were huge logs chained from one to the other that caught the logs. They would pile in as high as the piers. There would be as many as 600,000,000 feet in the boom at one time.

We lived here at the old farm until the spring of 1871. Tom got caught in Grandfather's fox trap, his leg broken. He recovered but always had a crooked leg. Wolves got on the mountain and caused great excitement. Where they came from no one could even guess. There had not been any in the neighborhood for many years. Grandfather had some sheep. We kept them for half of the wool and half of the lamb. It was then that the leader of the flock was found by father, where he had fallen between the rocks. One spring, when it came time to divide the lambs, there was an extra one. Grandfather said it ought to be worth seventy-five cents. Father said that I would give Grandfather his half of the price he would give me his half of the lamb. This I did. I named him Dick. I do not remember why his mother would not claim him, but we had to raise him by hand. He always went with the cows. He became a fine sheep. Uncle Isaac, who lived a Meadow Gap, had several pups. We boys got one, a brindle in color. Ambrose and Bounce, which was the dog's name, and Dick could be found together when Dick was not with the cows. Often you would find them lying, the boy asleep with his head on either Dick or Bounce for a pillow.

At Meadow Gap there was a large stone gristmill, afterwards burned, for the grinding of grain, and in connection with it a sawmill. The saw was an up-and-down one, sawing right through the log the long way, and once started would go to the end of the log without stopping. Will had been sent to the store, but got with his cousin Charley, and they went to the sawmill and climbed on the log to get a ride. Aunt, look out, saw them on the log with their backs to the saw, which was very close. She called them to get off quick. Will threw his hand back to spring off the log and threw it into the saw, which cut one of his fingers off to the first joint.

Father had been appointed to the new charge of Shade Gap, and the first year had served without moving. But in the spring of 1871 we moved to Shade Gap. We lived there in a house owned by a Mr. Hudson. While we were there I attended Milinwood Academy. It was run by a Professor Coon. There were two or three other teachers. A Mr. Coldwell and a Miss Kough taught. It was then a beauty spot, but now the building we used for recitations has been burned and the large stone building used as boarding house and dormitories has practically fallen down. Father had for many years a horse called Fox. She was a fine animal, just suited for his work on the circuit but utterly unfit for farm work. She was a thoroughbred hunter from Virginia, and could easily make ten miles per hour under the saddle. She was a perfect pet. While at Shade Gap, she became sick and had to be taken out and shot, much to the sorrow of the whole family. Father needed a horse to take her place and bought one which when we saw it were all disgusted with it. It was a three-year-old colt that had never had bridle, saddle or harness on. It would be nailed in its stall during the winter and turned out to pasture in the summer. It looked half starved and mostly legs. Father drove a two-wheeled sulkey. He had to tie the new horse's eyes shut to get him hitched up the first time. Father got into the sulkey and told them to untie his eyes and let him go. Well, there was some performance, but when he got out of the sulkey, Father could drive him anywhere. He became a horse that never tired. The presiding elder, Dr. Mitchell, bought him and was never weary of singing his praises.

In the spring we moved to Burnt Cabins, where the circuit had purchased a parsonage. The town got its name from the sheriff of Cumberland County burning the cabins of settlers located there. The land belonged to the Indians, but settlers had come in and occupied them. The cabins were burned to get them out. The year we lived there I had an experience doing me good. I had taken the job of driving a Mr. Kelly's cows to pasture a mile or more beyond town where he had a farm. I took them out in the morning and back again in the evening. That made four or more miles for me to travel, one hundred and twenty miles a month, for which I got a dollar, less than one cent a mile. Dr. B. B. Hamlin, our new presiding elder, came. While sitting in the house, he asked me if I did anything. I told him that I drove Mr. Kelly's cows to pasture, but I was going to quit. He asked why. I told him I had to travel one hundred and twenty miles per month for one dollar, and that was not enough. He asked me what I would do if I did not have that job. I said I guessed nothing. He said, you go in your bare feet, do you not. I said I did. Well it does not cost you anything for shoes, and I would just keep at it until I got another job that pays better. He said a lot of fellows never had anything to do because they would not do what was at hand and would not take the wages offered. I never forgot the lesson. Years afterward, when he was retired and living in Huntingdon and I was his presiding elder, we talked and laughed over the matter.

There was a man living a few miles from Burnt Cabins by the name of Cyrus Jeffries. He had been a presiding elder in the United Brethren Church and had left them because they had not elected him bishop. He had organized a cult of his own and had a considerable number of followers throughout the region. Father had been frequently importuned to preach against some of his doctrines but had refused. When he came from Conference, he agreed to do so morning and night in the Burnt Cabins church. The house was packed morning and night. There was an old baldheaded colored man who lived in the edge of the woods above town who came to the night service. He was very hard of hearing and, because of that a man named Cessna, who was assisting in seating the people, took him up and seated him on the pulpit. Father, in his sermon, made a gesture, overturning a glass into the colored man's face. Springing up, he saw Cessna laughing; everybody else in fact was. But he did not like Cessna and blamed it all on him. He rushed down the aisle to get Cessna. The episode nearly broke up the meeting.

The spring of 1873 we moved to Hopewell. There was no water at the parsonage. The trustees decided to have a well dug. A miner was employed to dig it, and I was detailed to run the windlass. After we had gone down more than forty feet, we came on a sandstone rock. Just above it we had passed through a shale formation that was damp. When we got to the sand rock, the digger sent for father and said to him that he had mined in that whole region and that rock was in some places ten feet and at other places sixty feet thick, that there was no possibility of finding water until you got through it, but he believed that if a basin was blown out in the rock and a tunnel driven back along the surface of the rock through the shale, there would be an unfailling supply of water, since it was very dry. This was done, and a nine-foot tunnel, and from that day to this there has been an abundance of fine water. I windlassed every wheelbarrow of earth out of that well and every pound of rock to wall the well and the tunnel.

We had a teacher of the school name Evans, a brother of Rev. S. B. Evans of our conference. He was about the most sever disciplinarian I ever knew. But he could teach. Many years afterwards, I was going along the streets of Huntingdon when I saw a man enter the bank. I had not seen his face, but had seen his shoulders, and I said to Ambrose who was with me, "Wilson Evans has just gone into that bank. I have an old score to settle with him, and I am going in." When I got in, he was at the window. When he turned away, I greeted him and said I just came in to say that I thought you were the meanest teacher I ever had, but I have lived to know that you were the best I ever had. Choking, he said, "I knew you boys would think that some time." I never saw him again.

