

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE DAWN OF PROSPERITY

**T**HE Rev. P. V. Kavanagh assumed command of the debt-drenched forces on the banks of the Niagara. He was a man born to rule, but to rule rather by his presence and example than by orders or threats. He simply exuded discipline. He had the shoulders and bearing of a Hindenburg, and the sympathy and simplicity and faith of a Foch. At fifteen years of age he had come to the college in the Spartan days when the students in winter at the zero hour and in the zero temperature went "over-the-top" to wash at the pump a-mornings, and at night returned o'er "no-man's-land" to the barn, to sleep the sleep of the weary and the just. Now at thirty-six years of age he was not frightened by such trivial things as creditors with big voices or sheriffs with brass badges. He had the habit of whistling to himself softly, almost inaudibly. His worries seemed as gentle as his whistle. Discouragement seemed a stranger to him, never even shook hands with him. His imperturbability was almost irritating. Criticism left him unruffled, and prophecies of disaster made him fairly beam with hope. He was not a fast worker nor a blustering one; but was systematic, patient and vigorous. With long thought and prayer he laid his plans, as a general would his campaign. But he did not, as so many determined characters do who mistake obstinacy for strength, refuse to adjust those plans to gain his end. Suggestions from the youngest priest he would weigh as deliberately as the counsel of the sagest. Two things he determined to do, God willing: to smash that trench-line of debts, and to finish the monument in honor of his dead confrere. Nothing would swerve him from that campaign. The Superior General might write his letter of kindly rebuke to the Americans who would allow

such amazing debts to encircle them; but the "Field General" at Niagara never whimpered. Cardinal Simeone, Prefect of the Propaganda in Rome, might remark to Father Rubi (one of Niagara's captains then scouting through Europe for financial aid), "You Americans are great,—great for contracting debts;" and the captain might report the remark to the "Field General;" but the last would only whistle softly and resolve "We must show them that Americans are greater still in smashing debts." The building of the monument to Father Rice must go on.

By June 1st, '81, the railroad tracks in the rear of the buildings were almost finished; the Silver Jubilee of the institution would be celebrated on the following November 23rd. The road would then be available for bringing special Pullman carloads of Alumni from the east and the west right to the very door; the Alumni would thus be bringing their hotels with them. The chapel must be in some way finished for the event. In the fall while the laborers were putting finishing touches to the railroad, builders were putting finishing touches to the roof. And when the morning of November came, and the Pullmans shunted into the grounds, and the crowds of shouting Alumni came tumbling down the steps, and gathered behind the College Band that almost ruptured belts and sweat-bands in the fervor of their welcome, they saw a beautiful, double-spired chapel of exquisite architecture modeled after the Vincentian church of Monte Citorio in Rome. But alas and alack, unlike the beauty of the King's daughter, all the beauty was without. Within, it was as bare as a barn. It was but temporarily fitted up for divine services. It was but a building of four walls and a roof, a simple altar and rude benches. But it was the result of seven years of efforts against dreadful odds. Mass was said therein for the first time. At the Mass, Archbishop Lynch reviewed the struggling days of yore, that despite all the trials were more happy than hectic; and at the festivities afterwards, Bishop Ryan donned the robes of a prophet and foretold how on the

occasion of the Golden Jubilee he would again be with them, looking down on them from the "Upper Gallery."

But in a few months there were others from a gallery not quite so high, who held above their heads bills and mortgages and shouted something about sheriffs and sales. The massive form of the President looked up, and hoped that they all were in the best of health and spirits; he hoped, above all, that they would not worry about their payments, that worriments wrought wrinkles on foreheads and predisposed bodies to premature deaths. And, moreover, to see their worriment worried him; and his worriment interfered with his work in gathering funds to pay them, and so delayed their mutual peace. Then the gentle whistler whistled softly as he sauntered towards the chapel, and there knelt down to pray. It was thus he pacified them for a few more months, till they again assembled to meet him on the level, and to assure him that they wished not to worry him, but that, really they must have their money. If there was anything that pleased Father Kavanagh it was to meet a creditor "on the level," to take him aside and seriously talk to him about the—weather; for the speaker fairly oozed as much confidence as discipline. And the creditor would return home firmly convinced that it was a very fine day; and that the morrow's sun would be brighter still,—terrestrially and financially. The debtor would return to the chapel, gather his priests around him, and in a few simple words exhort them to pray even more fervently to the Queen of Angels to rescue her Seminary from ruin. There was no doubt that she would help as she ever had done; but they must fit themselves to be worthy of her help; it depended upon them how soon the help would come.

