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IN MEMORIAM: ARTHUR TREZEVANT WAYNE.[1]

1863–1930.

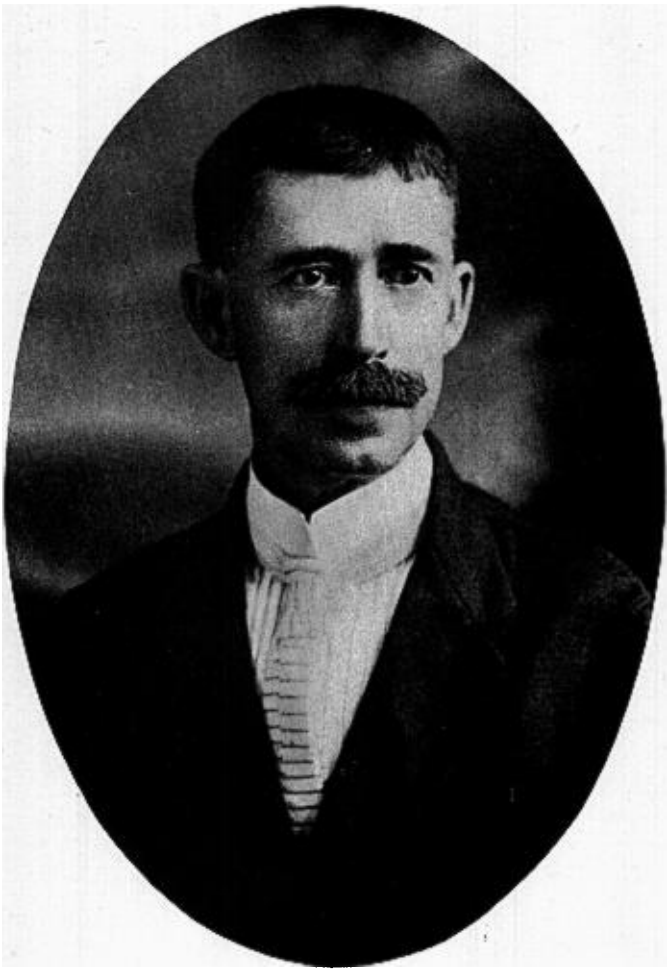
BY ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR.

(*Plate I.*)

DURING the dark days of the early '60s a family moved from the old city of Charleston, South Carolina, to take up a temporary residence away from the dangers of war, at Blackville, a little town some 80 miles from the coast. On January 1, 1863, a boy was born to this family and his name was Arthur Trezevant Wayne. From that tiny infant, brought into the world during an upheaval which shook his country, grew South Carolina's premier ornithologist. Never, from his boyhood days, was there any doubt as to his future, he was born to be what he was, he could never have been anything else.

Arthur T. Wayne was the son of Daniel Gabriel Wayne and Harriott Ward Wayne; he came of a distinguished stock and he gloried in that ancestry. Often did he say that he was two fifths English, two fifths Scotch and one fifth French Huguenot. His training was rigid, his Presbyterian mother seeing to it that the Shorter Catechism and the grand old hymns of her church were essential parts of her son's upbringing. His father was a Christian gentleman, ruggedly faithful to his duty, scrupulously meticulous in his field of architecture and building; an upright, sterling character who cared for nothing but the right. Ever did the son revere

[1] Read at the Salem meeting of the A.O.U. October 21, 1930.



Yours sincerely,
Arthur T. Wayne.

and honor their memory, proud was he of their lineage and devotion and they lived to see him far on the road to prominence in the field of American science.

The Wayne's residence in Blackville terminated just after the War Between the States, they having removed to Charleston during the unsettled days that followed. Those troublous times weighed lightly on the mind of the boy; he occupied his time as boys do and will, carefree and without worry. His education began early, his parents placing him in the school of a cultured Charleston woman in 1869. Several years there prepared him for further learning and in 1876 he entered high school. Southern boys had little opportunity then, for many reasons, of obtaining a college education. Money was scarce and work was a necessity. It transpired shortly, however, that young Wayne was not kindly disposed toward business. Even in his school days the out-doors appealed to him with irresistable force. In the afternoons he delighted to bog with his companions, in the nearby creeks where Marsh Wrens nested; he gloried in climbing the huge live oaks to investigate the home life of Grackles, the "Jackdaws" of the low country school boys, while a collection of eggs was a prized possession carefully guarded in the attic of the big house on East Bay Street. Notwithstanding the many hours he spent afield, he stood well in his classes and completed his high school training with honors in 1880.

