

which had so discouraged the Spaniards, was really what contributed most to the success of their enterprise; for the Sieur de la Vigne, who was on guard, seeing the soldiers all drenched with rain, took pity on them, and allowed them to go and rest before others came to relieve them: the continuance of the storm banishing every idea of there being any thing to fear from the enemy.¹

Menendez, on his side, had resumed his march at day-break, after ordering all his men to follow, under pain of death. He soon found himself at the foot of a hill, behind which the Frenchman, who still accompanied him, declared that Caroline stood, and only about three musket-shots off. Menendez ascended the hill, and seeing only some houses, which concealed the fort, wished to go and reconnoitre, but the maestro-de-campo would not permit him, going himself with Ochoa. These two officers examined the fort leisurely; but as they were returning to report to the general what they had seen, they mistook one road for another, and a Frenchman discovering them gave the *qui vive!* Ochoa replied *France*, and the man, taking them for countrymen, approached.²

Ochoa went to meet him, and the soldier, perceiving his error, stopped. Ochoa ran at him, and without thinking, or taking time to draw his sword, dealt him a blow with it in the scabbard on the head. He did not injure him greatly, as the soldier parried the blow with his sword; but the maestro-de-campo gave him a second, that stunned and brought him to the ground. He then put the point of his sword to his breast, because he began to cry out, and told him to hold his tongue or he was a dead man. He then bound him and took him towards Menendez, who at the man's cry had supposed the maestro-de-campo killed. Turning towards his sergeant-major, Francis Recalde, and Andrew Lopez Patiño, who with their companies stood

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It is surprised.

¹ Le Moigne de Morgues in De Bry, p. 24. Laudonniere, p. 197. ² Barcia, *Ensayo Cronologico*, p. 80.