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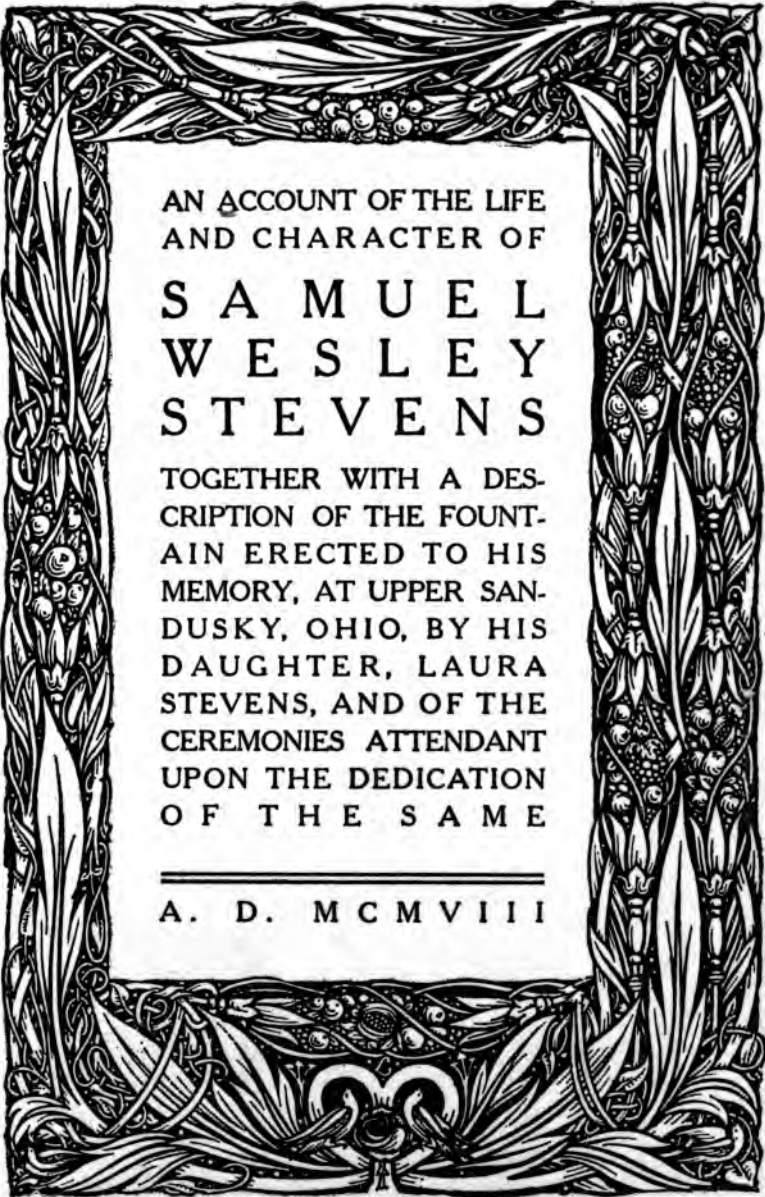
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SAMUEL WESLEY STEVENS





AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE  
AND CHARACTER OF

S A M U E L  
W E S L E Y  
S T E V E N S

TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOUNTAIN ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY, AT UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, BY HIS DAUGHTER, LAURA STEVENS, AND OF THE CEREMONIES ATTENDANT UPON THE DEDICATION OF THE SAME

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A. D. M C M V I I I



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**INSCRIPTIONS DEDICATORY**

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**TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF**

**SAMUEL W. STEVENS**

**A STURDY PIONEER, AN HONORABLE CITIZEN OF**

**WYANDOT COUNTY**

**THIS FOUNTAIN IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**

**BY HIS DAUGHTER LAURA**

**A. D. MCMVII.**

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**FOR THE PEOPLE**



100



THE LATE SAMUEL WESLEY STEVENS





## SAMUEL WESLEY STEVENS

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**SAMUEL W. STEVENS** was born poor,—poor in so far as worldly goods are concerned, but with a wealth of energy, integrity and business acumen, which properly directed could not result otherwise than in a successful business career.

A Sketch

Born at Hagerstown, Maryland, September 25th, 1818, it is related of him, that at the age of 16, he struck westward, and reached the then village of Tiffin, Ohio, footsore from travel, in the year 1834. Then his energies came into play. He chopped wood; he cleared land; he clerked in a store; he bought dry goods; he managed a branch store for his employer; he saved; he accumulated; he settled at Carey, Ohio, in 1845, and was interested in a store there on his own account; he invested his earnings in land; he became a farmer and stock raiser;—briefly stated, this was his business career.

He married Susan Kinzer in 1852. She supplemented his energies, his integrity, his thrift. Then two resolute hearts, two honest minds combined to reach the common goal,—a competency for old age. They planned; they toiled; upon their common judgment they bought land,—they acquired a



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competency, and during the process kept their good names. Their property was their own, because it was honorably earned. None of it came from doubtful sources, and fortunes thus acquired rarely ever take wings and fly away.

She bore him seven children. John, their first-born, died in infancy. Then gloom entered their lives, never to depart. Others came—Cassius, Eva, Susan, Frank, Altha—declined and perished—some in youth, some in young manhood and womanhood—leaving Miss Laura, alone, to survive.

In the year 1882 he came to the conclusion that his many years of toil had brought him ample means to support his declining years, and he then decided to relinquish the active life of the farmer. He rented his farms and during the absence of his good wife, who was caring for a daughter, stricken by disease, at a sanitarium in Wisconsin, he designed and built an imposing residence at Carey. This residence is distinguished by the fact that all of its rooms, which are eleven in number, are front rooms, except two—an arrangement which does not detract from the appearance of the structure, and affords an unobstructed view of the street. He provided a furnace to heat the house, and also ample chimneys, that stoves might be used for heating should the furnace fail. He built the furnace-room as an adjunct to the rear of the house, and installed the furnace there, fearing—good and prudent man that he was—that the heat of the furnace, if placed in the cellar, would



MISS LAURA STEVENS, OF DETROIT,  
DONOR OF THE FOUNTAIN

1900

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destroy the winter's store of vegetables, an obstacle which has been overcome in later years by providing a walled apartment for the purpose.

Samuel W. Stevens was not a learned man, according to the standards set up by the schools. Education and learning, however, are not synonymous—one develops, the other stores. Education fits the mind for accurate reasoning; learning stores the mind with knowledge, useful or otherwise. Some glean an education from books, others acquire it in the conflict with the stern realities of life. Samuel W. Stevens, by the stress of circumstances, was forced to adopt the latter method. He was endowed by nature with a keen intellect, and all that he saw, heard, felt and did, in a long and active life, developed his faculties and rendered his mind capable of accurate reasoning,—which is the sum and substance of an education.

