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AUTUMNAL SPRAYS

Wreathing the

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

University of
PRINCETON, SIXTY - THREE.

A Tablet to

THE FACULTY OF OUR COLLEGE DAYS

Gathered by the Class Historian.

JUNE 6, 1908.

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The Class

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PRINCETON, SIXTY-THREE.

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

A movement set on foot several years ago by Dr. Stryker and Professor Patton to erect somewhere about the college a memorial to our old Faculty culminated on the occasion of our forty-fifth anniversary in the unveiling of a bronze tablet in Marquand chapel, the handsome structure which replaces (on a different site) the homely sanctuary of our period. This memorial is inscribed with twelve honored names, accompanied with words of grateful affection, as the tribute of our class to the excellent men who composed the modest governing and teaching body of the College in our day. In its material and execution, as well as in the style and adornment, it is entirely tasteful, adequate and appropriate, fit to appear among the other artistic monuments adjacent, and a gift worthy of the purpose, unique and original in conception as the embodiment of an impulse of feeling and thought, upon which the straying member of the class visiting the old place as he comes upon it will look with satisfaction and pleasure. It is of an aesthetic value which will, we trust, help to insure its long surviving the last such visitor of our number and carry on to generations beyond the testimony of our grateful remembrance of those good men.

The inscription reads :

THE FACULTY OF THE EARLY SIXTIES.

JOHN MACLEAN,	ARNOLD GUYOT,
JOSEPH HENRY,	GEORGE MUSGRAVE GIGER,
STEPHEN ALEXANDER,	JOHN T. DUFFIELD,
MATTHEW B. HOPE,	J. STILLWELL SCHANCK,
JAMES C. MOFFAT,	JOSHUA H. MCILVAINE,
LYMAN H. ATWATER,	HENRY C. CAMERON,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
THE CHARACTERS, THE LIVES AND THE TEACHING
OF THOSE WHOSE NAMES ARE HEREON INSCRIBED.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THEIR FORMER STUDENTS,
SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1863,
JUNE 6, 1908.

The history of the movement was recounted by our Class President, Dr. Samuel S. Stryker, in the following terms, introducing the simple exercises.

PRESIDENT WILSON :—

The idea of presenting to the University a memorial tablet "To the Faculty of the Early Sixties" took shape at an informal gathering of a few of the Class of '63, shortly after the death of Professor Cameron, who was the last of our original faculty. A circular letter was sent out after this meeting to all the members of the Class who could be reached, a part of which I will read.

"Dear Classmates :—As an outcome of the delightful reunions of '63 during the past few years, there should be some evidence of our regard for Princeton. It is thought by some of us that a bronze tablet commemorative of the Faculty of our time will be a proper tribute from our Class.

"Enclosed find a suggestion of such a memorial, the material and workmanship to be good, but of simple design, and the inscription in English."

It was at first intended, if permission could be obtained, to erect the tablet in the new Faculty room,* as we thought that would be a very proper site for a faculty tablet. On examination, however, no suitable place could be found. The hall-way leading to the Faculty room was then considered, but it had already been pre-empted by the national societies, Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames and Sons of the Revolution.

Upon your suggestion, sir, we turned to the Chapel, to find a most appropriate, a most fitting place for it, near the beautiful marble of the brilliant Professor Henry, the bronze of the meteoric Professor Guyot, both of our Faculty, and not far from that exquisite bas relief of one of Princeton's most distinguished Presidents, Dr. McCosh, the successor of our much beloved President Dr. MacLean,—truly a splendid grouping of bronze and marble in memory of scholarly men!

CLASSMATES: I cannot resist this opportunity of saying a word to you. We ought to esteem it a high privilege to be alive, when so many of our classmates have answered to their last roll call. It is certainly with great satisfaction that we come back today, to celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of our graduation. Our affection for Princeton has in no way lessened with the passing of years. We are as truly loyal sons of "Old Nassau" today as when we sat on the benches forty-five years ago. Princeton is still our slogan, gentlemen. It is the one word that arouses in us all that indescribable, enthusiastic spirit that sends the blood dancing through our veins, that warms our hearts to one another, and binds us close together.