More weary months followed of creditors petitioning priests, and priests petitioning heaven, till almost everyone could see that the stubborn fight was hopeless,—the Seminary must shatter under the hammer of the sheriff. It was then that Father Kavanagh beamed brightest; now the Mother of God would have to help, for man had done his utmost to save it.

Now she must do what man could not; she could not, of course, see it perish. Naturally, or supernaturally (just as you prefer) the help would come from the most unexpected quarter. And it did,—came through one of the priests who had been listening to his superior, through one who should have exploded with laughter had anyone said to him, "You will save the Seminary!" He was not at Niagara when the sheriff's hammer was actually poised in the air, but was teaching in St. John's College, Brooklyn. He was a New York City boy that in '68 had come to the college, nineteen years of age, and on the baseball field had faithfully helped the "Niagara's" to castigate the interior embellishments out of the doughty "Mont Eagles,"—sometimes. He had left in '70 to enter the Vincentian novitiate in Germantown, and in '75 had returned a priest to assist for three years the Gladiators of the Gorge in their dismemberment of Virgil, Horace and Livy. A few months after his second departure from Niagara, when the sheriff's hammer was about to fall, the athletic litterateur fell himself,—fell heir to \$20,000! Yo, ho! What would he do with \$20,000! The "fall" stunned him. Yes, he could equip twenty teams for the diamond, buy tons of classics for a library, reams of paper for his poetry, and pay the rent for all the poor widows in the parish. Oh, there were lots of things he could do, but only one he would do,—help Old Niagara! The teams, and libraries, and widows would be taken care of; but who would help his Alma Mater? Besides, he did not wish to be bothered with so much money; he wanted to get back to the handball court, and to begin that narrative poem on Joan of Arc. He sent for Father Kavanagh, and asked relief for his worriments. The latter relieved him; and the former laughed his merry laugh, and went back to his courts of the handball and Muses. Today Father Eckles is laughing still. He is now eighty-two years of age; and in St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, has been an invalid for many years; but the longer he lives the louder he laughs. Surely, the cheerful giver is beloved of the Lord,—and of Niagara.

The first installment of our cheerful benefactor was paid to Niagara on November 24th, 1882,—\$15,500; and was distributed among the creditors, especially among the most persistent. No one was fully paid,—except with assurances that more money was coming, but there was one who, either because of receiving nothing or not enough, demanded instant payment in full. The unperturbed President was but too glad to make the payment,—only \$3,000. What were three thousand dollars among friends? He instructed the Treasurer, Father Michael Cavanagh, kindly to pay this gentleman. Now Fathers Patrick and Michael were as “Saul and Jonathan, lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided.” They agreed on everything, save one; and that difference lasted all their lives; one spelled his name with a capital K, and the other with a capital C. In fact, this was the original “K. C.” organization; as President and Treasurer it had now endured for twelve years. The other nationally known organization of the Knights of Columbus, begun by another Niagara Alumnus, Father M. C. McGivney, of New Haven, was in existence only for some ten months, when this Father K told this Father C to pay the importunate creditor in full.

But Father C flagrantly disobeyed, for the simple reason that in the treasury there was nothing wherewith to pay. Nothing! Then the creditor must needs wait until the morrow. And on the morrow when the treasury held the same amount as the day ago, the President was very sorry, but he had great hopes that the next morn would bring financial help. And so “tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow, crept in this petty race from day to day to the last syllable of recorded” patience; and like the villain in the melodrama, the sheriff still pursued them. The President did not mind the pursuit; but when the sheriff had attached the harness, horses, stock and implements of the farm, and advertised them for sale, Father K told Father C to borrow some money before the sale. Where could he borrow? Why, anywhere. Just pray a

little longer, and don't worry. Some friend will lend the money. But even though such a friend could be found, they were unable to pay even the interest on loans already given! Well then, get a friend to loan three thousand without interest. That was simple. Just pray more confidently than ever to the Blessed Virgin to send that friend, and go to bed and get a good rest.

