ne mouth of the ips, and several hovering about it force of ships my to assail hip, speed for succor e enemy had not alarm, the re-enhowever, had it ver the sea, and rior force. The elf vigorously and put the rest king had heard rd of the river, to the seacoast, tly rejoiced, and e river.

ngust that King having encamped earts and valiant er. From hence ntiago, with two re warlike friars, Aznal Farache. Ebla, sallied forth he cavaliers were hundred cavad Alonzo Tellez

ured the opposite ree four hundred dismay throughelbes, and, after slaying or capey made repeated ody combats with is hardy band of eir little camp on d Farache. This he river, and its est its formidable

oked down upon

this little camp of Christian eavaliers, and saw them sallying forth and careering about the country, and returning in the evenings with cavalcades of sheep and cattle, and mules laden with spoil, and long trains of captives, they were exceedingly wroth, and they kept a watch upon them, and sallied forth every day to fight with them, and to intercept stragglers from their camp, and to carry off their horses. Then the eavaliers concerted together, and they lay in ambush one day in the road by which the Moors were accustomed to sally forth, and when the Moors had partly passed their ambush, they rushed forth and fell upon them, and killed and captured above three hundred, and pursued the remainder to the very gates of the castle. From that time the Moors were so disheartened that they made no further sallies.

Shortly after, the Master of Santiago receiving secret intelligence that a Moorish sea-captain had passed from Seville to Triana, on his way to succor the castle of Aznal Farache, placed himself, with a number of chosen cavaliers, in ambuscade at a pass by which the Moors were expected to come. After waiting a long time, their scouts brought word that the Moors had taken another road, and were nearly at the foot of the hill on which stood the eastle. "Cavaliers," eried the master, "it is not too late; let us first use our spurs and then our weapons, and if our steeds prove good, the day will yet be ours." So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and the rest following his example, they soon came in sight of the Moors. The latter, seeing the Christians coming after them full speed, urged their horses up the hill toward the eastle, but the Christians overtook them and slew seven of those in the rear. In the skirmish, Garci Perez struck the Moorish captain from his horse with a blow of his lance. The Christians rushed forward to take him prisoner. On seeing this, the Moors turned back, threw themselves between their commander and his assailants, and kept the latter in cheek while he was conveyed into the castle. Several of them fell covered with wounds; the residue, seeing their chieftain safe, turned their reins and galloped for the eastle, just entering in time to have the gates closed upon their pursuers.

Time and space permit not to recount the many other valorous deeds of Don Pelayo Correa, the good Master of Santiago, and his band of cavaliers and monks. His little camp became a terror to the neighborhood, and checked the sallies of the Moorish mountaineers from the Sierra Morena. In one of his enterprises he gained a signal advantage over the foe, but the approach of night threatened to defraud him of his victory.