

CHAPTER III.

OVER was the eventful vigil, and with daybreak floating on the gentle waves, arrived the cadaverous procession just off St. Angelo's, and sometimes even touching the chain. The sad wonder, even at that early hour, brought multitudes to the ramparts; but no one could identify any individual of the melancholy headless swimmers, for their heads were in sacks already sailing for Constantinople. With reverence, therefore, the grand master had the chain opened, and had the whole honoured group lifted from the water and buried together, with all the minute particularities that indicated high respect; no hurry, but profound attention, astonishing for such a time, and if doleful

the wail of the women, tender and pious were the ceremonies, as if all had been peace. Yet scarcely had the large tomb been closed, than Valetta turned to his knights, and as reprisals for that most barbarous extravagance, bade them instantly send circulars to their order everywhere, commanding no quarter to be given to any of those Paynims; and so, till the close of the siege, there was a Turk regularly hanged or shot every day at Citta Vecchia, where there were continual actions of cavalry, and wretches brought prisoners in on purpose.¹ But after that perhaps painful duty, the grand master in his usual mellow tones, and with a most placid aspect, not only deeply affecting to his council, but also to the assembled citizens, and even this promiscuous crowd, said—that St. Elmo's example should only increase our hardihood and hopefulness—that here is a stronger and more extensive station—that we should imitate the heroism of our brethren, in lieu of mourning for their happy, glorious end, and since by washing out in their own blood every sinful blemish, it is, and ought to be our heartfelt belief that they have won a blessed, immortal, eternal diadem—that what else is prescribed by the oath of our illustrious profession?—that what can a knight of St. John's so ardently desire as to die in arms?

¹ Bosio : par. iii. 580.

What greater blessing can be vouchsafed to him by Christ, than to die for His holy creed?—That we should not then lament, but sing songs of triumph;—that much more reason would those accursed infidels have to lament for having lost so many of their choicest soldiers—that if small, feeble St. Elmo cost them so much, what are they to expect from us here?—That ours is certain victory! with God's aid, most certain victory!—that away with impossibilities. In His service are none!—that only think you may, and you can do all things—that it is therefore, you are able to do anything. “In His service I tell you we are omnipotent.” Then addressing more particularly the women, he reminded them that it was St. John's day, so that they must now dry up their tears, and flock as usual to the church, where they would find the accustomed consolations and those holy observances that lift the oppressed spirit, and fill it with joyous ease; and that in the afternoon the popular festivities should take place as usual; for that indeed it would be a great shame if the valiant men of Borgo should not feel as much innocent hilarity as their females. So it was indeed. And when the usual shouts, rattles, bonfires, arose—it may be doubted whether to imitate them was the Moslem wish, and St. John being previous to Christianity, might have been a

saint to them too; howbeit, it is recorded that on that occasion at least the Turks had the very same rejoicings as the Christians.

Well might it be that Valetta had not time then for foreign correspondence. At all events, he wrote to a Spanish knight, Governor of Citta Vecchia, for him to write to Toledo of St. Elmo's fall; that succours of all kinds were necessary, but that he relied chiefly on the order's own, so to send instantly the troops come with the four galleys, and instructs him how to act in case of a blockade; also to write the information touching St. Elmo to the other of their dignitaries not in Borgo.¹ Nevertheless, though Mesquitez performed all the grand master's injunctions exactly, the news of the fall of St. Elmo was sagaciously kept back until the arrival of what is called the small succour, which was landed safely in Malta on the 29th of June.²

It reminds us of Rhodes, that here too the Turk endeavoured to estrange the Maltese from the order; but in truth succeeded no better than with the Rhodians.

With this small succour came what may be termed the cream or most valuable part of the whole: first of all, the Commander, Parisot, the grand master's nephew—

¹ Bosio: par. iii. 579.

² Id.: id. iii. 582.

2nd. A Spanish grandee, Knight of St. James, with his corps of two hundred foot—

3rd. The Prior of Hungary, with some gentlemen—

4th. Sir Augustus Ricca, with hired soldiers, at the expense of the order—

5th. A French Knight, with sixty men from his galley—

6th. The little succour itself; Knights of the order, forty-two—¹

7th. Gentlemen, adventurers of Spain, several being of the highest families, as the Duke of Infantado's brother, twenty; id. of Italy, eleven; id. of Germany, three; of England, two; ² hired gunners, fifty-six; imperial foot, six hundred—in all, seven hundred and thirty-four.

