

which might be anything except, perhaps, cows, and the remaining specimens were the queerest-looking horses I ever saw. Off we went, a crowd of horse-drivers or *burroqueras* running alongside, uttering wild yells, never for a moment deserting their property; up hill or down dale—all the same—on they run without any apparent inconvenience to their lungs; and even when the beast you ride stops dead short, the *burroqueras* will pull up, clear of wind, and ready for a laugh or joke. The exercise seems to agree with them, as they are the finest men on the island, and, from what I could hear, the longest-lived. At first I felt a little disgusted at the idea of a man running alongside, ready to pick me up if I fell; but the novelty soon wore off. We were much amused at the ascent of the first hill, as each man seized a horse's tail, and holding on like grim death, was thus towed to the top.

On we galloped, mile after mile, the road growing rougher and narrower as we pro-