

time at this very port of the Salines. I call it a port, though it is a roadstead, comprised in a wide bay, protected nearly on every side by land, but large, roomy and safe for craft of all kinds. It is in fact the usual port and anchorage of the island. It lies on the south coast, 200 miles from Alexandretta, and is the place where the Turkish forces landed when they took Cyprus. Immediately on my arrival there came off to call on me Signor Demetrio Todorini, a leading Greek merchant, not a Cypriot, who offered me his house, and Sr. Giovan Francesco Parente, a Venetian, an old friend with whom I used to correspond in Aleppo. Some misfortune had befallen him there, and for the moment he was living in Cyprus. Besides his own greetings he bore me those of Sr. Alessandro Goneme, Venetian consul, who excused himself on account of some business to which he was summoned by the Qazi, and promised to come later. The next morning early Sr. Goneme came, with Sr. Parente and others of his household, and although I was inclined to remain on board in spite of their prayers and entreaties they were determined not to return to the shore without me. I landed therefore with a single servant, leaving on the ship Padre Orsino, the women and others. I found on the seashore a few houses and stores, just those which are called "the Salines," from the salt-works not far off. The Turks have here a small fort, square, with a platform and a few pieces of artillery. It stands on the seaside, but the protection it affords is insignificant. Here horses awaited us, and we mounted and rode a short mile inland to another town called Larnaca, where most of the Franks live. We went to the house of the consul, the best in the place, and, as it was still early, after a little rest went to the little church of the Franciscan monks, called S. Maria, a little behind the town, and there heard mass and the funeral office sung for the soul of Sr. Giovan Maria Parente, brother of Sr. Giovan Francesco, who passed on the day before to a better life. Late in the evening I called at the house of Sr. D. Todorini, and slept the night at the consul's. I should not omit to say that the Venetians have always a consul here: he is not one of their nobles, but a man of that class of honourable citizens which often supplies the Republic with Secretaries. So, although the consul in Cyprus is not under that of Aleppo, as a vice-consul would be, yet the consul in Aleppo, being a noble and of wider influence in those parts, has a certain precedence over his Cyprian colleague.

*[The writer goes back to his ship to post letters, and lands again on the morning of September 7 to hear mass and to return some visits.]*

In the house of Sr. Rocco Andreani, a Venetian merchant, I saw and examined a live chameleon which one of the children of the house had tamed, and kept for his amusement tied to a string. In India there are many such; they go climbing about the trees, but as I am shortsighted, and never had one in my hands, I did not observe the animal well in that country. Here, however, I took it in my hands (it is a quiet pleasing beast) and saw that it was of the size of a *racano*, and very much the same shape, but uglier, with a misformed head and cloven feet, with two paws between which rises its leg: each paw has two fingers or claws, so close as to be hardly separated one from the other: its colour greyish, but unevenly marked and shaded. I was told it sometimes changed colour, not indeed as the vulgar say according to what you put near it, but as it may chance to be hot or cold, or walking and resting, and the like. I did not see it change, though I tried in several ways to make it do so.

On the 8th the consul took me for a ride to another village about two leagues or six miles from Larnaca. It is still called Kiti or Citium, and was anciently a city and bishopric, now it is ruinous, consisting of a few huts only. We wished particularly to see a Greek doctor, Sr. Aluise Cncci, who lived there in a garden of his own. He had considerable