

THE CHARITY OF THADDEUS STEVENS

By W. FRANK GORRECHT

THE old adage, the truth shall prevail, after three quarters of a century, is without establishment as to the charitable aspect of Thaddeus Stevens. During the period he lived in Lancaster whether or not Stevens was charitable was a standing controversy. Since his death, with one notable exception, publication after publication has appeared to prove he was lacking in this particular, and not so long ago a proposition was presented to The Lancaster County Historical Society to read a paper in proof thereof.

Stevens himself was largely, if not entirely, responsible for the origin and circulation of these stories, and permitted them to go unchallenged. Their falsity is conclusively established by those who were associated with him—by loving friend and bitterly hostile personal and political enemy. Within a few years after his death it became a part of the historical record of Lancaster County that Stevens' charity frequently impoverished him, and that he elected to be malignantly misrepresented than to let it be known—in present day designation—that he was broke.

The cumulative provision in his will for the establishment of the Stevens School was largely due to his charitable contributions when his financial losses were the heaviest, and when he could least afford to give. Corroboration of this appears in a previous paper read before this Society, and to which reference will be made later.

It is nearly sixty-five years since the death of Stevens, consequently few are living today who remember him, and less who knew him personally. Fortunately for historical purposes among the latter few is Mrs. Anna Bush, of 235 South Queen Street, who is present here this evening. Her father, Christopher Dice, lived and kept a grocery store next to Stevens' home. He was Stevens' most intimate and confidential friend, a witness to his will, a suppliant for God's mercy at Stevens' death bed, and a pall bearer at his funeral. The relation between the two homes was as one family. To this intimate relationship I can bear personal testimony, for my father, who was a close friend of both men, frequently took

me to see Stevens, and in the Dice home I was there so much I was literally "at home," a condition that existed during my boyhood days and continued during early manhood until the death of Mr. Dice.

During Stevens' lifetime the topic of conversation in the Dice home was largely about Stevens, and thus I learned much about the intimate side of his life. On a number of occasions during the past few years Mrs. Bush and I have checked over memories, and much of the data here presented is the result of those conversations.

Pictures of Stevens in the possession of Mrs. Bush show the earlier wigs he wore rose high above the forehead, something of the pompadour style. Later he adopted the more familiar one with the triangular piece in the middle of the forehead, like this one which he gave to me himself, and which I now have the pleasure of presenting to The Lancaster Historical Society. I should qualify the statement that he gave it to me by explaining he loaned it and I never returned it.

In the ten years preceding the death of Stevens the principal public entertainer in Lancaster was John Hart, by vocation a barber, with a shop under the building on East King Street formerly occupied by the Union Trust Company. He was assisted by a singer, Nellie Johnston, a daughter of "Jack" Johnston, then the lone reporter of the *Intelligencer*, and a sister of Herbert Johnston, for many years prominent in newspaper work in Lancaster and Philadelphia. Later Miss Johnston became the wife of Major Pratt, who originated the plan for the Indian schools, and who formed and became head of the Carlisle school, the first in existence, Mrs. Pratt becoming head of the girls' department. Hart had more than a local fame as an elocutionist, and his rendition of "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud" was received as a star performance.

On one occasion when I was at Stevens' home my father told him I had become a pupil of John Hart, and was on the programme at a coming church entertainment to recite Hart's favorite selection. Stevens asked me to show what I could do, and at the conclusion picked up a wig from a nearby table and suggested I should put on the wig and repeat the piece. Whether or not there was virtue in the wig the second recitation induced him to tell me to take

it with me, use it at the entertainment, and return it to him when through with it. Shortly thereafter Stevens became bed bound, and I have no recollection of seeing him thereafter. The wig was never returned.

