

not increase much. He had only four thousand men when he entered Shrewsbury. Thence he advanced by Newport, Stafford, Tamworth and Atherstone toward our force, maintaining meanwhile a secret correspondence with the perfidious Stanleys.

Yea, unfortunately, on their support depended the unworthy cause of Henry Tudor.

At last, on Sunday, the 21st of August, the two armies encamped on Redmoor plain, one mile from the market town of Bosworth. We were in sight of each other.

How deplorable was King Richard's return to those vile "Benevolences" which he had revoked in the forepart of his reign! Yet money was required for war. Men even in your days, Sire Brains, take remarkable steps to "raise the wind."

I knew that on the morrow we should see one of the most desperate fights on record. If Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir William Stanley, held true to Richard, the day would be ours.

Yes, yes; there we were; the crown was going to be fiercely combatted for, and thus I summed the situation up: Richard was the better versed in arms; Henry was the better served. Richard was brave as a lion; Henry was a blanked coward.

Our men lay well.

Henry's camp ran in a straight line, about three hundred yards from a brook he had crossed, toward Ambeame Hill, sometimes within the wood and again on the meadows at the west called White-Moors. His was a magnificent looking force; but we were the men to fight!

Now do I come to that fateful 22nd of August.

On the morning of that day our armies were drawn up in battle array. Lord Stanley and his brother had their men in an intermediate position, from which they could easily fall in with either party.

Every man in our ranks looked resolved to win and live—or fight to the death. The archers had their

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