

Civilization 296

Chapter 296: Experiment with Primitive Gunpowder Weapons_3

"Grenadiers need to be tall and strong. The effective throwing distance is between ten and more than twenty meters. The distance for lethal damage against unarmored targets is within seven paces, and within five paces for Cotton Armor. If facing a shield, the explosion must occur within three paces. The sound of the explosion can greatly intimidate the enemy and severely strike at their morale,"

Xiulote shook his head slightly; in his view, the power of these most primitive hand grenades was quite limited. However, Bertade and the many Samurais had long been filled with awe, looking at the spiked sphere as if it were a Divine Object, full of amazement. This is the power of the Heavenly Divine!

"The preparation, ignition, and throwing of the Clay Tribulus take a long time, and to avoid enemy attacks, the throwing distance is also very short; the weapon works best against dense formations... Thus, it seems the occasion when this weapon can exert its greatest power is not in field battles, but rather in siege warfare, given to the daring Vanguard!"

The young man pondered for a moment, and suddenly, his eyes lit up. Then he smiled, nodding, and looked toward the people who revered him as the Heavenly Divine.

"Continue!"

With the help of several laborers, a rudimentary Copper Hoop wooden cannon was transported to the center of the field. A mound of earth for shooting had already been built by the laborers, and the wooden cannon was secured with a wooden frame. Afterward, under the direction of the Craftsman, the laborers clumsily filled the cannon barrel with Gunpowder.

In front of his highness, the Craftsmen only filled with eight or nine jin of coarse black gunpowder, not daring to fill it completely. Then they added a dozen or so jin of pebbles into the muzzle, pulled out a fuse, and sealed the muzzle with cotton, aiming at a straw man fifty paces away.

Xiulote nodded. The young man embraced Talaya's arm and pulled her back seventy to eighty paces. Then twenty Samurais raised their shields, creating a three-layer defensive shield formation in front. Only then did his highness order to light the fuse and fire the cannon.

After a long series of breaths, there was only a "boom" of a loud noise, followed by a "crash" of impact.

Xiulote strode out from behind the shield formation, only to see the wooden cannon recoil several paces backward, with all the surrounding laborers prostrate on the ground, praying in fear. Fifty paces away, a plume of smoke and dirt shot up, and the straw man in the test area had disappeared. Once the smoke cleared, the young man took a few more steps forward, only to see the scattered straw man, pebbles embedded densely into the mud, and Leather Armor torn as if it were a sieve.

Xiulote walked from the densest center of the pebbles, judging the dispersal of the shooting ammunition. Then, he ordered the Samurais to set up a wooden frame, placing many shields at distances of fifty to one hundred meters, and continued to light the fuse and test fire.

The repeated bombardment, accompanied by the terrifying blasts, was like the roar of a mythological wilderness beast, shaking the souls of all the Samurais. This was the weapon of the Heavenly Divine from mythology, the beast raised by the Heavenly Divine!

Yet, in Xiulote's view, compared to a real Copper Cannon, this wooden cannon was more like a large firecracker used to scare people.

Within one hundred meters, it could inflict certain damage on unarmored targets, and only within fifty meters could it harm those in Cotton Armor. Facing Samurais with shields and Armor, it would need to be within thirty meters to deliver sufficient force. The firing speed of the wooden cannon was extremely slow, with fixing, loading, igniting, cleaning, checking, and resetting; the Craftsmen could only fire one or two shots in a quarter hour. After firing a dozen or so shots, the Craftsmen hurriedly reported that there might be a danger of the barrel bursting. As for the accuracy of the wooden cannon, it could only maintain a general direction, and deviating by more than ten meters was the norm.

Looking at these new Gunpowder Weapons, Xiulote was dissatisfied for a long time, and then he smiled with satisfaction.

"It's time to give Aweit a surprise!"

Xiulote turned his back, gazing toward the palace of the Northern Capital in the distance. Behind him were the admiring young lady, the loyal Samurais, and the people who kneeled in awe.