Stevens' political organization was generally known as the Stevens-Hiestand combine, John A. Hiestand owning the two weekly newspapers that constituted Stevens' publicity channels. Hiestand later served three terms in Congress from this District. Stevens had been dead several years when I became an employee on these papers, which in the meantime had added a daily edition under the name "Examiner." The local ruling political dynasty then was made up of the former lieutenants of Stevens, and almost nightly they gathered in the business office in discussion of political affairs past and present. My job was to stay behind the counter until they left, and thus I heard many stories of Stevens from those who had been active participants in the events narrated.

One of the first stories I heard Hiestand tell about Stevens in a large measure is the key to a full refutation of the charges of his lack of charity. It was about the oft told encounter between Stevens and Alexander Harris at the southeast corner of Penn Square and South Queen Street. The latter was an outspoken sympathizer with the Southern Confederacy, or, to be more accurate, a self announced rebel. He hated Stevens personally, as well as politically. Stevens turned the corner going south, and met Harris coming north. The contact was so close neither could pass without stepping around the other. Harris was the first to act, and said, "I never get out of the way of a skunk." Stevens instantly replied, "I always do," and walked around him.

The significance of this incident is that anything that Harris later contributed to the annals of our local history about Stevens in words of praise must have been merited a hundred fold. Friends may exaggerate our virtues, but those of us who knew Alexander Harris, and the feelings he entertained for Stevens, fully understand he would pay no tribute to an enemy, living or dead, unless it was the truth.

Four years after the death of Stevens, Harris's Biographical History of Lancaster County was published. In his sketch of Stevens he says of him:

"One of the most remarkable endowments was that never failing spirit of generous kindness, which made it his pleasure to do good to and confer benefits on all who came within his reach. His inherent liberality grew by continual practice 'till it became almost one of the necessities of his being.

"No man, woman or child ever approached Thaddeus Stevens, worthy or unworthy, and asked for help, who did not obtain it when he was possessed of the means. His money was given freely and without stint when he had it.

"And with this unbounded liberality was associated a strong feeling of pride, which but few of his most intimate friends ever suspected to exist. He never would confess to a want of money, no matter how straightened his circumstances.

"When in this condition, if contributions were solicited, he invariably either found some objection to the object, or to the person in whose behalf the request was made.

"The reason he gave to a most intimate friend for this kind of conduct, that if he told the truth he would not be believed, was plausible, but it was not the fact. The true reason was that he preferred to have the reputation of harshness and cruelty rather than be suspected of even occasional poverty."

To meet the possible contention that Harris may have had a change of heart after the death of Stevens, and entertained a more friendly feeling towards the latter, I may add that personally I know Harris died unreconstructed. Further evidence of this is the bitter scoring of Buchanan in the biographical sketch devoted to the former President for not having openly advocated the right of secession. He even felt hostile to Buchanan for not declaring in favor of the rebellion after his retirement from the Presidency. A brief extract shows his temper in this regard, to wit:

"It is doubtful if even his most confidential friends knew whether he favored the prosecution of the war for the restoration of the Union or not. If his sentiments were the same as most of the leading Democrats of his school, he could not have favored what he must have regarded as a violation of the Federal Constitution."

It would be wrong to pass this criticism by unchallenged. The public speeches of Buchanan during the war definitely placed him on the side of the Union. Further, and this is the first time

this statement has ever been made public, there is the most convincing evidence that Stevens and Buchanan held a number of conferences at their respective homes during the war, knowledge of which was carefully withheld from the public. While nothing is known of what transpired at these meetings, it is at least logical to assume that Buchanan, the late President, and Stevens, the right hand man of Lincoln in Congress, would meet only for the discussion of the welfare of the Union.

Personally I know of one of these occasions from the wife of Mr. Dice, who was present, and Mrs. Bush recalls that Buchanan came to the home of Stevens, and the latter went to Wheatland to dine. The story of Mrs. Dice's presence at a little dinner party at the home of Stevens was frequently told in my presence in the Dice home. Mrs. Dice assisted her husband in the grocery store, her standard attire being a gingham dress.

