

not be undone in so short a time. But this proved to be quite a lucky mischance: for in this way our people were well shielded during the fight, so that the English were not able to pick out any particular one for their musket shots, and fewer men were killed or wounded.

At their approach, as it is usual to call upon them to say who they are, our people called out in [234] sailor-fashion their "O O." But the English did not respond in this tone, but in another far more violent — with loud volleys from musket and cannon. They had fourteen pieces of artillery and sixty musketeers, trained to serve on ships, etc., and came to attack us upon the flanks, in front, behind, and wherever there was need, in regular order, as well as foot soldiers do on land.

The first volley from the English was terrible, the whole ship being enveloped in fire and smoke. On our side they responded coldly, and the artillery was altogether silent. Captain Flory cried, "Fire the cannon, fire," but the Cannoneer was not there. Now Gilbert du Thet, who in all his life had never felt fear or shown himself a coward, hearing this command and seeing no one obey it, took a match and made us speak as loudly as [235] the enemy. Unfortunately, he did not take aim; if he had, perhaps there might have been something worse than mere noise.

The English, after this first and furious volley, came alongside of us, and held an Anchor ready to grapple our bitts. Captain Flory very opportunely paid out more cable, which stopped the enemy and made them turn away, for they were afraid if they pursued us we would draw them into shallow water;