Father's health again failed, and he went to Conference expecting to retire. They sent a committee after him, the Conference was in Huntingdon, soliciting him to remain with them the third year – three was all a man could remain at that time. He said to them "If I do I will probably die. Will you bury me if I do?" They said they would, and we went back for the third year. I have always felt that if he had rested then he could have preached longer.

During this time, he was holding a meeting at Coaldale, on Six Mile Run. It was a mining town, and one of the miners was Figart. Father preached one night on Daniel in the lion's den. Figart was very much interested. That night he dreamed he had a lion in a stall and he was about to get loose. Figart was between him and the door, making desperate effort to finish whatever he was at before the lion would get loose. Just as he finished, the lion got loose and Figart sprung for the door. There was a terrible racket, and he found himself on the floor amid pieces of the bed. He had kicked the foot out of the bed.

It was while he lived a Hopewell that I caught my first bass. It was in the large dam above town. I also caught my first trout. Father was going fishing in Sandy Run. He wanted to take Will with him, and he would take Ambrose and me a little distance and when he got tired I was to take him home. I did not like the proposition but said nothing. We were left, and Father and will went on. I cut a stick for a rod and put a line on it and dropped it in behind a stump. Instantly a trout took it, and I had him on the bank. It was the only one I got, but when Father and Will came home my trout was as big as any half dozen of theirs. I have caught many hundred since, but it is doubtful whether I got as much pleasure out of any as that first one.

Father had not rented the farm, and we farmed it that year in a kind of indifferent way, going over. We usually walked to Robertsdale and then took the train to Three Springs. The next spring, that of 1876, we moved over. It was the last move as a family. I was then in my eighteenth year. In the winter I went to school in the Meadow Gap schoolhouse. Julia K. Leader

had gotten the privilege of attending school there, and she and I were mostly in classes together. I helped her with her arithmetic problems. In the winter of 1878 and '79, I taught the woodcutting school. During the summer or spring, for it was in May, I began to go to Leader's. During the winter, a meeting in progress at McKendree, I went to the altar. The meeting closed without my making a profession. The pastors were W. E. Heck and W. H. Bowden. Later a United Brethren preacher named Croft held a meeting at Mt. Carmel, a little unpainted church in the ridges, about three miles from home. I went forward there. The impression was upon me that I would have to preach. I wanted to be a dentist. After many nights, the pastor came to me while I was at the altar and said, "You have told no one, but your difficulty is that you are called to preach and are not willing to surrender. Will you close this meeting, whether you are converted or not?" "No, and you have no right to ask me." "You will not find peace until you are willing to do that." He went away. I said, "Lord, is it right for him to ask me, but if that is the trouble I will." The matter was settled. When he came back with the question, I said "Yes, but what am I to do?" "Lo, what you please." I have no very distinct recollection of what happened, but a number of young men arose for prayer. Neither do I know how I got home that night, but there were two roads and I must have gone the direct one. That was the 31st of January 1880. I joined the church at McKendree, but was never received into full membership. When the time came, I was teaching in Franklin County, and the pastor sent me a letter of full membership, saying that he had explained to the congregation.

During the following summer, Francis Evans, a brother of Wilson Evans, taught a summer school for teachers in the old Seminary at Cassville, and I attended. One night about midnight, there came a knock on my door. I got out of bed and opened the door. A young man stood there, saying his name was Bouse Evans, that he had gotten in late and that his room was not ready. He wondered whether he could room with me until morning. I told him to come on. I had heard of him but never had met him until we met under these circumstances. We became warm friends and have been together in a good many joys and sorrows. He is within twelve days of my own age and is at present financial agent of Dickinson Seminary and Junior College. After school closed, I went to Franklin County with Scott Ramsey to harvest, and they insisted that I apply for their school. This I did, returning in August for the examinations. At these I got into a discussion with the county superintendent over a sentence in grammar. He was right and I was wrong, but I thought I was right, as did the school directors, all of whom were present. At the close of the examinations, they offered me the Church Hill School. They had trouble with that school for several winters because of a lot of boys. The previous winter a teacher from Fulton County had accepted the position. He was a fine teacher, but the boys got away with him and he had to resign in the middle of the winter. I told them I would take it. A. B. Ramsey, who had taught the Meadow Gap School the last winter I went to school and also the winter I taught at Woodcutting, had taken the examinations and passed a much better one than I did but had failed to get a school. One of the teachers refused to accept his school, and Ramsey took that. When I was pastor at Hughesville, he brought one of his former pupils to my parsonage. I married them and they spent several days with us. He is now residing with his daughter at Upton, Franklin County, not far away, and is in a helpless condition, having lost one limb and the other is going the same way. The malady is incurable and has never been quite determined as to what it is. That winter I boarded with the Grabills, a farmer about a mile from my schoolhouse. I had over fifty pupils, of all grades. The school directors adopted a new system. A superintendent was appointed; Peters Township at that time had about twenty schools. Our schools were inspected once a month. There was a long list of things marked, such as size, deportment, progress, etc., upon which our

salaries were based. The wages were \$26, a dollar a day. The first month was the only month I was not at the top. My wages ran as high as \$35 and \$38, and none other came any where near that. There was no trouble in the school until mid winter. I had asked a boy to remain after school, but instead of doing so he walked out. The next morning I threatened to punish him. When I did so, a fellow of 18 and as big and strong as I was arose and said I should not dare to do so. He was the one who had caused trouble before. I said, "How many of you are in on this?" Two or three, equally stalwart, arose. The boy I had called before me started back and joined them. I took out my watch and said, "You are suspended and I give you five minutes to leave the room." A few days earlier, in coming to school, I picked up a wagon spoke in the road. I brought it along, not knowing what I was going to do with it, but when I got to the building I placed it in my desk. I now reached in and took it out. One sprang to his feet and said, "Let's go for him." The one who had first threatened me said, "No, we have met our match this time." The left, and the school went on with no more disturbances. At the next meeting of the school board, I asked the board to restore them but they refused, one member saying "I have gone down into that community and have investigated and find that the community no only approves their expulsion, but that they hold the teacher in very high esteem. It is time to end the trouble we have had down there." After I had pleaded for them, they reconsidered and reinstated them, but the vote was a bare majority. Some of them returned, and there was no further trouble in the school. When I left in the spring, the directors unanimously asked me to accept the school for another year.

