

Bonanza Bound!!

ISAAC JAMES STEVENS & HIS EXPERIENCES AS A PIONEER
(as written by Marie Stevens Milliken)

This record of a noble and patriotic life is affectionately dedicated to a daughter of Isaac James Stevens, Mary Eugenia, our aunt Mary, whose remarkable memory has been the inspiration for the preservation of these family traditions.

In the town of Medway, Maine, at the east and west forks of the Penobscot River, on a farm lived Isaac James Stevens, his wife Olive Priscilla Cates who was born at Cutler, Maine, and their eleven children: Agnes, Harriet, Harrison, Moses, Susan, William, Isaac, Emma, Mary, Georgianna and Addie. The winters were long and cold, and the soil covered with glacial drift yielded discontent to this ambitious family, instead of an abundance of crops.

When the gold rush days of '49 swept hundreds of families from their farms and started them on westward trails, it caused hundreds of other families to gaze at broader horizons and dream of untold riches just beyond their present grasp.

Rumors of the great and mighty West continued to return to the New England States, and finally in 1857 Isaac and his family boarded a train for Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on the Mississippi. They then traveled by steamboat to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where they remained two years. During this time Agnes married a Mr. Heath and lived in northern Minnesota and Susan married John Ramsdale and lived in Minneapolis.

Isaac Stevens had now become fully imbued with a great zeal to go further west, become a prospector and seek his fortune from the rock-ribbed mountains, teeming with precious metals. In January 1859, he collected a few mining tools, some food, a few cooking utensils and some blankets, and packed a small cart. He then went down the river on a raft to St. Joseph, Mo., and from there he walked and pushed his cart to Pike's Peak.

About three months later, in the spring of '59, Harrison, Hattie, and Ike followed their father westward. They had a wagon and a yoke of oxen. At St. Paul, they boarded a boat and went to Dubuque, Iowa, where there were some lead mines. After looking over the mines they started on southwest across the state of Iowa to the city of Omaha, Nebraska. It was their custom to remain in camp on the Sabbath and spend the day in rest instead of travel. One of their Sabbaths was spent at Fort Des Moines and they never forgot the beauty they enjoyed in their surroundings as they camped on the banks of the Des Moines River.

Before entering Omaha, they crossed the Missouri River on a steam ferryboat; then the journey continued on across the plains to Denver, Colorado, where they arrived July 29, 1859. At that time it was just a small log cabin town, but they took up a homestead and lived there.

Back in Minneapolis, July 28, 1859, Charles was born. The next summer, in 1860, the rest of the family including the mother, Emma, Mary, William, Moses, Addie, Josephine and infant Charles set out in a covered wagon drawn by oxen to join those who had preceded them to Denver. (During the period spent in Minnesota, Josephine was born and Georgianna had died.)

You might think all luxuries were left behind, but in their equipment they had a small looking-glass and a baby buggy. They also had a cook stove, which made camp life more like home. The outstanding terror of the

journey was the roar of the vast herds of buffalo that roamed the western plains.

Denver was not to be home for long for in February 1861 they started for the San Juan "diggin's" or gold fields, now in Colorado--then in New Mexico. They went as far as Fort Garland where they got some cows and sold milk and butter to the soldiers. When the family left Maine, Aunt Mary was three years old and while visiting school with an older sister and attempting to tell the teacher her name--Mary Eugenia--her attempt became "Mary Gingerbread" and the name "Ginger" clung to her and proved to be a marked characteristic of her enthusiasm and vital interest in public affairs. So now at Fort Garland, as a little seven-year-old, one of her chief duties was to wash the milk crocks, which seemed to be a daily endless task. While washing them she would gaze at Pike's Peak, and in later life whenever she saw Pike's Peak there reappeared the vision of those endless milk crocks. When they left Fort Garland that fall, they allowed Moses to remain there to work in a store and he never lived at home again.

The family moved to the Cimarron River in Colfax County, New Mexico, on the Maxwell Land Grant and began to farm in 1862. There they stayed until the spring of 1864.

It was the custom of Mr. Maxwell to supply every white family with all necessities: cattle, seed, tools, etc., and the family received half of all they produced. As a home site, Grandfather Stevens selected a place about three miles below the old Maxwell home and there built a long adobe house with mud roof and mud floors. Its largest room was the kitchen, which was the center of hospitality and industry. There was a hand-made spinning wheel made by Grandfather Stevens, which was used for making yarn for stockings.