One day Stevens came into the store and requested her to come over to his home to make up the fourth person at dinner. He said his guests were Buchanan and Harriet Lane. Mrs. Dice demurred, begging to be excused because of her dress, and especially for the reason she would be embarrassed in the presence of Buchanan and his niece. Stevens insisted, and when Mrs. Dice suggested a change of dress, said there was no time for that as dinner was ready to be served, and despite her protests Stevens escorted her in her gingham dress to dine with the former President and Miss Lane. Mrs. Dice said all were so lovely to her that in a few minutes she felt as much at home as if she were at her own table.

It would appear these meetings were known to a few others, for during their lifetime, and practically ever since their deaths, a controversy waged over this phase of their relationship. One side maintained there was a prized friendship, the other a bitter personal enmity. An oversight of Stevens on a certain semi-public occasion gave great weight to the contention of the latter faction. It was known that both men would be present, and mutual friends planned for what they termed a public reconciliation. Neither was apprized of what was expected of them. It so happened when Stevens passed Buchanan he failed to notice the latter's extended hand, or of Buchanan himself, and so instead of the expected exhibition of friendship, Stevens apparently gave Buchanan the direct

cut. Recently, in discussing this affair with Mr. John C. Carter, President of the Fulton National Bank, Mr. Carter said he often heard his father say he was one of the parties in arranging the friendly meeting, and that afterwards Stevens expressed great regret for his failure to see Buchanan.

No one, unless they lived through that period, can have the least conception of the intense hostility that existed between the respective adherents of Stevens and Buchanan in Lancaster. This possibly may have been the reason the secrecy of these meetings was maintained. Had it been known generally that these two met in conference the adherents of both would have denounced them as false to their respective causes.

Of all the stories told about Buchanan after his return from Washington, the one in which Pat Sherry, the cab driver and recognized town character, figured was accepted in good humor by nearly every one, though it unquestionably hurt the former President. When Buchanan stepped from the train on the come back to Lancaster Pat was the first person to grasp his hand, exclaiming: "Mr. Buchanan, I shouted for you and I voted for you, but you made a damn bad mess of it."

The sweeping assertion of Harris that no man, woman or child, worthy or unworthy, ever appealed to Stevens for aid who did not receive it when he had the funds, is corroborated in at least one instance of which Mrs. Bush has personal knowledge, and vividly remembers. On a night when Stevens was in the Dice home a strange man came and asked for him. The stranger, entirely unknown to both Stevens and Dice, said he lived near Graeff's landing, and that unless he could get two hundred dollars that very night he would lose his home. Stevens was impressed with the stranger's story, and not having that amount of cash with him asked Dice to give him the money until the next day. Dice protested against giving the money to an absolute stranger, but Stevens simply replied, "Give me the money and I will repay you tomorrow." The cash was handed over, and after the stranger's departure Dice told Stevens it was a foolish thing to thus give money without investigating the case. Stevens replied it might be too late to assist if investigation was made before the needed help was given. The following day Dice on his own initiative, and with the expectation of

proving Stevens had been wrong in giving the money, made a thorough investigation of the case, and later reported to Stevens it was an unusually worthy one.

Volume XXXV, No. 3, of the Proceedings of The Lancaster County Historical Society, contains an article by Mr. T. Richard Witmer on Stevens' unpublished correspondence. Therein is a letter under date of July 11, 1863, written to Simon Stevens, and telling of the destruction of his furnaces and property at Caledonia by the Confederate raiders, and containing this proposed self imposed obligation: "I do not know what the poor families will do. I must provide for their present relief."

There is good evidence to substantiate the statement that what he thus termed present relief extended over a period of nearly three years. The greatest tragedy in his life was the loss of these properties, for with their destruction he feared his long cherished plan for the establishment of a school for boys could never be consummated. I can verify the statements of Mrs. Bush with respect to Stevens' plans for the school and the other incidents here given on her authority, for I heard them discussed times without number by her father and the members of his family.