The friendships of our college days have grown and ripened into genuine feelings of high regard and affectionate esteem, and the few who are left of the class are now more closely knit together

*The historic central chamber in Old North, or Nassau Hall proper, in which the Revolutionary Congress sate, which in our day had been enlarged to receive the Library, and which shortly after became the Geological Museum, has now been beautifully transformed in old colonial style for the use of the faculty, and contains the valuable old portraits, etc. It makes a splendid hall for the purpose.

than ever before. May the memory of this delightful occasion linger long in our thoughts and in our hearts, and may it be a real pleasure to revert to it in days to come.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am reminded that minutes count with you today, so I will not longer trespass on your valuable time, but at once and with much pleasure introduce to you our class secretary, Mr. John W. Patton, who will present the tablet.

As Professor Patton arose the tablet was unveiled, its beautiful proportions and execution and its excellent adaptation to its site arousing warm admiration. It is in the style of the classical renaissance, of light green and ruddy bronze. From a base resting upon foliated brackets and scroll work, rise at either side an elegant Corinthian column, which support an entablature of the appropriate order with pediment of volutes and honeysuckle ornament above. This framing encloses an ornamental circle, bearing the head of Dr. MacLean and the inscription below it. The portrait of the old president's head, which is three-quarters front face, is successful and impressive, giving well the massive forehead and flowing hair, the strong jaw and heavy underlip, the spectacles, with behind them the blinking, near-sighted eye, and the whole benevolent expression of the good old man. The excellence of the likeness is the result of the solicitous attention of our Class President and Class Secretary, who watched the hands of the artist upon this feature of his work with incessant effort to secure a good result. It is the work of Bureau Brothers, of Philadelphia, bronze workers, J. Otto Schweizer being the designer and sculptor.

The Class Secretary spoke as follows:

PRESIDENT WILSON: As representatives of the Class of 1863 we thank you, sir, for meeting us, and we also thank you and the others in authority for giving this place to the tablet which has just been unveiled and is now presented to the University.

We may not dwell upon the emotions, of mingled joy and sadness, evoked by the memory of our lives as undergraduates of

the college of more than forty-five years ago, which has grown into the great university of this day. All sons of our Alma Mater rejoice in her well being; for surely the Alumni of no other institution excel those of Princeton in ardent loyalty. For all that she has done, is doing now, and assuredly will do, every one who has been a member of her student body must be glad and proud and full of hope.

We congratulate you and your colleagues upon her position and progress and promise.

A large part of the past of Princeton was made by the professors whose names are before us. As long as any of those whom they taught remain alive, the teachers will be known by "living epistles." But soon the last man who studied here in "the early sixties," will pass away and there will be no eye-witness to the worth of the faculty of that period. Change is inevitable. So imperative is this certainty that no one can call the utterance of it trite. From a translation of the Iliad this is taken:

"The race of men is as the race of leaves. * * * Of leaves,
One generation by the wind is scattered on the earth;
Another soon in spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light."

In 1626 a contest arose respecting the succession to the earldom of Oxford, in consequence of the death of the Earl, Henry De Vere. Charles I. sent the case to the House of Peers, who called in the judges. Chief Justice Crewe, in giving their opinion, said: "Time hath his revolutions. There must be a period and an end of all temporal things, *finis rerum*. An end of names and dynasties and whatsoever is terrene. For where is De Vere? Where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, what is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. Yet let the name of De Vere speak so long as it pleaseth God!" May it please God that the names on this tablet may for many, many years tell of the good and honored men who bore them, and incite countless readers to scholarship and fidelity and usefulness.

