

upon their Superficies, the Images of Frogs and Fishes in fine Copper. Anciently they call'd a sort of Stone *Conchites*, which were in all their Lineaments very like unto the Cockles of the Sea; and they thought that those Fish-shells lying a long time in Soil, where much Stones were begotten, the petrifying Liquor entring into the Pores of the Shell, converted it into Stone: And they ground this Opinion upon the Certainty that the Sea in old Time hath overflown the whole Territory of the City of *Magara*, where only these sort of Stones are found. But of latter Times all Colour of Reason is taken away from the foremention'd Conceit, by the wonderful Veins of Stone, some grey, some iron colour'd, and some yellow, which are found in the Highway as one goes from *Potosi* to *Oronesta* down the Hill. There they gather Stones that have in them Impressions of divers sorts of Figures, so much to the Life, that nothing but the Author of Nature itself could possibly have produc'd such a piece of Workmanship. I have some of these Stones by me in which you may see Cockles of all sorts, great, middle-siz'd, and small ones; some of them lying upwards, and some downwards, with the smallest Lineaments of those Shells drawn in great Perfection; and this Place is in the Heart of the Country, and the most double mountainous Land therein, where it were Madness to imagine that ever the Sea had prevail'd, and left Cockles only in this one Part of it. There be also among these Stones the perfect Resemblance of Toads and Butterflies, and strange Figures, which tho' I have heard from

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