Samuel W. Stevens was not a religious man, in the sense that he was a church-worshiper; neither could he be charged with unbelief, and he never made a false pretense to virtue. The church does not make hypocrites, but they flourish well under its cloak. The hypocrite plays a part, like an actor on the stage; for ulterior purposes, he puts on a fair outside show; he makes a false pretense to virtue; he tries to make his associates believe that he possesses character; he says, "I am honest," when he knows that he is acting a lie. The man who is honest does not need to advertise the fact in the daily papers—

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his associates are aware of it. Samuel W. Stevens despised the hypocrite and the man lacking in integrity. He never affiliated with the church, neither did he oppose its beneficent purposes. He occupied neutral ground. He separated the wheat from the chaff, the gold from the dross. He gave liberally to the church, and to all worthy benevolences. He lived according to the golden rule, and he left none to say that they had ever been over-reached by him in any transaction of life.

The members of some families are kindly affectioned toward each other, others are not. Most parents adore their children, yet in some the parental affection is so poorly developed that they abandon their offspring in the streets. When family ties are broken, grief binds closely those who remain. Then the affections are aroused. Then care is redoubled, that none need suffer from neglect. Another passes and another, and with each recurrent sorrow the heartstrings tighten. The father, bent with years, grieves silently, lest the mother be given added pain. The children who remain go about the house on tip-toe. They see the anxiety in the parent's face; they are sympathetic; they are kind.—Without, the warm sun-rays bathe earth's verdure, the fields are as green, the vines cling to the house-walls, the flowers emit their perfume as before. Within—how changed! Ah! who can portray the heart-desolation the parent bears!



THE OLD HOME AT CAREY, OHIO

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he is made aware of it. Samuel W. Stevens despised the hypocrite and the man lacking in integrity. He was equally hostile to the church, neither did he regard its members as saints. He occupied neutral ground. He separated the wheat from the chaff, the gold from the dross. He gave liberally to the poor, and to the worthy benevolences. He lived a simple and unassuming life, and he lost none to say that no man ever felt his name honored by him in any way.

Children and grandchildren are kindly affected by the example of their fathers and not. Most of them are good and true, yet to some the parental example is a hindrance, and they abandon the path of duty. Many family ties are broken, and the survivors are those who remain. The children are not so good. Their care is resting on the shoulders of their mothers. Another generation is passing away with sad and silent sorrow. The hair is white, the brow is lined with years, the eyes are dim, but the heart is aching with pain. The old man is leaning against the house on tip-toe, and he can see the sunset in the parent's face; the old woman is leaning against the door—Without, the fields are green, the corn is waving, the fields are green, the corn is waving, the fields are green, the corn is waving. Within—The old man is leaning against the house on tip-toe, and he can see the sunset in the parent's face; the old woman is leaning against the door—



THE OLD HOME AT CAREY, OHIO





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Samuel W. Stevens adored his family. He ministered to their every want. He was tender, kind and true. His life's cup was filled with sorrow to the brim, yet he did not murmur and he did not repine. On March 31st, 1895, in a paroxysm of grief, he died—died as he had lived—at peace with all mankind.

His life exemplified one lesson that is as old as time: THAT HONEST, EARNEST, WELL-DIRECTED TOIL WILL BRING ITS JUST REWARD.









JOHN H. LLOYD, OF THE LLOYD BROS.  
CO., OF TOLEDO, OHIO, DESIGNERS AND  
BUILDERS OF THE FOUNTAIN



**A**BOUT five years ago Miss Stevens conceived it to be her filial duty to erect some permanent memorial in honor of her father. Being the last to survive of a numerous family, she realized that with her demise none would remain to perpetuate her family name. Permanency, therefore, became the leading factor in determining the form which the proposed memorial should take. A monument erected to his memory, which would at the same time minister to some common want of the people, in whose midst his life had been passed, seemed most appropriate. Careful consideration of the subject led to the conclusion that a drinking fountain, embodying, as it would, permanency, utility and ornamentation, would most nearly meet the objects sought. Having in mind the community in which her father's life-struggle took place, the greatest good to the greatest number, fixed the location of the proposed memorial.

Miss Stevens's first plan was to make the memorial a *testamentary* gift to the people of Wyandot County. Designs were submitted to her, and the one subsequently used was selected, and a contract entered into with the Lloyd Brothers Company, of Toledo, Ohio, dated September 4th, 1902, for the erection of the memorial immediately upon her demise.

During the summer of 1906, however, Miss Stevens decided upon having the fountain erected

**Description  
of fountain  
and the  
thought that  
prompted  
its erection**

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during her lifetime, and a new contract was thereupon entered into with the Lloyd Brothers Company, dated November 17th, 1906, and calling for the completion of the memorial during the summer of 1907.

The site selected for the memorial is at the curb directly in front of the main entrance of the County Court House, at Upper Sandusky, the county seat of Wyandot County, Ohio, and was dedicated *in perpetuity*, for the purpose, by the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Wyandot County, on the 10th day of November, 1906, and similar action was taken by the Council of the City of Upper Sandusky, upon the 12th day of November, 1906.

The design of the fountain is in the Doric order of architecture, and was made by skilled architects in the employ of the contractors, the Lloyd Brothers Company.

The foundation upon which the structure rests is built of concrete, composed of imported Portland cement and crushed stone, resulting in a monolith five feet in depth and eleven by thirteen feet in surface measurement.

The material used in the superstructure of the fountain is Barre, Vermont, granite, light-gray in color, entirely free from blemishes of any kind, and finished 12 cut to the inch. The plates and faucets used are of United States Government standard bronze.

The dedicatory inscription on the tablet is in raised letters, cut from the granite, while the inscription "For the People," on the reverse side of the entablature, is in incised letters.

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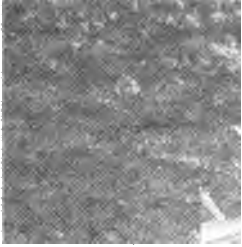




THE FOUNTAIN ERECTED BY MISS STEVENS  
TO THE MEMORY OF HER FATHER



VIEW OF REVERSE SIDE  
OF FOUNTAIN





VIEW OF REVERSE SIDE  
OF FOUNTAIN

11

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The dimensions of the fountain are, base, eleven by thirteen feet, height, sixteen feet three inches.

The horse basin extends into the pavement and is three feet six inches by six feet in size, and is furnished with a continuous flow of water.

An icing chamber five by five by five feet is provided for cooling the water in the heated months of summer.

The fountain was completed by the contractors September 1st, 1907, and was accepted by Miss Stevens on that day. A few days later it was turned over to the use of the people, although not formally dedicated until October 11th, 1907.

