

enter'd into the South-Channel, we came in sight of those Vast Plains extending to *Buenos Ayres*, and thence as far as the River *Salladillo*, 60 Leagues short of *Cordoua*, which are so cover'd with all sorts of Cattle, that notwithstanding multitudes of them are daily destroy'd for their Skins, there's no Sign of their diminution.

As soon as we arriv'd at the *Cape of Buenos Ayres*, we gave notice of it to the Governor, who understanding that we had the King of *Spain's* Licence for coming thither, (without which he could not have permitted us entrance into the place, unless he would have broke his Orders) he sent the Kings Officers on board to visit our Ship, according to custom, which done, we landed our Goods, and laid them up in a Warehouse hired for the time of our stay. They consisted chiefly in Linnen Cloath, particularly that made at *Rouen*, which goes off very well in those Parts, as also in Silks, Ribans, Thread, Needles, Swords, Horse-shoes, and other Iron-work, Working-tools of all sorts, Drugs, Spices, Silk and Woollen-Stockings, Woollen-Cloath, Serges, and other Woollen-Stuffs, and generally in every thing