Upon his graduation young Wayne was faced with stern realities. As delightful as his outside pursuits were to him he was forced to give them up as a place was secured for him at the Barden & Murdock Company, an establishment dealing in cotton and naval stores. A short experience with that firm was not of benefit to either of the parties concerned and was followed, in 1883, by a connection with the firm of Lesesne & Wells, another cotton establishment. Here, as at the former place, the work was pure drudgery to Wayne and he hated business pursuits with a cordiality that increased daily. The closeness of the office chafed him continually and the more it palled upon him, the more loudly did the voices of the beach amd marsh call. Even as he handled the bills of lading and checked the cotton bales, the visions of his winged tempters were flitting across his mind, blurring the figures and letters which stared at him from the sheets.

The bright spots of his life then were the occasional holidays and spells of spare time in the slack seasons which he divided between the woods and waters and visits to the Charleston Museum. All during his school days, the oldest museum in America had fascinated him extremely. He spent his afternoons there while in school, except when afield, and was devoted with a boy-like adoration to the Director, Dr. Gabriel Manigault. Between this cultured scientist and the growing boy there formed a bond of sympathy and understanding which was welded into lasting friendship. The talented doctor felt the boy's longing and was quick to realize the possibilities that lay pent up in his eager brain which was ever so apt at grasping the mysteries of nature—not nature so much as birds; for it was ever and always birds, and from the very first they appealed to him to the almost total exclusion of every other form of wild life. His association with Dr. Manigault began about 1874 and the latter's companionship and kindly aid were of lasting benefit.

Young Wayne scoured the countryside in search of ornithological specimens for the museum collections and learned the art of skinning birds from John Dancer, an elderly Englishman employed by Dr. Manigault to prepare specimens for the museum. He was an able teacher, and much of his work is still in existence in the museum.

The first specimen Wayne worked upon was a Mockingbird and it is easy to picture the intense concentration of the youth as he followed the various steps in removing the skin and preparing the specimen. If the teacher was able, the pupil was none the less so, and though it is doubtful whether Dancer ever had more than the one pupil, he started that one on a course which led to the production of masterpieces of bird-skinning art. Though crude enough at first, the end of the youth's career saw bird skins which are unsurpassed in any collection in this country.

The staff of the museum in those days consisted of Dr. Manigault and though he would doubtless have delighted in seeing Wayne a full time employe of the institution, no funds were available. The cotton business seemed inevitable, but shortly after the beginning of his work with Lesesne & Wells, an occurrence took place which definitely established Arthur Wayne's future. In 1883 William Brewster came to Charleston on his first visit.

Dr. Manigault, though his scientific interests embraced many more subjects than ornithology, was a close friend of Mr. Brewster and lost no time in telling him of young Wayne. Mr. Brewster evinced an interest at once and Dr. Manigault arranged a meeting. Some of us can realize the emotion which possessed Wayne at his introduction to his first ornithologist of note; he was thrilled to the depths of his being and that acquaintance rapidly ripened into a friendship which endured until the day of Mr. Brewster's death. The meeting set Wayne afire with ornithological zeal, intense though it was before it now occupied his every thought. The difficulty of making a living at ornithology never daunted him, he had an unbounded faith that provision for his wants would be supplied and never was he disappointed.

Besides numerous talks with Mr. Brewster, Wayne had him in the field at every opportunity and his minute knowledge of the coast country was invaluable in visiting the most likely places for birds. Their first joint endeavor was the attempt to re-discover Swainson's Warbler (*Limnothlypis swainsoni*) which had been all but a lost species since its original capture by Dr. John Bachman, of Charleston, in 1833. Neither succeeded that year, but on April 22, 1884, a year later and on the occasion of Mr. Brewster's second visit, the first specimen was taken by Wayne. Mr. Brewster secured one a week later. From that April until September, Wayne secured forty-seven specimens of this bird including young in the first plumage. An account of the habits of this little known Warbler was prepared by Mr. Brewster based on Wayne's specimens, and appeared in 'The Auk' for 1885. Wayne pursued his search after Mr. Brewster departed and on June 6, 1885 discovered the first nest and eggs of *L. swainsoni* known to science. It was Mr. Brewster again who recorded the fact, publishing the record in 'Forest and Stream,' for July, 1885. This nest and eggs now rest in the Smithsonian Institution and constitute Wayne's first outstanding ornithological achievement.