Long years before he left Maine and Massachusetts, he had worked in the woolen mills of his uncle, Nathaniel Stevens, at Andover, Massachusetts, and he left his uncle's employ when he, being a Whig, could not agree

with his political views. But Uncle Nathaniel's interest followed him and his family and he frequently sent whole bolts of woolen cloth to be used for warm clothing. Homemade candles supplied the necessary light after sundown and it was in this house that the youngest child, Albert Smith Stevens, was born December 20, 1863.

When Bishop Lamy made his missionary visits to that region, he always visited the Stevens' home, which was noted for its hospitality, and became deeply interested in William, because of his studious disposition. He wanted to have William educated for the priesthood but his father objected until he had had more education. On one of his visits, Bishop Lamy was accompanied by Kit Carson who at that time had a large scar over one eye, perhaps received in some Indian skirmish, but it made a lasting impression on the members of the household who gathered about to welcome the visitors.

Prior to the Mexican War, the Mexican Government had made numerous grants of lands in the Territory of New Mexico to reward military service, to colonies and to individuals, all of which were designed to induce a settlement of the country. In 1841, between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres of land were granted to Beaubien and Miranda to induce them to colonize it. In 1838, L. B. Maxwell came into the Territory with a company of trappers from Missouri. He was only fourteen years old but being a brave, energetic lad, he was employed by Beaubien as a clerk in his store at Taos. In the course of a few years, Maxwell married a daughter of Beaubien and thus secured an interest in the grant.

In a few more years he managed to buy it out for a promise to pay less than \$100,000.00, all the heirs of both grantees, and thus became the proprietor of about sixty square miles of the Territory. This has since been known as the Maxwell Land Grant. Congress confirmed the title in 1860. He conveyed his right to an English company that organized The Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company, and incorporated with a capital of \$5,000,000, which was divided into 50,000 shares with a par value of \$100 each. Mr. Maxwell soon became the most prominent man

in the Territory as a mountain guide, an Indian trader, a freighter and a landowner.

Kit Carson, who was a little younger than Maxwell, came to Taos from Missouri not long after Maxwell came and the two were always fast friends and about equally influential with the Indians. These were the Utes... peaceable and friendly. It was through these two men that Fremont, soon after the Mexican War, became famous as a Rocky Mountain explorer.

Maxwell continued in Taos till about 1856, when he and Carson made a settlement on the Cimarron, four miles from the present village of that name, where they started a ranch, intending to raise stock and make a trading post. In 1858, Maxwell built a store on the Cimarron River around which the village of that name sprang up.

The Stevens family made Cimarron River their home and prospered for almost three years, but there were no schools and the great hunger for education could no longer be stifled. They MUST be educated, and it seemed necessary to go back to Denver and put the children in school.

During this period, they had produced an abundance of oats and wheat, which they sold for ten cents a pound.

When they left Cimarron they had three wagonloads of flour, a wagon for the family and a cart for the cook stove, which was set up every night for the camp cooking. They also had plenty of pork, beef, and butter, and were well supplied for the long trip, which took about a month. The journey was made in March 1861 when Albert was only three months old.

Arriving in Denver with about \$7,000.00, Isaac Stevens felt quite well fixed, so he bought two adjoining farms about twenty miles north of Denver on the flats of the Platte River. He owned the land where the Tabor Opera House later stood.

The next year, the hand of death entered the family circle and took away three of its loved ones. Harrison, big and strong, died of pneumonia; William, the gifted student, died of brain fever, and Addie died of whooping cough.

Harriet had been teaching school in Ocate, Colorado, and on December 19, 1865, she was married at home, in the presence of the family, to Harvey Howard Whitehill, who came up from Fort Union. She wore a brown silk dress, which she saved and twenty-nine years later she was buried in it.

A native of Ohio, Mr. Whitehill was born in Bellefontaine, September 2, 1837. In early life he followed railroad engineering in the middle west and in 1858, when a young man of twenty-one, he went to Colorado and engaged in mining and prospecting in Denver, Leadville and other mining districts. While mining for one year, he earned about \$12,000. During the Civil War, he enlisted at Fort Union (New Mexico) where he was on active duty for about a year and was later honorably discharged.

