

[September 16, they embarked. Our Jacques found them all ill. He took charge of his old mate Jehan du Bos and another, and did what he could for them, but he was no nurse and wished himself on the market place of Douai. Next day they sailed. He begins to suspect there was plague on board, and drinks freely of the Malmsay he had bought on shore. Then he too got ill, his head ached, and he stumbled about, not knowing whether it were fear or drink. He commended his soul to S. Claude and to our Lady of Weziers, to whom he promised a taper of three pounds weight, and vowed a pilgrimage to S. Adrian. This, he thought, saved him from death. On the 18th an English priest, strong and hearty, died: he was put in the box which carried his provisions, and thrown into the sea. On the 19th another death, on the 20th two. On the 21st Jehan du Bos died, to the satisfaction of the sailors, for they had already played away the nine *marcelli* which they got for making a red cross on the coffin and throwing it into the sea; on the 24th foul winds had driven them back to Paphos, where they got wood and water. A church was visited where they sang in Latin, not far from the spot where the seven sleepers lay so long. "The town is in ruins: it was the first which the English destroyed. But on the seashore there are still two massive towers, and there was once a strong castle. A fine plain lies around, and near the sea fields of cotton were now ripe. Beyond are high mountains covered with scrub. The air is dangerous to strangers." By November 8 the surviving pilgrims had reached Venice, and on Christmas Day Jacques le Saige was again in his home at Douai.]

## BORDONE.

Benedetto Bordone was a native of Padua, an astronomer and geographer, and of great skill as an illuminator of MSS. He may have been the father of Julius Cæsar Scaliger (ob. 1558), a scholar of more learning than taste.

His *Isolario*, an extremely rare book, first printed at Venice in 1528, contains an account of all the islands of the world, and might well be reckoned in its day as a work of great erudition. Each island is illustrated by a map. We translate from pp. LXV, LXVI of the edition *impressa in Vinegia per Nicolo d'Aristotile, detto Zoppino, nel mese di Giugno, del MDXXXIII.*

Towards Syria there lies no island but Cyprus, which has a circuit of 427½ miles, and its length towards N.E. and E. 200 miles. The headland which looks towards the rising sun is called by Ptolemæus *Clides extremæ*, but now Cape Bon Andrea: that which lies to the W. was called Drepano by the ancients, but by the people Trepano. Cape Bon Andrea is 260 miles from Tripoli on the S.E., and from Syria on the S. 80 miles, and from the gulf of Giaccia, called by the ancients the Cilician Gates, on the N.E. and E. 130 miles. On the N. lies Cilicia, from which also it is 80 miles, and the western cape lies S. of Antiocheta, called by the ancients Antiochia, 100 miles.

Such is the situation of this most noble island, which yields to no other in merit. It abounds greatly in wine, oil, wheat, barley, sugar and cotton: it produces veins of various metals, and vitriol of the greatest use in medicine. Eratosthenes says that the fields of Cyprus were so full of trees thickly set that they could not be cultivated, nor could any human device keep the trees down, wherefore the land lay unproductive, albeit, both in the construction of many vessels, and the continuous smelting of metals, an incredible amount of wood was here consumed: and although the island was very powerful on the seas, still in no way and by no human device could the wood be exhausted. Wherefore it was determined in their Council that every man who should cut down these trees so that the land could be