As we re-live the past we see their forms and faces and hear their voices. Some of them were of great ability and deserved

fame. We do not discriminate now. In every galaxy "one star differeth from another star in glory," but our tribute of gratitude and honor is paid to each and to all alike,—to every luminary and to the constellation. Yet special reference to the personality, only, of him whose likeness adorns this memorial, cannot be omitted. He was our president beloved; "dear old John." Who of us can forget his venerable appearance, his regard for his students, his kindness of heart, his enthusiastic devotion to Princeton; or those prayers in the chapel for "the latter day glory of the saints," and that "this may be an institution of true piety as well as of sound learning?"

If two of us before the era of trained nurses and infirmaries, were called at night to the house of Dr. MacLean to watch some sick comrade in the hospitable upper chamber, we heard friendly words like these: "One of you lie down on the sofa in the dining room while the other sits up,—take turns,—you will find a pillow and my cloak," (that well known cloak). "And Rhoda has put some refreshments on the table." In the records of the heart such slight acts and words register perpetual decrees. Slight? No, for they called forth an affection immeasurably great. It is undying for President MacLean.

Our boyhood has vanished long ago. Our youth has vanished. Our manhood is vanishing. The shadows are falling on us. But our love for our classmates, the dead and the living; our regard for our teachers, and our allegiance to our Alma Mater—*alma et pulchra*, and, yes, *pulcherrima inter sorores*, do not fade.

Therefore, we leave our token here in grateful remembrance of the lives, the characters, and the teaching of those whose names are thereon inscribed.

The reply of President Wilson can be given only from recollection, which yields the thoughts substantially, but cannot reproduce the nice phrasing and graceful diction of his finely spoken words.

He said, the occasion was not a tax upon his time, as suggested, though these were busy days, but it was a tax upon his heart.

The class of 1863 could not have well devised anything more appropriate or more useful than this memorial of the Faculty of their college days. It was an enduring tribute to the worth of the men then active in the work of the college, and of our appreciation of them; and he gratefully accepted the tablet as an addition of a very significant nature to the valuable memorials that are gradually assembling about the place, all of them enrichments of its associations and testimonials of its higher meaning. If it meant much to the class in giving it, it meant much more to the college, as a proof of the kind of power it had so long been exerting in the world, as well as in the nation. He, as president, felt distinctly deepened the sense of the great responsibilities imposed upon himself and those with him now engaged in carrying on the great work shaped out by the faculty of the sixties and the able men preceding them. For the men whose names are inscribed here had stamped their characters on the Institution, as well as upon us, their students, and were the example, in that special regard, towards which those who succeed them in the work in changing times must look as the guide to a just conception of the task which it ought to be their study to accomplish. Institutions are nothing if they do not in this way have the stamp of character. These were great men, both as scholars and as educators and workers. Several of them, whose names he noted, were of wide reputation and even more than national fame. But he was deeply impressed when he looked at their work and observed with what largeness and truth it had been laid out and the fidelity with which it was executed, the wholesome integrity with which it had been handed down, that it is not the repute in their own generation men succeed in winning, but the solid results they actually produce, the permanent work remaining, when their names, often, are not even remembered, that entitles them to honor at our hands and affixes to them the marks of real greatness. But such men ought not to be forgotten; and he wished that these names could have stood out yet more boldly than they do in this inscription on the bronze, to ensure their memory as their great merits deserve,

and in letters so large that the future generations of young men who will go in and out here shall not fail to see them and feel the influence of what they were.

