

HASSELQUIST.

Frederic Hasselquist, a Swede, Doctor of Medicine in the University of Upsala and a pupil of the great Linnæus, set out from Stockholm, April 7, 1749, travelled in parts of Asia Minor, Egypt and the Holy Land; visited Cyprus, and, returning to Smyrna, died there on February 9, 1762, aged thirty.

His diaries, edited by Linnæus, were published by order of the King, Adolf Fredrik, of Sweden, and were translated into English, French and German. The present extracts are translated anew from the French version, pp. 245—253, Paris, 1769.

I left Sidon, May 23, 1751, in a little French vessel sailing for Cyprus. On the 28th we anchored in the roadstead of Larnaco, a village where the European Consuls live. Part of it is on the shore, another and larger part is a quarter of a league from the sea. The Consul for Naples lives in the first, the Consuls for France, England, Venice and Ragusa in the second. I lodged with the Venetian Consul, who is also Consul for Sweden, waiting an opportunity to return to my country. It was this that led me to Cyprus, for I had no intention of travelling in the island, the heat being at this time so great that one can only go out of doors at night. It was not the season for botanising, nor does the island produce any curious plant. I was content with making two little excursions, and began with a visit to the Holy Cross, which is the highest mountain in the island.

I started on the evening of June 9 with my servant and a guide, believing that I needed no other escort in a country where thieving is unknown. We rode mules. These animals are considered the best of their kind in the Levant, and are largely exported by Syrians, who send in their stead horses for those who have the privilege of riding them. The road to the mountain is broad and even, the country on either side full of hills and valleys. The mountain is formed of a reddish limestone, impregnated with sulphate of copper. At the bottom of the valleys I found a kind of greyish limestone, pure and unmixed. In several parts of the mountain are mines of lead, copper and small rock crystal. Near Paphos this latter is found large and transparent. I saw a piece of such at the French Consul's. Some years ago a man carried some of it to the Court of the Grand Signor. It was taken for real diamond, and greatly delighted persons no better informed than himself. These persuaded the Sultan that he had a diamond mine in his dominions. Workmen were sent at once to Cyprus to find these treasures. They began to work. The place was guarded and shortly after abandoned. In the woods are found myrtle, pine, the *cistus ladanifera* of the East, *arbutus andrachne* and oleander. The villages I passed on my way were better built than is usual in the Levant. At one of these I arrived a little after midnight, but it was too late to find a lodging, and a shepherd gave me up his bed at the foot of an olive tree. The weather was extremely clear, and I was able to observe an almost total eclipse of the moon. Before sunrise I continued my journey. At the foot of the mountain, to the right, there is an enclosure, in the midst of which stands a little Greek Chapel. Just beyond this we began to ascend the mountain, and in half an hour reached the summit. We rode the whole way on a good broad path. At the top is a little Greek hermitage—a chapel with two or three rooms; a monk politely gave me his cell. So different was the climate that I could not believe myself in Cyprus. Instead of the burning heat which had suffocated me, I was breathing a keen and refreshing air. Respiration was easy, and the air far purer and more wholesome than in the rest of Cyprus, especially Larnaco. As far as my eye could reach, I