

which they had
saw these, they
the prior's cattle
e, between the
toward the city.
dy friars sallied
the marauders.
n he heard that
re was kindled;
ed and galloped
he rescue of his
ugging and full-
hem, they were
rees, and to re-
to a squire, to
turned himself,
ee. The stout
galloped beyond
s and cries arose
ors, both horse
out Prior of San
ained to render
s patron saint,
ong the Moors,
of spirit and a
ave was in the
el in the dust.
e running to his
They rushed
" and began to
camp than of
between cowl
lies of the in-
among a multi-
was struck to
of a cimeter;
of twenty, fell
nd his brethren
g incessantly,
s with as good
followers.
f the fighting
m was given,
emy! To the

rescue! to the rescue!" The whole Christian host was in agitation, but none were so alert as those holy warriors of the Church, Don Garcia, Bishop of Cordova, and Don Sancho, Bishop of Coria. Hastily summoning their vassals, horse and foot, they bestrode their steeds, with cuirass over cassock, and lance instead of crosier, and set off at full gallop to the rescue of their brother saints. When the Moors saw the warrior bishops and their retainers scouring to the field, they gave over the contest, and leaving the prior and his companions, they drew off toward the city. Their retreat was soon changed to a headlong flight; for the bishops, not content with rescuing the prior, continued in pursuit of his assailants. The Moorish foot-soldiers were soon overtaken and either slaughtered or made prisoners: nor did the horsemen make good their retreat into the city, until the powerful arm of the Church had visited their rear with pious vengeance.¹ Nor did the chastisement of Heaven end here. The stout prior of the hospital, being once aroused, was full of ardor and enterprise. Concerting with the Prince Don Enrique, and the Masters of Calatrava and Alcantara, and the valiant Lorenzo Xuarez, they made a sudden assault by night on the suburb of Seville called Benaljofar, and broke their way into it with fire and sword. The Moors were aroused from their sleep by the flames of their dwellings and the shouts of the Christians. There was hard and bloody fighting. The prior of the hospital, with his valiant friars, was in the fiercest of the action, and their war-cry of "San Juan! San Juan!" was heard in all parts of the suburb. Many houses were burnt, many sacked, many Moors slain or taken prisoners, and the Christian knights and warrior friars, having gathered together a great cavalgada of the flocks and herds which were in the suburb, drove it off in triumph to the camp, by the light of the blazing dwellings.

A like inroad was made by the prior and the same cavaliers, a few nights afterward, into the suburb called Macarena, which they laid waste in like manner, bearing off wealthy spoils. Such was the pious vengeance which the Moors brought upon themselves by meddling with the kine of the stout prior of the hospital.

¹ *Cronica General*, pt. 4, p. 338.