Because, in the fact of our doing this act of recognition, in the erection of such a monument after the lapse of so long a time as these forty-five years, we bear evidence undeniable that they fulfilled the precise intent and observed the leading aim and spirit of the place. He and the faculty of today would be helped to realize by such a remembrance of their strong qualities that they were not building anything new or original. Strong hands, brave hearts, keen minds, have labored and pondered here before; but the success of those now here would be found in discerning that aim and spirit in faithfully carrying forward as best they could with the means furnished them, the great work already established by their predecessors, the faculty of that earlier time. And they could not hope for a better reward than to win such recognition in passing off the stage as has been accorded to them. He envied Dr. MacLean opportunities which scarcely now existed; he wished he could do his own work as well as the earlier president did his, because in ways that can now no longer be done he could come directly in personal contact with the boys. The peaceful and benign touch between the faculty and the students in the old time Princeton College was a benediction to the more limited numbers who gathered in that day, which in the nature of the case is impossible since the old college has become an enlarged university with its greatly increased throng of students and its many and various courses of instruction. But though time wrought inevitable changes, such occasions as this strongly enforce upon us the permanence of the spirit of the thing.

He was thus, glad to receive this Memorial as an evidence of the impress set by these men on our minds and characters. This was the truest conception of what education should always be, and it was his desire that the men at the present day in charge of a duty so high may execute their trust and fulfil their work with a conception and purpose such as to merit the same commendation

in their turn, and, like the men whose names we read here, live in the affection and esteem of those passing beneath their influence and through their hands. For this is exactly the thing Princeton stands for, a power to impress personality and affect character in salutary and permanent ways, resulting in elevation of the standards of being, the development of worthy ideals, and the deepening of the efficiency of the lives of the youths who come here to be trained. We shall have done our work well if, long years after it is ended such results of it remain, and the men we have touched shall come here to say of us, what you by this memorial this day say of them.

Upon the conclusion of the exercises the members of the class were presented to President Wilson and spent some time in admiring the workmanship of the tablet. The gathering was small, no general notice of the event having been given. Among the few in the chapel was Mrs. Archibald MacLean, widow of Dr. MacLean's brother, a daughter of Prof. Henry, and Mrs. Wells, of Aurora, N. Y., sister of our classmate, Dr. John Hutchins. We had also the pleasure of seeing Douglas Wyman Reeder and Eugene Harri-man Vredenburg, of the younger generation.

In contrast with these days when the Faculty of the University number by hundreds, it is suggestive of the modesty of our earlier time that, of the twelve names that appear on the bronze, Professor Henry was Emeritus, merely visiting the place occasionally to deliver a short course of lectures; Professor Hope died in our Freshman year, before our ever having the benefit of his teaching, and Professor Moffat was translated to the Theological Seminary the year following, with the same result, so that our faculty consisted practically of the president and eight professors, together with the succession of about the same number of tutors.

It is ours not to despise the day of small things.

Touching the history of the tablet. Dr. Stryker's recollection is that the project was first mooted during the reunion at Gen. Reeder's in October, 1906, the first circular upon the subject being

issued early in 1907 following. This is correct so far as it goes, and so far as regards specifically a bronze in honor of the old faculty. But it may be worth while recording what the Class Historian very distinctly remembers, and the Class President may recall when reminded of it. On that commencement Saturday in June, 1903, the occasion of our "Fortyennial," as we were proceeding to the station to take the train, after the dinner at the Princeton Inn, Dr. Stryker remarked to us, "We ought to set up, somewhere here about the college, a monument or tablet,—something or other to mark the occasion of this delightful reunion and as an expression of the feeling of our class towards the old college." We were passing by the Halsted Observatory at the moment, and Stryker extended his hand, as he spoke, towards the rugged stone walls of that, in our time, newest monument of progress, now one of the older things of the institution. The sentiment was echoed favorably, and though it slumbered for a time, it was immediately recalled to the mind of the present writer as what he supposed the germ of the project when the circular was sent out in 1907.

THE LUNCHEON.