The one great personal desire of Stevens was to afford opportunity for the education of boys. Prior to the burning of the Caledonia properties and extending over a period of several years he had discussed the school project with Dice. All his plans were completed, including the provisions to finance it. The Caledonia loss wrecked his plans and led to the cumulative provision in his will for the institution of the school. The date of the will, July 30, 1867, about a year before his death, indicates he waited as long as he thought safe to make a new will and reconstruct his plans. Incidentally, this will was stolen from the office of the Register of Wills at some unknown time a number of years ago, and there is no clue to its present holder.*

Mrs. Bush's account of the interview between her father and

*This paper was printed in serial form following its reading before The Lancaster County Historical Society in the Lancaster New Era. Two days after the publication of the part referring to the absence of Stevens' will, the document, more or less mutilated, was located, and returned to the office of Register of Wills, and with the will of James Buchanan, was placed in a locked compartment in the safe.

Stevens when the latter told of the burning of the furnaces confirms the extract quoted from the letter to Simon Stevens. She says when Stevens came into their home to tell of his loss he **was** actually in tears. He said: "Christ, the Rebels have burned my furnaces and destroyed the homes of my workmen. Now I cannot carry out my plans for a school for boys, perhaps I never can, for it will require all I have left to take care of these thirty families who have been impoverished and made homeless. This is my duty, and I must take care of them until some means of a livelihood is provided."

Mr. Dice, who was one of the most devout men I ever knew, and who habitually carried all his troubles to the Lord in prayer, said, "Let us ask the help of the Lord," whereupon Dice offered up prayer. Some of these families depended on Stevens' charity for nearly three years. Matters about religion were a common subject between Stevens and Dice, and in these the former took an intense interest. His argument before the State Supreme Court in 1848, in the Adam Specht case wherein the issue was to prevent the members of Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata from working on Sundays, the contention being based on whether or not the Christian religion is part of the common law, exhibits an amazing knowledge of religion and religious history. He represented Specht.

I have been asked innumerable times if it is true that a Catholic priest was called in by Stevens when on his death bed. Twice within the last year strangers in quest of publication matter in relation to Stevens have propounded that question. I do not know, and had no means of ascertaining. Yet I feel justified in saying it is not true, because I do know the identity of the mysterious stranger who was called to that dying bedside and who there knelt in prayer. One of the stories is that the alleged priest discarded his ministerial garb, and appeared in conventional everyday apparel.

It was Christopher Dice, Stevens' closest and most intimate personal friend, who answered the summons from the dying statesman, and prayed at his bedside. Stevens wrote Dice, asking him to come to Washington. Dice's diffidence induced him to hesitate. He said he would feel all out of place among the big men down there, but Mrs. Dice insisted he should go because Stevens' request

meant he wanted to talk over religious matters. He went, and this I heard from Mr. Dice himself.

The bitter enmity of the Buchanan cohorts against Stevens led to two notable hostile demonstrations, in one of which Stevens was rotten egged, and in the other that part of the Eighth Ward then known as "The Hill" became "Cabbage Hill."

Public announcement had been made that on a certain evening a delegation would wait upon Stevens and that he would address it from his door steps. At that time practically every family on the Hill kept chickens, and it appears there was a plentiful supply of eggs fit only for bombardment purposes. Mrs. Bush was standing on her door step, listening to Stevens who stood but a few feet away. He had been speaking only a brief time when a crowd from the Hill arrived and started disorder. Failing to stop the address, they began to pelt him with rotten eggs. He defied them and the rotten eggs, and said: "I am going to finish this speech, and all your rotten eggs will not stop me," and he did finish it. The fusillade drove Mrs. Bush into the house. One of the fire companies was brought into requisition the next day to wash off the front of the Stevens' dwelling.

