

beneath the ruins of its levelled walls, while of the Christian garrison within it one half had perished, either by famine or the sword.

The accounts given us of the cruelty of Mustafa after the reduction of Famagusta toward those officers who had stood foremost in its defence would indeed be incredible were they not corroborated by numberless authorities whose evidence is indisputable. The *Seraskier*, seems, had expressed a wish to become personally acquainted with these gallant men, and sent them a message to this effect, adding that he should feel complimented if they would make him a call of friendship. To this kindly summons Marco Antonio Bragadino, the former military governor of the city, General Biglioni, Colonel Martinego, and a young artillery officer, named Quirini, at once responded by making their appearance at the Turkish headquarters dressed in full uniform and wearing their swords which they had been permitted, as a special mark of honor, to retain. Mustafa received his visitors graciously, and courteously asked them to be seated by his side. Soon, however, a dispute arose between him and Bragadino, in relation to one of the articles of capitulation which Bragadino accused him of being about to break. "Wretch!" cried the enraged Turk springing hastily to his feet, "have you forgotten that I am the conqueror and you the conquered? A slave must learn to be respectful to his master!" As he spoke he made a sign to his guards and almost simultaneously three naked scimitars flashed before the eyes of the astounded governor, and three Christian heads rolled upon the rich carpet at his feet. Then, with a cynical smile upon his sallow face, Mustafa bade him look upon the quivering trunks of his comrades, and to rest assured that theirs was a happy fate in comparison with that which awaited him. Accordingly Bragadino's nose and ears were cut off, and in this pitiable condition he was obliged for ten days to labor like a beast of burden in carrying earth to one of the bastions of the surrendered city, which the Turks were already engaged in repairing. While thus employed each time that he passed Mustafa, who took pains to put himself in his way, he was forced to bow his head until his lips touched the ground. Finally, after being tortured in various other ways, he was lashed to the slaves' whipping post and flayed alive. His skin was then stuffed with straw (a) and carried in derision through the streets of Famagusta and the camp, under a red umbrella, which among the Turks is symbol of power and dignity while, his head severed from his body, and placed in a box with the heads of Biglioni, Martinego, and Quirini, was sent as a present to the Sultan.

A tablet in the church of St. John and St. Paul (b) at Venice commemorates the virtues, the heroic bravery, and the sad fate of the Christian warriors, of which many a tear has been shed by their tender-hearted countrymen. But the deep damnation of their taking off will cling to the memory of Mustafa, and awaken a feeling of detestation for his character in every gene-

(a) Que su piel, rollena de hono, fuera paseada por el campo en el estado bajo el mismo quitao en carnajo que habia llevado estando que se presento a Mustafa, etc. etc. La Fuente, p. 273. Pelle que carnificos madero detrasissent, cam paleis stramineque repaletam, e.c., etc., Con-tarant (Latin translated of Stefano).

(b) San Giovanni Paolo. Here also is the urn of the heroic Marc Antonio Bragadino, the champion and martyr of Cyprus, cut along his skin ransomed by his family at enormous cost from the Moslem. Flager, Vol. I., p. 140; La Fuente, p. 272.

rous breast whether of Christian or of Moselm, until the time shall be no more; for even the false law which taught him to make war against all those who were accounted enemies of the prophet, yet bade him "be merciful to the suppliant and the vanquished."

With the taking of Famagusta the Turks remained masters of Cyprus. This enabled the Porte to give its undivided attention to the fitting out of a great fleet, which, as soon as it was fully equipped in every particular, sailed from the Golden Horn in quest of that of The Holy League, now gathering reinforcements from all directions, and preparing, under the invincible Don Juan of Austria, to bring the infidel to a decisive action.

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#### SECOND ARTICLE.

DON JUAN left Barcelona for Messina, which had been assigned as the rendezvous of the Christian forces, on the 20th of July, 1571, and on the 9th of August put into Naples, where Cardinal ranvello presented to him the great banner blessed by the Pope, which, as generalissimo of the League, he was to hoist at the masthead of his royal galley. The presentation took place in the chapel of the Franciscan convent of Santa Chiara, amid a brilliant concourse of knights and nobles as had ever been gathered together. "It was a striking scene," says Prescott, "pregnant with matter for meditation to those who gazed on it. For what could be more striking than the contrast afforded by these two individuals; the one in the morning of life, his eye kindling with hope and generous ambition as he looked into the future, and prepared to tread the path of glory under auspices as bright as ever attended any mortal; the other, drawing near to the evening of his day, looking to the past rather than the future, with pale and thoughtful brow, as of one who after many a toilsome day and sleepless night had achieved the proud eminence for which his companion was pining—and had found it barren."