At one o'clock the classmates on the ground assembled at the Inn for luncheon. Those present, twelve in number, were Foster, Hall, Hendrickson, Nichols, O'Hanlon, Patton, Reeder, Sexton, Strickler, Stryker, Vredenburg and Swinnerton. All were enthusiastic over the accomplishment of the project in honor of the memory of our old Faculty. There was much delightful intercourse, old men's chaff and boyish fun, all marvelling that after so many years we could find each other so little changed, so much in touch and voice and manner that was entirely the same. Warm expressions of thanks were moved by Drs. Strickler and Foster and several others to the class officers for the efficient manner in which they had discharged the work of securing the memorial, which were seconded in earnest and eloquent words by Judge Hendrickson and Dr. O'Hanlon. An hour was spent in hearing from Dr. Stryker extracts from letters from absent class-

mates, in reminiscence, anecdote and chat. The men appeared to be as much alive as ever and as earnest in affection for Princeton and the class.

A financial statement acknowledged the liberality of the contributions, which have fully met the cost of the bronze, and leave sufficient in hand to pay the printer of these pages.

The day was perfectly beautiful, the glorious campus and its incomparable array of edifices was beyond words in its loveliness, and all adjourned to the ball game (which Princeton won) in the highest spirits, before us going the banner in orange and black, bearing our year, "'63," writ large, which has been preserved with care by Patton since the day it went before us in procession in 1903, and which formed part of the veiling of the tablet in the chapel.

On Tuesday following, Alumni Day, the class was represented on the speakers' platform by classmate Richard K. Cross, Esq., of Baltimore, in an excellent speech, of which the Class Historian has been unable to obtain a copy for this pamphlet. Patton reports that it was "both righteous and witty," and that Cross looked what S. S. S. would call a "thoroughbred."

BRIEF NOTES FROM CLASSMATES.

There are two or three changes of address. Haines is now at Spartansburg, S. C., Chetwood at New Rochelle, N. Y., and Swinnerton at Penn Yan, N. Y. (300 Main Street). Freeman has assumed charge of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

The class will sympathize with several of our number who are in ill health: Haines and Turnbull, who for long time have not been well; Colman, "invalidism for ten years;" King, "greatly impaired sight," and with Inman and Young on account of serious illness in their families.

Washburn regrets being "obliged to cut roll call." Miller couldn't come, begins to feel his age, but "believe yet I could beat Jim V. and Frank R. at a game of draw poker." Beach Jones and Hayt are to be out of the country in June; Dennis, in

Maine. Lowrie says, "My loss, and one I greatly regret," with which MacCoy, Henry M. Williams and very many others agree in equivalent terms; and VanCleve writes, "Would like to see the gray headed men of '63 in a bunch once more," and rejoices that "when we are all gone there will be something to tell the boys that we once were."

THE INTERVENING YEARS.

Since the former "Sprays" were sent out (January, 1905), there have been several delightful gatherings of the class. One, of a Saturday in March, 1906, at Foster's pleasant home in Trenton. Besides the host there were at the table Stryker, Patton, Reeder, Jones, Hall, Vredenburg, MacCoy, Patterson and Swinerton, a lovely occasion.

Gen. Reeder, in October following, invited us to the annual reunion at his home in Easton, some seventeen responding, among them McGuire, whom we had not seen since he left college. A telegram was received from Henley Smith, then in Italy, inviting the class to enjoy their next reunion with him at his house in Washington, in October, 1907, a pleasure that was denied us by a solemn interdict. In April, that year, news reached us of the death of our classmate in Florence, whence his body was brought for burial at Washington.

Dr. Stryker invited a meeting of the class at dinner with him, March 24th last, with a view to plan for the 45th anniversary and to make final arrangements for the tablet; and at a subsequent meeting, and through extensive correspondence, the plans were completed with the extremely satisfactory result as shown in these pages.

OBITUARY.

Several classmates have passed away within the year. J. Henley Smith has been mentioned. Rensselaer W. Dayton, March 15, 1907; Martin V. Bergen, October 18, 1907, and William Chester Baird, so recently as June 14, 1908. Mrs. Baird writes, "Mr. Baird was very greatly interested in the ceremonies attendant

upon the unveiling," etc., "and had anticipated being with you at that time." An operation was followed by apoplexy and a quiet passing away. "The long continued friendly interest of his Princeton classmates had affected him deeply, especially of late years."