On another occasion when he was addressing a political meeting from the steps of the Court House, a crowd from the Hill, armed with cabbage stalks with the heads still attached, effectually broke up the meeting by attacking the audience, using the cabbages as weapons. Thereafter, that portion of the City known as the Hill was dubbed "Cabbage Hill."

Some thirty years ago I wrote and published in *The Examiner*, of which I was then editor, a story of the secret agency Stevens formed and financed entirely from his own resources, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, for the purpose of frustrating the operations of the slave catchers in Lancaster County. Edward H. Rauch, who was largely associated with newspaper work during his residence in Lancaster, was in charge of this service. In after years Rauch wrote under the name of Pit Schweffelbrenner, his articles appearing weekly in a publication long since discontinued, and named *Father Abraham*. They were written in Pennsylvania Dutch, and were exceedingly witty.

During the operations of the Fugitive Slave Act Rauch was

the worst hated and the most despised man in the community. By general consent he was recognized as the head of the slave catching crowd operating in this district. An austere and scowling countenance were in consonance with his reputation, yet back of that misleading face was a remarkably kindly nature. Rauch was among the Stevens followers who met in those evening gatherings in the office of The Examiner. On one such occasion he and Heistand became involved in an argument and Heistand, irritated because Rauch would not admit he was wrong, exclaimed: "You were too stubborn to tell the truth when they strung you up to the lamp post in Center Square, and so why should we expect anything better of you now."

"Well," replied Rauch, "they could have hanged me until I was dead before I would have betrayed Stevens."

Shortly thereafter I got the story from Heistand which in years after I printed. Rauch, while openly acting with the slave catchers, was in reality the spy for Stevens. Learning of their proposed raids, he would transmit the information to Stevens, who in turn took such measures as he deemed best to thwart them. In one of these raids a free negro woman was kidnapped from her home in Drumore Township, her almost new born babe being left alone in the house. The community was incensed beyond measure by this outrage.

A number of citizens had gathered at the southeast corner of Center Square, almost at the same place that witnessed the meeting between Stevens and Harris. While they were expressing their indignation over this kidnapping, Rauch approached, coming up South Queen Street.

Immediately there were shouts of "Here comes one of the slave catchers, get a rope, hang him, hang him." Rauch was seized and roughly handled. A rope was thrown across the arms of the lamp post, and, had not Stevens appeared and persuaded the enraged citizens to desist, there is every reason to believe the affair would have ended in the death of Rauch. After my publication of the story Rauch came to see me and placed in my keeping a roll of manuscript which he said was the obituary he wanted printed when he passed away. He said my account of the attempted lynching was correct, but that it was woefully lacking in one particular

in that it did not give Stevens the credit he merited for the time and large amount of money he had expended in the operation of this secret service.

Rauch's obituary was a graphic account of the checking of the slave catching and kidnapping of free negroes under Stevens' direction, and this operation, as he described it, indicates the financial cost to Stevens was very great. Rauch had no other means of support. He had a large family dependent upon him, and his employment in this capacity extended over a period of several years.

It is greatly to be regretted that this valuable manuscript was lost. A few years before his death Rauch moved to Allentown. He took it with him, stating he would see it was sent back to me upon his death. Later I got into communication with members of his family, only to be informed the manuscript could not be found.

It was only Monday evening of this week that I obtained the first information indicating how Rauch's reports were conveyed to Stevens. I had called on Mrs. Bush, and in a general way outlined the contents of this paper. I had never spoken previously to her about Rauch, and when I mentioned his name she immediately said: "I knew him well. He came to our place very often." Rauch could not call on Stevens without danger of being detected, but he could go into the grocery store of Mr. Dice a dozen times a day without creating suspicion, give his information to the groceryman, and the latter pass it on to Stevens. This, it is true, is purely a matter of presumption, but it is logical, and there is indirect corroboration in the fact that Mrs. Bush was kept in total ignorance of the reasons for Rauch's visits.