The hours were from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. with one hour for lunch. There was in the community a young man, over-aged, who had been deprived of the advantages of schooling, and who asked me if he might come. I told him he could if he did not take any time from the other pupils. I gave him time before and after school, and he was most appreciative and made rapid progress. His name was Michael Sollinberger. When I was on the Harrisburg district, I went to Waynesboro one evening to hold a quarterly conference. The pastor met me at the train and told me that we were to take dinner with the cashier of the bank. When we went to the house, who came to the door to meet us but this boy. He took us in and introduced me to his wife and daughter as the man who had made it possible for him to be what he was. He had gone to one of the state schools, then to a clerkship in the bank, and finally became cashier. Since I have lived in Bedford, he stopped to spend an hour with me and to have his family meet me.

The superintendent of schools of the county, the same one I had the dispute with the first examination, had been given the task by the Waynesboro school board to find a principal for their schools. He at once recommended me saying, "I regard him as the best teacher in the county." He offered me the position, but I had other plans by that time. I boarded about four miles on one side of Mercersburg, while A. E. Ramsey boarded about two miles on the other side. The teachers of Mercersburg and surrounding country and the high school pupils of Mercersburg organized a literary society meeting on Friday nights. An uncle of J. D. Hockman, a brother of his mother I think, was principal of the Mercersburg schools. After the meeting on Friday night, Ramsey would go home with me, and on Sunday morning he would go into Mercersburg to church, and then separate to our own homes, and the next Friday night I would go with him. He boarded with a man name Koontz. He was in charge of the Franklin County Fruit Growers Association orchard. It was a mile square and planted with York Imperial apples. In the fall you could stand at one end and look down the avenue through the trees until they were lost in a maze of red apples. It was the greatest display of fruit I have ever seen. When I saw it again a year or two ago, there were only a few stumps remaining.

I had taken my church letter to Mercersburg. The pastor was Rev. E. E. A. Beaver. He was a native of Fulton County, a fine man and the eldest of three brothers, who became Methodist preachers. He gave me my exhorters license. A circumstance occurred in this church that I will never forget. Grabills had a daughter named Retiza. She had a cousin visiting her from Lancaster County. One Sunday evening, this cousin wanted to go to church and kept hinting that I should take her. Finally Retiza took it up. Her gentleman friend was present, and he joined in and said his horse and buggy was tied outside and I could have it. I did not want to take her because she was one of the most diminutive women I had ever seen. She was well proportioned and rather good-looking, but so small, and I was as tall as I am now. She only came about half way to my shoulders. I knew that many of the Literary Society would be there, and they would roast me. At last I said all right. When we got to the church, the services were well under way. There was no pew vacant but one well toward the front. When through, Rev. Beaver called on me to pray. Miss Grabill, not accustomed to Methodist ways in those days, when everyone knelt hopped up on the pew. She was too short just to sit on it. When she saw I was kneeling, she went to get down and fell off. That was praying under difficulties. It was long before I heard the last of that at the club.

We had two weeks at Christmas. Ramsey and I took the evening train to Richmond Furnace, and then up the mountain to a valley called the Devils Race Ground where there was a wood road leading down to Burnt Cabins. A mile further on, an uncle of his lived. It was threatening rain and we had our satchels to carry. When it got dark it was black. It was nine miles through that wilderness. Finally I became conscious that I was tramping on alone and called. He answered away down in the woods. I asked him what he was doing down there, and he wanted to know why I was not down there with him. I told him I was on the path and knew I was because I was in the mud. I stood where I was until he got to me. We had no further mishap and reached his uncle's. Next morning we took a somewhat similar tramp four or five miles to his home, and it was only a couple miles over the mountain to mine. Julia Leader had gone to Tee Lane to teach. That was near Blair Mills. That was sixteen miles. There we fed our horses and he turned back. It was four or five miles to Tee Lane. It was muddy, and I floundered in the mud trying to get through. Finally I reached the schoolhouse in a more or less dilapidated condition. She boarded with a German or Pennsylvania Dutch family. They were pretty uncouth. That night we tried to "sit up," with one of the daughters and her fellow in the same room, and it was not a very large room either. Finally I suggested I would go to bed and was shown to my room. There were several beds in it, and in the morning I discovered that several of the family had some time in the night slept in them. After dinner the next day I got ready to go. I supposed there was a stage in Fannetsburg, but learned there was no way but to walk. I did not care much for that for I was a good walker. Julia went with me a couple of miles. We sat down on a log to talk, and then I went on. It was getting late in the afternoon before she turned back, and I headed for Concord, then down through that for Dry Run and Spring Run. At the latter place I stopped for supper, and by that time it was getting dark. When I got part of the way to Fennettsburg, I slipped and fell; my satchel, which by that time I was carrying over my shoulder on a stick, fell off. When I got it and got on my feet, I could not tell what way I had come. I saw the twinkling of lights on the hill above me, which indicted that there was a house there, and I called. A man answered, and I explained to him the situation. He said, "I guess you are drunk." I said no, I don not drink, but I am standing in the road facing you. Which way am I to go to get to Fennettsburg? He answered, to your left. Thanking him, I trudged on and the lights of the town soon appeared in the distance. It was Sunday evening, and most people were at church. I went to the hotel and asked when the stage left for Richmond Furnace. The hotel man said he did not think there would be any that

night, that the proprietor had been arrested the day before for robbing the mail and was taken to Chambersburg for a hearing. The boy who was to bring the mail from Burnt Cabins refused to go, and the driver of the stage would not go unless the mail came. They were both at church. When they came in I asked the boy if he would go to Burnt Cabins, four miles cross the mountain, if I would pay him. He said he would. I asked him how much he got, and he said fifty cents a trip. I asked the stage driver if he would go to Richmond if the mail came, and he said he would. I handed the boy fifty cents and saw him off to Burnt Cabins. It was then ten o'clock. I asked the hotel man if he could give me a bed until 2 a.m. and I went to bed. When I got into the stage, it was one of those huge affairs, hung on leather springs between the axles, and responsive to every motion. We got to Richmond in time for the six o'clock train, and when I dropped off at Lehmasters, I had just enough time to tramp the mile and half to my school. A few months ago I visited the old site and found nothing but the lot.

When I had started for Franklin County, Father and Will were absent. I expected to meet them on the way, and went to look for Mother. I found her in back of the house. She said, "You are my first born. You have always gone away on visits and then come home, but now you are going away and will come home on visits." I said, "No, I will be back next spring." But I never was until after the home was broken up. Leaving Franklin County, I went home for three or four days, and then went to Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. The course was a four-year course. I took it in two years and one term, graduating in June 1882. A part of this I did by doubling up and part by taking examinations, and they were examinations. Not a few questions, but the whole book.