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**The  
committee**

**DEDICATION**

FRANK JONAS, *Chairman*  
E. G. BLASER, *Secretary*  
REV. JOSEPH SITTLER, *Upper Sandusky*  
PAUL BRICHER, *Kirby*  
HARRY L. GOODBREAD, *Nevada*  
A. H. KEMERLEY, *Carey*

**RECEPTION**

MISS CORA HULL  
MISS MAE CARTER  
GEN. I. M. KIRBY  
HON. CURTIS B. HARE

300





HAROLD JARVIS, OF DETROIT

Music

CHINESE DANCE

Overture

BEALUS (1970)

1970  
1970  
1970

Tenor Solo

MAHON (1970)

Presentation Address

WILSON (1970)

Selection

1970 (1970)

Solo

1970

Address of Acceptance

1970 (1970)

1970 (1970)

Solo

1970

Address on Behalf of

1970

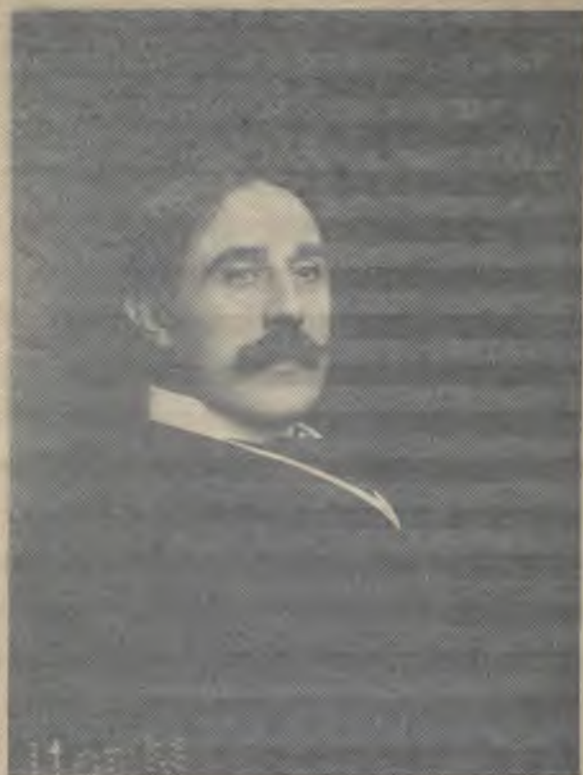
Solo

1970

Solo

1970

World's International



HAROLD JARVIS, OF DETROIT

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**Music** . . . . .  
CITIZENS' BAND

**Overture** . . . . . **The dedication programme**  
BRAUNS' ORCHESTRA

**Tenor Solo** . . . . . **The Gift**  
MR. HAROLD JARVIS, of Detroit

**Presentation Address** . . . . .  
W. H. WOODBURY, of Detroit

**Selection** . . . . .  
BRAUNS' ORCHESTRA

**Solo** . . . . . **Where is Heaven?**  
MR. JARVIS

**Address of Acceptance on Behalf of the City  
of Upper Sandusky**  
MAYOR JOHN T. CAREY

**Solo** . . . . . **My Ain Folk**  
MR. JARVIS

**Address on Behalf of the People of Wyandot County**  
GEN. I. M. KIRBY

**Solo** . . . . . **Tell Her**  
MR. JARVIS

**Solo** . . . . . **Sing Me to Sleep**  
MR. JARVIS

Miss Ida Billhardt, Pianist, accompanied Mr. Jarvis



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W. H. WOODBURY, OF DETROIT

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I pause today, to honor the memory of a faithful notice the life and character of a gentleman, an honorable citizen of Wauzeshant County. His life here was not unlike that of many pioneer and settler; he toiled, he saved, he cultivated, he turned the forest into faithful fields, he labored here, and departed, leaving this community better and richer, because of his sojourn here.

Striking westward from the home of his birth in the State of Maryland, at the age of sixteen, without friends, penniless and unroofed, he reached the neighboring city of Tiffin in the year 1834. Striding upon whatever his hands found to do, with resolute heart, he began the struggle first for existence, and then to acquire a competence for himself and for those who were destined to be some dependent upon him. He early found employment in the village where at Tiffin; he became a member of the firm, and with the responsible duty of having charge of it, in the year 1843, came to this place, where he was the manager of a branch store here.

About sixty-two years ago he came to reside permanently at the village of Carey, where he remained there for a time engaged in mercantile pursuits, meanwhile beginning to acquire well located lands in that vicinity, and presently he engaged in his store in the store, moved to his farm, and thereafter gave his attention to farming and stock raising.

Wauzeshant  
July 25, 1907  
Wauzeshant  
Carey, Wauzeshant  
County, Michigan  
State of Michigan  
Wauzeshant  
July 25, 1907  
Wauzeshant





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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: We pause today, to honor the memory and to call into notice the life and character of a sturdy pioneer, an honorable citizen of Wyandot County. His career here was not unlike that of many another early settler; he toiled, he saved, he accumulated, he turned the forest into fruitful fields; he lived honorably, and departed, leaving this community better and richer, because of his sojourn here.

Address  
by W. E.  
Woodbury  
on behalf  
of Miss  
Stevens,  
presenting  
the fountain  
to the  
people

Striking westward from the home of his birth in the State of Maryland, at the age of sixteen, without friends, penniless and on foot, he reached the neighboring city of Tiffin, in the year 1834. Seizing upon whatever his hands found to do, with resolute heart, he began the struggle first for existence, and then to acquire a competency for himself and for those who were destined to become dependent upon him. He early found employment in a village store at Tiffin; he became a clerk, was later entrusted with the responsible duty of buying goods, and in the year 1843, came to this place for his employer, as the manager of a branch store here.

About sixty-two years ago he settled permanently at the village of Carey, in this county, and there for a time engaged in mercantile pursuits, meanwhile beginning to acquire well-located lands in that vicinity, and presently he disposed of his interest in the store, moved to his farm, and thereafter gave his attention to farming and stock-raising.

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He was endowed with a keen intellect, with mature judgment, with native common sense. He was a financier of the old school; he knew nothing of present-day methods of finance; nothing of stocks and bonds and watered securities; nothing of paper transactions; nothing of the methods by which fortunes are won and lost in a day. He believed and dealt in substantial things, in things that can be seen and felt. He knew that the soil is the original source of all riches; that from its surface and subterranean depths flows the wealth of the world, and to the soil he pinned his faith. And his method of acquiring property is worthy of emulation. He bought land in small parcels, 5, 20, 40 acres at a time, but whatever the amount, he never bargained for a piece of land until he had the funds in hand to pay for it in full, and the records of this county will not disclose that he ever gave a purchase-money mortgage or that he ever encumbered any of his property for any purpose, and, as a result he was never harassed by indebtedness, the bane of so many farmers.