Twenty-five years ago a son of John Brown, who had been through the fight at Harpers Ferry, and whose life was spared because of his youth, made a lecturing tour of the country. When he came to Lancaster he called at the Examiner office in quest of publicity for the lecture. He spent several hours with me, talking about Stevens, and Daniel H. Logan, who came here from Franklin County. I took him to Stevens' tomb where, with uncovered head, he offered up prayer. He expressed a desire to meet Logan, who was then conducting a horse sale and exchange stable

in the rear of the old Merrimac Hotel on North Prince Street. He was disappointed because Logan was out of the City.

I, too, was keenly disappointed, because it would have been intensely interesting to witness what occurred between these two men, both of whom had played such dramatic parts in the Harpers Ferry insurrection, the one fanatically proud of his participation, the other living a life of regret for what he had done.

I knew Dan Logan's sentiments in the matter for I was present when he made this declaration, following the publication of part of the story in the Philadelphia Times, then edited by A. K. McClure, who was a life long friend of Logan:

"You all know I got the blood money for capturing Cook. Almost as soon as I gave him up I regretted it, and wished I had helped him to escape. I have paid a fearful price for that money, for the thought of Cook seldom is out of my mind."

Captain Cook was John Brown's chief lieutenant in the Harpers Ferry affray. He was among the few who escaped capture at the time of the fight, and, with a companion, fled to the mountains in the southern part of Franklin County. A reward of ten thousand dollars was offered for his capture. Pressed for food, he went to a store on the outskirts of Chambersburg, kept by a man named Fitzhugh, where he purchased bacon and other supplies. Fitzhugh recognized him from the published descriptions, and sent a clerk to notify Logan, who was a big man of unusual strength.

When Cook left the store Logan was waiting for him, and at once attempted the capture. Cook put up a terrific resistance, and again and again managed to get away from Logan. Mr. Matthew Bush, who is here tonight, and who was a dealer in horses at the time Logan conducted his business here, told me that he heard Logan describe this fight, and that Logan said they fought a full half mile out into the country before he subdued Cook.

The captive was roped, placed in a carriage and delivered to the authorities, and later hanged. The reward was divided between Logan, Fitzhugh and the latter's clerk, but in what proportion I never learned. It is a remarkable coincidence that all three met violent deaths, Logan being the last to die. He stepped from behind a passing switching engine in the old Pennsylvania Station

directly in front of an approaching train. One leg was pinned beneath a wheel of the engine, and he begged the engine be moved to release him. His injuries resulted in his death shortly thereafter.

The statement of Harris, based on information obtained as a contemporary of Stevens and published within a few years after the death of Stevens, the secret service conducted by Rauch solely at the expense of Stevens, the testimony of Mrs. Bush, and the institution of the Stevens School constitute proof that his charities were of extraordinary liberality, and should be sufficient to forever silence those who would traduce him in this particular, and whose information must necessarily be of a vague and nebulous character.

This is an opportune occasion to put on record and to call to general attention the fact that Stevens is being honored today, as he has been for three quarters of a century, nation wide, North and South, East and West, by approximately five thousand organizations with a total membership of six hundred thousand, and that once annually exercises are held at Lexington, N. C., and at Tiffin, Ohio, in commemoration of his public services.

The charter of each Council of the Junior Order United American Mechanics and of the Order Independent Americans is embellished with the picture of George Washington on one side, and that of Thaddeus Stevens on the other. The first named order has two orphan schools, with a total of fifteen hundred inmates, one situated at Lexington, North Carolina, and the other at Tiffin, Ohio. Once each year at each institution a day is devoted to exercises to commemorate Stevens, frequently including the reading of a paper, or papers, prepared by one or more of the orphans, on his life and activities.

Innumerable stories were told of the quick wit of Stevens in the trial of cases in court. Probably the most famous, and one that is thoroughly authenticated, was dubbed "Right About Face." I heard it told by George Bard, of Ephrata Township, many years before his death. A few days since I was talking with John W. Gehr, the present Prothonotary of Lancaster County, about this incident, when he stated he had heard Bard tell the story many times, and that it is a matter of common knowledge in the Ephrata section.