We had a man from the Wilmington country as our professor of mathematics. He was a fine scholar but a poor teacher. The boys took a special dislike to him and wired his room, shut the door of it, preparing to turn the hose on him after he got into bed and drown him out. They proposed to do this through the transom. I quietly told him what they were planning, and he avoided them. I think they never know who gave them away. We had another professor named Harris. He was only nineteen, but everyone liked him. He and I got into a misunderstanding in class, and I was right. It annoyed me a great deal. I felt I was right, but also that, he being my instructor, I had gone too far. I started up to his room to apologize and met him, on the way down. He was coming to my room to do the same thing. We were all hurt the next fall when we came back to school to find that Harris had left us. Many years later I was in Chicago, and he was president of Northwestern. I went to see him. He did not remember me, other than he said it was one of his old pupils of Dickinson Seminary. When I referred to this incident, he at once named me. He wanted me to take dinner with him, which I could not do. Later at General Conference he was being talked about for the Secretary of the Board of Education. I went to him and said, "Doctor Harris, which would you rather be, the President of Northwestern, or Secretary of the Board of Education?" He at once answered Secretary. I said all right, you will have our crowd, and I did not a little toward his election.

Frank Gilbert Haven Stevens

Frank Gilbert Haven Stevens, grandson of Benedict Stevens Jr. and Eve Ow Stevens, and son of Frank D Stevens and Annie Bush Stevens, was born in Mount Union, Pennsylvania, about 1874. He went to California with his father when a boy, locating in Pasadena where he grew up. He graduated from Southern California University and Drew Theological Seminary. He is now pastor of First Church, Santa Monica, being a second term, and, with the exception of pastorates at Pomona and Fresno, has not been outside the bounds of the first charge in all his ministry in the Southern California Conference. He is a member of the World Service Commission, a trustee of Southern California University which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He is secretary of his Conference and one of the Conference's trustees.



A lecturer, instructor and manager of Epworth League Institutes in his own and California Conferences, one of the editors of a teacher's handbook on Sunday School lessons, writer of the Epworth League Topics for the Christian Advocates. He is unique in his church school methods and an attractive, popular preacher and faithful pastor. He has been delegate to three General Conferences and head of his delegation at two of them.

He has been twice married. His first wife was a Miss Trepennig, who died after two or three years. His second wife is Miss Adelaide Davidson. There are three children to his second wife: Lois, a student at Redlands University, Frances and Adelaide at home.

The appointments he has served in the Southern California Conferences have been: Lake Avenue and Lamands Park, Pasadena, Santa Monica, Lake Avenue, Pasadena, Trinity, Ponomo, Chaplain in the United States Army after which he served First Church, Long Beach for several months, First Church, Fresno, First Church, Santa Monica.

(The following biography of Frank G. H. Stevens was apparently written by Norman Stevens and inserted after Emory's original paragraph)

Grandson of Benedict Stevens, Jr. and Eva Orr (sic) Stevens, son of Frank D. Stevens and Anna Bush Stevens, born in Mount Union, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1874.

The family moved to California in 1884, locating in Los Angeles. They moved to Pasadena in 1885. Frank graduated from the Pasadena Wilson High School in 1892, and in 1963 is the oldest living alumnus.

Following several years of work in his father's hardware store, Frank felt the call to the ministry but resisted. He finally gave in and entered the University of Southern California at Los Angeles,



from which he graduated in 1892. Some years later his alma mater conferred on him the Doctor of Divinity degree.

He went east to Drew Seminary in New Jersey for his divinity work, graduating there in 1902. During his school days at Drew he held student appointments on Long Island in Lattingtown, Locust Valley and Bayville.

On his return to California, he was appointed to Lamanda Park and Lake Ave Mission in Pasadena for one year, then to Santa Monica for a five-year term, then back to Lake Ave Mission in Pasadena for an eight-year pastorate. Two years at Pomona, then two years in the Chaplaincy during the First World War, and Centenary and interim pastor at First Church in Long Beach. At Fresno the church had been burned, and to this charge with its challenge he was assigned in 1919. During the nine-year pastorate there, a new church was built. Then a request from Santa Monica brought him back there for a second pastorate of seven years. Next he was appointed District Superintendent for one year on the Long Beach District, three years on the Pasadena-Arizona District, and two years on the Pasadena District.

At his request, Bishop Baker appointed him in 1941 to start a new church in NE Pasadena. He officially retired in 1947, but remained as pastor until 1956, then served as Associate for another year, ending his active work in 1957.

H. Thaddeus Covert

H. Thaddeus Covert is the son of Frank Covert and grandson of Thaddeus Covert and Catherine Stevens Covert and great-grandson of Benedict Stevens Jr. and Eve Ow Stevens. He was born at Three Springs and educated in the public schools and by private study. He served as supply at Ennisville in 1914 and at Mapleton and Mill Creek in 1915 and 1916. March 1917 he was admitted to the Central Pennsylvania Conference, remaining at Mapleton and Mill Creek until March 1920 when he was appointed to Williamsburg, March 1923 he was assigned to Mifflintown and March 1929 to South Williamsport; March 1931 he was appointed to Ashland. He has the reputation of being a good preacher and pastor and a careful administrator, and he has ever been in good favor with his congregations. He is married and has three children.

Allison Stake and "Dote" Covert Stake (granddaughter of Benedict Stevens Jr. and Eve Ow Stevens) have a son who is a local preacher and at times talks of entering the regular ministry.

There are two Chilcote's in the Pittsburgh Conference. They are the great-grandsons of Benedict Stevens Sr., descending from Mary (Polly) Stevens Miller, one of the daughters by his second marriage. Mary was the wife of Adam Miller. These brothers are said to be good faithful men, doing faithful and effective work. A sister married Rev. William H. Norcross of the Central Pennsylvania Conference; he died in 1926 at age 86.

Although not directly in the family tree, I place the name of Edward Z. Utts here. My mother had one sister, Elizabeth, who married Isaac Utts. Among their children was William Utts. William had a son Edward Z. Utts, who was admitted to the Central Pennsylvania Conference in March 1932 after serving several years as supply. He attended Juniata College and I think graduated from there. He is a present pastor of Grove Memorial Church, Lewiston, and is noted as an evangelist.