The morning of the day before the sale came, but the friend came not. However, there did come a terrible blizzard. All day it snowed, while Father Patrick smiled, and Father Michael frowned. The latter thought that no friend with a check book could be blown into the Seminary for weeks; no friend could make it through the drifts. The former consoled him with the thought that if a friend could not make it, neither could the sheriff; there could be no sale on the morrow. At about half-past eight that night, they both looked out of the window, listened to the wind whipping the sleet against the panes, and agreed that no one could make it on the morrow by 10:00 a. m. After night prayers the President went to bed, but the Procurator went out into the night.

Three miles from the Seminary, at Eleventh and Niagara Streets, in a little two-story house there lived a chubby Jewish merchant, a Marcus Brown, whom all the priests and students held in the highest esteem, and who regarded "Father Mike" as a prince among men. The feeling was reciprocal. Had Miss Nicholls been writing in those days she surely would have written "Abie's Irish Oak." When nine o'clock that night had come, and the snow had banked his front door and windows, the merchant banked the fire in the kitchen and retired to rest, a good long rest, for there was no use being at the store the next morning,—no one could get there to buy. There is nothing more peaceful to a tired merchant than to go to bed with the thought, "I don't have to get up tomorrow till I feel like it." A little after ten o'clock he was aroused from a sound sleep by a violent knocking at the door. The knockings in Macbeth were tinkling taps compared therewith. "Knock,

knock, knock! Who's there in the name of Beelzebub? . . . Knock, knock! Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell!" He thought he heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! This man doth murder sleep!" Such noise in a night like this spelled tragedy. Maybe my store is blown down and burned up! What a dreadful night for a fire! Or maybe it is only that the Falls have stopped running, and the banked ice-cakes have backed the river into the stores, and my goods are all frozen and drowned! He sprang out of bed, and shivering raised the window. "Oh, it's you, Father Mike?" he shouted. The clerical Gael tried to outshout the gale. The merchant caught odd words: something about "Ten o'clock . . . 'morrow . . . sheriff . . . thousands." The merchant shouted back, "Go home, Father Mike, go home! The only heat I got is in the kitchen stove! I'm almost naked! Go home! I come in the morning! Go home!"

The next morning at about half-past seven Mr. Brown fought his way to the livery stable. No, Siree! No horse of that stable would be allowed out in weather like this! But the Jewish merchant had pledged his word to the Catholic priest; he must keep it. The priest was his friend. He must be on time; if he were a minute after the advertised time, and the sheriff and creditor made the journey, the farm things might be sold for a farthing. Every minute of argument in the livery stable was lost time. He must beat the sheriff to it. If he could not get a horse to plough through the drifts, he must do the ploughing himself. He must help Father Mike. And so he started on his three-mile journey. The fences along the country road were buried, but he knew the way. Besides, fields were just as good as roads in a blizzard like this. The chief thing was to keep away from the cliff that for some distance skirted the road; one false step there, and "Good-bye, Marcus Brown! Not to be found till the spring thaws." And so he scrambled, and "breast-stroked" the snow, and shouldered it, and puffed and perspired. At a turning of the river, he caught sight of the cross upon the building, a half mile away. His

knees refused to rise any more; but he must not stop now, or he would be frozen to death in his own perspiration. At just fifteen minutes before the sale he floundered into the doorway of the Seminary, fell exhausted into a chair beside Father Mike, took out his check book, and huskily whispered "How much?"

He is a wealthy man now, living at 171 East 79th Street, New York City, but still retains his interest in the Seminary. Only a few years ago he gave \$500 to help along the Seminary in its drive for funds to educate Catholic priests. He is getting old, but still is vigorous, and loves to remember the days of yore. On last December 22nd he reviewed to Father Thomas Gorman the incident anew. "I'll never forget that night! Never forget that night! Don't know how Father Mike made it to my door. Don't know how I made it next day. What! Did I get any interest? Ask Father Mike for interest! Why, no. Was he not my friend? Sure, I was paid back, every cent,—about two years afterwards." It was thus that a Jewish merchant saved a Catholic seminary; but the Catholics are confident that it was a Jewish maiden in Heaven that whispered to the Jewish merchant on earth to fight through sleet and snow for the saving of his friends from the sheriff.

