

FIRST
JOURNEY.

You see a few coffee-trees of a fine luxuriant growth ; and nearly on the top of Saba, stands the house of the postholder.

Residence
of the post-
holder.

He is appointed by government to give in his report to the protector of the Indians, of what is going on amongst them ; and to prevent suspicious people from passing up the river.

When the Indians assemble here, the stranger may have an opportunity of seeing the Aborigines, dancing to the sound of their country music, and painted in their native style. They will shoot their arrows for him with an unerring aim, and send the poisoned dart, from the blow-pipe, true to its destination : and here he may often view all the different shades, from the red savage to the white man ; and from the white man to the sootiest son of Africa.

Beyond this post, there are no more habitations of white men, or free people of colour.

Trees.

In a country, so extensively covered with wood as this is, having every advantage that a tropical sun, and the richest mould, in many places, can give to vegetation, it is natural to look for trees of very large dimensions. But it is rare to meet with them above six yards in circumference. If larger have ever existed, they have fallen a sacrifice, either to the axe or to fire.

If, however, they disappoint you in size, they make ample amends in height. Heedless, and bankrupt, in all