The year 1885 was notable also in that during the summer, Wayne left South Carolina on one of his very few trips outside the State, going to New York by water and returning by way of Washington where he met Mr. Robert Ridgway. Short as was their contact it developed into a lifetime correspondence and the

letters from Mr. Ridgway, together with those of Mr. Brewster, were always among his most treasured possessions.

Shortly after his northern trip Mr. Wayne was married. A simple statement that, but it was another milestone in his life which perhaps, more than any other, insured his rise to ornithological fame. Never did a man chose so wisely and so well; never was there a helpmate whose courage and devotion transcended that of the woman who became his wife. Silently, and without thought of self, she made it possible for him to do what he did, shouldering everything which would detract from his concentration on his work and standing like a bulwark between him and the detailed routine of life. It was June 6, 1889 that Arthur Wayne and Maria L. Porcher were united in marriage at Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina. Mrs. Wayne is the daughter of Philip Edward Porcher and Elizabeth Palmer Porcher. She was born on Oakland Plantation, Charleston County and still lives within a mile of the two century old dwelling in which she first saw the light of day.

The first home of the young couple was in McPhersonville, South Carolina, a little pineland village between Charleston and Savannah. Here Wayne collected assiduously for several months, for he had long since devoted his entire time to ornithology, having definitely abandoned a business career. Mrs. Wayne's health caused them to return to Oakland Plantation after a short while and they resided there with her parents. The plantation borders the great salt marshes of the low coast country which lie between the mainland and the chain of out-lying barrier islands. It was a spot which drew Wayne like a magnet and on a beautiful point on the edge of a widely reaching sound, about a mile and a half from the plantation dwelling, the two moved into a smaller house owned by Mr. Porcher. "Snug Harbor" they called it and in it spent six years of happy work. Mr. Porcher had another house on a nearby point in which it was customary for the family to spend the summer months, and to be nearer to them, the Waynes built a permanent home of their own a stone's throw away, on the bluff which now bears the father's name. They moved into this house in 1900 and to this day, the Villa-by-the-Sea is Mrs. Wayne's home. Here they worked and here he died, a place to whose hospitality many have been welcomed and still are. A house

whose guest book reads like a social register and scientific directory and the paths to which have been beaten from every part of the country.

It was during the years just before they built their home that Wayne did his only work outside the State. In 1892, accompanied by Mrs. Wayne, he made his first trip to Florida, first at Branford where he collected in the vicinity from March to August. Then, in November, he was at Old Town on the Suwanee River where he procured many Ivory-billed Woodpeckers (*Campephilus principalis*). In 1893 near Kissimmee he collected Carolina Paroquets (*Conuropsis c. carolinensis*) and in early 1894 he visited the Indian River in search of Manatee for Professor Ward but was unsuccessful in securing specimens. These Florida trips constituted his only absences from coastal South Carolina in ornithological collecting except for a brief trip to the Piedmont section of the State where he saw, but did not collect, specimens of the Passenger Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*).

Mr. Wayne's continuity of field work has seldom, if ever, been equalled. Except for absences in North Carolina on three occasions due to impaired health, he was constantly afield. No stress of weather was too severe to deter him, he never even visited the rural mail box without his gun and on the way to and from it many a rare specimen fell to his ready aim. For forty-five years he was in the field of intimate communication with birds and his knowledge of them was almost uncanny. He seemed to understand their very moods, he was never at fault in identification and came as near to absolute accuracy in everything as is possible for a human being. Day after day he was out from early morning until darkness, while at home, keeping watch over their house and its ornithological treasures, was his devoted wife who oftimes suffered because of his unknown whereabouts. "I have spent many anxious hours," she says, "waiting for him to come home when a gale arose or cold weather suddenly set in after he left the house."