A few months after his (HHW's) marriage to Harriet M. Stevens (1865) they relocated to Elizabethtown, New Mexico, during the days of the first gold excitement there. They remained in that region for about five years.

In 1870, Uncle Ike and Harvey Whitehill went on to Silver City by mule teams. They set out over Raton Pass to Las Vegas (New Mexico), then on to Albuquerque. The lure of opal skies reflected on the purple hills, ever seeming nearer than they were in reality, beckoned the caravan to go on, day after day, through the dusty, burning desert sands, severe, but ever beautiful, kept them pressing on to some lucky strike which they hoped to locate eventually. So their route led to Socorro, on to Fort Cummings on Cook's Peak, then to Old Town on the Mimbres River, also sometimes called Mowry City, named after a noted Confederate, Major Mowry, who was sent out as a surveyor to Old Town by the Government. They also camped at the well-known ranch and landmark, Apache Tejo.

Many years ago, when the great southwest was controlled by the Mexican Government and the Apaches roamed wild and murderous from the Rio Grande to the Colorado River, Mexicans traveled from far away Chihuahua, over a dangerous trail, with pack trains of burros, to mine and pack away the native copper taken from the famous copper mines of Santa Rita.

In their wanderings over the adjacent hills, they discovered a beautiful little valley, which was situated about twelve miles west of the mines, where upon the hills that bordered it grew some dense groves of cedar and piñon, and in the early spring and summer the rich, luxuriant gramma grass grew in abundance. A number of cool, clear springs flowed toward the lower end of the valley, creating an extensive marsh from which thousands of tulles grew. The Mexicans named the place "The Marshes of St. Vincent". For many years, the Apaches, under the leadership of Mangas Colorado and his forefathers, gathered here to celebrate their victories, hold their councils of war and even to bury their dead. On the smooth surface of small cliffs nearby are to be found even to this day hieroglyphics or crude paintings, showing it was a favored spot of the ancients. Here, thousands of antelope from the plains and many deer from the foothills came down in the silence of the night to enjoy the cool water of the marshes.

The Apaches who roamed this region were of the Chiracahua branch, the most bloodthirsty of all the tribes. Mangas Colorado (Red Sleeve) was their Chief from 1852 to 1865. He continued to carry on his reign of terror unmolested until 1865, when Civil War volunteers, known as the California Column, captured him near Apache Tejo where in trying to make his escape he was shot to death. His successor was Cochise, who assumed command with dire vengeance in his heart, and from 1865 to 1874 (when he died in Washington, D. C.) he carried on the warfare with the whites, with all the cunning and daring of his former Chief. It was with him and his murderous band that the early settlers of this section had to contend and his presence ever menaced the prospector and the traveler.

On the iron capped hills to the west of the little valley, rich silver ore was discovered. The first mining claim to be located was given the name of "Legal Tender". These early prospectors agreed that they must lay out a town site, but a suitable name was hard to find. After much wrangling and lengthy discussion, they finally chose the name "Silver City", but Colonel Dick Hudson, who had come with the California volunteers, declared it was "one h--- of a name to call a town on a mudflat."

After the Legal Tender mine began to produce ore, the next thing to be considered was a mill to work the ore, so the four partners-John Bullard, Joe Swisshelm, Joe Yankie, and a man by the name of Weeks-entered into an agreement with Lucien Maxwell, owner of the great Maxwell Grant in Northern New Mexico, who agreed to erect a mill for a certain interest in the new discovery. The partners accepted the bargain. Maxwell sent "away back East" to Chicago and ordered a brand new ten-stamp mill. Now it took a long time for the mill to come from the East to Silver City--six months or more.

In the meantime, the four partners had time to reflect and, I presume, like most prospectors, the longer they thought of their claim, the richer it got, and they concluded that they were a very "cheap bunch" to release any interest for a small mill, so before the mill reached Silver City they broke their contract with Maxwell who became so angry that rather than bring the mill any farther, so it would benefit anyone in the mining business, he had it unloaded at Fort Cummings, forty miles from its destination. There it remained for several years, thus ending the first mining deal ever transacted in Silver City.

