

announced that the first three who crossed the walls should be made Sanjaqs, while he also who first entered the captured city should at the first vacancy be raised to the rank of Pasha. Thinking that he saw the vigour of his force renewed by these promises he resolved to lead them to a general attack on the following morning. Before sunrise the Turks moved up to the same bastion from which they had been repulsed the day before; but now they found the besieged sunk in sleep. So greatly were they impressed with the hope of coming aid, that they felt secure against fresh attacks: they fancied the Turks were limbering up their guns and preparing to retreat, although the noise which reached them from the enemy's camp was really that of preparation for the final assault.

As it was, without labour or peril the Turks scaled the walls of the Costanzo bastion, crushed the wearied defenders, and dashed wildly into the inmost shelters, while the Count di Rocas was too late to put spirits into his troops, already disordered and flying. He fell by a musket ball, and with him were lost all steadiness, all judgment: the host ran blindly, each man seeking in his own house a treacherous shelter. Pietro Pisani, a Councillor, and Bernardino Pollani, Captain of the Salines, came up, but their presence made little impression on the confused and flying troops. The first was trodden down and killed, the other retreated with a large following into the city, and for a long time held his own against the terrible charges of the invaders. But the Turks were masters of the Costanzo bastion, and pressing on to seize the rest, made terrible havoc, showing no mercy to those who threw down their arms and begged for life, and hacking down the soldiers, and so passed to the square where the citizens held out with a courage and fierceness equal to that of their assailants. At last the Pasha of Aleppo, who had entered the city by the Tripoli bastion, brought up thence three cannon and with repeated shots drove the crowd, disordered and maimed, into the courtyard of the palace. Thither had retreated many distinguished persons, among whom were the Lieutenant and Bishop Contarini. The Pasha despatched to the Lieutenant a Cypriot monk who had fallen into his hands, summoning the citizens to treat. To save their lives they agreed to yield, and by the Pasha's orders laid down their arms, but the doors were scarcely opened when the Turks sprang with their weapons upon the defenceless crowd, and butchered them all, the chiefs, the bishop and every fugitive.

Such was the lamentable end of the wretched citizens, such the tragic fate of Nicosia, a city famed as a fortress, glorying in its buildings, and widely known for its riches. Its happy position, its pleasant climate, the gifts showered on it by nature, the added charms of art, had given it a place among the fairest, strongest and most renowned cities of Europe.

The fortress was theirs, and the Turks set themselves to search it throughout, and to work upon the inhabitants, their houses and churches, the impious barbarities which such nations use towards the cities they conquer. Virgins were violated, matrons dishonoured, nobles and plebeians thrown together into chains, sanctuaries defiled, holy relics scattered and trampled under foot. Yet did not this suffice. The victorious soldiery, satiated with booty, blood and lust, gave further vent to their execrable savagery by tearing from their graves the bones and dust of the dead, and scattering them in fiendish rage over the streets.

The ninth day of September saw the fall of the city. The attacks had lasted fifteen days, during which time so fierce was the fighting, and so many were killed both within and without the walls, that perhaps hardly more lives were sacrificed in the final combat, though in that one day were butchered more than twenty thousand persons of every age and sex. Great was the treasure sent by Mustafa to Constantinople, in presents to the Sultan and chief Pashas, and the number of prisoners of distinction was not inconsiderable. When the greed of commanders and their troops was satisfied, and a garrison of four thousand soldiers had