Since the "Sprays" last appeared, other deaths have occurred, of which appropriate notice has been taken: Christopher A. Bergen, John Calvin Holmes and Benjamin Seabrook Whaley, all in the year 1905. Thus gradually the tontine of the old class is narrowing, and must do so even more rapidly as the years come on.

Before this reaches their hands the members of the class will have received a beautiful souvenir of our forty-fifth anniversary in a handsome photograph of the memorial bronze. This is most welcome to all of us, and will be particularly acceptable to those who were not present at the unveiling, being of a size to show the detail of the tablet and allow of judging of the faithfulness and excellence of the portrait which is the prominent feature. This fine memento we owe to the generous thoughtfulness of Dr. Stryker, and certainly he deserves our warm thanks for completing his work so fully to our satisfaction by this gift, which enables us all to see it to entire advantage. Nothing could be better to remind us of the day and the long past years and their rich memories.

HENRY U. SWINNERTON, Class Historian.

300 Main Street,
Penn Yan, N. Y.,
July, 1908.

POSTSCRIPT. Cross got away out of reach on an automobile trip to Cape Cod. His hurried report of his speech is subjoined to complete this record as fully as possible. "It was touching," he writes, "to see Sam. and Patton send me off with a rousing cheer when I was introduced at the Alumni Dinner. Not worth keeping, but, as nearly as possible, the bones of my speech were about as follows. The toast master was a judge."

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR, AND FELLOW ALUMNI:—

President Wilson, in his speech just made, is very suggestive. He spoke of "Physics." I shall discuss the doctrine of the conservation of energy. Nothing is lost. Every worthy life shall obtain its reward, and I am sure you will all approve of the Class of 1863 placing a memorial to those noble men, the Faculty of our time, headed by President MacLean. They are embalmed in our memory more permanently than in our monument of bronze. None who saw it will forget President MacLean's last appearance in a gathering similar to this, Professor Henry presenting him. The venerable man, bowed with years, was only able to repeat, what he so often said, that "the College stood for true religion and sound learning;" after which he was led out, the audience standing in impressive silence.

"John,"—it speaks of his attitude to us and of our feeling towards him,—he called us by our last names, we called him by his first!