Before the Stevens family left Colorado, Emma married John Turner and lived in Durango, where they raised seven sons and one daughter. On March 20, 1871, the remainder of the family arrived in Silver City, having come on from Colfax County in a covered wagon drawn by a span of mules. The group consisted of Grandmother Stevens, Mary, Josie, Charlie and Al, and her daughter, Mrs. Whitehill with her children Harry and Emma, who was then the youngest member of the little colony. When

Wayne Whitehill was born, he was the first white child to be born in Silver City.

Up to this time, only four or five white families had come to the settlement, having braved the great dangers of travel, and these pioneer mothers and fathers laid the foundations of the strong and cultured society, which continues to prevail there to this day. These noble pioneer mothers, burdened as they were with their own family cares, never lost an opportunity to aid the sick or wounded, to honor their God, their families and community they now called HOME. Side by side with their sturdy husbands, they endured hardships, privation and sorrow.

Among the men prominent at that time in the development of the district were: M. F. Bremen, Robert Black, Thomas Lyons, C. P. Crawford, John Merrill, Sam Green, Sam Eckles, Dick Hudson, Isaac Stevens and son Ike, Harvey Whitehill, Daniel C. Casey, John Bullard, Jim Bullard, Joe Yankie, John Swisshelm, R. B. Higbee, Silas Tidwell, Charles F. Bottom, Col. J.F. Bennett, John A. Miller, Henry Lesinsky, Henry Lester, Ed Moulton, Bob Newsham, Frank Bisby, Jack Frost, Dick Mawsen, Isaac Givens, Richard Howlett, John Skillycorn, L. D. Miller, J. A. Wolford, Tom Holson, William Chamberlain, David Abraham, O. L. Scott, George Williams, Eugene Golden, who built the first merchandise store, and E. Culver, who erected the first hotel.

The little town was fast filling with adventurers of all kinds. Some came by freight outfits, some on horseback and others by a stage line that had just been established between Las Cruces and Silver City, owned by Col. J. F. Bennett, Henry Lesinsky, and Con Cosgrove. Theirs was the first stage line in this region to take the chances of delivering the United States Mail. The stage business in those days was free from anything that bordered on peace and safety, and those who were responsible for the safe arrival of a stage coach were the whole-soled, swaggering, dare-devil knights of the ribbon, the ole-time stage drivers.

Many of the new arrivals went to work in earnest and by persistent efforts, discovered new mines and built new mills. By the end of 1874, there were five mills running full blast processing ore from twice as many mines discovered in a new district, Chloride Flat, about three miles west of town. One of the new mines was called "The Two Ike's", having been located by Ike Stevens and Ike Givens.

In the meantime, Silver City had quite an honor bestowed upon it. Grant County was established in 1868 and the County Seat alternated between Central City and Pinos Altos, but it was merely an empty honor for there was hardly "a Corporal's guard" in the whole county; so when the new town grew in importance so rapidly, some of the leading citizens made a "bid" for the County Seat and got it. Judge Johnson was the first Judge and Col. Dick Hudson was the first Sheriff. These were the only officers needed at that time because as far as taxes and other county business were concerned, they were lost in the "shuffle" of each individual looking out for his own "bacon and beans".

About 1871 the Apaches raided the town, stealthily crept up to Harvey Whitehill's corral, opposite where the (old) Post Office now stands, and drove off his herd of valuable horses. When the loss was discovered, a posse was hurriedly formed. Among them were John Bullard, Sam Eckles, Ed Moulton, Joe Yankie and others. They took up the Indians' trail and followed them to Arizona, overtook them somewhere on the 'Frisco River and engaged the Indians in a fight in which John Bullard was killed. He being one of the original leaders who located the town of Silver City, the community as a whole mourned his loss. The other members of the party returned with the body of Bullard, which they buried, but they were unable to recover any of the horses.

The Apaches believed in "striking while the iron was hot", for while the intrepid men mentioned above were pursuing the first band of thieves, another band drove off the horses from Dick Hudson's corral.

Soon after the arrival of the Stevens family in Silver City, March 20, 1871, Dick Hudson called at their home on some business with Mr. Stevens. During the visit, he addressed the attractive daughter by her name "Mary", which caused her much embarrassment at being called by her given name by a stranger. However, a friendship thus began which culminated in their marriage six months later, September 24, 1871. Since there was no minister in the town, Mr. Culver, the Justice of the Peace, officiated in the presence of the family at home. Following the ceremony, cake and coffee were served and they were off on a wedding trip to Mesilla, traveling by horse and buggy and an escort of two soldiers. At Mesilla, they visited a southern family, Colonel Jones, for two weeks, then returned to Silver City where they made their home for four years, operating a livery stable and having a Government contract for forage receipts for the mules from the Post (Fort Bayard).

