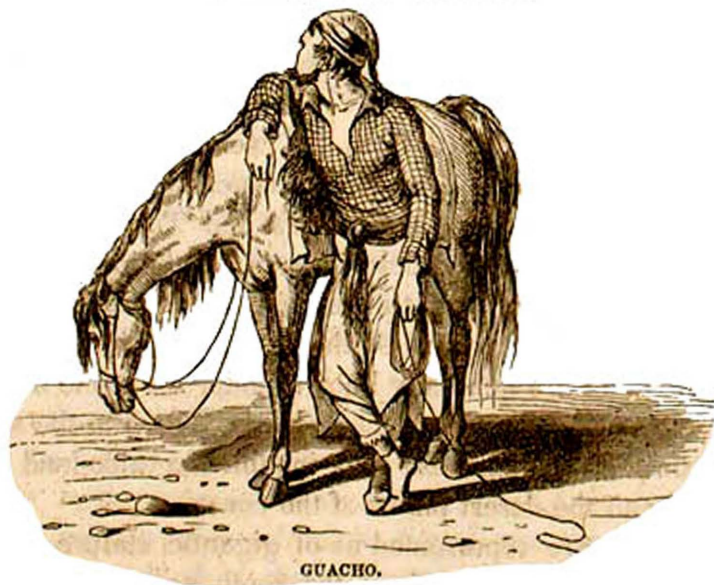


Our philologist related an anecdote of a young Indian, who had learned the Spanish tongue, whom he had been questioning relative to his language, in order to obtain a certain class of phrases. After having written down a word, in repeating it, he connected it with some adjunct, as *my father, his house, this knife*. The Indian mistook his meaning, and immediately took fire at the supposed insult, thinking that the correctness of what he had said was doubted, and that the object was to entrap him in a falsehood. It was with some difficulty that he was pacified.

The Guachos and Indians are of course good horsemen, being trained to it from their infancy. Indeed they may be said to live on horseback, and it is very seldom that they are seen to walk any distance, however short.

Their dress, although uncouth and ill-arranged, is comfortable, and picturesque when they are on horseback, particularly when at full speed in search of a bullock to lasso. The ease and nonchalance with which a Guacho mounts his steed, arranges himself in the saddle, quietly trotting off, lasso in hand, to select his victim, and detach it from the herd; then the eager chase, the furious speed of the horse, the flying dress of the Guacho, with upraised arm whirling his lasso, the terror of the animal, the throw of the lasso, and instantaneous overthrow of the bullock, all the work of an instant, excited both our admiration and astonishment. Nothing can exceed the animation of both horse and rider on these occasions.



Mr. Waldron, our purser, made an endeavour to purchase some vegetables for the crews, from an estancia on the river-side, of which an old Spaniard was the owner, thus affording him an opportunity of