When the sheriff descended that winter morn into the barnyard and met the merchant with a check book instead of a creditor with a chilblain, the Seminary seems to have touched the nadir of its woes. From that point its average, if not its constant grade, was ever upward. The first thing that pointed to hopefulness was the farm. In '84 from the statement submitted to the Board of Trustees it is shown that the net profits therefrom for fourteen preceding months were almost three thousand dollars. In the same year the Mother House in Germantown, itself struggling for existence, showed its maternal heart by mortgaging its own property, and transferring the loan of \$56,000 to Niagara. True, the money was but another debt that Niagara contracted to pay; but the pressure for payment would be as gentle as "tired eyelid on



tired eye." Besides, though it may not be so wise, it certainly is far more comfortable to owe your mother rather than your "uncle"; she will be easier on you than will any other. And this "mother" was willing to consider "services rendered" by Niagara's Faculty as partial payments on the loan; and in those years Niagara was more able to render services than "simoleons." Anyway, mothers prefer from their sons loving service to filthy lucre; and this "son" on the Gorge preferred this method, too. By this financial arrangement, Niagara in this year of '84 reduced the principal by almost \$4,000.

The loan from Germantown was spent not in raising buildings, but in demolishing debts. It was not spent even in furnishing buildings; the chapel stayed as it was in awkward nakedness; the faculty voted not to use it regularly as a chapel till it was fit for the use. So it became an auditorium; a stage took the place of the sanctuary. Religious services were again held there for the College Commencement in June '87; but it remained as an auditorium undecorated and unfurnished till it opened formally as a chapel in the year following. After fourteen years of discouraging and indefatigable work, the monument to Father Rice was completed,—almost; it was furnished, but undecorated.

As soon as religious services began to be held regularly in the new chapel, the old chapel on the third floor, north, was changed into "Shakespearean Hall" wherein audiences of five or six hundred shivered and gasped while Brutus annually killed Caesar in the market place; or Richelieu hurled the curse of Rome upon any miscreant that dared to step within his magic circle; or Richard III limped across Bosworth Field, and, spendthrift that he was, offered his whole kingdom for a horse, totally oblivious of the fact that within two hundred yards there were half-a-dozen of the finest thoroughbreds that ever a ploughshare drew through stubborn glebe, or hauled a load of ice.

Under date of June 16th, '88, a Vincentian writing in his diary, as oft he did in the stilly night, records thus: "An era

of prosperity has begun!" We have searched all through Niagara's voluminous archives, and that is the first time we found the word "prosperity." "Notes," "mortgages," "debts," "sheriffs" occur a-plenty; but in those years Niagara could find "prosperity" only in its dictionary. The cause of the scribe's elation was manifold. Not only was a beautiful building slowly appearing, but indebtedness as slowly disappearing. Even the debt to the Mother House was paid in '95. But before that debt disappeared, means were taken to liquidate the others. In '87, Father James O'Connor, of Seneca Falls, New York; President of the Alumni, started a vigorous drive at the College Commencement for the completion and decoration of the Alumni Chapel. The Alumni of thirty years sang how they "loved her rocks and rivers" too strongly for them to allow it to be draped in debt. Four years previously, the most prominent physicians and surgeons of Buffalo, some of them Alumni, were fired with the laudable ambition of raising the standard of their profession by adding an extra year of study to the medical schools of the state. Each school was loath to take the initiative. These Buffalo doctors argued that the scheme might succeed if they should blaze the trail by starting a school of their own, thus inducing the other schools, perhaps, to adopt the higher standard. But to obtain a charter from the state for their venture they must have sufficient backing, financial and educational. They hit upon the idea of requesting the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels to petition the legislature to amend the Seminary's charter as a college, and erect it into a university. There might be some doubts about the legislature accepting the Seminary's financial standing, but there would be no doubt about its acceptance of the Seminary's educational standing. They wished the amended charter to read "Niagara University," with its departments academic, premedical, collegiate, philosophical and theological to remain at Niagara; and the departments medical and surgical to be at Buffalo. The Seminary addressed the legislature; and on August 7th, '83, Grover

Cleveland, then Governor, signed the amendment. In September following the Niagara University Medical School opened its doors in Buffalo; and in fifteen years it was listed as the fourth best medical school in the country. Other medical schools, seeing it succeed with its lengthened course, lengthened their courses. The physicians and surgeons of Buffalo succeeded in doing what they had set out to do. To them and to Niagara University the medical fraternity of the country owe the fact of raised medical standards.