Colonel Richard Hudson was one of the most widely known of the early pioneers. Three years before his marriage, he was Commander of a company of citizen soldiery organized pursuant to orders from Governor R. B. Mitchell, and while in the line of duty he engaged in a skirmish with the Indians near the mining camp of Pinos Altos at which time he was shot through both arms.

Colonel Hudson was an Englishman by birth and came to the United States in early childhood. In 1852, he went to San Francisco at the age of thirteen. In 1861 he helped organize the First California Regiment, but that regiment never saw active service. He later joined Company I of the Fifth California Infantry, was made Sergeant, later promoted to a Lieutenant and eventually became a Colonel. He came to New Mexico with the command under General J. H. Carleton. He remained in the service until the close of the Civil War, being mustered out at Fort Union in 1866. He was the first Sheriff of Grant County, New Mexico, and served two years.

On the 12th of August 1862, the California Column, under the command of General J. H. Carleton, reached the Rio Grande, and on the 21st day of

September of that year he assumed command of the entire department, some 2500 men, at Mesilla, which previously was held by the Confederates. The march from the Pacific to the Rio Grande by the California Column and their very timely arrival in late summer was accomplished with immense toil and great hardships and with many privations and much suffering from heat and the want of water. The march of the Column from California, across the great desert in the hottest and driest season known in thirty years, was a military achievement creditable to the soldiers of the American Army. The Column was soon distributed throughout that region and active operations commenced against the hostile Indians, the Apaches and the Navajos.

The early settlers never forgave the Apaches for the untimely death of John Bullard. Shortly after the tragedy, a measure was introduced in the United States Congress providing for an appropriation of \$30,000.00 to defray the expense of gathering their enemies upon permanent reservations. The people of Silver City thereupon held a mass meeting, at which Richard Yeomans presided and William H. Eckles acted as secretary. With I. J. Stevens, James Bullard and E. M. Pearce, they formed a committee of resolutions who, after calling the attention of Congress to the fact that the proposed action was a misappropriation of public monies, concluded with the following which was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted: "Resolved: That by the expenditure of \$30,000.00 among volunteers, the Indians can be gathered upon reservations where they will stay forever."

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hudson took over the Faywood Hot Springs Health Resort and operated it until they eventually suffered great losses by fire. While there, Mary (Mrs. Hudson) did the nursing and one of her patients was Mrs. Bonney, the mother of the notorious "Billy the Kid", a sweet, gentle little lady and as fond of her son as any mother could be. Albert, the youngest of the Stevens' children, was ten years old when his sister, Mary, lived at Faywood Hot Springs and at that time he made his home

with her and thoroughly enjoyed the freedom of the range and hunted antelope in Antelope Valley. During the year 1894, Mr. Hudson served as Indian Agent at Mescalero Indian Reservation, New Mexico.

Regardless of the many dangers that beset the early settlers of Silver City, they steadily kept the wheels of progress turning. Substantial buildings for all purposes were being erected and the mines and the mills were turning out the "pure stuff"-- bullion.

About 1874, workers in the '76 Mine, owned by M. W. Bremen, struck a large body of rich silver ore, which soon made its owner and his mine the richest in the country. It was a long way from Silver City to the United States Mint or other bullion markets and that way was fraught with many dangers. The stage had been held up many times and bullion in 100-pound bars had been stolen. In order to put the burden of theft still heavier on the thieves, the mill owners decided to mold the bullion in 200-pound bars. Even this did not stop these bold highway men, for one day they held up the stage down by the Rio Grande where they had pack mules handy and they loaded the bullion on the mules and got away with it. One of the gang, later caught, declared that his comrade shacked the bars into chips with axes and divided the chips. The mill owners accordingly concluded they would try 300-pound bars, and only once afterward were they molested. Even then the robbers found that it was too much of a load to carry away from the highway and for fear of being caught they left it by the roadside.

