

than the Commander of the Stradiots should get it, ordered the cavalry to remain within the walls. Whether the confusion was due to this cause or that, they know; to us it is plain that the cavalry did not leave the city, and that, for all that our men could gaily shout, "Forward, Forward: let the cavalry come up, for the day is ours," those poor soldiers thus abandoned began to despair of cavalry support: that the enemy saw this, and the few of their men who had taken to flight returned with a very large body of horse and foot.

Our troops thus compelled to forego the advantage they had gained, retreated very slowly. Captain Cesare Piovene, Count Scotto and others were killed, and altogether we lost a hundred men, dead or prisoners: among the last was the lieutenant of Captain Lazaro. The rest entered the city with many fine things, valuable daggers of Turkish make, scimitars and arquebuses richly inlaid, *tulipanti* and the like. The story went that Cav. Mangrino, as he came back into the fortress, said, "I have never gone out to attempt some deed of daring without meeting something which looked like treason (*tradimento*)," but I think he meant "an objection (*impedimento*)," because I hear that the Lieutenant's reply was this, "Sir Knight, you are still young and do not know everything."

We never made another sally, so that the enemy came boldly up to destroy our works. The brother of Count Giacomo Ottavio, who was on duty in the Tripoli bastion, chose to go up to an embrasure to watch the enemy's movements, but he had scarcely shown himself when he was struck by a bullet and killed. About August 18 Piali Pasha went to Rhodes, sent to Candia for news, and then set out on his return to Cyprus.

The Turks worked on diligently till they had made a sufficiently convenient way to reach our bastions; they often mounted on them; and planted a flag. Four or six days later they began to make their attack. The assailing parties carried with them good sized bags full of powder, which they threw upon our soldiers, doing great injury. Anyone who took them up to throw them back was burned, and there was no way of dealing with them but to hook them on the point of a pike and push them over among the enemy. Throughout the siege, which lasted forty-five days, they kept up a lively cannonade, trying to destroy our houses. Morning and evening they fired guns of every kind, and very often mortars and *predere*: on Sundays particularly they aimed at the churches. They used even greater efforts to batter the platforms of the bastions, and although they did some damage to our men and works it was not so great as they thought. Many of our people died daily, and murmurs were not lacking about victuals and powder.

For the next few days the usual cannonade was kept up morning and evening, as well as volley firing, while they assailed the Podochatoro, Constanzo, Davila and Tripoli bastions, sometimes two at a time, sometimes all four at once, but they were always valiantly repulsed. Our soldiers used balls, tubes and other fireworks, the enemy attacking us with arquebuses, arrows and bags of powder. One day they made an unusually brisk assault, and after volleys and cannon shots met us hand to hand. Count Giacomo went outside the palisade in the middle of the platform to encourage his men, and was struck on the brow by an arrow, and died of the wound. We thought their arrows were poisoned. The hospitals were now full of wounded, and only four hundred Italian soldiers were left sound. The doctors were too few for the work, and in truth I saw but little charity where I ought to have found it, not only towards the wounded, but the whole, and so to stir the hearts of the rich and great, out of our poor stock I loaded one mule with wine, another with biscuit and yet another with beans and olives, and presented them to our chiefs in the presence of many nobles, and of the bishop of Baffo, to be given to those who were risking their lives for ours. But I found few to imitate me: there were men who did their duty, but it was hard to extract wine from