When I was pastor at First Church, Jersey Shore, Joseph Stevens lived there in retirement. He had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church for thirty-five years. He frequently worshipped with us and several times occupied the pulpit. He was a good preacher. He was tall, spare, and bore a

striking resemblance to Benedict Stevens Jr. He claimed to be of the same family, with three or four generations intervening. His brother was Abel Stevens, LL.D., who was born January 17, 1815, in Philadelphia, and died in San Jose, California, September 11, 1897. He was a member of the New England and New York East Conferences. A very eloquent preacher. He is known as the Methodist Historian. For a time he was editor of Zion's Herald, of the New York Christian Advocate of the National Magazine and author of numerous articles on the Methodist Review. He was the author of the History of Methodism and of The Methodist Episcopal Church, each in several volumes. Memoirs of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States, in two volumes; Life and Times of Madame DeSteel; Life and Times of Nathan Bangs; Women of Methodism; Centenary of American Methodism; Compendium History of American Methodism; Preaching Required by the Times; Sketches from the Study of a Superannuated Itinerant; Budget from the Saddle Bags of an Itinerant; Tales from the Parsonage; Essay of Church Polity; The Great Reform.

Preachers in the Fulton County Branch

At or about the time Giles Stevens settled at Aughwick (Shirleysburg), his brother Vincent Stevens Sr. settled in what is now Fulton County, near Hustontown, twenty or twenty-five miles south of Aughwick. He had a son Vincent Stevens Jr. Among his sons were Isaac Collins Stevens and Benjamin Fletcher Stevens.

Isaac Collins Stevens was born February 15, 1833, converted and united with the church at eighteen, licensed to exhort June 12, 1853, and to preach August 6, 1855. He received his academic education at Cassville Seminary. In 1856 he supplied York Springs Circuit. Admitted to the Baltimore Annual Conference March 1857 and by reorganization to the East Baltimore and Central Pennsylvania Conferences. Charges served by him included the York Springs Circuit; New Bloomfield Circuit; Newport Circuit; Shippensburg Circuit; Mount Holly Springs; Mount Vernon Station, Baltimore; East Baltimore Station, Baltimore; Hanover Station. At the latter place a new church was erected. He gave much time to the superintendence of the construction, during which he developed tuberculosis, compelling a supernumerary relation March 1866. He made his home with his brother Rev. Benjamin F. Stevens. After lingering in extreme weakness until November 29, 1869, the end came. His body rests in the Jersey Shore Penn's cemetery on a lot owned by the church. He never married. He was reputed to be the most brilliant preacher of the name, noted for his deep piety, efficient pastoral service and eloquence. He was the first man to fall in the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

Rev. Benjamin Fletcher Stevens

Collins Stevens' brother Benjamin Fletcher Stevens was born March 31, 1831, and died at the home of his son Dr. John C. Stevens in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on May 17, 1911, when a little past eighty. He was converted and joined the church in his eighteenth year. He was educated in the common schools and Cassville Seminary, from which in March 1855 he entered the Baltimore Annual Conference, passing into the East Baltimore and Central Pennsylvania Conferences with their creating. His appointments were in the Baltimore Conference, Frostburg; East Baltimore, Westernport, Rainsburg, Greencastle, Sunbury, White Haven, Ashlend, Jersey Shore; in the Central Pennsylvania, Northumberland, Third Street, Williamsport, Clearfield,

Trinity, Danville, Mifflinburg, Stewardstown, Duncannon, Mechanicsburg, Thirteenth Street, Harrisburg. Here he retired. I became his successor and bear testimony to his sympathetic loyalty. His pastoral work was of the finest. He cordially accepted and stoutly maintained the doctrines of the church. He preached with vigor and earnestness. He knew, loved and gloried in the truth. His people loved him and venerated him, affectionately calling him "Bishop." When a new church was to be erected, which his son, known for his liberality had considerable to do, they changed the name to Benjamin Fletcher Stevens Memorial.

His last public service was in the pulpit of the Epworth Church, Harrisburg, on the celebration of "Old Folks' Day." The sermon is described as "of great beauty, power and comfort to those for whom it was preached."

On April 17, 1881 he married Harriet, daughter of Rev. John Rhodes of the Baltimore Conference. Five children were born. Two died in infancy; John, Annie and Nellie reached manhood and womanhood.

George Washington Stevens

George W. Stevens was a son of Joseph Stevens and a nephew of J. Collins and Benjamin F. Stevens. He was born in Fulton County, March 5, 1857, converted and united with the church in boyhood. On February 22, 1883 he was married to Miss Clara F. Ramsey of Orbisonia, Pennsylvania. Their children were Nellie, Bessie, Ray and Clarkson.

George was educated at Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, graduating from there in 1881. In March of that year he entered the Central Pennsylvania Conference. He was a good preacher, a zealous and effective revivalist. A painstaking pastor. A great church builder as the fine churches at Fifth Street Harrisburg and Lewistown bear witness. The latter magnificent stone building was built and dedicated free of debt, which was about the choicest piece of church financiering ever accomplished in the Conference. He was cheerfully optimistic, never planning with the possibility of defeat, but always looking for success. He was strong in his convictions and pronounced in asserting them.

He died in the fourth year of his administration of the Harrisburg District. He had been a delegate of the Los Angeles General Conference and was a member of the Board of Church Extension. His appointments were: Muncy Valley (Supply Princess Street, York; Buckhorn; Selinsgrove; Trinity, Danville; Fifth Street; Mulberry Street, Williamsport; Lewistown; Harrisburg District. At the conference in March, commenting on the death of Amos Baldwin of the Danville District, he said, "So we all come to where we write our last report, preach our last sermon, receive our last appointment. It becometh us a brethren not to lose sight of this fact. Some of us, doubtless, at this very conference are answering the roll call for the last time. Whose photograph shall next appear in the Conference minutes? Nobody ventures to answer. God knows. If mine, I want the record to be "He fought a good fight, finished the course, kept the faith." He was suffering intensely at the time. The disease that in three months was to master him was sapping his strength. He was never to preach again, but his indomitable will held to the end, which came June 30, 1906.

James F. Glass

James F. Glass' mother was a Stevens. He was born in McConneslburg, Fulton County on April 17, 1857. His education was obtained in the public schools and Dickinson Seminary. After serving several years as a supply, he was admitted to the Central Pennsylvania Conference in

1884. His appointments were: Clarkstown; Benezette; Muncy Valley; Fairview; Cassville; Elysburg; Airville; Epworth, Harrisburg; Epworth, Jersey Shore; Marysville; Broad Avenue, Altoona. He died at his home in Harrisburg July 25, 1826. In his early days he had been a carpenter, and the numerous churches and parsonages built and remodeled during his ministry were testimony to his skill. Always manly, ever faithful and consistent, he put in forty years ministry without a blot or really weak spot.

He was twice married, first to Miss Jennie S. Wilson of Warriors Mark, Pennsylvania, and second to Mrs. Margaret G Leach of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, two or three years prior to his death. There were two children to the first wife, Ernest and Mary. He was long a director of Our Home for the Aged at Tyrone.