But the knights and gentlemen adventurers were, every one of them, noted warriors, and the gunners and foot were all picked men. That the succours, however limited, should have given much vexation to Mustapha—who was blamed for negligence in letting it pass—and depress the spirits of all the Infidels, is natural, and much consolation to the Christians, as a good omen, and

¹ Of all nations, but chiefly French, Spaniards, Italians, &c.

² John Smith,—Edward Stanley, as becomes his historic house.

sure earnest of what would happen; and therefore it was that the grand master wrote to express his gratitude to Toledo, in a letter dated July 8th, adding, that he feared it would be impossible for any other little succour to enter Borgo, so closely had the enemy blockaded it now; but that with twelve thousand he might easily beat the Turks completely, and perhaps the half would suffice, so broken are they and divided; but that he was very eager for a victorious exit as quickly as possible, from fearing want of water, with such a quantity of helpless people pent up in no vast town.

Andrea Doria at length coming to Sicily with his squadron, and the Duke of Savoy's admiral with his galleys, and those from the Duke of Florence and Piombino, who had received at Terracina, and landed at Messina, six hundred soldiers from the Pope, as a temporary succour, under Colonna, that the grand master might be able to hold out until the arrival of the effectual one, united ardently, requesting to be forwarded to Malta; Doria subjoining that at all events he himself would go. Toledo at first assented, but afterwards considering he should want Doria for the great succour, resolved to transmit immediately, not him, but those of the Papacy, and the adven-

turers, and Zapata, with two hundred Spanish foot, in all twelve hundred men.

But so strict the blockade, that the grand master thought it best to refuse. and made a signal for them to return to Sicily, yet contrived to send the viceroy a letter, that there was no help for it; that rather than a new massacre, and attempts that could not but be fruitless, wait he must, and try to resist until the army came to be master of the pass into Borgo, which implies the entire island; for which twelve thousand men, eighty galleys, and provisions for one month would be quite sufficient. "Yet fearful are our wants." July 11th.

Some believe it was no impossibility, but that the grand master judiciously refused, in order to hasten the radical cure.¹ So the viceroy wrote with his own hand to his Catholic majesty, enclosing the letters of the grand master himself.

Several breaches so wide were effected on the 14th July, that a troop of horse could charge and dismount, and remount quite easily! Yet what served they? In the general assault, thirty thousand pots of wildfire, and the superiority of straight long swords over the scimitar, aided superhuman valour, and the Turks fled with frightful slaughter, while the Christian shout was ever, *Remember St.*

¹ Bosio : par. iii. 596.

Elmo! Consequence was, that a party began to be formed in the Turkish army, favourable to desisting from the Maltese war, as mis-managed from the outset, and therefore could not succeed.

In those sanguinary actions, Commander Parisot, nephew of the grand master, who hoped that high-minded youth, firm, valiant, dressy, handsome, would be his age's staff, was killed with great glory. And memorable and highly generous was the grand master's manner on his being informed of the death of him he loved as his son; and turning to the bystanders, thanked God that his nephew had acquired so blessed and glorious an end, and after pouring out fervently his prayers to the Almighty, "Now" (he cried) "to your duty, and think of it no more," and never did any mortal hear from him another syllable on the subject.

Then originated a dissension between the two pashas, which was certainly a happiness to the Christians; yet not very great, since recorded as a still greater was their finding a spring of potable, though not very excellent water in Borgo.

Sixty heavy cannons now beat on Borgo, and its principal fortress, St. Michael's, and were heard at Sicily. Nor do the Turks think anything of the lives of their soldiery, so they succeed. But the Spanish monarch's answer had arrived for Toledo

to use extreme diligence, and instantly succour Malta at all events, and at what cost soever; wherefore he wrote to the grand master, that by the last of August he would be at Malta with ten or twelve thousand foot;¹ that in a day or two he meant to despatch Doria with four thousand brave Tuscan soldiers; that his royal master had made only one exception in his royal graces, by expressly forbidding him to land in person, as he warmly would have desired, to testify not only his cordial affection for the order, but still more for Valetta himself. The wings of fame and the honoured cry of our defence of Malta had gone forth through the world, and a crowd of volunteers for that noble adventure had met from all parts at Messina; the baronage of Germany, and the counts and practised warriors of France, Spain, Italy, even the remotest spots of Christendom.

