

THE CLASS OF '56

And Names and Memories of Some Other Classes.

[Charles T. Catlin in the Brooklyn Citizen.]

In complying with the courteous solicitation of "The Citizen" asking me to give to its readers some personal recollections touching the College career and subsequent busy and conspicuous life of the Class to which I had the honor to belong, I wish cordially to testify at the outset that Yale has many classes whose University achievements and whose after-life are brilliant with a history reflecting the highest honor alike upon themselves and their Alma Mater.

It is the happiness and loyal privilege of the Class of '56 to join most heartily in the tribute of admiration and pride with which alumni point to '20 which gave to the College and the country Leonard Bacon, preeminent in theology, and father of a noble and gifted line of Yalensian sons; Professor Charles Hooker, M. D., long a sturdy pillar of the Medical School of Yale; Professor A. C. Twining, for many years a distinguished instructor and officer of Middlebury College, Vermont; Bishop Rutledge, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Florida, and Theodore D. Woolsey, whose fame as Yale's great President in the years 1845 to 1871, has reached around the world.

And there was '22, Edward Beecher, its valedictorian, and John Todd, the distinguished scholar and author; Thomas Vermilye, the eminent preacher of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York City; Judge William Rockwell, for years an honor and ornament of the Supreme Court in our own city; Harvey P. Peet, the founder and faithful promoter of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; Isaac H. Townsend, of the Yale Law School, and a score of other noble scholars among its famous men.

There, too, was '24, bearing upon its roll such names as E. W. Leavenworth, the distinguished Secretary of State of New York; Chief Justice O. S. Seymour, of the Connecticut Supreme Court; Professor George Griswold, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; Professor W. M. Holland, of Trinity College, and Benjamin Douglas Silliman, our honored and revered fellow Brooklynite, and today the oldest surviving and best beloved of the sons of Yale. So, in '26 we note the names of Professor E. P. Barrows, of Andover; Professor H. Cowles, of Oberlin; Professor W. A. Larned, of Yale; Dr. Jared Linoly, of New York City; Professor J. M. Sturtevant, of Illinois, and Wyllys Warner, the well-remembered Treasurer of Yale.

HONOR ROLL IN OTHER COLLEGES.

And all along the years, before and after our time, the stars of honor glitter. Professor Elias Loomis, Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., Professor A. D. Stanley, Judge L. B. Woodruff, in '30; Bishop T. M. Clark, Bishop William I. Kipp, two eminent Protestant Episcopal prelates of the diocese, respectively, of Rhode Island and California; Neah Porter, the loved and honored President upon whose worthy shoulders the mantle of the noble Woolsey fell, and others such as these in '31; James Dwight Dana, George Edward Day, both world-famous, the one in science, the other in theology; Alphonso Taft, scholar and statesman, conspicuous in '33; Walter T. Hatch, Edwards Pierrepont, Professor Benjamin Silliman, Jr., William M. Everts, Chief Justice M. R. Waite, of the Supreme Court, brilliant in '37; Rev. Joseph Brewster (father of our Brooklyn rector, Chauncey B.), Rev. A. H. Clapp, D. D., Professor James Hadley, the illustrious scholar and educator; Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D., long a distinguished Brooklyn rector and conspicuous citizen; Chief Justice Peters, of Maine; Professor John A. Porter, of Yale; Chancellor Theodore Runyon, of New Jersey, and numerous others famed in good old '42; Judge Francis M. Finch, scholar, jurist and far-famed leader of the bards of Yale; Professor

Franklin W. Fiske, of Chicago; Colonel John Oakey, Brooklyn's perennial primate in the realm of after-dinner wit, Yale's lusty champion, sturdy to the core, and Dwight, our Timothy, nay, "Tutor Tim," as '56 will call him even now, the enterprising and successful executive who fills to-day the Presidential office; these and yet others make all glorious the names of '49.