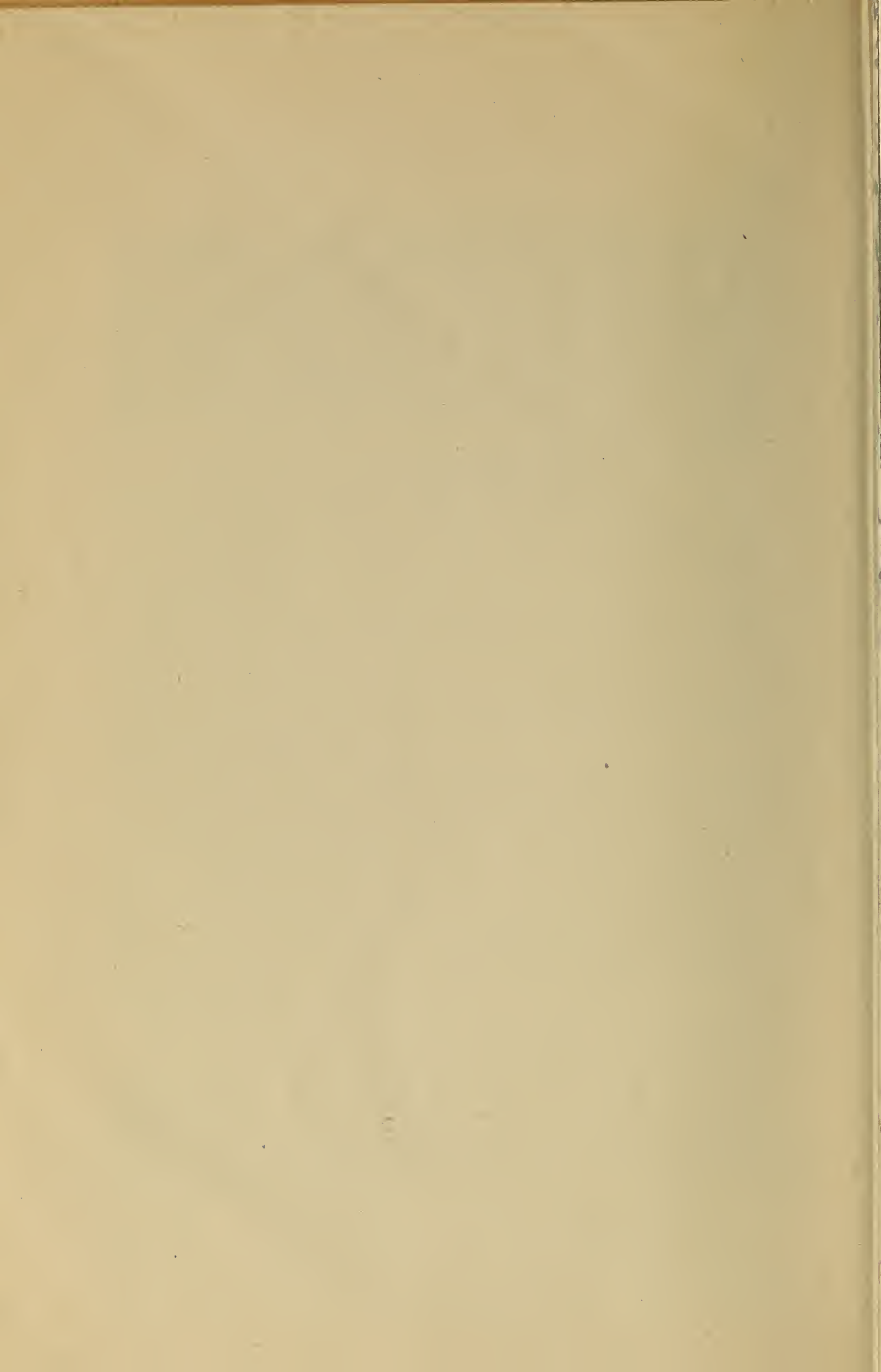
That life is not lost, though it waned to its appointed end. At the end of our day we too shall all receive our penny, all unprofitable servants though we be.