Nor suppose that one moment's quiet is allowed to Borgo. No! Just as at St. Elmo. The batteries and every sort of fighting day and night; all along the posts and bastions; landsides, seashores the same incessant conflict never knows the shortest, not truce, but momentary pause. The soldiers necessarily relieved each other for nutriment and brief repose. But scarcely with us the knights. How often had

¹ Bosio : par. iii. 616.

we to drive foes from the parapets to whom a breach had given ingress! How often to root up banners they had planted! Enough that the defence of Borgo was worthy of St. Elmo's. But ended differently! Gallantly did our turcopolier command his foreign companions; and troops for that post of England had one of the two pashas¹ for assailant personally on Friday, 3rd of August, and there naturally fought whatever Englishmen were in Malta at that time, belonging to the order or not. At least those two already named; and probably some few others, whose names are lost. According to a Spanish soldier, who deserted and became a renegade, there remained now but five hundred combatants alive in Borgo; and these extenuated and wounded, every one of them. He stated that the rest of the population consisted of superannuated persons and children and women, the sick, the dangerously wounded, and the blind or lame; that nearly all the ammunitions were consumed; that by the grand master's orders no more cannon were fired, except in cases of inevitable necessity; preserving the powder for the harquebusses; that of war pikes and wildfire there was no more; all broken or bent, and badly ironed, medi-

¹ Piali, the Admiral, and perhaps more formidable than Mustapha.

cines all gone; that however Giaours were too obstinate ever to surrender, so that the only way was to exterminate them all, and take care they get no further succour.

True or false, what cared the pashas? But they told it to their troops to encourage them. The two in spite of former disagreements, agreed again against the Christians. Mustapha undertaking St. Michael with Senglea, and Piali, Borgo—dividing their efforts for the second assault before dawn on Tuesday, August 7th.

Then amongst several others fell regretted by all Christendom one of the rarest and most able captains in the whole Spanish army. But both Mustapha's assault and Piali's, though exceeding bloody, were unsuccessful.¹

Our cavalry from Citta Vecchia made a diversion on the enemy's rear; and after one more tremendous struggle, in which every grade, order, condition, and each sex exerted themselves herocially, the day was won. As soon as all was quiet, the grand master hastened to the church to hear *Te Deum* sung for our new victory. To cull an individual from the vast number of infidels then slain, probably the worthiest and best-conducted person in Islam, to say a great deal, was the Bey of

¹ Bosio: par. ii. 629.

Rhodes, as remarkable for acuteness of intellect and valour as for goodness.¹ More horrible and mortal still, were the attacks and batteries of the Turks the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of August; perhaps from some intelligence that Toledo was coming, and to reduce the defence to cinders previous to his arrival. However that might be, the firing on the Castille post began to lessen its severity on the 17th, whence ours suspected a mine, as was indeed discovered; so we made a countermine. Mustapha reflecting that summer was nearly over, that he had lost so many men killed or wounded, that no succour was coming from Constantinople for him, while that for the Christians was to appear every moment; having learned from his two spies that same morning, that at the port of Saragossa in Sicily, were thirty-six ships, a hundred and thirty six galleys at Messina, with above ten thousand infantry in the King of Spain's pay, awaiting additional troops from Italy; and that Toledo was quite prepared to sail himself against the Turkish forces in Malta—that St. Elmo had cost him so dear—that St. Michael's and Borgo were not yet taken, and the siege of St. Angelo not even commenced, he had a long consultation with Piali and others of his captains; when the deter-

¹ Bosio : par. iii. 630.

