

for he had been many years in Venice, and who professed to have a knowledge of minerals, chemistry and the like. His home was at Nicosia, and from Larnaca I had written to him, as to others, to use all diligence to find me some Cadmia and other minerals, hoping that he would know all about them. My letters did not find him in Nicosia, and we learned he was leaving for Mount Sinai. Now that I lighted on him here I conferred with him on these matters. He told me he knew a good many of the minerals, and that they were found in Cyprus in places known to him, particularly Sory, Misry, Melanteria and Cadmia. Had he known in time he would have procured them for me, but now it was too late, he was on the point of starting, and the places were far off. He gave me bits of silvor or gold, found in Cyprus, which he had with him. As to the rest he promised to do his best when he returned from Mount Sinai some three months hence. Thereupon I wrote to the consul at Larnaca to beg him when he went to Nicosia—he was bound to go there soon to greet the new Pasha, for in virtue of fresh vacillation, and a third order from Constantinople, the new Pasha was again confirmed, and the old one again removed—to seek out a renegade German, in practice there as a doctor, whom Matthew had indicated as possibly knowing and being able to get me the said minerals. While I was standing in the courtyard of the church talking with the schoolmaster the bishop passed, an old man with a white beard, attended by a monk, going into the church to recite his Hours. When I knew who he was I saluted him, and we exchanged many compliments in Greek, for he did not know Italian.

[October 1—3. *Again merry-making on various Dutch ships. Letters arrive from Constantinople with news of the hostile progress of the Tartars and Cossacks, who were threatening the very gates. A great pestilence was raging in the city: the Gran Signor, Murad IV., himself had sixty plague boils on his body, and yet recovered. At last, after many headths had been drunk and many salutes fired, the author returned to his own vessel, the French caravel Sainte Anne, and sailed on October 4, 1625, for Malta.*]

STOCHOVE.

"Le Sieur de Stochove, Escuyer, Seigneur de Ste Catherine," a gentleman of Bruges, started with friends from Paris in March, 1630, and returned to Bruges September 1, 1632. He took ship at Genoa, saw Smyrna and Constantinople, and reached Cyprus on May 20, 1631. His stay was short: the party pressed on to Alexandretta, Aleppo and Baghadad, returned to the Holy Land, and visited Egypt and Mount Sinai. His travels, under the title *Voyage du Sieur de Stochove, fait es années 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633 (?)*, were first printed, for his friends only, at Brussels in 1643. From a copy of this very rare edition the present translation is made, pp. 263—273.

We left Laja, in the ancient province of Caria, at midnight to anticipate the foul wind (ambat) which always prevails in the afternoon: we arrived towards evening at Cape Nemoury and anchored, waiting to cross over to Cyprus, about 35 leagues away, during the night. We sailed at midnight, and with the dawn saw a pirate frigate which chased us for good three hours. She could not catch us, and turned back again. On May 20 towards evening we made Cyprus and anchored about twelve miles off Gerines, which we reached the next morning.

The island of Cyprus has always been reckoned the chiefest and most fertile in the Mediterranean. The ancient Greeks, by reason of its pleasantness, called it *Maxaliā* or *Macaria*, the Blest: also *Crypta* or *Criptan*, because in certain plaes the land is so low that