Martin W. Bremen, owner of the '76 Mine decided to get married but his fiancée lived in Santa Fe. Mr. Bremen was a royal spender and on this occasion he wanted to go the limit. He bought a medium sized Bain wagon and put the silver bullion bars to the value of \$20,000 concealed by a false bottom, to allay all suspicion of the nature of the load, and to the wagon was hitched a four mule team driven by his trusty driver, Morris Clooney, and a ten-year-old companion, Albert Stevens. Then he sent them on the road to Santa Fe. They were not molested along the entire route for no one ever dreamed of the contents of the wagon. They

reached Santa Fe in time for the wedding and after the ceremonies were over, Bremen spent and gave away the entire \$20,000.

Silver City now had a Main Street, five general stores, one drug store, two adobe hotels, and one Chinese laundry owned by Charley Sun, in which Billy the Kid started his career. Because of the amusing singsong vocabulary of the Chinaman, his laundry became quite a rendezvous for all the mischievous boys of the city, and he was the target of their jokes.

One day the officer of the law had rallied to the defense of Sun, and Albert Stevens was among those who ran to find a safe hiding place. A near-by grocer concealed him under his counter until things had quieted down and it was safe for him to venture out again.

One of the great needs of the village was a school and no man felt the need more greatly than Isaac James Stevens, so he bought and donated a suitable site for a school building, his only stipulation being that the location must always be used for school purposes. Many years later, some Baptists tried to obtain it for a church location but when the records were investigated, the Board of Education found it could not be sold.

Harvey Whitehill became Sheriff of Grant County, New Mexico, under very interesting and unusual circumstances. His predecessor had fled to Mexico with some three thousand dollars or more which he had absconded from the county. Mr. Whitehill was Coroner at the time and he was then appointed Sheriff, which position he held for twelve years, through the worst period in the lawless life of the little town. However, during that time, the population increased greatly. It was said to have developed into one of the most pleasant, best-ordered little cities of the Territory. Sheriff Whitehill and his deputies can be given credit for its good order and safety in the midst of the wildest and most reckless time in the history of the little town.

The home of the Stevens family was located near the 'Frisco River and some of the older boys slept in a small adobe house behind the large house. The same site was used in later years by Chinese gardeners. On

one of the nearby knolls was the home of Billy the Kid. One night when Charles was nineteen years old sleeping the small adobe house, he was awakened by a knock on the door. "Who is there?" Charles inquired.

"Billy the Kid." was the response. So, although he was known to be an outlaw and in great trouble, he was admitted. Billy told Charlie that he had to have ammunition and that Charlie would have to go out and get it for him. So Charlie went out and woke Sam Abraham, the storekeeper, and told him he had to have ammunition to send to his brothers, Ike and Moses, who were down in Mexico on a prospecting trip.

Mr. Stevens had very strict ideas about how to keep physically fit. He felt it was very beneficial for one to dip his face in the cold icy river on a winter morning. The story is told that he walked from Clifton, Arizona, to Silver City, a distance of a hundred miles or more and did it in record time. Eventually, he made his home in Clifton, again on the banks of the 'Frisco, and he with his sons Ike, Charlie and Albert located some of the best mines in that region, among them Chase Creek, the Copper King, and the Last Chance... in all about three hundred claims.

When the time came for higher education for the youngest of the family Albert, it was decided he should be sent to the Ohio Normal University at Ada, Ohio. His personal effects were packed in a good-sized telescope valise; a large basket of lunch was prepared, and Albert, dressed in a striking suit of large sized plaid checks, with ten cents for spending money in his pocket, went to Deming to take the train East. His ticket to Chicago was bought at the ticket office which was then located in a box car, and the balance of the money needed for his trip from Chicago to Ada, Ohio, and for the tuition was sent to a relative, George E. Stevens, in Chicago. The lunch was good and though it was intended to last him all the way to Chicago, it was all gone before he had reached Kansas City.

Then someone came through the coach with beautiful red apples for sale at three for a dime. He decided they were just what he needed, for such lovely large apples, as they would surely make at least three meals for him, so all his pocket money was given in exchange for three apples. He

ate one and felt far some satisfied, so he ate the second one and was still hungry. Then he ate the last one and no doubt could have eaten more. He would have found the rest of the journey long indeed without food and without money if it had not been for an old gentleman across the aisle that befriended him. He was traveling alone and had a well-filled lunch basket and observing Albert's predicament, he invited him to share his lunch.