This ends the manuscript that was written by Emory M. Stevens, and recopied by Norman L. Stevens. This copy does not include the pictures and new text that were added later by Norman Stevens, who was a first cousin once removed to Emory M. Stevens.

The following page is an obituary and brief biography of Emory Stevens, copied from the Methodist Episcopal Church Journal, 1938.

Emory Miller Stevens

Emory Miller Stevens, son of Rev. William Henry and Margaret (Sheffler) Stevens, was born November 29, 1858, at Fowkes Mill, near Cumberland, Maryland. He died in Bedford, Pennsylvania, September 5, 1937, and was buried in the family burying plot in Three Springs, Pennsylvania. The funeral services were in charge of his pastor Walter H. Williams, who was assisted by William W. Banks, J. E. Bucke, and S. B. Evans, who made the address.

Brother Stevens taught school and attended summer normal schools before entering Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, where he graduated and immediately began preaching the gospel. He joined the Central Pennsylvania Conference in 1882. In 1883 he was joined in holy wedlock with Miss Julia Leader. Two daughters came from this union, Mrs. Edythe Hockman, wife of Col. J. Donald Hockman of California, and Miss Jeannette, Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Emory Stevens served the following charges: Loyalsock, Hughesville, Emporium, Jersey Shore, Stevens Memorial, Bellwood, Bedford, Pine Street, and Mifflinsburg. He was District Superintendent of all the Districts except Sunbury, serving in this honored position for nineteen years. He retired in 1927, having given forty-five years in active service to the church. He was a member of the General Conference from 1908 to 1924, having been elected to five consecutive sessions of the General Conference.

Emory Stevens was a great man, one of the great men of the church. He measured up well with other great men of the church and knew them personally. He thoroughly understood the polity of the church.

He was a great preacher with great convictions. He believe what he preached, and gave emphasis to his convictions in convincing and compelling language. He convinced his hearers. He was not a trimmer and never compromised his Lord. One of his great sermons was on "The Humiliation of Christ." A prominent attorney frequently talked with the writer about the great sermons Brother Stevens preached when pastor of Pine Street Church. He told of the effect upon him of the sermon on Christ's Humiliation and said when the sermon had been concluded: "I found myself almost prostrated. The effect was so tremendous that my physical strength was nearly used up in my effort to go along in my sympathies with the portrayal of the humiliation of my Lord." People continue to talk of the great sermons of Brother Stevens. Sometimes the entire Saturday night was spent in the final preparation of the sermons for Sunday services. "He gave them Christ." "He gave them Christ." "He gave them Christ."

Brother Stevens was a great evangelist. He did not cease his efforts when the sermon was delivered from the pulpit. With eagle eyes he saw men and women under deep conviction for sin, and he went to their homes or places of business and urged them to make an immediate surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps his greatest revival was in Pine Street Church.

He was a great pastor. He must see his people in their homes and learn what their problems were. Sometimes he had to almost drive himself to this work, but often visited from ten to fifteen families in an afternoon. He never tarried long, but seemed to hurry from one home to another. He was a rapid walker, as anyone knows who tried to keep step with him. Much of the time in his home he spent in his study. He always had his books about him. He was a reader of books. He was a great District Superintendent and cabinet worker. The writer has seen him begin with a man in his own district and suggest changes that would involve changes in every district, and every suggested change would give the men a larger salary, and he believed the church would be better served. He knew the Conference as few men knew it, and he knew every man in the

Conference. He was very sympathetic with his men, but always he urged his men, when necessary, to do their best. His acquaintance with the laymen was extensive, and he called upon them to cooperate with the pastor in the financial and spiritual work of the church.

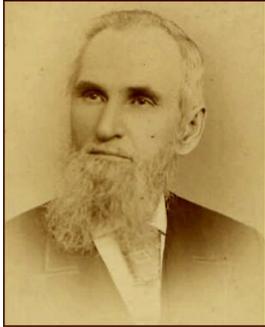
He was a great administrator. No department of church work escaped his careful attention, and he advised and directed in a capacity that showed he was a leader of men. This was shown not only in our own Conference but also in his years of work in the General Conference. No charge on any district he served was without his personal supervision and counsel. He gave wise counsel to young men and showed such sympathy for them that they have not forgotten him. He was a leader of men.

When the writer visited him in his home not long before his death, he found him very weak and it was extremely difficult to understand what he tried to say in whispers. When I spoke of preaching nearly every Sunday since Conference, his face lighted up and he repeated the words in a whisper, but they seemed to have an emphasis as though he were giving me a message for the Conference, and I could get his message, "Preach. Preach. Preach."

Simpson B. Evans

Addenda, by the Berger Girls

Asa Shinn Stevens



Asa Shinn Stevens was the oldest son of Benedict and Eve (Ow) Stevens. He was born in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, December 3, 1824, and died September 9, 1911, in Fulton County, Pennsylvania. He married first Elizabeth Adams in 1845; she died around 1850. They had a daughter born around 1846 who probably died within two years of her mother. At the time of his first wife's death, Asa was working as a boatman on the railroad at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

He married second Sarah Hartline August 7, 1853. They were the parents of eleven children:

Millard Filmore (1853-1856)

Amanda Belle (1854-1897), married J. Frank Bair

Hannah Jenkins (1857-1862)

James Barton (1857-1955), married Anna Eliza Eilson

Jeanette Alice (1859-1938), married Samuel Metzler Hess.

George McClellan (1862-1863)

John Franklin (1865-1922), married Mary Dean

Jane Annie (1868-1957), married Harry L. Rathvon

Martha Katharine (1869-?), married 1st __ Shue; married 2nd Ralph Weaver

Mollie Eve (1873-1965), married George Washington Leonard

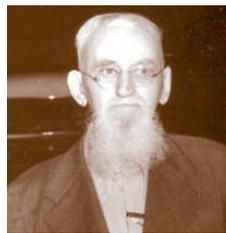
Charles Weigle (1875-1881)



**Mollie Eve (Stevens)
Leonard**



**Annie (Stevens) Rathfon,
Kate (Stevens) Weaver,
Mame (Stevens) Hess**



**James Barton
Stevens**

Sarah (Hartline) Stevens was born May 3, 1835, and died December 26, 1919 in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Her obituary states Sarah was born in Cumberland County. Frank Stevens supplied the information for her death certificate and stated she was born in Franklin County, the daughter of Jacob Hartline; he did not know her mother's name.



