

Matthew H. Stevens

(- 27 Feb 1870)

Stevens. Suddenly at his residence on the afternoon of Friday, 25th inst., Matthew H. Stevens, aged about 50 years. Friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday at 3 p.m. from No. 335 Missouri Avenue near 4 1/2 Street.

The Evening Star, February 26, 1870, p. 4

Death of Mr. M.H. Stevens

Our old merchants are going fast, as within the past week, two well-known here for many years have passed away, Messrs. C.W. Boteler and Mr. M.H. Stevens. Mr. S. died at his residence on Missouri avenue yesterday of rheumatic gout. He was 54 years of age and came to this city from Connecticut nearly 30 years ago. For years he was engaged in business as a hatter under the Metropolitan Hotel, from which he retired about a year since on account of ill health. By his industry and attention to business he had accumulated a competency for his family. He was domestic in his habits, kind and indulgent as a father and husband. His bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

The Evening Star, February 28, 1870, p. 4

Funerals

The funeral of the late M.H. Stevens took place from his residence on Missouri avenue yesterday afternoon and was very largely attended. Rev. Dr. Keeling, late rector of Trinity Church officiated and after the services the remains were taken to the Congressional Cemetery where the services of the Odd Fellows were performed by Rev. P. Hall Sweet, Bacon Lodge No. 15 and the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows were out in carriages and a very large number of merchants followed the remains to the cemetery.

The Evening Star, March 5, 1870

Obituary

After a period of lingering sickness and much physical suffering, Matthew H. Stevens, the subject of this brief notice, passed calmly away to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." He died on the afternoon of the 25th ultimo. At the time of his decease he was 54 years of age, having come to this city 28 years ago, from Kensington, Connecticut. For a number of years he was engaged in a very successful mercantile business under the Metropolitan Hotel.

Of the departed it can be safely said that but few men who have been so thoroughly immersed in the business pursuits of life have passed through with more circumspection and with fewer enemies. He was an honest man -- the noblest work of God. His character for morality and integrity was above reproach.

In his last days, although laboring under much bodily infirmity and suffering, he preserved that warmth of friendship and genial cheerfulness of disposition which so peculiarly characterized his whole life. He always met you with a smile and passed a pleasant word. He was a good neighbor.

For many years he has attend the sanctuary and listened with marked attention to the work of life.

But his sufferings are now all over. Sweet and quiet is his sleep! While others have lost much we trust he has gained much. A dutiful and vigilant wife mourns an affectionate husband; children lose the

care and kindness of an indulgent father. He has gone where the sound of "sad adieus and farewells" never fall upon the ear.

Let us, then, in the true Christian spirit of that beautiful charity which "hopeth all things," indulge the belief that he enjoys a happy and peaceful rest beyond the river of death.

"Sweet is the home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes;
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it shall to life immortal rise.

S.N.