mination, as a last and only remedy, to finish the whole affair, was taken, to recur to three or four general assaults, not separately, but continuously; the most impetuous and terrible they possibly could, with the firm resolution to storm, and always replace the stormers with fresh ones; changing them and refreshing by turns, in such a manner that one-half of the army was always at rest, while the other half was at the combat; so that, without once ceasing, they should oblige the besieged to be always in the extreme of labours and dangers, without one single instant of repose, or for meals. Most clearly it follows, that, having ceaselessly to defend those feeble ramparts against an onset so interminable and furious, without ever changing, or having quiet, food, or sleep—flesh in the long run not being able to resist steel—they must, at last, be consumed away by that intolerable fatigue and those prolonged vigils—extenuated by famine, they could not but fall, particularly with Turkish artillery and their unequalled harquebussiers. “Then must every one of the Giaours be slain. Even already the breaches are ample and numerous, and like an easy walk, or most smooth wide highway. Then is there not the glory! And I the Pasha, promise you a great recompense!” So cried Mustapha, and after many feints and stratagems,

to intimidate us and ours, an immensity of Moslems covering all Scheb-Erras, marched down to the seaside; sure sign the assaults were at hand. The whole night was devoted, by the grand master, to visiting all his posts; yet the next day had nearly passed, when suddenly an attack was made on the post of Castille; and a huge red banner on a golden-headed pole, with a horse-tail flying at its end, was planted on its bastion, that most people thought Borgo taken; but not at all. The grand master, unarmed, and talking in the square, quietly took his helmet from his page, and putting it on his head, advanced thither with a lance that some one put in his hand. Nothing could stop him; not even the revered prayers of one of the chief dignitaries of his order. And hastening to the bastion, where seven soldiers had just been slain by one cannon ball, he placed himself among the pikemen, at the breach, just like a private; and seemed to think on nothing but doing his duty as such.¹

And the urgency gone, he established his residence at that bastion, nor were any intercessions of his knights, repeating Toledo's maxim, able to change his continuing there for the rest of the siege, declaring no other spot so especially becoming him, and that he much preferred a death honour, in com-

¹ Bosio: par. iii. 638.

pany of his own dear knights. Then no doubt it became our habitual usage to sleep armed on the parapets.

The Turks encountering so desperate a resistance, could not be induced the whole of the next night to attack us anew. But at dawn, the pasha having hung out the signal for assault general, his army rushed forward with three shouts, the loudest ever heard. Not to me only (says Bosio), but also to the best writer in the world, it would be impossible to relate properly the many heroic deeds in that day and the two following! nor of any one in particular, but of every one who fought there on those days, the same may be truly said, and deeds of superhuman heroism are to be ascribed to every one of them; nor is that asserted on any other authority than the very highest. Five similar assaults were given to St. Michael's, with similar results. Proclamation was made next, that the sack of the whole city and all it contained were all allotted to the troops by the Grand Seignior's orders, reserving nothing to himself, with the sole exception of the grand master's person.¹

These continuous assaults made many think the pashas had determined a universal massacre, as at St. Elmo; yet even with that belief, only two of

¹ Bosio: par. iii. 646.

the multitude of Christians, one an assistant gunner, and the other a Greek sailor—so neither of them even private soldiers, but of a still lower class—deserted at that solemn moment to save their vile lives. Finally Mustapha, seeing the unconquerable spirit, and that even women and children fought like stout men, yet fearing to return to Constantinople without accomplishing what Solyman had ordered, resolved to stay the whole winter, and starve the besieged out.

To this Piali would not consent, but openly protested he would return home with his fleet, before the bad season came on and would take all the marines, and recall them from the land force, for that for them he was responsible, which some impute to jealousy.¹ Notwithstanding internal agitation, which he only revealed to a few friendly advisers, Mustapha assumed a smiling face, and mounting his horse, assured his troops they had only to continue the assault for the next night and day, and that the worn-out Giaours could not but yield; to which the Spahis and Janissaries replied they were fatigued, and that it was clearly the will of God Malta should not be taken by the Turk. On which, Emirs, Dervishes, Moolahs, and Moors, asked to have the honour of leading next morn-

¹ Bosio : par. iii. 647.

ing's storm; to enter the restive city or die for their faith. Then Spahis and Janissaries ashamed reclaimed their rightful place. But Mustapha only allowed it in half; and that companies of both parties should storm together, and relays of both be prepared to repose in their turn.

The grand master went to the infirmary, where summoning into the hall of arms all the wounded who could move from their beds, said, "Although I too am severely wounded, yet I contrive to continue my duty (instead of calling medical aid, which I sadly want), in my concern for the common benefit and the greatness of the need. Other valiant knights and soldiers do the same, and remain on guard on the parapet, though they are almost all wounded men, and none but are fatigued in the extreme and deprived of the greater part of their bodily strength; but nevertheless stand unconquered in mind and full of vigour. For plainly do they see that things are at a crisis; when it is better to end life valiantly fighting with arms in their hands (in which consists their only hope of safety in this world) than basely wait to be massacred in hospitals or houses, or undergo torments from most cruel barbarians firmly resolved not to spare a single soul of them."

