

palms, lemons and other excellent fruits. You see them on the trees, some ripe, some in flower, some approaching maturity, just as those of the kingdom of Naples. But the Cypriot oranges are twice the size of the Italian. We dined in this garden in Turkish fashion, and then went down to see the sugar canes, and the house where they are made into sugar. But I need not describe this, for everyone knows about it. Only this much, that the water which flows down from the garden turns the wheel which crushes the canes, and the liquid thus expressed is boiled to make sugar. From this spot we returned to the open country. It was very hot, and a great thirst oppressed us, so that our monk led us to the house of a Cypriot priest to drink water from his fountain. Seeing which the owner politely offered us wine, asking my guide if I was one of the Lutheran English lately arrived at the port. The monk told him that I was a Frenchman. Upon this the poor man embraced me for joy, saying in Italian much in praise of the French, and how since they had lost the kingdom of Cyprus, the Cypriots had never been well treated, and had lost their liberty. Then he took us round his garden and showed me two large stones, such as are set on the graves of notable persons.

On one of them were written in French these words:

*Cy gist Jean Carcar, Chevalier, qui trespassa de ce siecle le quinziesme jour d'Octobre, l'an de Jesus-Christ mille trois cens dix-huict. Dieu ayn mercy de l'ame d'iceluy.*

On this tombstone was neither effigy nor coat-of-arms, on the other stone was the effigy of a lady, and her arms, a cross patonce, with these words:

*Cy gist Dame Floride d'Anzerel jadis femme de Messire Jean de la Molee Chevalier qui trespassa le vingt et uniesme Janvier l'an de Jesus-Christ 1301. Dieu en ayt Pame. Amen.*

He told me that there were many others at Famagusta: and that even to-day the Cypriot Christians availed themselves of the privileges granted to them by the French, and that their last French king was of the house of Lusignan. At Limisso I was shown a coat-of-arms on the gable end of the old ruined castle, three lions with the arms of Jerusalem. Night approached, and I returned to the vessel to sup and to sleep, for there is no inn on shore.

Sunday morning, May 14, I landed to hear the Holy Liturgy (which the Latins call the Mass) celebrated by a Greek priest, for there were no Latin priests. When this was over I met the Turks going to their mosque, which is twice the size of the Christian church, and built after the same fashion. But no Christian were so bold as to enter it, unless he would be burned, or made to deny Jesus Christ. We returned to the ship, and dinner was scarcely over when the Cadi and a great many Turks came to see our vessel, all handsomely dressed in stuffs of different hues, wearing turbans as white as snow. This whiteness is due to their being made of cotton cloth, which Turks use more than flax. Our Captain seeing them coming made all haste to prepare dinner and to spread carpets on the after-deck for them to sit on. The Turks as a rule never eat at high tables, but sit on the ground like tailors, resting their arms on their knees, and in this fashion eat like pigs. And although their law forbids them wine, yet they will drink to excess without scruple or shame. They dined well, and then walked all about the ship, and accepted some mirrors and other things from the sailors. As their boat left for the shore our Captain saluted them with three guns, and ordered the men to weigh anchor and steer for the Salines. We did not get off however until evening for we had still to take on board two oxen and certain barrels of wine. On Monday the wind turned against us so that we waited until two in the afternoon near Mount Olympus, where was anciently the temple of Venus Acræa, which women might not enter, nor even