MRS. SARAH A. STEVENS

Mrs. Sarah A. Stevens, wife of the late Asa S. Stevens, passed peacefully from this life this morning at the home of her daughter Mrs. Ralph R. Weaver, 32 Green street, in the eighty-fifth year of her life.

The deceased is survived by four daughters living in Lancaster, Mrs. Jeannette A. Hess, Mrs. H. L. Rathvon, Mrs. Ralph B. Weaver and Mrs. George W. Leonard, and two sons, J. Barton Stevens, Clear Ridge, Fulton county, and J. Frank Stevens, dentist, in this city.

Mrs. Stevens was born near Shippenburg, Cumberland county; spent the early part of her life in Three Springs, Huntingdon county, and for the past thirty-three years has lived in Lancaster. She was well liked and held in high esteem by a multitude of friends.

Services will be held from the Green street address at 5 p.m. tomorrow and then the remains will be sent to Three Springs.

Amanda Belle Stevens



Amanda Belle Stevens was born November 3, 1854 in Huntingdon County and died January 10, 1897 in Philipsburg, Centre county. She married J. Franklin Bair April 24, 1878 and was the mother of 10 children, including Victor Ross Stevens, born July 23, 1875. In the 1880 census, Frank and Amanda lived in Mount Union, with daughter Lena and son Victor R. Stevens. Frank was a printer for the local newspaper. In 1888 Frank moved his wife and children to Philipsburg, in Centre County, where he worked for the Philipsburg Weekly Journal. Amanda and Frank are buried at the Philipsburg Cemetery. Frank married 2nd Ida Bardell, with whom he had six children.

Amanda's children with Frank Bair are:

Leone G., (1879 – 1961), married Martin Steck, died in Indiana

David Webster (1881 – 1950), married Stella Byron, parents of two sons: Thomas and Byron, died Philipsburg

Jess William (1882 – 1944), married Lillian M Wood, parents of three children: Jesse, Robert and Lillian

Jeanette Pauline (1884 – 1976), married 1st Herman L Elmer Hoffman, parents of one daughter, Dorothy; married 2nd Charles H. Suder

Mary Eva (1888 – 1972). Married Summerfield Flegal Test, parents of nine children: Charles Foster, Earl Bair, Kathryn, Ruth Eleanor, Isabelle Jean, Mary Louise, Dorothy Janet, Robert L., Helen Leone

Robert Emery (1890 – 1937), married Helen I Shank

Grover Cleveland (1893 – 1962), married Mabel L., parents of one daughter, Doris

Catherine May (1895 – 1969), married Landis Schenk

Frederick (1895 – 1895)



Mary Eva Bair Test



Jess William Bair



Catherine May Bair Schenk



Leone Bair Steck



David Webster Bair

DEATH OF MRS. J. FRANK BAIR.

On Monday evening of last week, January 4th, Amanda Belle, wife of J. Frank Bair, brother of the editor of this paper, and who is employed as its collector and solicitor, was stricken with paralysis. With the exception of several intervals, she virtually remained unconscious, and never regained her speech. From the very beginning her condition was critical, although on Friday there seemed to be some little improvement that gave hope of a possible recovery. During Saturday night, however, it was observed she was growing weaker, and the last ray of hope was vanishing. Despite her weak condition she lingered until 10 o'clock last night, when her spirit took its flight to the realms beyond.

The deceased was the daughter of A. S. and Sarah A. Stevens, at present residing

near Dublin Mills, Fulton county, but who were residents of Three Springs, Huntingdon county, for many years, and where nearly all her girlhood days were spent. She was born Nov. 3, 1854, and was therefore aged 42 years, 2 months and 7 days. On April 29th, 1878, she was united in marriage to J. Frank Bair, and as a result of this union nine children were born to them, all of whom survive, with the exception of a twin baby who died soon after birth. The youngest of the surviving children—four sons and four daughters—is aged about 1 year and 9 months and the oldest, Leona, aged 18 years. Besides her husband and children she is survived by her parents and the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. S. M. Hess, Mrs. Harry Rathfon, Mr. Hiram Shoe, Mrs. George Leonard and J. Frank Stevens, all of Lancaster, and J. B. Stevens, of Dublin Mills, Fulton county, Pa.

She was an affectionate wife and mother and a kind neighbor. Where she will be most missed will be in the home, especially by the little ones, who will be bereft of the tender care and the warm love of the mother heart, and while the loved ones are sorrowful because of the separation, yet they need not mourn as those who have no hope, but can rejoice in the knowledge that she is at rest and only gone before to the shore of the better land. She was converted at the Juniata Valley camp meeting about three years ago, and united with the Methodist church in this place. She has for several years been identified with the W. C. T. U., and of late has devoted no little amount of time to temperance work in connection with this organization.

The funeral service will take place on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the family residence on Water street, and will be conducted by Rev. A. R. Miller, D.D., assisted by Rev. J. W. Henderson and Rev. W. H. Lingenfelter.

Obituary: Amanda (Stevens) Bair

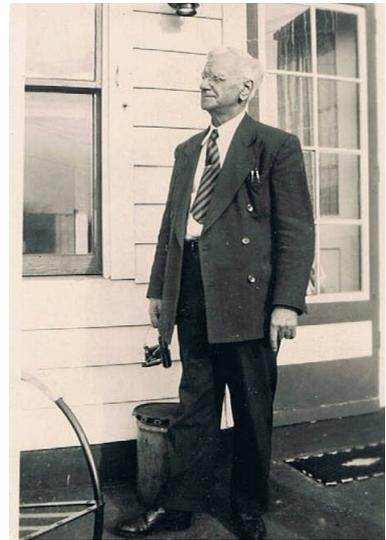
Victor Ross Stevens

Victor Ross Stevens, "Ross," son of Amanda Stevens, was born in Huntingdon County July 23, 1875 and died in Reading, Berks County, on December 5, 1960. From census records we know he lived with his mother and step-father, J. Frank Bair, in 1880, in Mount Union. Per city directories, Ross moved to Lancaster with



grandparents Asa and Sarah Stevens a few years later. According to the 1900 census, he was a cigar maker, living with wife Bertha in Lancaster.

Ross married Bertha Higman in Lancaster on October 5, 1898. Bertha was a native of Delaware. They divorced in 1915, no known children.



Annie (Stevens) & Harry Rathvon, Bertha (Higgins) Stevens



Ross moved to Reading and married Helen Blanche Bierbower on March 24, 1917 (they eloped to Maryland). Helen was born in Middletown, Dauphin County, a daughter of William Henry and Ivy (Ulrich) Bierbower. Ross continued to work as a cigar maker. He kept a cigar press in his apartment.

