

in upon the land, when the fort made a shot at us, but willingly sent it short, to which we made answer by one shot to seawards. The fort then fired other two guns, which were meant to strike us, one being aimed between the mizen and ancient staff, and the other between the main and foremasts. They then fired one gun without shot, to which we answered in like manner; on which they sent off a boat with a flag of truce, the current still setting us towards the shore, there being no wind to fill our sails, and no ground at 100 fathoms, so that we could in no way keep off. There were two galleys riding under the fort, which, on their boat putting off, fired two blank shots. The boat came and made fast to our stern, having two Spaniards of some rank, who were known to Hernando, the Spaniard we brought from Bantam. These Spaniards were sent from Don Fernand Byseere, the captain-general of Tidore, to enquire who we were, what we came for, and why we did not come to anchor under the fort. Being requested to come aboard, they said they were enjoined to the contrary, wherefore I made wine and bread be handed down to them from the poop, which they fell to lustily, although under the heaviest rain I ever saw, yet would not come aboard. I told them we were subjects of the king of Great Britain, as they might well see by our colours; but they said the Dutch had often passed by scot-free by shewing British colours, which was the reason they had fired the second sharp-shot at us, thinking we were Dutch. I sent word to the Spanish commandant, that I had every inclination to serve the subjects of the king of Spain, as far as in my power, but meant to anchor farther on, where, if Don Fernando pleased to come aboard, I should give him the best welcome I could.

The Spaniards went away well satisfied with this answer, and as a fine breeze immediately sprung up, we stood along shore. The captain-general sent off to me the pilot-major of the galleys, Francisco Gomez, a man of good presence, to bid me welcome, offering his assistance to bring my ship into the best anchorage under the fort, or any where else about the island. Being dark, he brought us to an anchorage, about a league and a half from the fort, at a place where he said there was no force; and, after supper, he entreated to be set ashore, as the captain-general meant to dispatch letters to Don Jeronimo de Sylva, the *maestre del campo* at Ternate, for instructions concerning our visit. On the