

hands to be made
itude of prisoners
ce he divided into
n hundred to two
o give battle.

ing force in front,
eep waters of the
their situation.

owed himself the
hough apparently
took the command,
runcheon in hand,
fearless demeanor.
heir little host, he
ot-soldiers should
nd form a troop to
ferred the honor of
avaller destined to

ld, the prince ex-
ir sins and obtain
priests and friars
the plundering ex-
enough to confess
t have a priest or
r.

ir valor; but who,

One was Diego
him who had just
guel, both natives
ad given cause of
d asked his pardon
l peril, there might
The priests added
uel sternly refused
e and Don Alvar,
his brother-in-law,
arms and embrace
the fraternal em-
guel, and he knew
suspected that he
into battle with-
s forgiveness.

outs and yells of

the Moorish army, the sounds of their cymbals, kettle-drums, and other instruments of warlike music, were so great that heaven and earth seemed commingled and confounded. In regarding the battle about to overwhelm him, Alvar Perez saw that the only chance was to form the whole army into one mass, and by a headlong assault to break the centre of the enemy. In this emergency he sent word to the prince, who was in the rear with the reserve and had five hundred captives in charge, to strike off the heads of the captives and join him with the whole reserve. This bloody order was obeyed. The prince came to the front, all formed together in one dense column, and then, with the war-cry "Santiago! Santiago! Castile! Castile!" charged upon the centre of the enemy. The Moor's line was broken by the shock, squadron after squadron was thrown into confusion, Moors and Christians were intermingled, until the field became one scene of desperate, chance-medley fighting. Every Christian cavalier fought as if the salvation of the field depended upon his single arm. Garcia Perez de Vargas, who had been knighted just before the battle, proved himself worthy of the honor. He had three horses killed under him, and engaged in a desperate combat with the king of the Azules, whom at length he struck dead from his horse. The king had crossed from Africa on a devout expedition in the cause of the prophet Mahomet. "Verily," says Antonio Agapida, "he had his reward."

Diego Perez was not behind his brother in prowess; and Heaven favored him in that deadly fight, notwithstanding that he had not been pardoned by his enemy. In the heat of the battle he had broken both sword and lance; whereupon, tearing off a great knotted limb from an olive-tree, he laid about him with such vigor and manhood that he who got one blow in the head from that war-club never needed another. Don Alvar Perez, who witnessed his feats, was seized with delight. At each fresh blow that cracked a Moslem skull he would cry out, "Assi! Assi! Diego, Machacha! Machacha!" (So! So! Diego, smash them! smash them!) and from that day forward that strong-handed cavalier went by the name of Diego Machacha, or Diego the Smasher, and it remained the surname of several of his lineage.

At length the Moors gave way and fled for the gates of Xerez; being hotly pursued they stumbled over the bodies of the slain, and thus many were taken prisoners. At the gates the press was so great that they killed each other in striving to enter; and the Christian sword made slaughter under the walls.

The Christians gathered spoils of the field, after this victory, until they were fatigued with collecting them, and the precious