And enough were these few words, which pene-

trated like sharp darts into every one; and drawing power from their very weakness, none remained in the hospital except those already in the final agony. In arms the wounded human beings hurried to the ramparts, where who could, fought; and who could not fight, there assisted the combatants. On that day was shot an arrow from the Turkish line to ours with a scroll containing nothing but Thursday; which carried to the grand master, he recognised as from one of his spies signifying the foe had determined to give one or two other storms, and then depart.¹ Fact is, the next assault general ensued at dawn on Tuesday, perhaps fiercer than any preceding, and it lasted longer in two relays until night, that is twelve hours without an instant interval; and so thick the smoke that they could scarcely distinguish each other. Women and children absolutely showed most astonishing and little short of peerless ability. By the goodness of God, Mustapha neither by threats nor promises could engage his army to a new assault. So there were different snatches of comparative quiet, and the grand master wrote to Toledo complaining of the delay of succours; that all his knights could do was to die in that defence, and that there was too much languor in a matter of

¹ Bosio: par. iii. 648.

such importance. And the Turks found they had lost eighteen thousand of their choicest and bravest men. And now the Moslem scope was to shut up the port entirely by a great many beams of timber joined to each other; which pleased the grand master, since it disclosed they did not know his hopes of immediate succour, and meant to conquer the island first.

The conflux of adventurers of all nations and of two hundred and fifty knights of the order, who had met at Messina, engaged Toledo to move to the succour of Malta at last; after being told by one of those knights that if he left his brethren without aid, and that they perished, it would be a great shame for both him and his royal master, and a mighty loss to the whole of Christendom. Was this ill-will in Toledo? Certainly not! Since many of his family had been in the order, and recently his best beloved son had been killed during this very siege; and he missed no good opportunity of expressing his gratitude to Valetta for procuring his being nominated viceroy, as well as captain general of the imperial fleet. But he was extremely cautious and fearful of squandering the lives of the troops entrusted to him. So in the three or four days next following the 20th of August, he embarked what is called the *Third*. Knights of Provence 29.

Knights of Auvergne 37.¹ Id. of France 42.²
 Id. of Italy 60.³ Id. of Arragon 56.⁴ Id. of
 Casille 22.⁵ Id. of Germany 2. Knights of St.
 Stephen 40. The Italian adventurers under the
 most illustrious noblemen, Corgna, the two
 Colonna, Vitelli, Sforza, Palavicino, Rangone,
 Gonzaga, Peschara, Rocca, Pio, Pallavuini 531.⁶

Spanish adventurers under Cardenas, Cefuentes,
 Guzman, Granuella 104.⁷ Other Italian and French
 18. Other Spaniards 70.⁸

To the above several must be added to make
 them as said, eighteen hundred.

Spanish regular troops, five thousand; Italian
 ditto, one thousand seven hundred; so that in all
 eight thousand five hundred were the body with
 which Toledo sailed for Malta on the 25th of
 August.⁹

¹ Of whom a Grammont, D'Aubusson, Beauregard.

² Lions, Boutillier, Beloy, De la Fontaine, Vieux Ponts,
 Damas, Neuville.

³ Gonzaga, Orsino, Rovero, Grimaldi, Spina, Lomellino,
 Rocca, Brusca, Malaspina, Alliata, Carmignano, Del Pozzo,
 Villa, Carretto, Cenami, Valperga, Tapparello, Pucci, Castiglione,
 Serra.

⁴ Toledo, Sano, Mugnoz, Cabrera.

⁵ Guzman, Henriquez, Lara, Avila.

⁶ Savorgnano, Serbelloni, D'Appiano, Gambacorta.

⁷ Rosalez, Solo, Gomez, Zapata, De la Cerda, Benavides,
 Lanoy, Cogny.

⁸ Padilla, Molo, Guimeran, Salazar, Aranguela, Ruys, D'Eredia,
 Vivez, Navarro.

⁹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxi. 668.