The Class of '52 has long since made its mark with men like President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; Professor Homer B. Sprague, Hon. William W. Crapo, Dr. Ephraim Cutter and Professor Jacob Cooper, of Rutgers.

A RADIANT NAME.

The name of '53 is radiant with its Theodore Bacon, the late Judge E. C. Billings, Isaac H. Bromley, prince of satire; Bishop Thomas F. Davis, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Michigan; Hon. John C. Douglas, of Kansas; the late Senator R. L. Gibson, of Louisiana; United States Minister Wayne McVeagh, the late New York District Attorney, B. K. Phelps; E. C. Stedman, the poet; Justice George Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court; Dr. H. P. Stearns, the eminent medical authority on insanity; Hon. Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford; Hon. Lynde A. Catlin, Judge of Probate at Woodstock, Conn.; Rev. Dr. Kinsley Twining, of the New York "Independent," and the widely known and universally respected scholar and statesman, Andrew D. White.

Since my time in College, '59 has won honors for Alma Mater with her Eugene Schuyler, of foreign diplomatic fame (I remember him coming as a Freshman into my Senior room, a rosy-faced little fellow, still wearing a round-about jacket; he grew to ponderous proportions in the after years of public life); Bishop Robertson, the eminent Protestant Episcopal prelate of Missouri; Dr. W. T. Lusk, of Bellevue Medical College; the Rev. J. H. Twichell (known universally to the alumni as "Joe") and Professor Arthur W. Wright.

Sixty had its Professor O. C. Marsh, William Walter Phelps, George Catlin, the well-known humorist editor of the New York "Commercial," and later the accomplished and popular United States Consul at Stuttgart and Zurich; Dr. William H. Hale, the eminent Brooklyn scientific writer, and Mason Young, of the Yale Corporation; '61, '67, '71, '76 and '80 are classes with which, if alumni talk be true, fame is rapidly growing. Classes still later will doubtless "get there" at the proper time; and '56 rejoices in it all.

FIFTY-SIX ITSELF.

Old '56 set forth at Yale a body 120 strong; we left the College four years later.

"That day when Alma cried us quit, Said 'bounc,' and gave her nunc dimittit—
"My darling boys, git up and git!"

with ranks reduced to 97. Some accessions had come to us during the College course, but the vicissitudes of fortune, inadequate physical health and faltering scholarship had thinned our column year by year and brought us hopelessly below the hundred mark.

It is a tradition, treasured among the ineffably delicious memories of the class, that President Woolsey, in his quaint and dainty way, summed up our undergraduate career, in the remark made to one of our number when bidding him farewell: "I must confess that your class has proved the hardest and the brightest that ever passed through my hands!" We went through all the College usages with enthusiasm and vigor; football with '55 and '57 (I vividly remember that I was nearly crushed to death in the former, and bleeding and rag-enshrouded fought in the latter, side by side with our sturdy little Blockway—who later proved himself a still braver hero in the days of border ruffian raids on Kansas).

Sophomore pow-wow on the State House steps (who will believe there ever was a State House who sees the grass now covering the spot?) The burial of Euclid, too, I smile and wonder if it all comes back to the grave and dignified gentleman who now so honorably is filling Her Britannic Majesty's Gubernatorial Commissionership at Turks Island, and to the good

brother who for years in the Methodist ministry has been doing noble work as pastor and presiding elder up there in Onondaga. The former as "family physician," in garb grotesque, and the latter (he was a superb six-footer), as grand marshal, in most imposing habiliments, headed the procession that bore lamented Euclid to his solemn incineration in the woods of "Tutor's Lane," that bleak November night. It fell to the lot of the writer of this article to officiate as "Priest of Pluto" on that mournful occasion, and to repeat the impressive words in Latin with which we consigned our Sophomore torment to the avenging flames. I think I really enjoyed it, for I detested mathematics. "Tutor's Lane" to-day is only dim tradition, for it has long since given way

(Continued on ninth page.)

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