In the year 1852 he married Susan, the fair daughter of John and Susan Kinzer, of Melmore, Ohio, and to this union was born a large family, a family of seven children, all of whom, save one, whose presence honors this occasion, he saw succumb to the inroads of an incurable malady. In infancy and in young manhood and young womanhood, he saw them decline and perish, like autumn's withered leaves. As gold is tried by fire, so his heart was tried by pain.

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In the depths of his despair he was often heard to say that he would gladly surrender all and begin life's struggle anew could he but stay the hand of the great destroyer. Ah, who shall portray the heart-desolation he bore? And yet through pain and through sorrow, he struggled on. He was tender, just and true. "He did good and not evil, all the days of his life."

He strove here when the majority of us were yet unborn. He was a pioneer in the true sense, in the sense that he was among the first to acquire and develop land here. In his uninterrupted residence of more than half a century, he saw and participated in the beginning of things, and he saw this community when man's labor had wrought the changes which now exist.

But, ah, the pioneer! They were the founders of the state! They laid its foundation broad and deep, upon which the superstructure has been builded by succeeding generations; they chopped; they cleared; they uprooted; with Herculean strength and with unconquerable will, they reduced and subdued the stubborn soil. And, by their decree, the potent agencies of development came one by one. The improved implements of agriculture came, and seemed to say to the toilers in the fields, "Give over your labor, you have but to direct our movements and we will lessen your toil, with no muscle to contract and no arm to grow weary"; and the railways girdled the state with bands of steel, and the markets came close to the farmer; and the school house appeared on

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the hilltop; and the church lifted its spire toward the heavens, that religion and learning might go hand in hand, though by a happy paradox, quite independent of each other; and settlements leaped into villages and villages into cities, the fairest in the land; and there came the factory, mill and shop and the busy marts of trade; and legislatures were convened, and courts of justice established, and all were governed by law.

And the women of those times, the wife, the mother, how nobly she performed her part. With infinite patience and zeal she tortured the crude utensils of the home into a variety of uses; she spun; she knit; she wove; and with her hands she fashioned the clothing of her family. "She gave heed unto her household; she was a blessing unto her husband"; and from her loins sprang a race of men, if ever equaled, never excelled. In one grand, uninterrupted procession, there came the husbandman, experienced in the cultivation of the soil; there came labor of every class; there came the artisan, skilled in every trade and craft; there came the scholar, learned in every science and in every art; there came the soldier of enduring fame, who planned the campaigns and fought the battles, that the nation might live; and there came the statesman, the wisest the nation has produced. And confidence tread upon the heels of doubt; and prosperity came; and wealth multiplied; and happiness reigned, and in all and through all, behold! the great, the glorious commonwealth of Ohio.

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To this noble company of early settlers, of which I have spoken, belonged the man whose memory we honor today. Unpretentiously, without ostentation and without show, he performed his part. In the long night of weary watching by the bedside of pain; in all of the sacred relations of husband, home and family; in every transaction with his fellowmen; in all of the varied duties of good citizenship, he measured fully to the highest mark.

In the evening of life, with his earthly labors done, with the ample rewards of a lifetime of toil in hand, he builded for himself a mansion, to which he retired with the remaining remnant of his family. A mansion amid "a boundless contiguity of shade," fitted with every convenience for comfort and ease, he welcomed its restful shade, its homelike air and its peace, but designed as a haven of rest, it became "a wearisome hospital of pain"; and there, in view of the broad acres which constituted his estate, the fertile fields, the ample forest, he passed his declining years.

In the year 1895, at the mature age of 76, touched and saddened by the untimely taking-off of the members of his family, survived only by the wife of his youth and the daughter of his heart, the "pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart." And thus is briefly portrayed the life and character of Samuel W. Stevens.

True, it is, generally speaking, my friends, "that the record of the lives and deeds of men is most safely deposited in the remembrance of mankind."

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With no shaft bearing his epitaph, the name and fame of William McKinley would never fade from the memory of man; so too, Garfield, Hayes, Sherman and scores of others whom we delight to honor, and yet, in all times and among all peoples, the custom has prevailed of erecting enduring monuments to mark the scenes of heroic action and to commemorate the lives of men. In that spirit this fountain is built, to commemorate a worthy life and to perpetuate an honored name.

The architect has designed, the contractor has builded well; it is a beautiful fountain; its substance is quarried from the eternal hills of Vermont; it is as permanent as the genius of man could devise. Grand, massive and splendid, let it forever stand a monument to the honor, integrity, personal worth and successful life of Samuel W. Stevens. Let it stimulate civic pride here. Let better architecture be employed, and more imposing structures rise, because of its presence. Let the children in the schools study its classic lines, and learn from it their first lesson in architecture and in art, and above all, let the youth of this community gain from it, and from the life and character of the man it commemorates, an inspiration to live just and honorable lives; let them learn that however humble their station may be, and however remote the chances of success may appear, that honest, earnest, well-directed toil will bring success within the reach of all; and finally, if it shall be to you all a blessing and a joy, the giver will be glad in your gladness, and rich in your gain.

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And now, Mr. Chairman, and to all of the good people of this county, I have a word of admonition. Cherish and protect this fountain. Let not the hand of vandal deface its stately beauty. Keep it in a sanitary condition and in constant operation, to the end that its beauty and its utility may not be abridged, and with these simple duties vouchsafed, without further condition or reservation, by the authority vested in me by Miss Laura Stevens, the donor, I declare this fountain to be the property of the people of Wyandot County, to hold, use and enjoy forever.

“And the spirit and the bride, say come;  
and let him that heareth, say come; and let  
him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will  
let him take the waters of life freely.”





1001



MAYOR JOHN T. CAREY  
OF UPPER SANDUSKY

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My Neighbors and Friends and Fellow-Citizens: In formally accepting, on behalf of this municipality, the beautiful structure which has just been presented to us, I wish to express, as well as I can, the sincere and heartfelt thanks and appreciation of our citizens. The noble monument which now stands in our midst thrills and will thrill with pride and gratitude the hearts of all those to whom Upper Sandusky is now and ever will be the dearest place on earth; not only because of its magnificence and beauty as a piece of architecture; not only because of its practical utility as a place to quench the thirst of man and beast; not only because it adds to our town and county an ornament such as cannot be equaled, so far as we know, in any city or village anywhere; but more especially because of the lessons it teaches in the building of the monuments of our characters and our lives. For we are all of us engaged in monument building, and whether we build well or ill will depend upon the use we make of the lessons which it is the mission of this beautiful structure to impress upon our minds.