In the meantime, without precisely assaults general, the cannonade and mining went on as before, at Borgo. The breaking of the weather induced hopes in the Maltese that the Turks would sail away. And now the Post of Castille had become so little tenable, that the grand master was warmly conjured by his knights to retire into St. Michael's with the order's archives, and the account books of the treasury; but he positively forbade any such request again, for that he would live or die on that post of Castille. And to end the question, ordered most of the forces in that fortress to leave it, and come to join him where he was, and then had the wooden drawbridge between it and Borgo sawed asunder; thus extinguishing all possibility of getting into the former, reputed one of his noblest actions.¹

Mustapha is said to have published in his army that the Grand Seignior had instructed him to winter at Malta, if he could not take it earlier; whence the Janissaries and their companions, apprehensive of having to abide so long on that sterile rock, determined to storm obstinate Borgo; as they did most resolutely during three hours, but were at last driven back with universal scorn. And then it was that poor De la Cerda,

¹ Bosio : par. iii., lib. xxxii. 675.

who had sustained some blemish for quitting St. Elmo, but now conducting himself heroically, received that bad wound, of which he died, after lingering in torments for ten days in the hospital.¹

Mustapha, hearing firing in the direction of Citta Vecchia, decided on doing what the late Dragut had said he should have done from the first; and as it had been represented untenable, and would not require more than a *coup de main*, he promised the Janissaries they might sack it, and keep all the persons in it as slaves for themselves; which pleased that terrible corps much.

He marched with four thousand infantry the last of August, leaving to Piali the continuation of the siege of St. Michael's and Borgo. The four thousand were almost all Janissaries, along with a quantity of stakes, and engineers and their tools, and about thirty horse; and after having reconnoitred Citta Vecchia within cannon-shot, he surrounded it. But Mesquitez, the governor, making not only his soldiery, but also a number of useless people go to the ramparts with firelocks, caused the place to appear much better garrisoned than it really was. So Mustapha thought better of the matter; and retiring to sup and pass the night at the grand master's house at Boschetto,

¹ Bosio : par. iii., lib. xxxii. 680.

went back next morning to his former camp, where he found Piali had pitched his own tent, exactly facing the post of Auvergne.¹

On the 4th of September appeared Toledo's fleet off Gozo, and began landing his troops on the island of Malta.² Yet had that beginning but a delusive aspect to the Christians; who considered it little better than idle talk, when he sailed, they thought, back to Sicily. However, even his appearance had been favourable to us in this, that it forced Mustapha to give up the assault general he had projected, on the basis of the unwillingness of the Turks to winter in Malta; it cowed them to that degree, that they allowed a small party to venture a sortie, and burn the principal of their besieging machines. Yet replete with persuasion, that his return to Constantinople without having taken Malta, would incur his master's merciless indignation, he rather than face the likes, preferred any other imminent and manifest danger of perishing where he was.

Not so the other pasha, who desired ardently to get back with the fleet whole and healthy,³ believing Solyman a reasonable man, who as a statesman

¹ Bosio : par. iii., lib. xxxii. 684.

² Id. : id., id. 685.

³ Id. : id., id. 687.

could not but prefer saving his fleet and army after such mighty efforts; when remained but provisions for twenty-five days and neither artillery nor ammunition for the siege of St. Angelo, even if they had taken Borgo and St. Michael's; so it was concluded to expend an extreme effort in storming the ramparts once more with utmost vigour; and then, whether successful or not, at all events go home; for that in the one case they would return with glory, though they did not take St. Angelo; and in the other they would have done all that man can do, his best; and so neither have merited, nor should undergo punishment. Again did several of the Janissaries openly assure Mustapha it was certain Allah chose they should not take Malta.¹

Nor were the Christians deficient in preparing for resistance, not only with courage, but with pride that Malta should have sufficed without succour from Toledo or any one else; relying on themselves alone.

Andrea Doria, arriving from his cruise, learned with surprise and vexation that succour was not as yet landed. So at length on the 7th of September it was disembarked in the island of Malta at that part called Tremeca, over against Gozo. Yet was it neither twelve nor ten thousand men, but what

¹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxii. 688

some reduce to eight thousand and three hundred.¹ Toledo after seeing it forwards about a mile, and having promised it a re-inforcement of five or six thousand foot, to be brought by himself in that same fleet within five or six days, retired on board, and straight for Sicily.