His means of transportation consisted of walking, rowing, or rarely riding in a buggy. He covered hundreds of miles by these means. One of his favorite haunts was a small island in the Wando River which was reached by a five mile walk and three mile row each way. On one trip there in January, when he climbed a

gigantic pine to examine a nest of the Bald Eagle (*Haliaeatus l. leucocephalus*), he narrowly escaped death when he slipped upon an ice-covered limb a hundred feet above the ground. He caught himself on a cleat which he had previously nailed to the trunk during his ascent, scraping the skin from his face and giving his arms a severe wrench. One would think that such an experience would have banished further thirst for knowledge of that nest, but no, he secured the eggs and came down safely though he was all but exhausted when he reached the ground. Stretching out at full length for a while, he regained his breath and on the way home, turned aside at a small pond and secured a brace of Black Ducks for supper!

Personal discomfort and imminent risk of sickness meant nothing to Wayne when in pursuit of birds. One freezing afternoon he flushed a Short-eared Owl (*Asio flammeus*) a mile or two from his home and, for a wonder, failed to drop the bird which he wanted for his collection. It flew straight out into the salt marshes and alighted amid them about half a mile away. Nothing daunted, Wayne returned to the house, called a little negro boy who was working in the yard and shoving off his rowboat, set out in pursuit. The distance was longer than he thought and it was much colder on the marshes than ashore. He secured the Owl but he was thoroughly wet and chilled when he returned. The experience kept him in the house for two weeks and he barely escaped pneumonia.

He was ever partial to the barrier islands and they constituted his favorite hunting grounds. These strips of land stretch like a chain from Cape Romain to the Savannah River and, together with the sounds, mud banks and marshes between them and the mainland, never failed to yield him something of value. It was among them that he added to the avifauna of the state such species as the Harlequin Duck (*Histrionicus histrionicus*), the Turnstone (*Arenaria interpres*) and the Ipswich Sparrow (*Passerculus princeps*). His home lies directly behind the inlet which divides the Isle of Palms from Dewees Island, the latter now owned by his friend Coulter D. Huyler of New York, and it was on a trip to this beach only three or four years ago that he had one of the most trying experiences of his life.

Together with two enthusiastic feminine lovers of the out-doors,

he set out for Dewees Island on a morning which, though in midwinter, was only pleasantly cool. The balmy day turned, in the late afternoon, to one anything but balmy. A sudden squall arose which lashed the sound into a veritable sea of angry waves, an early darkness set in accompanied by a sleet storm. They pushed off from the island amid a smother which was confusing, the small boat nearly swamped a dozen times before they reached the marshy creek and by that time the darkness was intense. Unable to see anything a few feet away, they ran upon a mud bank on the ebb tide and remained immovable. Throughout the whole long freezing night they alternately attempted to push the boat off from the clinging mud and rubbed each other's limbs to fight off the deadly chill. While barely a mile from the house on the bluff, they might as well have been a score. Without the protection of overcoats, they shivered there until it seemed that outraged nature could stand no more. Then, in the gray dawn, with the aid of the rising tide, they shoved off the bank and got their bearings.

Nearly crazed with anxiety and all but certain that they had been drowned, Mrs. Wayne greeted them as returned from the dead and in front of a roaring fire they warmed their frozen limbs while cups of scalding coffee seemed none too hot for inner refreshment. Certain it is that the two bird women, who may even now be listening to this account for they are often at the annual meetings of the Union, will remember that night with varied emotions as long as memory lasts.

More than any other one fact, Wayne's life work has clearly demonstrated what may be done by a single observer in a restricted locality. Other than on his Florida trips the great bulk of his ornithological findings were made within twenty miles of his house. He stands alone in this regard among all of America's ornithologists. He was, unquestionably, the South's foremost bird man as well as his State's premier son of science. He stood in the front rank of the country's greatest but in concentrated radius of activity and results achieved, he stood alone. Consider the fact that he identified, captured and recorded birds of the Pacific northwest in his own front yard. On his beloved islands, close at hand, he recognized species which were European in range. It is true that he had an excellent country to work, situated in an ideal manner for

the migrations, but he used these advantages as no one else in Carolina.