I want to speak briefly, then, as to some of the lessons we may learn from a study of this little gem of masonry. In the first place, we should learn from it that the foremost requisite in the building of our characters is to construct a foundation that will be sufficient upon which to erect the edifices of our future lives. How many lives are

Address  
by Mayor  
John T.  
Carey,  
accepting  
the fountain  
on behalf of  
the people  
of Upper  
Sandusky

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dwarfed and stunted by the failure to appreciate this lesson, and to build broad and firm and sure the foundation upon which they must be constructed. How many of us there are who realize after it is too late that not sufficient time and patience and energy and effort were expended in laying the foundation for the future. How many men and women there are who have drunk the bitter cup of disappointment as they have seen brilliant opportunities for lives of usefulness pass by solely because the foundation which they had prepared was insufficient to support the increased weight of the larger opportunity. Let us make no mistake about this matter, and I speak now more especially for those young men and women who are still engaged in the construction of the foundation for their lives—let us make sure that we have neglected nothing that will strengthen the walls upon which these future edifices are to rest, so that the structure may not be wrecked in the building, or be left to totter and crumble away for want of safe and sure support.

Be diligent, therefore, in your school and college work. Take full advantage while you may of the wonderful opportunities afforded every youth in this country to secure such an education as will fit him well for his duties and station in life. Mix well your cement with generous portions of honesty and energy and industry, and let it all rest firmly and securely on the solid rock of an absolute,

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implicit and unwavering faith in the Providence of God, and you will have builded a foundation which no weight of future cares and responsibilities can crumble, and no storms or floods or trouble can ever afterward destroy.

The next lesson we may learn from the building of this monument is that, after a foundation is secured which will stand the test of time, we cannot be too careful in the selection of the materials of which the structure is to be composed. We see, from an inspection and examination of these granite blocks and columns, that the greatest care and vigilance has been exercised, that no defect, not even the slightest, should be suffered to pass into the structure, which would mar the beauty and perfection of the whole. And so, for the same reason, in our work of character building, must we use constant and unremitting care, that no faulty or defective materials enter into its construction. Let us remember that every act and thought and word is a little grain or particle or atom, from which the rocks of habit are eternally being formed. And that these rocks of habit are the material which enter into and determine the purity and power of every character and every life.

Another lesson which is forcibly impressed upon our minds in the contemplation of this work is that in the building of our individual monuments, as in the erection of this one, excellence and true merit can come only as a result of long, patient, untiring application to the tasks set before us. When we

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stop for a moment and try to realize the slow, tire-  
some, painstaking drudgery and work, hour after hour,  
day after day, week after week, of constant hammer-  
ing and cutting, with chisel and mallet, of this hard  
granite, we can truly appreciate that in masonry there  
is no excellence without great labor, and just as true  
is it in our own lives; it is the constant, faithful, unre-  
mitting attention to the little things, the drudgery of  
life, that finally brings form and beauty out of the  
crude rocks which we are given as the materials  
for our building.

And lastly, we should learn from this monument  
the mason's lesson, that as the workman endeavors to  
erect the structure according to the designs and plans  
laid down by the master architect, so should we, in  
erecting the edifices of our lives and characters,  
endeavor to follow the plans and designs laid down  
by the great Architect of the Universe, which are  
given us for our moral and spiritual guidance and  
direction.

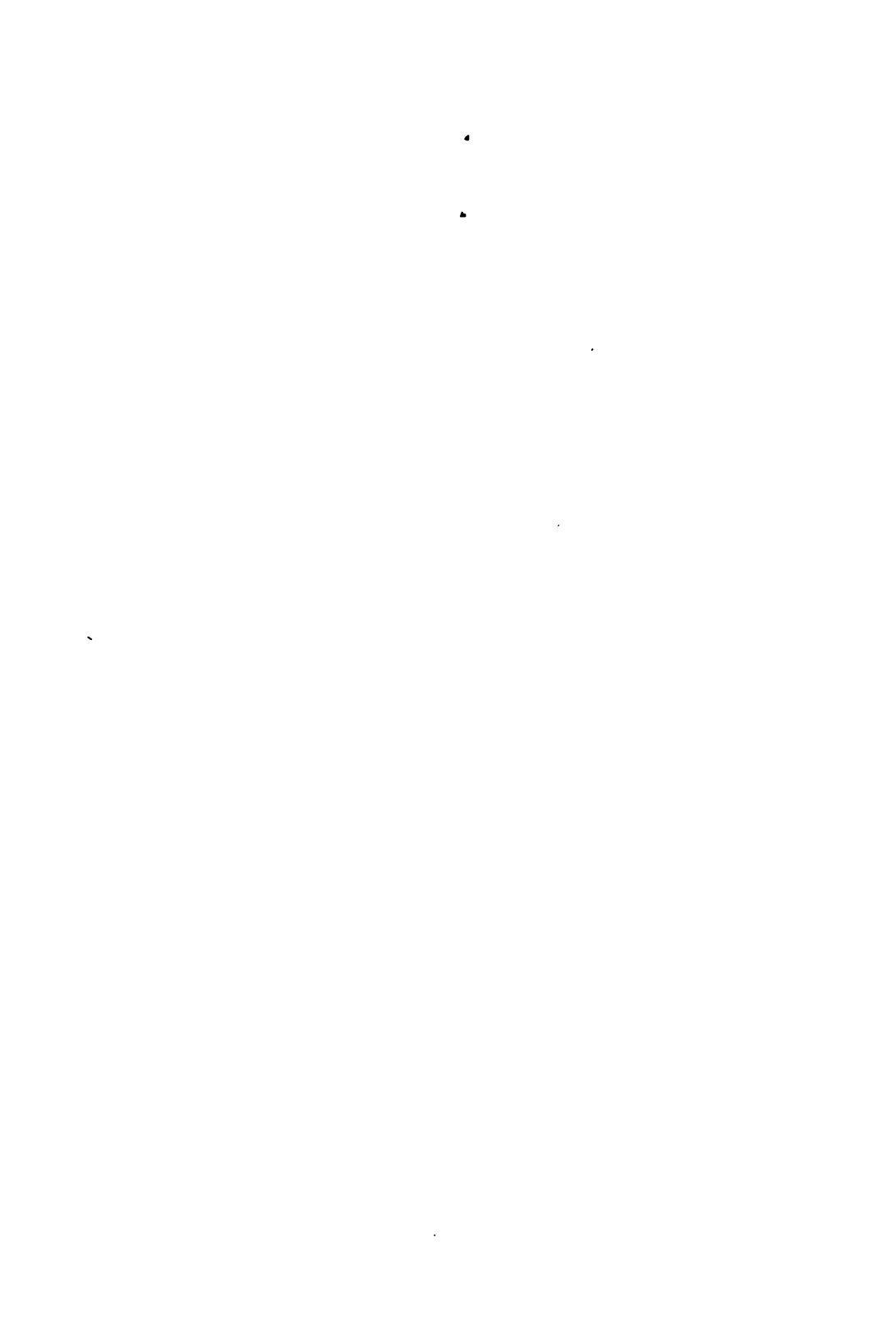
So that, as we are to formally dedicate this  
memorial fountain to its intended uses, let us at the  
same time here resolve that we will dedicate our lives  
to the noble principles which it teaches. The surest  
way to show our appreciation for this gift is to  
endeavor to mold our lives in accordance with these  
teachings, and to so cherish them in our memories,  
that, transmitted to future generations, they will stand  
long after time shall have crumbled this granite  
monument to dust.