Two hours before dawn at the tinkling of a bell, "Ho Paynims, come on!" from our impatient wall shouted the already risen Christians—not one of whom was aware of the landing of the succour, and that it was marching towards them.

Full of mental energy and confidence at this to be the last assault, they lined the ramparts with utmost heroism; and even the lowest class threw stones towards the enemy, on whom they poured execrations and defiance. But of the infidels none were advancing, although now it was clear dawn. Christians thought they overheard Turkish whispers about what some interpretations referred to dissensions between the two pashas, and others between Spahis and Janissaries, as to which should head the storming party, and many to complaints regarding our fortifications being better manned than ever. And behold, to the excessive wonder of ours (it was now sunrise or later) the Turks, emerging and defiling from beneath our walls, be-

¹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxii. 690.

gan retreating. Not one of us divined the truth. Whether Piali's small craft had brought him intelligence of the Spanish succours; or that nothing certain had arrived, but only an uncertain rumour slid around; fact is, Mustapha commenced suspecting what really occurred opposite Gozo, and his troops instead of mounting to the assault, took quite a contrary direction.¹ However a mistake in the signals prevented the grand master from knowing of any disembarkment in any part of the island, and left him still more ignorant than the rest. Until within half an hour of noon, he disbelieved all such reports as idle fables. Nor even was quite persuaded although he headed the people to thank God, and had all the church bells ring a merry peal, after a silence of three months; but no salutes of cannon, seeing little gunpowder remained. As soon as it was sure that the Spanish army had landed, the Turks determined to profit of that night to embark their artillery and burn their camp. And one of them pondering on the miraculous defence, and the ignominious sequel, concluded that the Christian faith was much better; so with a resolve to be Christianized, deserted to Borgo before light, and announced that the Mahometans had em-

¹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxiii. 693.

barked and sailed off. And he was veracious as to the greater part ; but a few lingered yet, amongst whom Mustapha himself, and ventured some ineffectual attempts. At length the grand master wrote an announcement of his victory to the Pope, and through him to all Christendom, dated September 11th. That letter still exists to tell its own story, and shall be in the Appendix.¹ Toledo would have everything to be attributed to his succours. The Maltese, with proper pride, to their own efforts, and that the cause was won prior to the Spaniard's arrival. It was the demon of ill, who was at his function, disseminating dissension.² But finally the whole remaining Moslem force, quite dispirited, made sail back for the Levant, on the 20th of September.

Toledo came at last to Malta, and the grand master went down to the beach to meet him; and there those two renowned captains cordially shook hands, which softened the bystanders to tears. And the grand master gave a splendid supper to the viceroy and all his officers; and after it he and Valetta spent most part of the night in consulting whether it were better to pursue the Turkish fleet or undertake the siege of Tripoli in Barbary—but finally

¹ Appendix, cexxx.

² Bosio : par. iii., lib. xxxiii. 704.

decided for the last. So in that direction Toledo sailed with the greater part of the Third.¹

Yet very grave must have been Valetta's thoughts, when given leisure to collect them; for he saw but ruins all around, and an uninhabited waste, where a populous island had lately stood, and his order reduced desperately. A plan occupied his intellect, and appeared the only way to put down that terrible despotic power; by depriving it of the means of making a similar invasion any more. Yet the destruction of the arsenal shall not be attempted in his life-time! If any effect it ever! Borgo was then changed into Vittoriosa, its present name. About nine thousand of the victors were killed at Malta. Yet of the knights here is an abstract. In Bosio are the names: Provence, 18; Auvergne, 4; France, 21; Italy, 50; Arragon, 14; Germany, 4; Castille, 18.

These are the victims registered in the Order's Church, and for whose souls anniversaries are solemnized. If included in the nine thousand, how small a fraction of it they make! But they were not other than the superior officers of their hired and volunteer troops, as often observed. Besides in the registers are only the downright and immediately slain, or those, whose mortal wounds produced death during the siege; and not even all of these. In no list are

¹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxiii. 707.

given the (however grievously) wounded and maimed for life.

When Solyman received the despatch of the two pashas he let it fall, as thunderstruck with astonishment, and exclaimed, "It is only in my own hand that my sword is invincible!" The despatch rated the Turkish loss at thirty thousand men.¹

¹ Bosio: par. iii., lib. xxxiii. 714.