

for courage, and recalling their brave exploits, and the praise and booty which had rewarded them, pointed out what hopes were theirs of still greater things. Here he threatened the most terrible punishments for cowardice: there he promised the highest honours and prizes for valour: he pictured to them the booty and spoils, reminded them of the whole regiment enriched by the sack of Nicosia, and prayed and implored them to bring no shame on troops so lately victorious, to feel no fear before the arms of men to whom they had always been a terror. He reminded them of their successes at Nicosia, and showed them that with equal ease, though with richer fruit, they could achieve another glorious victory, and end the war. Their opponents were the same men, unwarlike or untried: they too were the same, rich in memories of old prowess which had won them the glorious title of conquerors of the earth. No enterprise on which they had embarked but had been crowned with success; from them the world had learned that the fortune of war bows to valour in arms.

With these and like words the Pasha greatly cheered the troops, and then prepared to assist in person at the assault. He wished to see what was doing, and to be seen by his men: to help them with his counsel, and encourage them with his presence. The attack was truly terrible. The Turks fought stoutly, inflamed by the certain hope of that day gaining the city. Our men kept well together, and held their ground with ~~the greatest courage~~ <sup>brave courage</sup>. The enemy might enter their defences, but could not drive out the defenders, as fast as the Turks approached they were scattered, killed, hurled back: and blows which fell on so dense a crowd never fell in vain. This third attack continued for five hours, and was most bravely met. But the soldiers who were set to defend the ravelin at the Limisso gate were thrown into disorder by the enemy's fireworks, and were unable to manœuvre in the small space they could command, so that when at the other points assailed by the enemy the battle was well nigh done, they were still engaged, and suffering very severe losses. They gave way at last, and allowed the Turks to scale the ravelin, and then, every other resource failing them, the commanders took the terrible and fatal, though necessary, resolve at once to fire a mine which they had prepared against this last dread emergency. On the ravelin stood crowded together soldiers from the enemy's camp and from the city, those charging, these retreating, and in a moment, foes and friends were covered with the ruins, "in one red burial blent."

The ravelin lost, there remained between besiegers and besieged only the breadth of the second line of defence, constructed, as we said, of casks and sacks full of earth. The men on either side often talked together and, as soldiers use, flouted one another, the Turks deriding the vain hopes of our men, and telling them that the Christian fleets had by this time fled as far as Venice. Ours, in turn, mocked the enemy who, more like peasants than warriors, trusted so little in their arms that they used spades and shovels. With this raillery was mingled more serious discourse, for the Turks, through some slaves, made proposals for a truce. They had before made many attempts of the same kind by letters addressed sometimes to the chiefs, sometimes to the people of the city, which they sent in upon arrows; but no reply was given to them, nor would the besieged ever agree to parley, and when they found the treacherous devices with which, under the guise of good faith, they threatened our people fail, they betook themselves again to arms, and prepared another attack from the ravelin which was now in their hands. Another engagement followed, in which both sides fought desperately. But the greater glory remained with the besieged, especially with their commanders. Baglione himself, full of daring and more by example than by words, urged his soldiers to fight, and always among the first he pressed on so far that with his own hands he tore from a Turkish standard-bearer a flag, taken in the siege of Nicosia, on which were blazoned the arms of Venice. Luigi Martinengo, who was especially charged with the