

## LE SAÏGE.

Jacques le Saige was a silk merchant of Douai, who died there February 11, 1549. He started on the journey to Jerusalem March 19, 1518, and reached his home on Christmas Day of the same year. His autograph, scratched on a wall of the church of S. Francis at Famagusta, was found in 1901 by M. Camille Enlart. He printed at Cambrai an account of his travels, with the quaint title *Chi sensuyrent les gistes repaistres et despens que moy Jacques le Saige marchant demourant a Douay ay fait de Douay a Rome...et autres lieux. Jusques au retour dudit Douay*. There may have been three issues of this work between 1520 and 1523, but copies are of very great rarity, and Mons. H. R. Duthilloeu did well to publish at Douai in 4to, 1851, the edition from which I translate here pp. 92, 93, and 135—151, though the text needs revision, and the glossary is very meagre. "Messeurs prenes couraige de lire et vous ares du passe temps" (p. 2).

The Flemish livre=8 marcols=20 gros or sols; the sou was worth 12 deniers. His journey, including 22 livres, 10 gros given as presents on the way, cost him 486 livres, 18 gros. To find the money he had to pledge some property in Hainault, for no one would give him cash for his stock of silk.

July 21, 1518. The wind freshened, and towards supper-time we saw the beginning of the island of Cyprus somewhere near the city of Baf, where it is said is the temple of Venus. And about midnight we arrived off Limechon, where we anchored and did not land until the dawn of day.

*The landing at Limechon in Cyprus.* They reckon the distance from Rhodes at 400 miles. July 22, the feast of the Magdalen. We left our vessel and landed at Limechon. It is now a village situated in the open country quite close to the sea, but there is no harbour. There is a castle which is pretty strong, and Limechon was once a walled town and large, but the English left it thus ruined to avenge themselves on the king of Cyprus, who debauched the sister of the king of England, who was returning from the holy voyage to Jerusalem. They sold us wine pretty cheap, but it tasted of pitch, for they put their wine in a large jar pitched within, and draw it thence. It is so hot by day in the summer that we dared not leave our houses. Towards evening we went to see cotton growing; there was a large expanse of it. The twigs are as high as a turnip plant, the pods are as big as the head of a wild poppy; and when the cotton is ripe the head opens, and one sees the cotton. Later we thought to return all of us to sleep in our ship, but our sailors were detained, and we were obliged to return to the houses, and we were even lucky to find such.

July 23. When I awoke I had only to give my head a shake. I went to see a small church where I found a Greek priest who was robing himself to say mass: but as he put on each vestment he made it catch the fumes of a censor. I saw him say mass right through, but it was wonderful to see the ceremonies he performed. There is in Limechon another church where they sing after our rite, and there are five Latin canons. I made my way back to our lodging, and on the way saw capers growing. To write of the other riches of this land I shall wait until our return, for, if God will, we propose to see the chief cities of this realm. Well, just as we had returned to supper, they came to tell us we must get back to the vessel. Seven or eight of our company swore to me they had been in the castle mentioned above, and had been shown the brazen head which spoke to Valentine, the brother of Orson. I have written it down to record the fact; I heard of it late, or would have gone to see it. But I had to return. And as soon as we were on board the anchors were raised and our sails spread. Now I had spent at Limechon 20 gros (pp. 92, 93).