His accomplishments in so narrow a territory constantly amazed the ornithologists who visited him, and they were many. His wonderful accuracy in field identification astounded men who were adepts themselves. This faculty was more apparent perhaps, in the Sparrows than in any other group of birds. The adjacent marshes teem with the salt water species while the broom grass fields about his home harbored many others. No sooner would one appear, even for but a moment, than it was instantly named and the taking of the specimen always verified the identification. Wayne was very partial to the Ipswich Sparrow (*Passerculus princeps*) and walked many a mile among the yielding sand dunes of the Isle of Palms in search of data on this species. He could tell the sex of the birds at a glance, just how one cannot say, but that he knew was undoubted. The pale dwellers of the dunes were wary and shy at all times but they could not elude him. One prominent ornithologist on hearing Wayne name the sex of a Sparrow he had just killed, was convinced that it was simply a statement of unwarranted assurance, but when dissection proved him correct, not once but many times, his words were taken differently.

His meticulous care of a specimen in the field was painstaking to a degree. Should any feathers have been shot away he would crawl about until he found all of them possible. On many a beach and amid many a broom grass field have I aided in such a search, wondering the while at the thoroughness of the man. Every feather would be replaced with the finest thread during the preparation of the specimen and the skins were perfections of beauty. He wanted the bird as nearly as possible as it was in life, and he labored toward that end with no regard for personal fatigue. He was not a fast worker, time meant nothing at all to him, he would spend hours on the commonest bird and the result was always the same. The removal of any foreign matter on the feathers was so complete that he used to say that nothing remained which should not be there even to the "size of a cambric needle's point." His devotion to his skins was remarkable, amounting almost to adoration. He handled them as one handles a rare

jewel, tenderly, reverently. He was ever ready and willing to show them to anyone but it was thoroughly understood beforehand that he alone was to handle them. Though kept in a variety of receptacles, he rarely experienced any inroads from insects and in going over the collection after he was gone, the writer found birds which had been packed away for many years, in perfect condition.

It is not surprising that in the years he studied the birds of the low country, he found things which no one else had noticed. A result of this was the establishing of two sub-species which bear his name, Wayne's Clapper Rail (*Rallus longirostis waynei*) described by William Brewster and Wayne's Warbler (*Dendroica virens waynei*) described by Outram Bangs. Though it thrilled him deeply to take such birds as the Green-tailed Towhee (*Obesholseria chlorura*) and Sprague's Pipit (*Anthus spraguei*), thousands of miles from their normal range, it was the re-discovery of Bachman's Warbler (*Vermivora bachmani*) in South Carolina that afforded him more pleasure than anything else. Discovered by Dr. John Bachman near Charleston, in July, 1833, and named for him by Audubon, this Warbler apparently dropped out of existence in the State until 1901. It was Wayne who found it again, in a huge swamp some twenty miles from his home and several birds, nests and eggs were taken by him there. Though not of such outstanding significance, his finding of the first nest and eggs of the White Ibis (*Guara alba*) in South Carolina, gave him a thrill only secondary to the rediscovery of the Warbler. It was the privilege of the writer and his brother to be his companions on this memorable occasion and the exultant vindication of a theory long entertained was worth much to witness. The colony was located in a beautiful cypress backwater on May 22, 1922, and the sight of the clamoring concourse of snowy birds, their black-tipped wings and decurved crimson beaks flashing against a background of vivid green made a picture which is almost as clear today as it was at the time. I have visited the cypress stronghold of the Ibises many times since, the last times after their discoverer had passed on, but the place will ever be connected in my mind with him, even as will the sight of the birds themselves.

Though Mr. Wayne frequently contributed items of his study and observation to 'The Auk,' it was only at the insistent urgings

of his friends that he decided to incorporate his extensive knowledge in book form. In 1910 the 'Birds of South Carolina' was published, with Wayne as the author and the Charleston Museum as publisher. The then director, Dr. Paul M. Rea, rendered Mr. Wayne much aid in the preparation of the book by assuming the necessary mechanical details. The work is a comprehensive treatise on the birds of the coast region, together with a list of those occurring in the upper portion of the State. Mr. Wayne did not hesitate to point out errors which had been made by earlier observers amd when one considers that they had but skimmed the surface while he delved deeply over the same ground, it is not strange that his indefatigable research for the truth resulted in conclusions varying from theirs. The book reveals the orderliness and continuity of the author's mind and compels admiration because of its classical diction and unswerving accuracy. It is the standard work among scientists on the birds of the State and an invaluable aid to the student engaged in the study of southern birds. Wayne and others have made many additions to the knowledge of South Carolina birds since the book was published, and it is hoped that a supplement covering his and others' observations since 1910 will soon be issued, thus bringing the work up to date.

