

Then the rush became more than we could stand. I saw the king sink down, weak at last from his innumerable wounds, and at the same time my legs became as wool.

One crushing blow upon my head and all was dark. Dymoke's great sturdy figure leaping here and there, whilst his sword was smiting furiously, was the last scene before my vanishing sight.

When my consciousness returned I raised my head to see where lay the king. He was gone; but Dymoke rested on the ground close by, his sword still in his grasp, and he surrounded by a ring of cloven-skulled warriors.

Not far away, I heard a noisy tumult and a cheering for "King Henry." Inwardly I cursed him. Then came they riding past, and, horrors incarnate, what did I see?

There was the nude body of his Noble Majesty King Richard cast athwart a horse, which was being led behind the Earl of Richmond.

I groaned in spirit.

Thus went they "triumphantly" to Leicester.

King Richard verily was dead; realizing that, I fell back myself and cast off my earthly shell; which I had no sooner done than I began to live eternally with that gallant Richard and those brave warriors for whom and beside whom I had fought.

We hovered over that ghoulis cavalcade, all wrath now strangely gone, pitying mortals who could take delight or satisfaction from an exhibition of that kind. They had but the casing of the spirit-part; we had the true being, our Richard.

Aye, repugnance arose within the Earth people's minds against the usurping Tudor who had ordered and was countenancing the display of horridness.

To the town hall of Leicester went the sanguinary cortege and there the body of the king was hideously exposed for two days. For all Henry cared there it might have stayed; but some of the better elements