Sailing from Naples on the 21st of August, Don Juan reached Messina on the 25th, the papal and Venetian fleets anxiously awaiting him. The former, although it consisted of but eighteen vessels, was in admirable order, and gave promise of good service on the day of battle, but the latter presented a slovenly appearance, indicative of want of discipline, and greatly disappointed the expectations Don Juan had formed of the armaments of the ancient queen of the Adriatic. His disgust may be gathered from a letter written by him on 30th of Aug. to Don Garcia de Toledo, former viceroy of Sicily, in which, after speaking of various matters and asking Don Garcia's advice in relation to some of them, he says: "I must add that the Venetians are badly fitted and equipped, and worse than all, there is no order or discipline among them, every captain of a galley doing just what pleases him best; a nice condition of things truly, when one reflects that it is in their cause we are about to do battle." Finding in addition, to their other defects, that the Venetian vessels were poorly manned, Don Juan incorporated with their crews several battalions of Spanish infantry, a measure which gave great offence to Veniero, the Venetian admiral, and laid the foundation for a serious difficulty that afterward occurred between him and Don Juan, which, but for the intercession of Colonna, the Pope's

admiral, might have been productive of evil consequences to the Venetian. By the fifth of September, the various contingents of the powers engaging in this new crusade against the Mussulmans had arrived and taken their places in the divisions to which they were assigned, and Olescalco, the Pope's legate, in the name of His Holiness, conferred upon all the Christian warriors special blessings and dismissions, conceding to them the same favours and indulgences as had been conceded former times to the defenders of the Holy Sepulchre. Officers, soldiers and sailors now confessed and received absolution, and the great fleet, lightened of its sins, prepared to take its leave. Owing to bad weather, it did not get away from Messina until the sixteenth of the month. Olescalco watched it from one of the balconies of the convent where he was lodging, till the last sail disappeared below the eastern horizon, when he hastened to Rome to give information of its departure to his master, who was anxiously and impatiently awaiting the tidings.

Reaching Cosfou on the twenty sixth of September, the confederates remained there two days, and on the twenty eighth again put to sea bound to Cephalonia, where they anchored on the first of Oct. Here news reached them of the fall of Famagusta and of the horrible atrocities committed by Mustafa, and bitter were the imprecations heaped upon the *Seraskier's* head by the whole Christian host, but most especially by the Venetians, who made many a solemn vow to avenge their slaughtered countrymen. About daybreak on the morning of the seventh, Don Juan got under way, and about sunrise as the van of the allied forces, led by the Geroese Admiral Andrea Doria, was rounding the islands of Curjolare, at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto, it suddenly came in sight of the Turkish fleet standing toward it, and signalled its approach to Don Juan, who at once ordered a gun to be fired from his flagship, an announcement to the Christians of the proximity of the foe, and of the determination of their youthful admiral to bring him to action.

The sacred banner of the League was now given to the breeze and forthwith confronted by that of the Prophet, waving above the flagship of the Bashaw Ali, the Turkish Grand Admiral; and both commander-in-chief began actively to marshal their forces for the coming engagement.

While this was going on, some of the division commanders, on both sides, endeavored to dissuade their leaders from giving battle. On part of the Turks it was urged not unwisely, that the conquest of Cyprus just completed, should not now be left to the hazard of an hour. "The allies," they urged, "have here assembled the most powerful Christian fleet that has ever been seen on the water of the Mediterranean. If left to themselves they will quarrel and separate, as on former occasions, and may then safely be attacked in detail." But Ali was young and ambitious of fame; and although, it is said, his countenance fell when he beheld the whole extent of the Christian fleet, which he had been led to believe much inferior to his own, yet he masked his fears—if, indeed, he had any—under a forced smile, and cried, with real or affected cheerfulness: "On commanders of the Faithful, this night we shall either have conquered the unbelievers, or be supping with the *houris* in Paradise! To God we belong, to God we must return!—what matters it?"