

minds. They told me they were resolved to go right through on foot, and that they would rather buy drink with what it would cost them to take a mule. Alas! they would have been very glad about midnight to have had one apiece, for they knew not where they were going, they had no guide, there were only four of them, and they lost their way. I commended them to God, and left with my muleteer as I said. We hurried on so fast that my guide was bathed in sweat, thinking to overtake the main body of my companions. But it was all for nothing, the two of us had to travel all night alone because I had tarried so long. We found the country pretty level, and passed by a large village, where there is a great castle: it is five miles from Famagosse, and called Sinore. We met, my muleteer and I, more than a hundred persons on the road, for in this season on account of the heat of the sun men go to their fields by night only, and even sheep and other animals go out to feed at night. I was often afraid, for many of those whom we met stopped to chat with my muleteer. But I rode on, and if I had heard any of them turn back with him I was determined to get off my mule and hide in some bush, for there are many such by the way side. However God be praised, no one asked of me anything. Good order must be kept there. In two or three other villages we found the people sleeping in their courtyards to enjoy the cool of the night; they had just a few branches over them. We rode on till we saw the day and reached Nicossia about half an hour after the sun rose. I was much rejoiced and paid anon the twenty gros.

So on Saturday, September 2, I arrived in the city of Nicossia. It is very large, and I knew not where to address myself to find a lodging, for the townspeople understand neither French nor Flemish nor Latin. I found a priest and thought he would understand Latin. But he was no more good to me than if I had called to a dog; he was a Greek. I began to feel tired, for I did not know what was the Greek for a lodging, and I had my wallets containing my shirts, and my two sheets which I had brought to get washed, and a couple of bottles, and I was all in a fuss, for my muleteer had left me at the gate. I went till I found a saddler, and asked for the inn. He showed me a house. I hurried in and found there the four bnglers of our ship. You may be sure I was glad. I asked them where was the large party who came on by night: they told me they had breakfasted, and were gone to the great church to find a cool place and sleep their fill. Then I breakfasted very well, thanks be to God, and then went to rest in the great church called S. Sophia, which is a very beautiful little church. There is the finest possible beginning of a bell tower of well cut sandstone, and already there are five porches, three of which open a way under the said tower before one enters the church, and at the two ends of the transept there are two beautiful little doorways of fine stone, and the church is vaulted throughout. The singing is in Latin, after our rite. Many pilgrims have made their marks and set their names on the walls; I saw the name of Jehan Potiez of Mons near one of the entrances. After I had been there a long while I went to a little Greek church close by; it is dedicated to our Lady. It was a pleasure to be there, for there was one of the priests who was at least seventy years old and chanted so loudly that it was a wonder. After vespers said in Greek large loaves were brought, one of which was cut into large pieces, a piece was given to each of us, and then some good wine to drink. Then I returned to my lodging, and was told that our hostess was brought to bed while we were in the church. I should have liked well to be the godfather, but they told me they would wait a month to baptise the child. Then they brought us supper.

The next morning, September 4, I heard talk of the body of a saint which was in a church of the Scalzi, and went there with several other pilgrims to hear mass. We found it a long walk, for the town, as I said, is very large. Near the convent is a great space of garden ground watered from a well. A horse turns a big wheel, and many earthen pots