Another thing that caused the dream of prosperity in the soul of the scribe was the fact that four years after the Buffalo physicians and surgeons had requested the Seminary to adopt them as a department of a university, ten prominent lawyers of the same city, actuated by the same high motives that had moved the doctors, petitioned the University to adopt them, upon their opening a law department. In September '87, the Law Department thus came into existence.

When the scribe penned his note of "prosperity" in '88, all departments were functioning smoothly; only one department showed signs of breaking down, slowly but surely,—the "Department of Debts." The "Hindenburg" in his embattlements on top the Gorge had ten years before found himself encircled with entrenched creditors. He would smash their line. Like Grant to Buckner he might have said, "No other terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works;" but he did not. He simply smiled, and said nothing, and kept on pegging away at the trenches,—wore the debts out by attrition. He proposed "to fight it out on this line if it takes a lifetime." He was still pegging away while the diarist wrote, "An era of prosperity has begun."

But the greatest general is he that, after planning the best campaign, can pick the best men to execute the plans. In a campaign against debts in an educational institution like Niagara, a great deal, we would say everything depends upon the financial manager,—the Procurator. More often than not,

it is to him even more than to the President, that financial and material success is due. Too often for his labors he reaps only oblivion, if not criticism. His successes are written in water, and his failures in fog; and they both are buried with his corpse in forgetfulness. In fact, we have for a long while been formulating a plan of organizing a new society to be called the "S. R. P. O.,"—Society to Rescue Procurators from Obscurity. And we would nominate for its first President Father William Katzenberger, our former President of the University, because he voiced the same sentiments when he was in office. Speaking of the vast material improvements at Niagara in the last ten years, he remarked "Isn't it strange! I get all the credit, and Father Duggan does all the work!" Humility is ever appreciative. So when we read the "prosperity" note of the diarist, we wondered who was Father Kavanagh's procurator at the time. We turned to the records and found that he was Father J. O. Hayden. Turning again to the diary, we find another entry, January 24th, '89. "Father Hayden has provided our house of worship so well, that we cannot speak too highly of him for all that he has done. It is our desire that our posterity at Niagara who may chance to read these lines may know our benefactor, that I write all this. Call it what you will; I call it the proper thing to record his name as among the most earnest workers of Niagara." Such a tribute is all the more remarkable, since it comes from a contemporary; and more remarkable still, since it comes from one of the keenest minds Niagara ever had,—Father Luke Grace.

It was Father Hayden that was quick to see the advantage of having a "Niagara University Post Office" right on the grounds. The railroad at the side of the athletic field, instead of being a nuisance, would be a distinct help; a help not only for the periodic events of bringing Alumni to meetings and crowds to Commencements and to games, but a daily help, several times daily, by the receiving and sending of mail. Washington listened to the arguments of the Procurator; and

on January 20th, '88, Father Hayden became the first postmaster,—one that now could give you not only motives for Heaven, but, also, missives from home. Now he was not only postmaster to his Vincentian brothers whose wages were nothing, but postmaster for his Uncle Sam who paid according to the business you transact. Of course, this postmaster's wages, as did all his successors' in office, went to educate poor and deserving boys for the secular priesthood. That Father Hayden's move for a post office was a wise one is seen from the fact that, though it started as a fourth class one, it rose under Father Thomas Gorman to a third class, and last year under Father Duggan to a second class office. It is now in the same class as Cobleskill, Goshen, Sag Harbor, or Hudson Falls,—in the same class as even Watervliet with its sixteen thousand population.