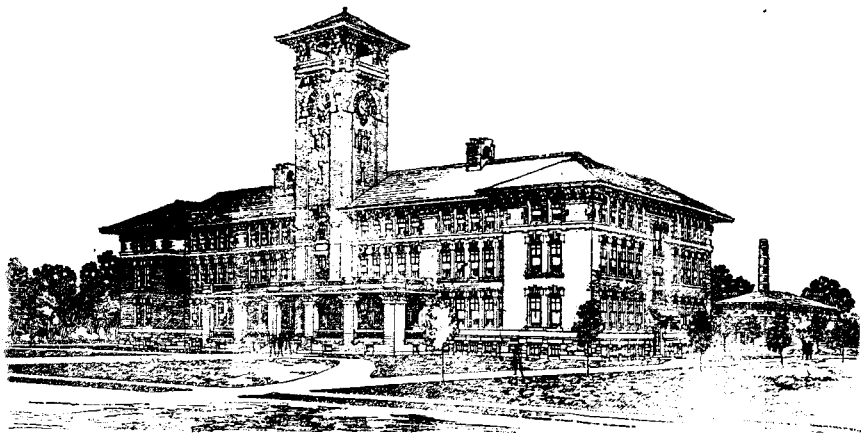
Bard was a jurymen in the time when Lancaster County had a lay judge on the Bench, and sat on two juries before which Stevens tried cases. The first case was decided in favor of Stevens' client by virtue of the exposition of the law presented by Stevens to the Judge and jury. The next day when the other case was attached, Stevens again began explaining the law, but this time his exposition of the law was directly opposite his contention of the previous day.

Judge Libhart, who was the lay judge, and who had the unique distinction of once being sustained by the Supreme Court when both of the judges learned in the law disagreed with him, called Stevens to account. He said: "Mr. Stevens, now you are saying something is the law, when yesterday you won a case by showing it was not the law. You cannot right about face this way." To this Stevens quickly replied: "Your Honor, yesterday I was sure it was the law. To-day I know this is the law," and whatever the law may have been, the jury believed Stevens and found in favor of his client.

It is a matter of inexpressible regret that the oldest person living who knew Stevens, and whose acquaintance was of a most intimate nature, because of his great age and general condition could not be asked to assist in the preparation of this paper. Professor J. P. McCaskey, who to "Jack's Boys" will always be "Jack McCaskey," unquestionably could have contributed much valuable information of direct personal knowledge about Stevens. Unlike myself, who knew Stevens when I was very young, or Mrs. Bush, who was just attaining young womanhood when he died, Dr. McCaskey was a teacher in the boys' high school in 1855, thirteen years before the death of Stevens. As a well matured man he knew him, and evidently had been in close touch with Stevens in the latter's various activities.

The Jubilee Number of the High School News, June, 1906, comprising a booklet of one hundred and twenty pages, issued in celebration of Dr. McCaskey, "Fifty Years a Teacher," has as its frontispiece a picture of Stevens, in which he wore a wig such as I gave to the Society tonight, followed by this tribute, signed "J. P. McCaskey":

"Thaddeus Stevens was the mightiest man I have ever known. He seemed granite or steel in the mobile form and garb of a man. So he always impressed me, as I have seen him in his office, on the platform, before the Court, or upon the street—though halt and lame—leaning upon his old hickory cane. I felt his mighty personality. There was a fascination in it. No other man in Lancaster so impressed me. But we boys had no dread of him, for he was a generous, kindly man. He was of the men who make history, and so belonged not to one period of time but to the ages. He heard the call to duty, he felt himself able to answer it, and how superb was the response to that call! With staying power of granite or steel, faithful unto death."



Stevens Industrial School.