When he arrived in Chicago, Albert realized he must go to the home of the relative to whom his money had been sent. Finding his basket and baggage burdensome, he stepped into a little restaurant where he asked permission to leave them till his return. He thought he could remember the place by an illuminated sign like a derby hat above the door. Having no money for carfare, he had to walk. The relative's home proved to be a long way off and he was very tired when he finally found the place. He had to go back downtown to get his baggage, so he was given ten cents for carfare. As he was not familiar with the names of the streets and remembering the location of his baggage by the derby above the door, he found it hard to find the right place for there were several shops having an illuminated hat sign in front. At last he found the right place and started out once more. Then, as he waited for a streetcar, he felt ashamed of his lunch basket so after looking up and down the street to be sure no one saw him; he set the basket by a telephone pole and left it there. He was becoming city-conscious.

As a student from the little-known West and possessed with a fun-loving nature, ready to indulge in all kinds of pranks, he soon was known by the name of "Arizona Al", which clung to him until long past his graduation. While attending Ohio Normal University, he met Anna Washburn from Morral, Ohio, whom he married April 20, 1887.

Following his graduation, he returned to his home in the West where he spent some time prospecting in Mexico and working in California. On one occasion, while he and his brother Ike were prospecting in the mountains south of Lake Palomas, a few miles below the Mexican border, the Indians crept up during the night and stole their horses and most of

their food. While they were out the next day looking for their horses, a shot rang out from the bushes and Albert tripped and fell. The Indians thought they had killed him and began their dancing and whooping. In some miraculous way, both young men managed to escape the savages, but their coats containing relics and many fine ore specimens were necessarily left behind. Moses Stevens located the richest silver mine discovered in Mexico at that time. It was known as "Plancha de Plata" or "slabs of silver." At one time he netted \$8,000 from it.

In early August 1883, while Albert was in San Francisco, his father passed away and was buried in Clifton, Arizona. Five years later his body was moved to Silver City where he and his wife are now resting side by side. In writing of his father's death, Albert spoke of him as "Kind and good a father as any man ever was." Having been born in 1811, Isaac James Stevens was seventy-two years of age at his death. He was the son of Jonathan Stevens and Debbie Poore. His wife, Olive Priscilla Cates, was born in Cutler, Maine, in 1819 and died in 1892. His grandparents were Jonathan Stevens (1747-1834) and Susannah Bragg.

Jonathan (Isaac's grandfather) served on several occasions in the Revolutionary War. He appears with the rank of Private on the Lexington Alarm Roll of Captain Thomas Poore's Company, Col James Frye's Regiment, which marched on the alarm of April 19, 1775, from Andover, Massachusetts. Service: 7 days; residence: Andover, Massachusetts. He is reported enlisted January 31, 1775. (Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Vol. 13, Page 42)

Jonathan Stevens was also a private in Captain Benjamin Farnum's Company, Col. Frye's Regiment 1775, at which time he was at Bunker Hill, and in 1777 was attached to the Northern Army at Ticonderoga. He married Susannah Bragg, December 15, 1773, and raised thirteen children, among them Jonathan, James and Isaac. He purchased a large tract of land for a sixpence in Maine, which he divided into three farms and bestowed upon his sons, Jonathan, James and Isaac. They settled and

named the place Andover after their native town, and many descendants still live there.

Isaac's grandfather was a tall, large man of fresh, ruddy complexion and fine appearance. He was fond of relating the incidents of the Battle of Bunker Hill and used to recount the tale to his children and grandchildren every Fourth of July - how Putnam went along the line and commanded them not to fire until they could see the whites of the Redcoats' eyes; and how Abbot, the strongest man in town, bore a wounded comrade off the field on his back. On the anniversary of the battle, he invariably invited his comrades in the fight to his house and entertained them with hearty old-fashioned hospitality, while the veterans fought the battle all over again. He sat among his comrades at Webster's magnificent oration in dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument. On his eighty-fourth birthday, he worked with his men in the hay field, keeping up with the best of them all day. He died April 18, 1834, at the age of eighty-seven. In 1799 he donated the tract of land upon which Franklin Academy was erected, on the hill north of the meeting house.

About 1882, our Grandfather (Isaac James Stevens) went back to Maine to organize a company to develop Chase Creek Mines near Clifton Arizona, and he brought back with him Horace B. Stevens, son of Moses Stevens, and he settled in El Paso, Texas, where he became a prominent citizen.