

a bad smell; this they heaped up before the gate, lighted it, and so with faggots and pitched beams they worked up so fierce a fire that it was impossible to extinguish it, though the Christians kept throwing casks full of water from the high cavalier, which burst over the fire. Our men, by reason of the great heat and the stench, were forced to retire into the city. The Turks went down and dug fresh mines at the sides. We closed the gate which could no longer be kept open, and straightway to the surprise of all they re-made the platform of the ravelin and planted a gun over against the gate, which our men had entirely earthed up with stones, soil and other material.

The position of the city was now desperate; within the walls everything was lacking except hope, the valour of the commanders, the daring of the soldiers. The wine was exhausted, neither fresh nor salted meat nor cheese could be had, except at extravagant prices. The horses, asses, and cats were consumed. There was nothing to eat but bread and beans, nothing to drink but vinegar and water, and this too soon failed. The digging of three mines was heard below in the cavalier of the gate: everywhere the enemy was toiling with more activity than ever: in the ditch opposite the battery of the curtain they kept heaping up a mound of earth as high as the wall, and before long they reached the wall of the counterscarp: opposite the great tower of the Arsenal they constructed a cavalier, all strengthened without with cables, as high as that of the city.

Within the walls were left about five hundred Italian soldiers, sound, but worn with long watches and the toil of fighting under the blazing sun: the most and best of the Greeks were dead, and about July 20 the chief men of Famagosta resolved to write to Signor Bragadino, entreating him that now the fortress was reduced to such a pass, its defenders gone, its supplies spent, with no hope of assistance—since they had sacrificed their lives and goods in pursuit of their safety and their allegiance to the Republic—he would agree to terms of honourable surrender, with due regard to the honour of their wives, and the lives of their children, who would be left in the enemy's clutches: witness the signal lesson of Nicosia, and the help the government gave there. Bragadino answered with words of consolation and encouragement, promising that help would come: allaying, as far as he could, the general terror that prevailed, and sending a frigate to Candia to announce the straits they were in.

The Turks had finished their mines, and fired them on July 29. In the meanwhile the defenders had been trying as usual to restore the parapets which the cannonade had shattered, and as there was no other material left the sacks were made of *carisea* under the superintendence of the Captain of Baffo. The three mines of the cavalier did great damage, throwing down the greater portion of the work, and killing the Governor Rondachi della Stratia. The mine at the Arsenal shattered the rest of the great tower, killing nearly a whole company of our soldiers: only the bases of the two flanks remained whole.

#### Fifth Assant.

The enemy strove to take these two flanks, and to mount on the other batteries: the attack lasted from the twentieth hour until night, and very many Turks were killed. In this fight and others Signor Giacomo Strambali, a Cypriot noble, showed great valour, as well as Tutio Podochatoro, a Cypriot noble, who died bravely: his brother Alessandro, your brother Gioan Filippo Lusignano, and others of our nobles did their duty as knights, and with natural exasperation, for they had seen the slaughter at Nicosia. Your poor brother died eight days before the surrender of the city. May God give him Paradise.