

*To Astorre Baglione, a pious man and brave soldier, slain by the wicked swords of a perjurer for, after shedding glory on the defence of Salamis by his feats of valour, his fellow-townsmen at Bergamo caused funeral honours to be paid at the Altar of S. Joseph, for that when he was among them as Governor he loved them wondrously, and with them honoured the Saint.*

Part of CHAPTER XIV.

*Approach to Cyprus, and description of its Southern seaboard.*

On September 11 we sailed briskly through the gulf of Adalia, and about four in the afternoon the island of Cyprus came into view. After sunset, with a fresh wind behind us, we passed close under Acamas, or Acamanthus, the first promontory towards the west, commonly called Cape S. Epiphanius, then Drepanum, now called Trapano, Zephyrion, now C. Malotas, C. Paphos, a rock opposite Paphos, and the White Cape, C. Bianco, formerly Phourion, the first headland towards the south. The evening was starlit, the moon full, and the voyage most pleasant. About the fourth hour of the night we slackened sail, the seamen thinking it proper to stay the speed of the vessel lest the wind should carry us beyond our destination.

With the next dawn we passed C. Gauata or Curias, now called the Cape of Cats, and coasted along as far as Linnisso, which we reached three hours after daylight: we anchored in a suitable spot, and remained there till the next day. C. Gauata is said to take its name from the cats which were formerly kept in a monastery on the coast close by, called by the ancients Acroteri. Report says they were reared to catch and exterminate certain venomous serpents which did harm to the natives, with which the adjoining country swarmed. The monks had trained the cats to pursue and attack these snakes, and to lay in wait for them, just as they would naturally chase rats and mice. Every day, just as sporting dogs follow game, they would hunt the snakes, and kill those they caught. At the sound of a bell they returned to their home and dinner, and after dinner sallied out again to hunt, nor came back to the convent until late in the evening. By their means the country was at last cleared of these dangerous reptiles.

During our halt the purser left the vessel in a small boat with a few Italians and Greeks, and went ashore to visit the Cadi, the Turkish Judge and Governor of Linnisso, and to offer him the customary presents, for no stranger is allowed to land until such an offering has been made. When the purser had obtained permission, as many of us as chose were free to land. And next day many did land, chiefly to obtain supplies. The captain came on the same errand, because beef and mutton are very cheap here. He bought eight oxen, small but fat, for twelve gold sequins, which make forty-eight Dutch florins.

Linnisso, which the ancients called Curias or Curium, was a city, the seat of a bishopric, and adorned with fine buildings. Now it is a mere village, though populous enough, situated near the shore in a wide and pleasant plain. Near it the Lycus, a streamlet, flows down from M. Olympus, and falls into the sea. The soil bears freely vines, shrubs, garden produce, and nearly every kind of tree, especially fig, olive and carob trees. The carob is large and spreading with leaves not unlike those of the bay, but broader and scarcely so pointed, evergreen, and giving a grateful shade in summer. It bears a curved fruit which we call *siliqua*, the Greeks *κεράς*, somewhat longer than a man's finger, and as broad as his thumb, very sweet and pleasant to the taste, not unlike our beans, but with a tougher rind of dusky hue: the seed is bitter and very hard. People take out the seed and munch the rind: they