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This is a benefaction, not alone for our own time. Generations yet unborn will pause for a moment in the busy rush of life, to contemplate this monument of beauty, whose inscriptions on its two sides will tell them the story of a daughter's love for her father, and a woman's love for her fellow-men.

To the donor, who by this generous gift has placed in our midst this little gem of beauty, to bring a little more of brightness and happiness and cheer into the lives of each of us, on behalf of our citizens, of this and succeeding generations, I offer our heartfelt thanks and gratitude.





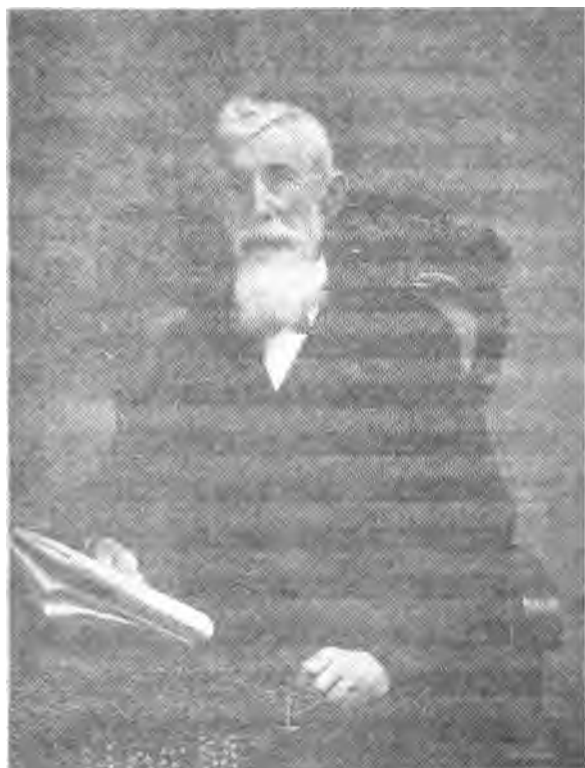
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GEN. I. M. KIRBY  
OF UPPER SANDUSKY

Almost within the same time, the western part of our country, bounded by the Ohio River, was included in the Territory, almost an instant, save as it was told by the wüder men. Later it was divided into an eastern division was given the name "Ohio!" Ah, the old name, for in that name we wander, Wander where we will, we will return that we may find beautiful Ohio. Go west, and behold and admiration on the work of that great effort of men to improve that which we call it beautiful. Go west, travel the great mountains, be interested, by reason of nature, and behold the majestic mountains, their summits crowned with snow, the sunlight like molten silver, and the sea scared by the everlasting motion of the look into the almost as faithful as the sun, and while you look, feel the solemnity of the silent silence that seems to come from the why this great upheaval of rock and earth, why the terrible rearing of the earth's surface, a manifestation of God's wrath. Now, do not bring ourselves to think of the old man, possessed of such a base attribute as anger. Rather is it a manifestation of His serene purpose to store away that which in time will meet the needs of man and show forth the glory of God.

The original copy  
 is in the  
 collection  
 of the  
 University of  
 Michigan



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Almost within the memory of living men, this part of our country, bounded on the east and south by the Ohio River, was designated the Northwest Territory, almost an unknown land, a trackless forest, save as it was trod by the feet of wild animals and wilder men. Later it was subdivided. To the eastern division was given the name of the Ohio. "Ohio!" Ah, there is the name that gives us promise, for in that name is centered our heart's affections. Wander where we will, our wandering footsteps ever return that we may look with loving gaze on our own beautiful Ohio. Go east, look with amazement and admiration on the work of architect and artisans, see the efforts of men to improve Nature's landscapes, and call it beautiful. Go west, traverse the desert wastes, be interested, by reason of contrast, and beyond see the majestic mountains towering above the clouds, their summits crowned with eternal snow glittering in the sunlight like molten silver, their sides seamed and scarred by the everlasting erosion of wind and water; look into the almost as fathomless abyss of canyons, and while you look, feel the solemnity of the awful silence that seems to come from their depths, and ask why this great upheaval of rock and earth, why this terrible rending of the earth's surface. Is it a manifestation of God's wrath? No, no! We can not bring ourselves to think of the all-loving Father possessed of such a base attribute as anger. Rather is it a manifestation of His wondrous power; His purpose to store away that which in time will meet the needs of man and show forth the glory of God.

Address by  
Gen. I. M.  
Kirby, on  
behalf of  
the people  
of Wyandot  
County

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Turn your footsteps until, if not in personal presence, then with memory's eyes, see the peaceful hills and valleys of Ohio. See the valley of the great Miami, yellow with a harvest that would feed the hungry of a continent—the sloping hills that border it, white with the growing fleeces of countless sheep, the bluegrass pastures, dotted with herds of fattening cattle. See, too, the valleys of the Scioto and Muskingum, as they lie under the dominion of King Corn.

Then comes the plains of the Sandusky. See the acme of contentment and prosperity as it reigns in our peaceful homes. See the richness of farmsteads, see the glorious beauty of our woodland vistas, know that this is the fairest of the fair, our own Wyandot, and say to yourselves, "Surely, surely, God smiled when He made Ohio." Give thanks to God for giving you such an heritage and let your hearts be filled with gratitude to the noble men and women, who, with dauntless courage, braved dangers, hardships, privation and sickness and with bare hands reclaimed this then wilderness and made its acres to blossom as the rose. We should worship at the shrine of their memories. We love to recall their names, and as we give voice to the names of a few, we hold in veneration the names of all who wrought in the wilderness. The name of him in whose honor this monument is erected comes to mind. Noble man, a character that attracted attention and profound respect in his time, an old-school gentleman, dignified, affable, gentle, strong, known as that which is said to be the noblest work

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of God—an honest man, may his name be carved on the tablets of our memory deeper than it is in the marble. Time may cause the marble to crumble and the tooth of rust eat away the carven name, but the work of our pioneer fathers is indelible, and children of future ages will rise up to say, blessed be the names of Samuel W. Stevens, Isaac Wolgamuth, the Kears, Moses and Jonathan, John Carey, noble Roman that he was, whose name is worthy of place in the category of such names as Wm. Henry Harrison, Allen Trimble, Duncan McArthur, Thomas Ewing, Tom Corwin and others—of Dr. George W. Sampson, Sr., whose untiring and heroic rides through pathless forests brought relief to the stricken families of the lowly log cabin. See him in the saddle, day and night, with nothing but his skill in woodcraft to guide his way through the dark forest, crossing bridgeless streams, treading his way through undrained swamps, often requiring a week to complete his circuit of ministrations and bring him home. There was but little if any money in the purse of the early settler. What then was the compensation of the doctor? That of a brave man's work well done and the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-men.

