

reputation for learning, and spoke Italian well. We were to see his garden too, which though half destroyed, like everything else in the island since it fell into the hands of the Turks, is still one of the most beautiful places in the neighbourhood. Here died Cimon, that most valorous and virtuous Athenian general, son of the no less famous Miltiades. See *Æmilius Probus*, in the life of Cimon, who says, "in oppido Citio est mortuus," after conquering the greatest part of Cyprus. We left on horseback about two or three in the afternoon, passing the Salines, not the houses only on the seashore of which I spoke, but the actual place where they make the salt. The Turks are too negligent to clean and clear it properly, and every day it gets smaller, and will eventually be filled up. Nevertheless when I was there it yielded a yearly revenue of about ten thousand piastros. Nearly every ship takes it for ballast; Venetian vessels especially are bound to take at least one load each, but they often take more, for it is worth a good deal at Venice, and the trade in it is reserved to the Prince. We turned inland to a village called Bromolaxia, and at last reached Kiti, which stands almost on the seashore, the coast trending from the Salines towards the west. We called on Sr. Aluise Cucci, whom we found, in true philosopher fashion—for this is his line—living in a house which was once large and beautiful, but is now half a ruin. We saw the garden too, with its running water, fishponds and the like, all neglected and in disorder: nothing in short was left of its beauty but a great quantity of orange trees planted in regular rows, of one height, which formed a kind of shady grove really pleasant and pretty. I had a long talk with Sr. Aluise, who seemed an intelligent man, but he was either ill or convalescent, and so weak that he could hardly speak, and I could not learn so much from him as I had wished. I asked him about Cadmia and its different kinds, and about the other minerals, which, as you write to me, you wished to procure from Cyprus. I have entrusted your commission to several persons, and written also to Nicosia, the capital of the island and residence of the Pasha: also about Galen's book. He said they existed still, but that it would be hard to find anyone who knew them well, and could find them: the people were all very stupid; the Christians had long ago given up working the mines, so as not to tempt the Turks to covet the island, and the Turks had let them alone on account of their ignorance. After talk on these and like matters we took our leave of Sr. Aluise and returned in the evening to Larnaca by another road which took us when about half-way home through another village called Menego. All these villages which were of old fully peopled are now very small, the houses few and ruinous, and the inhabitants very few in number.

September 9. I returned to the ship to see something of my people, and on the 10th with my astrolabe I took in the harbour the sun's altitude: I found its declination from the zenith at midday to be 29° 50'... The 13th I landed again: after breakfast the consul wished me to go to see a place noted for its sacred character and natural beauty; the Greeks called it *Agia Nappa* (*S. Nappa*). It lies about eight leagues distant from Larnaca, almost on the sea, on the east coast near *Cape della Greca*. Here is a church built in a grotto, where was found a wonder-working image of the Virgin. At three, or a little before, we mounted. The consul was too unwell to come, but we had Sr. G. F. Parente and two other Venetians, Messer Bernardino Drogogna, and Messer Giacinto Greco, a clerk on the "*Cacciadiavoli*," a vessel belonging to a Venetian noble of the family of Viario, then in harbour, a Greek called Manoli, my servant Michel, and a consular janissary as escort. We rode all the afternoon along the shore, reaching the village of Ormidia at dark, and there we rested most of the night. We rose the next morning more than an hour before the dawn, passed *Xilofago*, then *Cape S. Giorgio*, and a stream which runs into the sea west of the cape, where many vessels, especially pirates, touch to get water, and the day was still young when