



We passed on to *Jagodna*, pleasantly seated, and in a fair Country, whence setting forwards, after a few hours we turned Southward, and soon after, upon the side of an Hill, upon the right hand, I saw the Tomb of a *Turkish* Saint, about four yards long, and a square covered place by it: here our *Chiaus* alighted, and performed his devotions in prayer, then we travelled on, through great Woods, dangerous for Wolves and Thieves, by *Chifflick*, where there is a *Caravan-sarab*, but not always safe: so as we refreshed our selves in a large Farm-house, not far from thence, belonging to a rich Wine-Merchant of *Belgrade*. From hence we travelled by Night to the noted River *Morava* or *Mofchins*, the chief River of this Country; which arising above in the Mountains in two streams, the one named *Morava di Bulgaria*, the other *Morava di Servia*, after uniting, runs into the *Danube*, at *Zenderin* or *Singiduum*, opposite to the *Rascian* shoar: we passed this River at a place which was broad, somewhat deep, and rapid, and therefore not without some fear, and the continued loud prayer of the *Chiaus* in *Turkish*, and of the Couriers *Ora pro nobis*. This passage put me