A still further cause for Father Grace's dream of prosperity lay in the fact that nine months after the opening of the post office, the priests of the Vincentian Order had so multiplied that it was deemed advisable to divide the country into two provinces, east and west of the Mississippi; Germantown to stay as the Mother House of the east, and the Barrens to resume its maternal duties for the west. This meant that, if the demands of the University remained the same, there would be more priests and less lay professors; and if the demands increased, the proportion of priests could be increased to meet the demands.

From the great blizzard of March '88 to Dewey's May Day victory of Manila in '98 may be considered Niagara's halcyon dream days of hopefulness. Not that the dream never flickered nor dulled. It did both; but it never disappeared. The flickering and the clouding were simply the dream settling into actuality; they were hope changing into vision. The glorious fact of our modern Niagara University rests, under God, upon those tireless toilers dreaming their dreams of prosperity. Successes did not make them vain; nor sorrows make them languid.

The first sorrow came just two months after the blizzard; Archbishop Lynch died. When death came to the Archbishop he had realized dreams greater than those of his youth, or even of his boyhood. If he had not built a fence around the Falls, he had built an Archdiocese on three sides of it, put a convent in front of it, and a college north of it. In the last thirty-one years of his life he had seen a tavern on the Gorge develop into a little seminary, then into a great seminary, then into a college and seminary, and at last into a university with its law and medical departments commanding the attention of the educational world. He had seen himself develop from a simple priest into a bishop,—into an archbishop. He died, seventy-two years of age. From the first year in Texas to the last day in Toronto he had seen years of missionary work harder than commonly falls to the lot of man. Niagara mourned the loss of its founder and its constant friend.

It was still mourning its loss when ten months afterwards, late one morning, a fire broke out in the top story of the present Library wing. For a while it looked as though the tragedy of '64 were to be re-enacted. There are many more inviting things than a fire away out in the country in the depths of winter, especially where there are no adequate means to fight it, no means to summon help quickly, and no solid roads for the help to arrive. This was the age immediately preceding the telephone; and on this particular January day a thaw had set in, and the roads were as succulent as the pork at a barbecue. There was an abundance of water, but it disdained to abandon its course and to run four hundred feet up hill just because three hundred masculine voices were yelling "Fire"! Everyone that could hear the voices knew the fact, and was giving what help he could, except "Ol' Man Ribber 'hat kep' rollin' along." Feet fleeter than the messengers of the Mohawks in the forest primeval ran in all directions. In thirty minutes the swiftest had reached the emporium of the volunteer fire-fighters of the town; it was easy to locate the engine, but more difficult to locate the engineers. Our friend

Marcus Brown heard the cry, sensed the difficulty, and resolved, if a big country like the United States could not supply a fire engine, a foreign country could. So he ran to Canada, and came back with the engine from Clifton; but one mile from the Seminary the engine stuck in the mud. Meanwhile the bucket brigade outside and inside the building were busier than ants on an ant hill; and straddling the apex of the adjoining roof, "like a fledgling rhymester straddling Pegasus," sat the poetic Father Grace, announcing to the wintry wilderness and to the world the news of "Fire!" The Volunteers from the town came in time to congratulate the students on their efficiency, and to see that no forgotten ember should cause a relapse of the fever. The roof and the trunk room below it were destroyed—and so was scholastic discipline for the rest of the day.

In the next winter (February 10th, '91) the prosperity dream flickered,—just a little; the Law Department in Buffalo, after having been three years under the aegis of Niagara, became an independent school. The lawyers had accomplished their design of demanding a higher education for aspirants to the bar. Other law schools of the country had adopted the higher standard; and the officers of Niagara's Law Department felt that henceforth they were strong enough to run their college unassisted. The University felt that with its present limited faculty the release from the responsibility of a law department would be welcome, for it had assumed the responsibility in an age and a land where ethical standards are divergent and transient. Catholic ethics are founded on principles as firm and unchanging as the Rock of Ages. Conditions may change around them, demanding a new and unforeseen application of the principles; the principles change not. But the world's principles are necessarily fluctuating, forming, disintegrating and reforming; receding and advancing according to the tide of predominant opinions; and veering under the winds of expediency. Where the Church's standards cannot wield complete control, the two sets of

principles are as irreconcilable as the Cross and the Crescent. However, the records show that there was no dissatisfaction of the Law Department with the University. On the contrary, they showed a spirit of gratitude; in February '91, after the sundering of relations, the officers wrote, "We desire to express to Niagara University our appreciation of the courtesies shown to the Buffalo Law School, in giving it the protection of its name."