Oh! There were noble men and women in those days. They believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Of Dr. Stephen Fowler, who, from the south line of our Indian country, was of no less service in the relief of suffering humanity and who served with Ethan Terry, worthy compatriot in



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the first building of our country; the Harpers, Griffiths, George W. Leith and others all—all fit to build an empire.

While the children are fittingly taught in our schools to know the deeds of the fathers of our nation, so, too, they should be taught to know the pioneers of our country and to emulate their virtues.

And now let me say to the fair donor of this magnificent fountain: In the name of the people of Wyandot County, one and all, we come with outstretched arms and hearts filled with grateful emotions to accept, and do accept, in the spirit with which it is tendered, this beautiful monument to the memory of your father and the memory of those who labored with him. It stands at the gateway of our temple of justice, in singular harmony with the architecture of this splendid building. There it is, giving forth the life-giving waters prepared by God for the comfort of His creatures, saying: "Ho! ye that thirst, come drink," and as you slake your thirst, invoke blessings on the head of this fair donor, whose filial love thus honors the name of her sainted father, and whose generous impulse has given us "a thing of beauty that shall be a joy forever."



THE WYANDOT COUNTY COURT HOUSE.  
THE FOUNTAIN IS LOCATED DIRECTLY IN  
FRONT OF ITS MAIN ENTRANCE



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The beautiful \$10,000 memorial fountain, a gift to the people of Wyandot County from Miss Laura Stevens, formerly of Carey and now a resident of Detroit, Mich., to the memory of her father, the late Samuel W. Stevens, was dedicated with imposing services at the McConnell Auditorium, Friday afternoon. The weather was threatening, but a large crowd was present, people being in attendance from all parts of the county. An excellent program of speeches and music was carried out. The program and dedication ceremonies were in charge of a committee of Wyandot County citizens, and it is due to them that the exercises were such a success. The committee was composed of Frank Jonas, chairman; E. G. Blaser, secretary; Rev. Joseph Sittler, of Upper Sandusky; Paul Bricher, of Kirby; Harry L. Goodbread, of Nevada, and A. H. Kemerley, of Carey.

Press  
Comment

The business portion of the city was prettily decorated in honor of the ceremonies, nearly every business front exhibiting the national colors in some manner.

The program really began at 1:30 o'clock Friday afternoon, when a half hour's open-air band concert was given at the fountain by the Citizens' Band, under the leadership of Capt. Anselm Martin. A very pleasing program was rendered and was enjoyed by a large crowd. Rain, however, interfered somewhat with this part of the program.

The program at the auditorium was delayed somewhat by the late arrival of the noon Hocking Valley train, on which were the interested parties

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from Detroit. A wreck at Lovell was the cause. They were met at the depot by Misses Cora Hull and Mae Carter, General I. M. Kirby and Curtis B. Hare. They were driven at once in Landlord J. F. Goodlove's cab to the Hotel Reber, which will be their headquarters during their stay in this city. Miss Stevens is with the party.

There were no decorations at the auditorium, the stage being prettily set off as a woodland. The public schools were closed Friday afternoon and many pupils attended the exercises.

The program at the auditorium was opened with a selection by that splendid musical organization of this city, Braun's Orchestra, which rendered several fine numbers during the afternoon. Miss Ida Billhardt, one of the city's most talented young musicians, presided at the piano as accompanist to Mr. Jarvis. The piano was donated for the occasion by Foster Shumaker & Co. Ex-Mayor Frank Jonas, as chairman of the program committee, presided, and with a few brief words introduced each speaker.

One of the finest portions of the program was the singing by Prof. Harold Jarvis, of Detroit. He is a noted singer, both throughout Michigan and the cities of Eastern Canada. Prof. Jarvis is possessed of a very strong and beautiful baritone voice and his singing captivated his hearers. He responded to a number of encores and sang the following selections: "Tell Her," "My Ain Folk," "Where is Heaven?" "The Children's Home," "The Gift," "Dearie," and

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“Sing Me to Sleep.” The words of most of the songs were singularly appropriate to the occasion.

The speakers of the afternoon were Attorney W. H. Woodbury, of Detroit, Mich., who presented the monument, on behalf of Miss Laura Stevens, the donor; Mayor John T. Carey, who accepted the memorial, on behalf of the citizens of Upper Sandusky, and General I. M. Kirby, who spoke in behalf of the people of Wyandot County.

The fountain presented a beautiful appearance Friday, having been polished by Engineer John Weaver, who will be caretaker of the memorial.

—The Daily Chief, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, October 11, 1907.

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The Laura Stevens memorial fountain now belongs to the citizens of Wyandot County. The imposing ceremonies of the consecration of this beautiful structure are now but history. Anticipation matured into realization and now we have only the memory of the latter, but in our thoughts will it ever remain, to be recalled as we glance at the stately fountain or imbibe its liquid offering.

The children who witnessed the dedication will, when they have grown old and wandered for years, perhaps, over the face of the earth, come back and, seeing still the classic outlines of the fountain builded in their youth, point to it with pride and say: “I saw that built; I saw it dedicated, and more, I saw the good woman who gave it to our county as a memorial of her father.”

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And, indeed, it is a grand gift, appropriate and lasting, a gift which every citizen should be proud of and thank Miss Stevens for. She, an invalid, braved all the discomforts of a long, weary journey to attend the dedication of her father's memorial. Accompanied by her attorney, Hon. W. H. Woodbury, and her favorite singer, Prof. Harold Jarvis, she left Detroit for this city Friday morning. Some god of ill-luck seemed to have deigned her journey to be a weary one, for all the trains were late and when Miss Stevens arrived at Carey, her former home, she found that her train would have to be detoured by way of Forest on account of a freight wreck at Lovell. So the party arrived here at 3 p. m. instead of at 1, the scheduled time. It was raining when the train pulled in, so after a brief greeting by the reception committee, composed of Misses Cora Hull and Mae Carter, C. B. Hare and Gen. I. M. Kirby, she was assisted into the Reber House cab and driven directly to the Auditorium. She bore the long journey well and although much fatigued she went inside at once and took her place with the ladies of the reception committee in the south lower box. The arrival of Miss Stevens and her party was greeted with much applause. Her first glance was out over the sea of faces before her, for the Auditorium was packed, then she turned and gazed at those upon the stage, the speakers, the dedication committee, the reception committee, the commissioners and the councilmen. Then as the sweet strains of Braun's Orchestra filled

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the air she directed her gaze upon the pit and listened attentively throughout the piece.

While her attorney was speaking, telling of her father's life, she sat almost motionless, listening, and when the history was finished she dried with her handkerchief the tears that dimmed her eyes.

