

FROM
THE GROTONIAN

WHEN Bayard Cutting came to Groton as a small boy, it was realized at once that he was of a different type from that to which the majority of Grotonians hitherto had belonged. It was not that he represented brains and scholarship rather than athletics—for rarely has a boy of slight physique partaken so zealously in the School athletic life—but that from the first we recognized in him a spiritual force. No one lived the life of the School more fully than he. There seemed to be a fire within his soul which flashed excitedly in his eyes when he was at work or at play. Books, Music, Art, the Ball-game, the Fives match, the Philanthropic and Religious activities; all claimed the eager interest of this many-sided boy. He was by far the most remarkable scholar we had ever had, and Grotonians were proud of that, as the average wholesome schoolboy always is, though often in a rather vague bewildered way. But it was as he grew older that we began to discover the extraordinary sensitive fineness of his soul; his treasure of sympathetic insight, his warmth of affection, his merriment, and his deep gravity. Then we knew what he really meant as a friend.

His college days and his subsequent life developed and enriched all this. In the midst of social and scholastic success he found time to exercise his versatile powers in other branches of activity. Among other offices which he held was that of Chairman of the Prospect Union, an organization of Harvard students who gave free instruction to the poor of Cambridge; and after his service in London as Secretary to the American Ambassador in London, and his marriage, when ill health took him to California, he made a real success of journalism there. The melancholy days at St. Moritz, when he was too weak for physical effort, were devoted among other things to music and Dante; his first trip up the Nile added Egyptology; better health made the Vice-Consulship at Milan possible, and here he became an expert on trade statistics, Pellagra and the Risorgimento. During this time he was becoming an authority on history—especially Napoleonic—and when he was finally obliged to resign his diplomatic post at Tangier, Harvard University commissioned him to prepare and deliver lectures on the British Imperial system.

Nothing of all this, however, made his nature complicated. A simple boyish spirit of fun and

comradeship seemed stronger in him than ever when the writer spent a fortnight with him in Italy two years ago. A disaster to his automobile, the number of hats exported from India in January, evenings on Lake Como, the Ambrogiana Library, Leonardo da Vinci, the great Cathedral windows, the best Cafe, the linguistic interest of the Milanese dialect, the wonderful Public School System of Lombardy, the Roman Church: all these and deeper things of religion and friendship fill those days.

The end came when he was far from us, and he is buried on the banks of the Nile. There is much sadness in the thought of the brilliant life cut short, and the career hampered at the start by the seven years' losing fight for health. He never showed to his friends the awful disappointment he felt at the curtailment of his power to work. And we in our turn may learn what the good and happy life of this brave gentleman has to teach us—lessons of great fortitude and love.

WM. AMORY GARDINER

FROM
"THE HAPPY PROFESSION"
BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

“ I T HAS not been my experience that boys who have worn school letters on their sweaters and whose names have rung out across gridiron or diamond at the end of nine hurrahs are a whit more like to have the moral courage which active life demands than those non-confirmists who have climbed their own lonely staircases to positions of responsibility. I will go further and say that even in physical courage the heroes of boyhood do not always put up a better front in time of later danger. Determination, character we call it, comes by devious and difficult roads . . .

In those old Groton generations, once so familiar to me, I recall but a single instance of a boy who became the acknowledged head of the school wholly innocent of athletic supremacy and merely gifted with character and superlative intelligence. Bayard Cutting died before the world could know him well, but his name still stands among us as the best which Groton has to offer.”

LETTER FROM
PROFESSOR GEORGE SANTAYANA
ON RECEIVING THE GIFT OF AN ELZEVIR
IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BAYARD CUTTING, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.,
March 9th, 1911.

Dear Mr. Cutting:

THE beautiful Elzevir you have sent me will remain the most precious to me of all my books. Since it arrived yesterday, together with your very kind letter, I have been trying to think what it could have been that made Bayard remember me at the end among those to whom he wished to leave some memento. I am not sure that I have found the whole reason; but his intellectual life was, without question, the most intense, many-sided and sane that I have known in any young man, and his talk, when he was in College, brought out whatever corresponding vivacity there was in me in those days, before the routine of teaching had had time to dull it as much as it has now. Besides, he studied Plato and Aristotle for the first time in one of my classes, and naturally associated with me some ideas he got from them, which helped to shape his keen historical and political imagination. Finally, his nature was active, as mine is not; and while in that respect the advantage in endowment and character was certainly on his side, he may have

noticed a certain detachment and steadiness in my way of conceiving things which are not characteristic of this age or country, and so may have attracted his attention more than in themselves they deserved. For myself, I always felt I got more from him than I had to give, not only in enthusiasm—which goes without saying—but also in a sort of multitudinousness and quickness of ideas: he had so many things in mind to illustrate or to check any suggestion that might be put forward. After he left college, I am sorry to say I saw him only three or four times, for a few hours; but I felt how much his affections, patriotism, and sense of public responsibility had deepened, and that these feelings added a finer sort of intensity to the brilliancy which he had always had. But at such a distance I was not able to follow closely the development of his interests, or his heroic struggle against fate: so that I am all the more touched that he should have remembered me so faithfully. The fact is a genuine encouragement and consolation to me in my work, for I often feel discouraged about it, and a good deal alone. Bayard's regard proves that there is always something useful in a man, if people only know how to look for it and how to profit by it when found.

It is hard for me to join in expressions of sympathy which I know every one else is using, and for that reason I have never actually written to you until now, although several times on the point of doing so. You may be sure that the image of your son is indelibly fixed in my memory.