

or gentlermes they have there are not paid, and have not wherewithal to live, except meanly and very ill at their ease. No man can leave it without permission, wherefore at times many of the dwellers in the land go to give themselves up to the Turks, so as to escape from the place and its government.

Wednesday, August 29, was the feast of S. John Baptist in the church of Cyprus. We landed at Salines. There is a church founded by S. Lazarus, the seat of a bishop. There are no other dwellings than a house for a begute.

There we found bread and wine, grapes and pomegranates. We slept inside the church like good sheep.

Thursday, August 30, we stayed there to hear the pilgrims' mass. Several hired horses to go to Nicossia where the Queen of Cyprus holds her court. All our company agreed to hire donkeys to follow the rest, and took a guide who led us all the night through to Nycossia. Friday morning we reached Nychossia at sunrise. Thence we went to the great church called S. Meme or Mamar whose body is outside the city: it drips oil. This church is very beautiful, and nobly adorned in the French fashion, for the lords of France caused it to be built. In this church is the tomb of Godeffray de Billon, all of jasper and of a single piece, except the cover; although it was not in this place that he was buried, but in Jerusalem, as I have told you. Mass was heard, then we went to drink in a tavern, then each of us slept three hours. Afterwards we made the circuit of the city, and to the churches of the mendicant friars. There are three convents with large buildings, Carmelites, Jacopins and Franciscans. In this city they cut the stones called Buffa diamonds. At night we returned to the Salines where was our ship. This city was formerly a very important one. There are fine walls of long circuit, and within them large buildings, but all in ruins.

Saturday, September 1, 1487. The wines of Cyprus are good and strong, but they have a savour of pitch. Without this they would not keep, for the heat is so fierce, and the air so wonderfully dangerous, that by day one would not dare go about the fields or streets except in the morning and evening. To prove this, when we landed in Cyprus there was not a sick man of our company in all the ship, and we remained there nine days, thanks be to Jesus, without any ill. But when we withdrew to the vessel, there were seven sick, all pilgrims. Let all future pilgrims be warned that it is the worst port of all the voyage.

Sunday, our company went to a village a mile from the port, and lodged with a Greek priest, and there we stayed until we left to put to sea. The Salines are like a lake, a league in length and breadth, and there is just a foot of water above the mud, and there it congeals like ice by reason of the heat of the sun, and is taken up in pieces like broken ice. And when one piece is taken out the rest congeals, which is a thing to wonder at...

Friday, September 7, we left Salines...Saturday, the feast of the Nativity of our Lady, it was calm, and we stayed at Lymesson to get victuals, biscuit, sheep and some wine. One gets there thirty sheep for a ducat. Sunday, September 9, we landed to hear mass, and stayed till after dinner...Monday, we left Lymesson...Thursday. In four days we had sailed but thirty miles. We anchored as near as we could to Buffa, and some went on shore to get victuals. (*Quire e. ecc verso. Quire e recto.*)