In the days of the earlier ornithologists it was not so difficult to add new birds to a certain locality, but increasing numbers of observers and the furtherance of general knowledge makes this constantly harder to do. To give a bird's-eye view of Wayne's work in South Carolina, a clear idea of his efforts may be obtained when it is known that, in the forty-five years he was in the field he added a bird a year to the avifauna of his State. Not literally of course, but that is the average of his life's work. In this day and time the fact speaks volumes for the man's unflagging vigilance and zeal. So much then, for Wayne the ornithologist.

It was Wayne, the man, who endeared himself in a remarkable, degree to those who knew him. It is true that Wayne, the ornithologist, in his intense zeal for accurate knowledge had differences with some through correspondence. It is a tribute to Wayne, the man, that in every case where personal contact was made by those who had experienced his criticism, they were completely won over

by his magnetic personality and generous spirit. It was ever accuracy which he fought for and he abhorred nature fakirs as he he abhorred all liars. He knew that no good could ever come of distorting facts, he followed science because it is fact and if ever there was a searcher after truth, it was Arthur Trezevant Wayne. He often said that he had been told he could have been a millionaire if he had applied himself to business with the earnestness he exhibited in science. It was Mitya, in Dostoyevshy's novel, 'The Brothers Karamazoff,' who said "I don't want millions; all I want is an answer to my questions." Wayne found his answer in ornithology, he gave it his life and he found much in return. He was never blinded by what he discovered and he never sought publicity.

Small in stature, he was great in mind and spirit, a greatness which is detached from the money-seeking, notoriety-loving efforts of those of to-day who aspire to so-called greatness. Never robust, he was a machine of endurance and rose above his apparent frailness in a way which amazed his field companions and tired them to keep up with him. He always took care of himself and never did anything to excess. Although he lived apart from cities and towns he never lost touch with the outside world; though he never indulged in novels and light reading he devoured the daily papers, the 'Literary Digest,' and the 'National Geographic Magazine.' His knowledge of other parts of the world was profound, it was like listening to a world traveller to hear him talk. The far north fascinated him extremely and the minute details of the expeditions which penetrated to the land of eternal ice were as familiar to him as though he had recorded them from personal observation. He was constantly and thoroughly up on current events, evincing a peculiarly clear insight into many channels far removed from birds. He deplored the lawlessness so current in America and condemned the evil doers in no uncertain terms. I well remember his intense indignation at the demonstrations at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, and he followed the political developments of the day with remarkable clearness.

His culture embraced much more than ornithological science. He read the poets frequently and his marvelous memory captured the scores of many operas. Byron was his favorite and he knew

every word of Childe Harold besides many other productions of that great writer. Though able to repeat many operas he never left his home to hear one; he delighted in classical music and had a splended voice himself. Music can be said to have been his second love and genealogy amounted almost to a passion. The family connections and history of every prominent Charleston family, and many which are not, were as an open book to him and his long membership in the South Carolina and Huguenot Societies resulted in his being referred to time and again for the settlement of doubtful points.

It was probably his memory which left the greatest impression on his visitors. I have heard many say that they never encountered such a mental command of past events. It really seemed that he never forgot anything. Faces which he had not seen for a score of years, names which had not come up for decades, the dates of a thousand and one happenings, all were recalled instantly and accurately as occasion arose. In his birds, one could point to any at random and ask about it, the date, locality, circumstances and sex would be forthcoming at once and examination of the label would invariably corroborate his statements. His store of knowledge was always at the command of every student of ornithology and his companionship in the field, together with his advice and teaching, were invaluable aids to the members of the scientific staff of the Charleston Museum. His position of Honorary Curator of Birds in that institution he valued highly, and as in the old days, he was ever ready to do anything for the collections.

His scientific friends were legion; his correspondence voluminous and he kept all letters of his friends. An examination of their contents would be of consuming interest to any interested in the field of ornithology. Because of his never leaving his home for northern points, or indeed any other points, he made personal contact with comparatively few of the country's foremost ornithologists but he knew them well by correspondence. He never forgot the visits paid him by those who did come south at times and he gloried in having any bird man visit his home.