Seven years afterwards, the dream more than flickered; it blurred,—temporarily. About a month before Dewey severs Manila from Spain, the Medical College severs its relations with Niagara; or, if it does not seek the severance, it at least makes the move which, if followed, must end in severance. It does not desire this severance any more than does the University; but if neither see how in justice or honor it can meet the wish of the other, severance is imperative. For the fifteen years of its allegiance to Niagara it had risen to great prominence, and had shown that the raising of educational medical standards did not mean the lessening of numbers seeking diplomas. Unlike the lawyers, the doctors and surgeons had a grievance, real or fancied. However, the grievance was not against Niagara; but against another institution that they had sought not only to benefit, but to control. This institution was grateful for the benefits, but resentful of the attempt to control; and argued that the benefits were not solitary but mutual. The doctors called upon the University to do what would have amounted to a repudiation of that institution; and to that institution the University was bound by ties stronger than those of blood, and to it owed debts of gratitude more fraternal than professional, debts it could not pay in coin of the realm, and which would not be accepted if it could. It was one of those disagreements that must ever occur in human affairs where both sides are honest and sincere; and where neither side, at least for the moment, can see the entire viewpoint of the other, and sympathize with it. Only time can soothe the injured nerve and clarify the eye. The Univer-



sity was called upon to give its decision, and give it quickly. To have sided with the doctors would have meant in the world's estimation greater success, but in the hearts of the University the basest ingratitude. The University preferred loyalty to prestige, accepted the resignation of the doctors, and suffered the severance with the Medical College. It has never regretted the decision it made, though it has deplored the incidents that occasioned it. And the doctors today reviewing the incidents of thirty-three years ago may still doubt the wisdom of the University's action, but they cannot help applauding its loyalty.

But three years afterwards, the dream suffered not simply a flickering and a blurring, but a total eclipse; Father Kavanaugh, after sixteen years of his generalship of Niagara was ordered to Baltimore. He had accomplished his work. With the assistance of his procurator, Father Hayden, he had finished, though not decorated the Alumni Chapel, the monument to Father Rice. He had unremittingly kept up his fight against the debts, and would keep it up till they would all surrender,—or till the river froze solid and he could skate up the rapids to the Falls. Like a host of tantalizing little devils they had danced all over the battlefield; most of them now lay gassed or gasping, or staggered as prisoners behind his banner. So well had he fought that a year after his departure, his successor on the field, Father Patrick McHale, marched the last batch of prisoners to the Provincial at Germantown, and, anticipating Pershing at the Paris tomb, cried, "Lafayette, we are here!" It was a glorious thing to see the debts dying, but a gloomy thing to see Father P. V. departing. He was not the warrior he had been. The constant battling had worn him out. Like his predecessor, Father Rice, he wished to be buried at Niagara. Five years after his departure his body came back. Here he lies

*"Like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him."*

In most of the above remarks we have noted the flickering,

the dimming, or the temporary eclipse of that dream of prosperity; we have said little of the many things that lent an aura of radiance to the dream. These things were exterior as well as interior to the institution. The new facilities of transportation were bringing throngs of interested friends to the door, because in '94 the electric cars began running to the Devil's Hole at the foot of the campus; and in the next year another line was running along the river's edge below the campus; and the new lower Arch Bridge, two years afterwards, was gorging and disgorging the multitudes to and from Canada. Within the institution Father Hayden was tearing out and replacing, redecorating and reburnishing, discarding and installing. In the spring of '97 he turned his attention to the decorations of the interior of the Alumni Chapel. Shakespearean Hall became again the temporary chapel while the best artists in the country beautified the house of the Lord. On the next January 25th it was solemnly opened, a thing of beauty, but not, alas, a joy forever. In little more than six months, a fire broke out, and left but a roofless shell. The work of twenty-four years had gone for naught. The dream of prosperity had vanished into misty air.