

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 500 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 Famagusta resolved to write to the right worshipful 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. 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 at their request 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 illustrious Tiepolo. The three mines of the cavalier did great damage, throwing down the greater portion of the work, and killing the Governor Rondacchi. The mine at the Arsenal shattered the rest of the great tower, blowing up nearly a whole company of our soldiers: only the two flanks remained whole.