

bed of a brook - dry with many rocks
("Rocky Run") scared up several huge
Mott-blue ^(bullfrogs) pale blue above and mottled
brown with a big, bold eye below - you
seen in museums. I caught one
between my fingers but it jumped so
as they closed on it that the wings were
torn. I was sorry so I have no specimen
We saw divers other interesting things,
but an expedition like this "in company"
is never very productive for my ends.
Then we returned to breakfast and I saw
Mrs Carr. Little Gladys is a sweet little
girl and I quite lost my heart to her.
Caparo is a malarious place, but all
the Carrs seem very well. The pizen
Anopheles do not seem to climb their hill
hooked in vain in the forest for the little
frog that Barbour wanted this being the original
locality where Wick found it - Here I was
interrupted again and it is now Sunday the 23^d.
and I am still endeavoring to recover from
my good Friday auto trip to the More
(I am not sure how it's spelled but the forest one
of the few in which there is a moderately pure
growth of a single species More or fewer, I
don't know and have ~~no~~ book to look it up
in) forest. It is somewhat over 40 miles

Written -
March 16, 20, 23.
Rec'd Apr. 7

Colton Hill, Port of Spain, Trinidad
March 16, 1913.

[*Oxyria uniflora* Lam.]

Dear W.D.

It is a long time - how long I
do not know - since I have written
you. You have been so good to write
me by almost every mail that it makes
me feel quite ashamed to think how
little return I have made. But I simply
cannot seem to get time to write and
though I have taken this whole day for
letters and nothing else still over a
number done for months. At the end of
my working days I am quite too tired to
write and I have felt I must spend time
enough to take care of what I get whenever
happens - so you must try to forgive my
seeming neglect and ingratitude -
By the last mail came your letter and
card of Feb. 27-8. and since I received it I have
been to Caparo with Mr. Wick and spent the
day with Carr, a very pleasant and interesting
day which began before six as we had to
take a 7.25 train from here. Mr. Carr took
us through some of his eucos, having met
us at the station, to his house which is

built on a knoll surrounded by comparatively flat country or only slightly rolling, so he has a rather wide outlook and a good breeze most of the time. The house is built of cedar inside and smells delightfully, and is large for these parts and airy, with veranda on two sides. After seeing Miss Gladys for a moment we started off with Klages, who camps in a sort of outhouse where Mr. Carr's brother lives, for "Rocky Ravine", which runs through a small reservation of original woods - high woods as they are called here. It had been raining a little for some days despite the fact that this is the dry season, so everything was fresh and moist. We passed through much cacao shaded by Immortelles which are now in full bloom, though they have made a great show for two months past; single trees like salmon-orange torches - there was a magnificent show of them from Carr's piazza. The shade question seems to be a burning one among cacao planters and many are cutting or have cut down

much or all of their shade. In Grenada they do not use it, but the climate there is a good deal wetter. The fact seems to be that - here it was interrupted and have not had another chance at writing; and here it is the 20th and tomorrow I am going with Mrs. Rorer and some friends a 100 mile auto ride to the Moore forest (100 there-and-back). This afternoon Mr. Carr came up and took tea with us and we had a nice long talk. He brought some of those nasty worm-lizards such as I found in Grenada, but another species. Well to continue our walk, we soon left the Cocos and Mr. Carr showed us the hole where he tried to photograph that big green flycatcher that nests in the ground & forgot his name and we saw under a log several colonies of a queer brown ant that makes its fungus garden tree on the log - then plunged into the forest which though bigger than I have yet seen here was not nearly as fine as the drier old wind-blown wood - heard toucans calling and various other birds. We made our way some distance up the