Ross and Helen also divorced, after 1928; Helen and daughter Leone move to Philadelphia. Ross and daughters Ethyl, Shirley and Betty continued to live in Reading, on Muhlenberg Street. Ross is buried in the Gibraltar cemetery. He is remembered as a frugal and well educated man. His daughter Ethyl said he could talk on any subject. He enjoyed photography and was a frequent patron of the library. Grandson Donald remembers Ross taking him fishing. He played cards with his sons-in-law at family picnics, always with a cigar in hand.



Ross and Helen were parents of five children:

a daughter who died in infancy

Ethyl Jean (1918 – 2005) married Leonard Deeds

Evelyn Shirley (1920 – 1999) married Howard Loose

Elizabeth Mae (1922 – 1975) married Russell Berger

Emily Leone (1927) married William Rassman and Charles Eastwood

Ross, Ethyl, Shirley and Betty Mae

REGISTRATION CARD		REGISTRATION REFORM 37-8-19. C	
NAME: Victor Ross Stevens		DESCRIPTION OF REGISTRANT: <i>Right Leg Withered</i>	
RESIDENCE: 400 1/2 S. Sumner Reading Berks P.		DATE OF REGISTRATION: <i>Sept 12 1918</i>	
DATE OF BIRTH: July 23 rd 1875		LOCAL BOARD FOR DIVISION NO. 1	
RACE: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/> Negro <input type="checkbox"/> Other		CITY OF READING, STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA	
U.S. CITIZEN: <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Naturalized <input type="checkbox"/> Born in U.S.		21 North 6th Street (2nd floor front)	
EMPLOYER'S NAME: Seger Moyer, Conductor & Prod.		17127 + 8 1/2 x 11 1/2	
RESIDENCE: 704 1/2 W. 1st Reading Berks P.		The name of the local board having jurisdiction of the case is entered on the registration card and the pertinent items shall be placed on the card.	

Victor Ross Stevens - WWI draft registration

U. S. SOCIAL SECURITY ACT APPLICATION FOR ACCOUNT NUMBER		20-175321	
NAME: VICTOR ROSS STEVENS			
RESIDENCE: 151 1/2 DUNCAN ST. READING PA.			
DATE OF BIRTH: JULY 23 1875			
MOTHER'S NAME: SARAH HARTSTEIN			
SEX: MALE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FEMALE <input type="checkbox"/>			
COLOR: WHITE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER <input type="checkbox"/>			
REGISTRATION CARD NUMBER: 475-22365			
DATE: 15, 1938			

Victor Ross Stevens - Social Security Account application

V. Ross Stevens

Services for V. Ross Stevens, 85, of 908 Franklin St., who died in the Reading Hospital, will be held Friday at 10 a.m. in the F. F. Seidel, Inc., Funeral Chapel. Burial will be in St. John's Union Church Cemetery, Gibraltar.

Born in Lancaster, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Asa Stevens, he was a retired cigar-maker.

Surviving are three daughters: Ethel J., wife of Leonard G. Deeds, Kenhorst; Shirley E., wife of Howard J. Loose, Reading, and Betty M., wife of Russell A. Berger, Rowley, Mass.; nine grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Leone Steck, South Bend, Ind.

Elizabeth Mae (Betty) Stevens



Betty Mae Stevens was born in Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, on June 7, 1922. She was the fourth daughter born to Ross and Helen (Bierbower) Stevens. She was raised by her father from early childhood.

Betty Mae graduated from Reading High School in 1940, then worked at the Berkshire Hosiery Mill (the “Berky”) as a looper. She met her future husband, Russell Arthur Berger, on September 15, 1940, at Miller’s ice cream shop. (She kept a swatch from the dress she wore that day, and pinned the swatch to her outfit every September 15th thereafter.) They married January 31, 1942. Their first daughter, Kerrie, was born October 5, 1943.

Russell was drafted in March of 1944 and served in the Philippines during World War II. Betty lived with her in-laws, Samuel and Helen (Unger) Berger and family (they had four children, including Russ) while he was away. It was a busy household.

After the War, Russell attended Penn State. While Russ took engineering classes, Betty audited English and Home Ec classes. They lived at the Windcrest Trailer village, a community of ninety-nine trailers on the southeast corner of campus. A seven-by-twenty-two foot trailer cost twenty-two dollars a month. Each unit came with beds, table and chairs, an ice box, sink, gas stove for cooking, and a fuel oil stove for heating. Running water, toilet, shower and laundry facilities were shared with other trailer renters in centralized utility units throughout the complex.

Russ graduated from Penn State in January, 1949, and took a job with General Electric in Lynn, Massachusetts. Betty, Russ and Kerrie first rented in Medford, Massachusetts, then purchased a house on 11 acres in rural Rowley, Massachusetts. Daughter Kathy Jo was born soon after the move to Medford. Daughters Mary Alice, Peggy Lou, Barbara Ann and Heidi Jean were born after the move to Rowley. Daughter Kerrie died May, 1951; she was born with a congenital heart defect. An attempt was made to correct, but the techniques for heart surgery were still in their infancy, and Kerrie died from complications soon after the operation.



Christmas in Rowley; Betty Mae and Russ (standing) and family

Up at sunrise every morning, Betty started her day writing a letter to a friend, to her sister Ethyl, to in-laws Sam and Helen, and later to daughters away at college.

Many weekends during the summer Betty and Russ hosted square dances at the carriage house on the Rowley homestead.

Betty collected tea cups, many brought home by Russ from his business trips, and collected milk glass chickens, bunnies, etc. She loved to garden, although the mosquitoes in Rowley were fierce. She enjoyed feeding and watching birds. The feeder attached to a dining room window was always well attended. She showed her daughters how to sit quietly at the window and let birds eat seed from the palms of their hands. She was needlessly nervous the first time a woodpecker was a palm visitor. I think the hand feeding stopped when a chickadee accidentally flew into the house and didn't know how to get back outside. The first bird was soon joined by a second, then a third, trying to help him escape.

Betty was an excellent seamstress, making most of her own dresses as well as those of her daughters. She enjoyed crafts, knitting (sweaters and Christmas stockings were here specialty). She never drove a car. She doted on grandson Eli (he called her Cookie, because she could always find a treat for him when he visited).

Betty was diagnosed with cancer in December, 1974, and died April 7, 1975. She is buried at Pleasant View Cemetery, in Spring Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, next to her daughter Kerrie.



Betty Mae with sisters and their mother Helen

Left to right: Shirley, Claire, Helen (Bierbower), Ethyl, Betty Mae