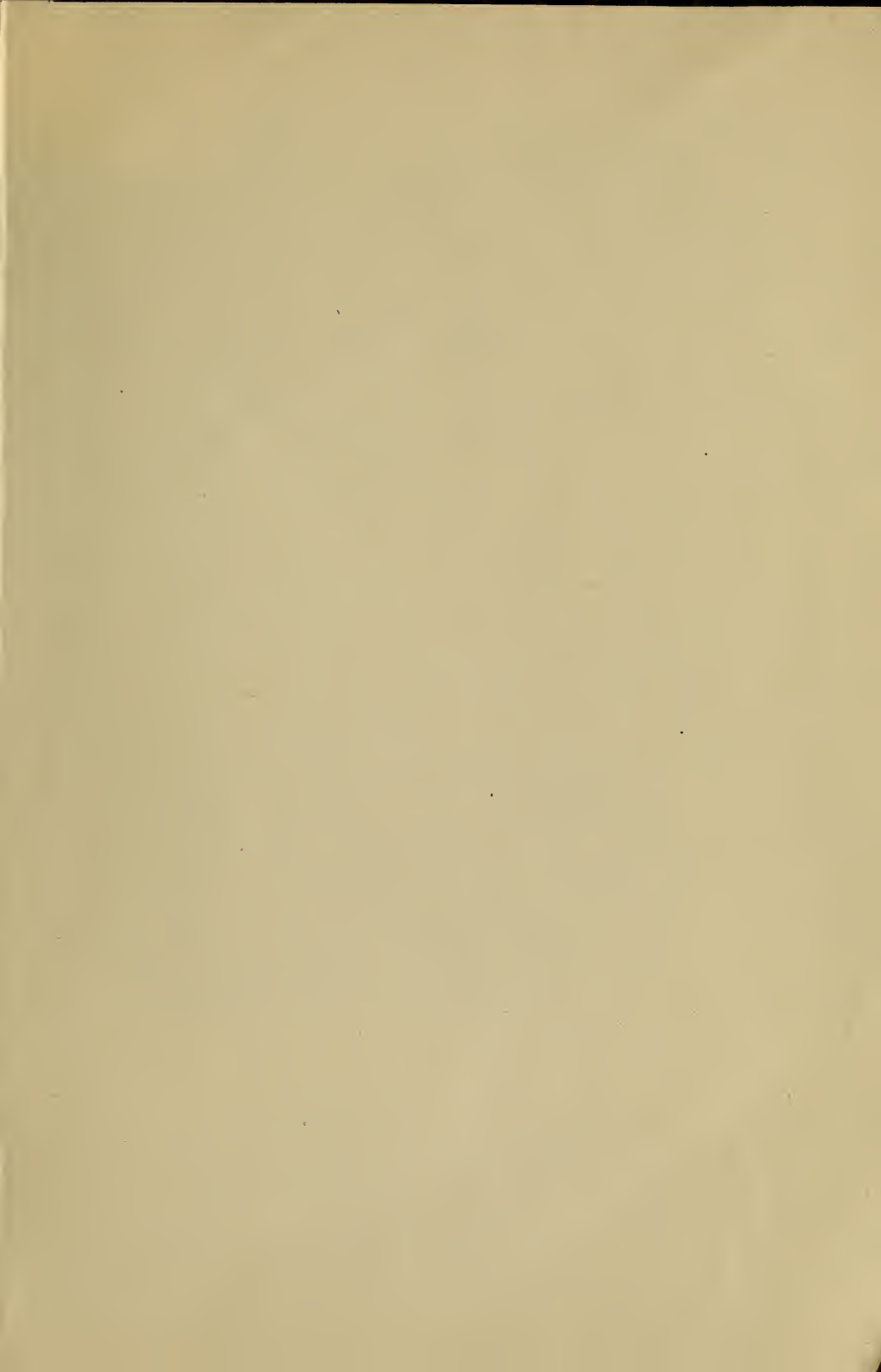
In speaking to a Harvard Club some time since, I drew their attention to their present standing in the lime-light through the prominence of the University caused by Mr. Roosevelt's administration. It looks like a Yale administration next; and then, if the Great Commoner ever gets tired, it may be followed by a Princeton one. President Wilson exceeded President Roosevelt in a recent remark. On the President saying, "Every man should have a fair deal," he capped it by the very suggestive comment, "There should be no deal at all."

May the College always stand for what it has in the days gone by, and does in the present, Doctor MacLean's "true religion and sound learning;" and may the time never come when if a man should be asked, "Who made you?" and he should say, "God," the President and faculty should shrug their shoulders and say, "We don't know about that!"

We had a noble class, and though I shall not call the roll here and tell of each one, we who knew them and loved them can never lose the sweet memory. Many, like Jackson, earned imperishable renown on the battle field, as well as many in civil life, and our tears fall over the graves of those who have gone down in the stern battle of our mortal existence, faithful to the call of duty wherever and whenever it came. We who survive say with our College song,—

“While they shall live,
Her sons shall give
Three cheers for Old Nassau.”



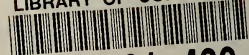


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