is apt to be a pretty serious matter. I believe I have bottled about five species of the nasty beetle. Well, after wandering about the forest for a few hours we went on to the site of a Mr. Gray where we took tea - hours as usual on a knoll with cecap all about but with the forest close to hand - a bed of lovely rich slightly salmon-orange Coconos in front - most delicious oranges going to waste, guavas etc. Starting back through the forest at 4.30 we had not gone very far into it when pfiz one of our rear tires blew up. Our shover had only an extra inner tube, but he patched up the shoe and started to pump things up when the pump refused to work and we were beginning to contemplate a night in the forest or a long walk back to Mr. Gray's when it was found that by extracting a spongeful of sand from the valve it could be made to work and after an hour's delay we emerged from the leafy cañon about sunset and sped rejoicing at a rate of over 20 miles an hour luckily with - fine moon. I don't think I ever felt as tired in my life before. The kind of tiredness I have here is quite a different thing from the U.S. brand - feels like a serious illness with strange sensations in the head and spine, headache & shames. Yesterday I took a rest and cleaned up a bit and sleep - a phenomenal rainy (not showering) day in the dry region. I wish I had time to write more but must stop. Wish I had heard Smith or Sorenson. I found with kindest regards, Mrs. D. Lovey - R. T.

from here to the entrance of it and then the road runs through it for many miles. It was a most interesting trip and gave me a good opportunity to see the country which, despite the inroads of civilization is very interesting for considerable stretches. Luckily there are considerable tracts in which the soil is too poor for cacao or much of any cultivation and the natural vegetation fine and untouched. I was glad to see again a lot of my old friends of the Grande rain forest with many many things that do not grow there - a much more varied vegetation I should say. We got out at one place and tried to go through to the Arapo Savanna - a peculiar open sandy boggy area that I am intending to look up soon - but the path we took was too far along and continued thro the boggy wood as far as we followed it - with much Enterpe which does not grow about Port of Spain except rarely here and there, and then some other genera - of palms mixed in with a dense and miscellaneous vegetation. I picked this little epiphyte or parasite along the path, which does not turn also to a parasite - about eight miles beyond the town of San Juan Grande where I am planning to spend a few

days a little later we entered the more forest
really magnificent woods no finer than
the best of the Chang woods but covering a
very large area of crown lands. A miserable
company has got a concession from a more
miserable Home Govt. and are going to cut
down and utterly destroy 2000 acres of it.
Considering its size it is the finest forest
I ever saw and it is ghastly to think of its
destruction even in part. We rode about
it for miles and stopped for breakfast
about in the middle where a trail went
in to a fifty acre clearing where we
made tea and partook of sandwiches etc.
It was a hot sultry rather hot day
and there had been heavy rain during the
night so that everything was moist and
fresh, this being about the wettest part
of the island except the greater elevations.
I heard the bill bird and saw a couple of
large porcupine fly across the clearing but
there were comparatively few birds in
evidence at least. We followed the fire-
trail around the clearing walking just
within the forest crossing where a
stream (in which I saw an alligator)

Cut it in half. The forest was fine, and
not "too pure", for the trees seemed to be in
considerable variety and here too were diverse
palms Aroids Cycas etc. etc. The
biggest aroid I ever saw near the brook
growing ten or more feet high with a
single trunk six or eight inches in diameter.
There were very few insects but a goodly
number of frogs some quite new to me
and I was lucky enough to catch one of
the little forest frog. On upon the one
that Barbours caught, I heard many
peeping, but to save my neck I could not
see them for they play possum hiding under
leaves and seldom hop. Unluckily too I drove
the wrong spectators so seeing was the
more difficult. We saw no snakes though
the man in charge said they killed a monster
of a "Bush Master" not long before, something
Crotherie Lachesis. I have seen very few
snakes - hardly a dozen and have felt
too anxiously about them as I always use
a rake in pulling over logs and trash, but
the really dangerous beasts seem to be the
larger scorpions which are common
in the stuff I work in, and easily overbitten.
There has been one death from scorpion
bite since I have been here and I lost it



Thaxter, Roland. 1913. "Thaxter, Roland Mar. 16, 1913." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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