It is a striking tribute that, although he never attended a single annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, he was elected a Fellow in recognition of his merits and sterling qualities.

For many years he held the rank of Member and it was at the forty-sixth stated meeting of the Union at Charleston in November, 1928 that he was elevated to the top rank among the organization's distinguished sons. It was an inexplicable providence which prevented his attendance at this gathering in his own home town, for he was absent on account of sickness at the time. Many here, however, will remember his telegram of thanks which was read at the annual dinner and the universal joy which pervaded the meeting at the honor accorded him.

The loss of Arthur T. Wayne leaves a place in ornithology which as it has been said will be difficult to fill. I say that it can never be filled. The State has lost one who was ever a loyal and devoted son, historically, scientifically and personally. The Union has lost one who ever strove to uphold its highest ideals. To those who knew him the loss can never be measured in words. In his going, the writer lost a friend and more than a friend. Though old enough to be his father, there was an association to which age was as nothing so far as being a barrier was concerned. A faithful, patient teacher, a kind and generous adviser, he overlooked his pupil's faults and frailties to leave behind him a memory which is ever more enduring and sacred as time goes by.

Many will remember Wayne for his sympathy. It was deep and keen in many ways; his sympathy for his friends in times of stress, for the birds in their multitudinous vicissitudes, and for the forests which he mourned as they steadily decreased about him. He loved trees almost as much as birds for on them depended the latter's life. Thoroughly alive to the needs of civilization, he nevertheless deplored the lumbering industry and deforestation was a thorn in his side. He mourned the passing of a tree as a tragedy. Often have I seen him stand and survey the stump of what had been a gigantic pine and say sorrowfully, "There is the work of God Almighty for a hundred years undone by two niggers with a cross-cut saw in twenty minutes." I never heard him say it but that it impressed me more each time.

His home is still a place which welcomes any who may come. The latch-string of the "Villa-by-the-Sea" is always open, for Mrs. Wayne is ever glad to see her husband's friends and hers. Strong in her faith, unshaken in her dependence upon that inscru-

table Will which has taken her husband from her to his reward, she is even more of an inspiration and wonder to her friends than ever. One cannot but think of her when he is spoken of; they were one as few couples ever were. His dependence on her cannot be overestimated as those who have stayed under their roof can testify. No sooner would he come in from the field than his first act would be to call for her. He appealed to her for confirmation of every act and statement and nobly did she do her part. His very rise to scientific fame and his every success must be traced back at last to that unswerving bulwark of strength and Christian womanhood which is so beautifully personified in her.

Though not far advanced in years, the return of an ailment from which he had previously suffered, caused a cessation of his field work in the early part of 1928. A resuming of remedies which had proved efficacious in the past seemed to be of benefit and he responded in a manner which won the approval of his devoted physicians, whose admiration and regard for him was that of brothers. In the fall of 1929 he was at home, apparently recuperating in a satisfactory manner. Visitors found him returning steadily to his vivacious and versatile self and in the spring of this year (1930) he was on the point of taking the field again.

On the afternoon of May 5, 1930, the writer and two companions journeyed to the Wayne home for a little visit. Rarely was he more cheerful and bubbling over with good spirits. Birds, poetry and genealogy were discussed freely for some time then an adjournment to the bird room followed where he began exhibiting some specimens. It was while engaged in this act that he was stricken, literally in the midst of his beloved birds, with one of them in his hands. In barely more than thirty minutes he was unconscious and just before 8 p.m. his spirit fled and the morning papers told the country of his passing.

The funeral took place the following afternoon. As his sorrowing friends followed the hearse which bore all that was mortal of Arthur Wayne along the sandy roads of his beloved low country, the birds themselves seemed to voice their Spring song with a thrilling sweetness as though they were participating in the last sad rites to a friend who had loved them to the end. Few, if any, of the assembled company missed the appropriateness of the strik-

ing symphony which echoed from the surrounding woodland as the strains of Warblers, Vireos and Wrens floated softly over the last sad scene, an earthly echo of that angelic choir in which the departed one was even then joining in eternal praise.

Arthur Trezevant Wayne has gone but he has left behind, enshrined in many a heart, a living monument and, like the patriarchs of ancient days, "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

Charleston, S. C.