Then came Prof. Harold Jarvis, a member of one of the leading church choirs of Detroit, with his rich baritone voice, to whose singing Miss Ida Billhardt played excellent accompaniments, to entertain the audience and the fountain's donor, and certainly too much praise cannot be given this excellent singer.

Seated before the gaze of hundreds of curious eyes, Miss Stevens gave her rapt attention to the speakers.

Being, as she is, an invalid, she could not go upon the stage and speak for herself, but left all her part in the hands of her attorney.

At the close of the afternoon's program she was introduced to many of our leading citizens, who thanked her for her generous gift. A banquet had been planned for the evening for Miss Stevens, but she is not well enough to participate in such affairs, so it was called off.

After leaving the Auditorium Miss Stevens was driven to the fountain, which she viewed with much admiration, and sipped a few swallows of the crystal water that flows forth to quench the thirst of all.

Then she was taken to the depot. And, the 4:46 o'clock train being late, she was able to leave on it for her Detroit home.



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Thus came and departed the kind donor of our city's most beautiful memorial drinking fountain.

E. C. Lloyd, T. B. Anderson and C. B. Cook, of the Lloyd Bros. Company, of Toledo, attended the dedication.

—Wyandot Union-Republican, Upper Sandusky, Ohio,  
October 12, 1907.

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### A SERMON IN STONE.

One day last week, the village of Upper Sandusky, which is not so far to the east that we may not call her our neighbor, witnessed the imperishable embodiment of one of the most beautiful sentiments in the world—the undying reverence of a daughter for the memory of her father.

Samuel Wesley Stevens was one of the pioneers who, in Wyandot County, waged the long and arduous struggle for life, independence and position. He did his work well, and died in the fullness of years and of the fruits of continuous toil. It is more than a decade since he passed to his final repose. Only his daughter, Miss Laura Stevens, remains. Some years ago she conceived it as her loving duty to erect, at the seat of the county in which her father had labored, a permanent memorial. That memorial has been finished, placed before the portal of the Wyandot county temple of justice, and dedicated with such eloquent words as fittingly characterized an occasion of rare occurrence.

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The memorial is a drinking fountain of granite, in the purely classic style of art—a section of a portico of a Greek temple. The good taste and the appropriateness which mark this expression of a fine thought are striking. The memorial is itself a thing of beauty as befits the symbol of a beautiful sentiment; it is executed in enduring materials that shall forever preserve the visible evidence of that sentiment; it is a thing of usefulness, where man and beast may slake his thirst, appropriately commemorating the practical qualities of a man who lived a life of toil; it is a fountain of pure water, symbolizing the fountain of life which flows on perpetually from generation to generation, a token of immortality. Long after all the present inhabitants of Upper Sandusky are in the church-yard gazing fixedly at the serene stars, this gem of art and thing of use will fill the eye with the refining sense of beauty and perform its part in refreshing the passer-by.

The community is elevated which is the recipient of such gifts as this. It is reminded of the loveliness of filial affection; it is taught the lesson of a life of usefulness; it is adorned by a work of art, realizing the thought that “a thing of beauty is a joy forever”; its people receive a demonstration of the harmonious appropriateness of a memorial which combines public spirit and civic adornment and ministers to a constant and common need. This fountain is a lasting sermon in stone.

—Lima Republican-Gazette, Lima, Ohio, October 15, 1907.

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We present pictures and description of the beautiful public fountain recently erected in Upper Sandusky. It is a notable example of private benevolence and public spirit. The donor is not a capitalist or a resident of a city who has accumulated a fortune through the efforts of others; the crowding of population which made rents higher and investments stiffer. The donor is a woman and a non-resident. The fountain is an example of pure Grecian art, and not the abortion of art that is usually seen at county seats. Who will be the first Fostorian to give something to his city? Don't die in debt.

—Fostoria Times, Fostoria, Ohio, October 18, 1907.

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### GAVE TOWN A FOUNTAIN.

Miss Laura Stevens, of Detroit, was the central figure in an interesting ceremony which took place at Upper Sandusky Friday, the occasion being the dedication of a \$10,000 memorial drinking fountain which Miss Stevens presented to the city in memory of her father, Samuel W. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was a resident of the district around Upper Sandusky for many years. Miss Stevens, who has been living in Detroit for some time, is the last member of the family.

—Detroit Journal, October 12th, 1907.

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DETROIT, October 17, 1907.

E. G. BLASER, Secretary Dedication Committee,  
Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Letter  
of thanks  
from Miss  
Stevens

My Dear Sir: I desire to express to you and to all of the members of the dedication and reception committees, and through your committee to all the people of Wyandot County my deep appreciation of the splendid reception tendered me on Friday last. It has made a deep and lasting impression upon my heart.

I desire also to publicly thank Mayor Carey and General Kirby for the kinds words they uttered on that occasion—words which, though rich with tenderness, brought back to me with almost crushing force the particularly sad experiences through which I have passed.

I desire to thank the gentlemen of the press for the admirable manner in which they have performed their part—a part which contributed greatly to the success of the dedication service.

I shall ever cherish the memory of that day, and I congratulate and thank all who contributed to its success.

Very sincerely yours,

LAURA STEVENS.

**Mr.  
Blaser's  
Reply**

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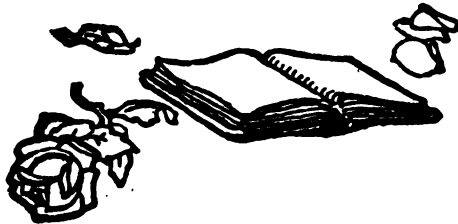
UPPER SANDUSKY, O., Oct. 20, 1907.

MISS LAURA STEVENS,  
Detroit, Mich.

My Dear Madam: In behalf of the committee and people of Wyandot County, I thank you for your kind letter. I rarely wish any of my friends ill-fortune, but I was sorry when that train was announced 30 minutes late. We did so much want to have you with us for a little while, so as to give you an opportunity to learn directly how much we appreciate your gracious gift. And as you travel down life's pathway, rest assured that there will be this to comfort you: Upper Sandusky and her people do appreciate fully the spirit in which the Stevens Fountain was given. With kindest regards for your welfare and in the hope of meeting you again sometime in the future,

I am, yours truly,

E. G. BLASER,  
Secretary Dedication Committee.



**In Memoriam**

**SAMUEL WESLEY STEVENS**  
**1818-1895**

**SUSAN KINZER STEVENS**  
**1823-1901**

**JOHN K. STEVENS**  
**1854-1854**

**CASSIUS M. STEVENS**  
**1856-1879**

**EVA STEVENS**  
**1858-1881**

**SUSAN STEVENS**  
**1860-1861**

**FRANK STEVENS**  
**1864-1891**

**ALTHA STEVENS**  
**1866-1881**

